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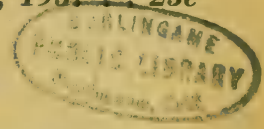
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THE NATION

JANUARY 5, 1957 25c



December 4, 1940

Dear Bill,

ANTHONY ALBA

William Taylor
649 American Express
New York, New York

BYRON N. SCOTT:

The Letter That Nobody Wrote

LETTERS

Genius in the Attic

Dear Sirs: David Cort's very interesting article does not distinguish between a discovery and an invention. The discoverer finds new facts existing in nature, a new chemical element or substance, a way of matter acting (radioactivity), a biological law heretofore not known, etc. The inventor combines laws of nature and makes them act for some purpose useful to man. Discovering is "pure" science, science for science's sake; inventing is applied science.

ANDREW A. BATO

South Orange, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to you and David Cort on an excellent article, *The World's Most Valuable Man*, which appeared in *The Nation* of December 8.

In addition, I would like to call attention to pages 115-117 of T. K. Quinn's book, *Giant Business: Threat to Democracy* (New York: Exposition Press, 1953). Here Mr. Quinn points out that virtually all electrical home appliances were invented by persons other than the giant corporations. He says, "I know of no original-product invention, not even electric shavers or heating pads, made by any of the giant laboratories or corporations, with the possible exception of the household garbage grinder (developed not by the research laboratory, but by the engineering department of General Electric) . . . The record of the giants is one of moving in, buying out and absorbing the smaller creators."

I would call attention, also, to the book, *The Inventor and His World*, by H. Stafford Hatfield, which is quoted in Vernon Mund's *Government and Business*, Second Edition (New York, Harper & Bros., 1955), on page 159, as follows: "It is frequently said . . . that advance in the future will come exclusively from the magnificently equipped research laboratories of the great Trusts and Corporations. There is no evidence of this except the *ipse dixit* of the corporations, themselves." In reviewing the 'outstanding inventions' made since 1889, Mr. Hatfield observes that very few have been produced by 'corporation research.' He states, 'Into this period falls the invention by independent individuals of such first-rate things as monotype, casehardening of steel, photogravure, moving pictures, dial telephones, calcium carbide, Diesel engines, carborundum, in wireless telegraphy and telephony, electric train control, electric car starters, submarines, safety razors, aeroplanes, flotation process, Bakelite, gyrocompasses . . . the autogyro, the

triode valve, Haber's ammonia synthesis, Bergius's hydrogenation of coal, television, gaslight papers (offered by their inventor, Baekeland, to the greatest photographic corporation in the world, and refused by them only to be afterwards purchased at great expense when Baekeland had made a success of them). . . . The very latest example of the victory of individualism in invention is television, worked out by a young Scotsman with the slenderest resources, in a cellar in Soho."

LELAND E. TRAYWICK
Assistant to the Dean
College of Business
Michigan State University

East Lansing, Michigan

Face of Fascism

Dear Sirs: People who thought that with the decline of McCarthy open fascism in America had been forced to retreat had reason for second thought when for three days, December 6, 7, and 8, a subcommittee of the House Un-American Committee held hearings in Los Angeles. With Representative Doyle of California in the chair and Representative Scherer of Ohio and "lame duck" Congressman Velde, the former chairman of the committee, assisting, the committee was investigating what it called "subversion of security legislation by the Communist Party and its front organizations trying to repeal or amend the Walter-McCarran Act, the Smith Act and the Communist Control Act." Legislative action, one of the fundamental rights of every citizen in a democracy, was thus labeled "subversion."

The main attack was on foreign-born citizens and those who defend their rights. But the ugliest aspect of these hearings was the complete disregard of every rule and code of decency in the treatment of several of the lawyers representing the persons under subpoena. Four of them, among them Al Wirin, lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union, and Daniel Marshall, a highly respected lawyer and leading Catholic layman, were bodily thrown out of the room by sheriffs under order from the committee. So were three spectators, including Brigadier-General Holdridge, U. S. Army Retired, who stood up and accused the committee of treason and destruction of the Constitution.

Committee Counsel Ahrens badgered witnesses and lawyers alike in such a fashion that on the third day the head of the Los Angeles Bar Association, Attorney Grey, appeared to make sure that some legal defense was assured. While he was in the room the hearings took on a semblance of decency, but the mo-

ment Grey left, the committee started throwing lawyers out again, using physical force even when the lawyers offered to leave voluntarily.

MARTIN HALL

Los Angeles

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EDITORIALS

The Statue Is Not For Bombing

The Egyptian mob that dynamited an eighty-foot statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps that marked the entrance to the harbor at Port Said might have been better advised to build a new and loftier monument to this imaginative adventurer. Had it not been for de Lesseps, and the backers of his daring project, the future of the Egyptian people might be less bright than it is today. The bright promise of this future can be lost if the Egyptians and their dictator, Colonel Nasser, fail to exhibit the wisdom, self-restraint and good sense that alone can preserve the fruits of a victory which they did not win for themselves. Victories that have been won unassisted usually command a price that has a sobering effect on the victors; those that come cheaply often have the opposite effect. If Colonel Nasser pushes his luck too hard, too fast and too far, he will forfeit the gains the Egyptians have registered to date. Much depends, however, on the guidance and tact which the world community can bring to bear on Cairo through the U.N. and its agencies and officials. The Egyptians are negotiating a treacherous waterway, with dangerous shoals and currents, which leads from a freedom without power to a position of responsibility based on power and achievement. Having intervened in Egypt's behalf, the world community has a special obligation to prevent the Nasser regime from succumbing to vagrant daydreams of dominion or empire.

The Twain Have Met

That remarkable photograph of President Eisenhower hurrying down the steps of the White House to greet Prime Minister Nehru, who seemed to be leaping forward to grasp the President's outstretched hand, must have recalled to millions Kipling's familiar comments on East and West. Though the great Judgment Seat is not yet at hand, the twain *have* met and relations between them are certain to be the better for it. On Nehru's part there was a conscious recognition of the fact that "the reality of today" is forcing East and West to abandon the misconceptions and distortions based on former colonial relations. Future events will test the fruitfulness of the Gettysburg talks, but that

they will bring the policies of both nations a little closer to "the reality of today" is clear. With the exception of the famous Roosevelt-Churchill meetings, it is hard to recall another occasion on which an American President gave so much undivided time to private consultations with another head-of-state.

What Nehru had to say publicly was said with a fine balance of tact and candor. His matter-of-fact comment at the United Nations that "this idea of 'cold war' is essentially, fundamentally wrong"; his insistence in the same speech that "the military practice of having places dotted all over with armed forces and bases" is not only unnecessary but "an irritant and an invitation to some other party to do the same — and, if I may use the word, with all respect, to enter into competition in evil and wickedness"; his suggestion that all foreign troops be withdrawn from "dominated" countries as part of a general disarmament plan — all this needed saying and gained weight from the circumstance that all of it was said within the context of the Gettysburg talks. Similarly his suggestion in Ottawa — another example of his tact — that sooner or later the world must recognize "the facts of life" and agree that the present regime in China effectively controls the mainland, was a timely contribution to the growing American awareness that past delusion must not be permitted to dictate present policies.

Blues From Dixieland

Those who fear that the rocks and rolls of Elvis Presley have signalled the decline of Western man may have overlooked the true sight and sound of the devil. According to a journal of white supremacy known as *The Virginian* ("Published In The Sovereign Commonwealth of Virginia") there is currently afoot a "New Jazz Plot to Seduce Youth and Corrupt Races." The plot involves a group of "jazz musicians" (quotation marks provided by *The Virginian*) who will tour the country as the "Birdland Stars," and includes both white and Negro performers who really need no quotation marks on their professional status—Billy Eckstein, Sarah Vaughn, Count Basie and Jeri Southern are a few. The promoters of the show have signed contracts which guarantee that the performers will not be Jim-Crowed into separ-

ate facilities during the tour, and that local sponsors of the show must post a guarantee which can be forfeited by selling tickets for the performances on a segregated basis.

The Virginian assures its readers that only "white trash" would want to see such a show, and asks what can be done "to guide that white trash into a better path." The main fear of evil from the "plot," however, is that Youth is likely to make up most of the audience, and this, indeed, is the battleground of the future of integration. The author of the "plot" exposé in *The Virginian* complains that "This writer has pleaded, begged, demanded and urged that segregation leaders take some steps toward facing the facts of our young white people."

"Have I met with any success?" he asks. "No."

The answer is his own, born of his own experience, and we do not dispute its accuracy. We are happy to accept it as another indication of the way the battle is moving—as indicated recently by the report of courage in action in Clinton, Tenn., (*The Nation*, December 22). *The Virginian* type of thinking is finally becoming an outdated caricature. The wails of the racists are the wails of an oldtime Dixieland that is singing the Blues against the future, and its voices are old and cracked. As one of its own wailing organs has pointed out, Youth is not carrying the tune.

Fear, Ignorance and Books Abroad

Back in the days when those two young ghosts, Roy Cohn and G. David Shine, had substance enough to be tripping through Europe and burning occasional books, literate America shuddered at the fear-inspired removal of good reading from our overseas libraries. Now the two young ghosts are back in the shadows where they belong, and the atmosphere of fear that marked their antics—and those of their mentor, J. McCarthy—has pretty well subsided. The latest banning of books abroad comes not so much through fear as through ignorance.

A guarantee to publishers here that their income from books sold in foreign countries will be returned to them in dollars has been withheld by the U. S. Information Agency in the case of several books by James T. Farrell. Without the guarantee, Farrell has said, "it's not economically feasible for a publisher to send books abroad for sale." Thus, withdrawal of the guarantee constitutes a virtual ban.

The books by Farrell judged unfit are *Meet the Girls*, *French Girls Are Vicious* and *A Hell of a Good Time*. The USIA stated that the books were detrimental to the interests of the United States. It would seem that the publishers' titles, rather than what's in the books, has brought about the edict. *French Girls Are Vicious* is a book of short stories reviewed last year in *The New York Times* and many other periodicals and

judged, in general, to be more "light" and whimsical reading than most of Farrell's former work—certainly than the Studs Lonigan books, which haven't been judged "detrimental" to the national interests.

It is possible that the results of all this will be a new wave of foreign popularity for Farrell—just as the lifting of Howard Fast from overseas libraries helped make him one of the most popular American authors abroad. If so, that's fine with us. But the tragic and inevitable accompaniment will be a new tale to tell of American narrow-mindedness, American ignorance and, in the end, American "fascism" (as in the Fast incident) from Paris to Cairo, Tel Aviv to London and most all points in between and beyond.

Everybody's Listening

A state legislative committee in California is being briefed on the latest technological advances in the field of wiretapping. One of the fancier new gadgets, in great demand among police officers, is a "car-tailing transmitter." This small device, which can be concealed under a car, will transmit conversations of the occupants to another car up to a distance of four city blocks. Another of the new "bugging" devices uses a hair wire so fine that it can be varnished into woodwork in a manner that defies detection except with the aid of a magnifying glass. With the use of an induction coil, it is now possible to tap telephone wires without making direct contact with the line.

Manufacturers testify that their best customers for the new listening devices include the military, federal agencies and local law-enforcement officials. Jail cells are frequently "bugged" and interrogations of suspects are recorded without the knowledge of the suspect almost as a matter of course. Several lawyers, who serve as members of the committee, anxiously inquired how it would be possible for them to know whether their conversations with clients in jail were being recorded and were cheerfully reassured that jailers and sheriffs would never, never think of eavesdropping on such conversations.

In California and elsewhere such disclosures have given rise to a demand that the sale and use of certain types of listening and recording devices should be licensed. But the growing habit of eavesdropping will not be curbed so easily. For one thing, information is vastly more valuable today than ever before. American industry, as *Fortune* pointed out in a study of business espionage (May, 1956), has put a "terrific premium on all types of information." One company mentioned in the *Fortune* survey spent \$60,000 in counter-espionage activities, all in a vain effort to determine the source of important "leaks" of information to a rival concern. Industrial and business espionage of all types is on the increase: TV cameras have been set up on assembly lines, "open" microphones

have been installed in executive offices, and telephoto movies of business conversations have been recorded which are later "translated" at lip-reading schools.

According to *Fortune*, industrial espionage has come to be accepted as "a regular competitive weapon" and is more widely practiced today than ever before. Counter-espionage has also become a major activity. For example, GM's new \$175,000,000 Technical Center is equipped with electronic devices that will automatically draw the curtains over the studio windows at the approach of aircraft. The opprobrium that once attached to the eavesdropper who gently lifted the receiver on the wall phone to listen in on "the party line" has ceased to be; now everybody's listening.

Licensed Information

Congress talks of licensing all free-lance journalists, including salaried reporters who may accept assignments outside their regular duties, in the District of Columbia. Plumbers, electricians, chiroprodists, to say nothing of lawyers, doctors and tavern keepers, are licensed

throughout the United States on the reasonable ground that the layman who employs them is vitally effected by their competence and at the same time often unable himself to decide the degree of that competence.

But artists, novelists, preachers, advertising copy writers, radio commentators, book publishers, political cartoonists are not licensed. Up to now it has been tacitly agreed that a citizenry with any pretense to free choice must make up its own mind about the wares offered by such specialists. The right to license is inevitably the right to supervise, and a state which supervises the dissemination of ideas and information is no longer a free state.

In this case the supervision would be exerted over only a small section of the Washington newspaper community, but that does not affect the principle and in this case the principle is a wicked one. Congress says that its motive is merely to increase the District's municipal revenues and that the money must be raised "somehow." The legislators would do much better to place a tax on windows or tea.

WHO KILLED COLLIER'S? . . by MILTON MOSKOWITZ

COLLIER'S and *Woman's Home Companion*, two of the oldest magazines on the American publishing scene, are no more. *Collier's*, which dates from 1888, ceased publication with the January 4 issue. The *Companion*, which began in 1873, died with its January issue.

Advertisers killed both magazines. To state the obituary in these blunt terms is *not* to offer a brief for either of the magazines. It is simply a description of the competitive box in which the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company found itself as 1956 drew to a close. Advertisers were not supporting the magazines. Crowell-Collier sustained a \$7,500,000 loss on the two magazines in 1956. Publishing companies resemble other commercial enterprises: they are not in business for their health.

The demise of these two magazines—following the failure in August of *American Magazine*, another profitless Crowell-Collier property—underlines again the crucial dependence of American mass media on advertis-

ing. Even the *Reader's Digest* found in 1955 that the revenue from 11,000,000 subscribers was not enough to guarantee financial independence from advertisers. In *Collier's* case, a circulation of 4,179,000 was not enough to stave off the padlock. In the *Companion's* case, a circulation of 4,288,800 was similarly inadequate. *American Magazine* folded with a paid circulation of 2,800,000.

At first glance (to a man from Mars perhaps), these circumstances may seem strange. In light of the conditions prevailing today in the world of commercial publishing, they are not strange at all. As a matter of fact, it has been no secret that Crowell-Collier has been in serious trouble for the past three years.

For contrast, note that *Time* has only one-half of the circulation *Collier's* had; *U. S. News & World Report*, one-fifth; and the *New Yorker*, one-eighth. Yet there is no question of these magazines going out of business. The answer, of course, is that there are circulations and then there are circulations. *Time*, *U. S. News* and the *New Yorker* have what are

known as *quality* circulations. They reach people with high buying power. They reach the so-called "opinion leaders." In short, they offer an audience tailor-made to certain advertisers' requirements.

What about *Collier's* and the *Companion*, then, with their 4,000,000 circulations? Aren't manufacturers of widely used consumer products interested in this audience? Naturally, they are, but media buyers have other considerations. Advertising is like a rubber band; it will stretch just so far. Television, a great maw for advertisers, has stretched the band to its limits. Since the advent of the glamor medium, total advertising expenditures have doubled (they now approximate \$10 billion annually) and the fight among media for this prize has intensified. The advertising revenues of magazines have increased. They climbed from \$515,000,000 in 1950 to \$723,000,000 in 1955. But the magazines' share of the advertising melon has *declined*, dropping from 9 per cent in 1950 to 8 per cent in 1955. In the field of national advertising, which is where the magazines operate, the plunge has

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been even more precipitate. In 1950, magazines attracted 16 per cent of the expenditures of national advertisers; today, their share is down to 13 per cent.

The struggle for a place in the media schedules of advertisers has been sharpest in the mass-circulation field. Magazines with specialized interests (those appealing to the business man, young people and the male reader, for example) have done well. On the other hand, the general magazines, which work on the lowest common denominator principle, have to compete directly with television. Their potential audience is anyone and everyone. The launching of the supermarket magazines and the decision of the *Reader's Digest* to accept advertising introduced new competitors for the ad dollar. Advertisers, after all, are under no compulsion to expand their budgets to accommodate more magazines. They pick and choose.

In picking and choosing, they look for certain things. First of all, they want to know if a magazine is being read. In the furious postwar race for circulation (the higher your circulation, the more you can charge for your page), publishers have resorted increasingly to cut-rate subscriptions, cheap gift offers and field selling of combination plans (if you take Magazine A, we'll throw in Magazine B for almost nothing). Advertising men are certainly aware of these high-pressure promotions and they question whether magazines sold in this manner are really read. In the ad business, newsstand sales have always been considered a better barometer of reader interest than subscriptions. And look what has happened. In 1946, newsstand circulation accounted for 47 per cent of the total circulation of the fifty-four leading magazines; by 1954, it accounted for only 35 per cent. In the general weekly and bi-weekly field, newsstand circulation has been driven down to the 20 per cent level.

In recent months, by taking advantage of those Crowell-Collier invitations in your mailboxes, you could have taken out a subscription to *Collier's* at roughly 7c per copy, compared to the 15c newsstand price. A good many people did, but

the orders came too late to help the company. In the year ended last June, newsstand sales of *Collier's* fell from 767,157 to 647,303—a whopping decrease of 15 per cent. At that point—last June 30—*Collier's* was selling less than 20 per cent of its copies via newsstands. For advertisers, the warning sign was up.

Of course, other magazines (in fact, the majority of the consumer books) have similar problems. *Life*, with its hefty circulation of 5,700,000, sells less than 1,000,000 on newsstands. *Sports Illustrated*, a Time Inc. magazine, has had considerable difficulty selling advertising space because less than 15 per cent of its 600,000 circulation comes from newsstands. With the Crowell-Collier magazines, however, there were other factors at work, weakening the confidence of advertisers. In the opinion of many observers on Madison Ave. and Wall Street, the company has been mismanaged. Crowell-Collier, these observers say, spent the flourishing postwar years paying handsome dividends instead of reinvesting; the firm, they say, tried to live on its reputation; Crowell-Collier, they say, was niggardly in promotion of the magazines, in advertising research and in editorial budgets. Arthur Motley, currently publisher of *Parade* and a former vice president of Crowell-Collier, told *Advertising Age* that the company “had too many guys who wouldn't spend a dime to see the Second Coming with the original cast in color.”

ALL OF these analyses may be correct. In the end, though, *Collier's* and the *Companion* failed because advertisers wouldn't or couldn't find the money to support them. *Collier's'* advertising revenue in 1955 was \$1,000,000 less than it was in 1951; the *Companion* was more than \$2,000,000 below its 1951 gross. In the first 11 months of 1956, *Collier's* was off 35.2 pages from its 1955 pace; the *Companion* was down 82.8 pages. A new group of investors installed Paul Smith as chief executive officer of the company in 1954. Smith, former editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, raised \$10,000,000 in the past two and one-half years in a last-ditch effort to keep

the magazines afloat. He effected improvements in the editorial appearance and content of the magazines. Still, the buyers of advertising were unimpressed. The competitive positions of the two magazines worsened. *Look*, with a circulation only slightly higher than *Collier's*, attracted twice as much advertising revenue. *Good Housekeeping*, with less circulation than the *Companion*, attracted twice as much advertising. *Collier's* ran fourth in a field of four (*Life*, *Saturday Evening Post* and *Look*); the *Companion* also ran fourth, behind the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping* and *McCall's*.

With all these explanations and post-mortems, the circumstances may still seem extraordinary. Consider, if you will, that only nine magazines in the country had a greater advertising revenue than *Collier's*; only eighteen had a greater revenue than *Woman's Home Companion*. When publications of this size can fold, then the competitive struggle must be fierce. Runner-up positions are precarious. Remember, however, that failures of this type are not unknown in the business world. Studebaker-Packard, for example, is the fourth largest automotive company in the nation; and it is deep in the red. Lever Bros. Company, the third largest soap manufacturer, is in the black today but has spent several recent years in red ink, despite its considerable volume. Colgate-Palmolive Company, the second largest soap company, has also been having difficulty making a profit at home. When you are selling a product for mass consumption, the stakes are high, but the risks are also great.

The chief result of Crowell-Collier's withdrawal from magazine publishing (the company has a very profitable book division) is a greater concentration of power at the top. *Life* in 1956 was already carrying 19.4 per cent of the advertising revenue of all general magazines. *Look*, the Cowles magazine, will reap the big benefits from the expiration of *Collier's*. *Look* is taking over *Collier's* subscriptions, hoping to add at least 1,000,000 subscribers. This would vault *Look* ahead of the *Saturday Evening Post* and put it right behind *Life*. Advertisers have al-

ready been informed that *Look's* page rate will go up 15 per cent—to about \$19,000 per page—with the July 9 issue.

It is always sad to see a magazine fold. Whatever opinions you may have had about the editorial contributions of these two magazines, their failure means there is one less medium of expression in the mass-circulation field. *Collier's* will be re-

membered by many for its fiction, for its wartime Quentin Reynolds pieces, for its recent constructive articles on segregation and the problems of American youth. Its "Preview of the War We Do Not Want" issue, in 1951, left a bitter taste in the mouths of many people, particularly overseas. Admittedly, it was an uneven magazine. (This was one of the complaints of advertising

men.) Still, it was a magazine. Senior editor Theodore H. White gave what was perhaps the best epitaph. He called the closing of the two magazines "a blow to the magazine industry, the advertising industry and the American people," adding: "With media becoming bigger and fewer, this closing hurts everybody. Windows in the house America inhabits are being darkened one by one."

THE LETTER NOBODY WROTE . . . by BYRON N. SCOTT

"IT HAS now been determined that, on all the evidence, there is not a reasonable doubt as to your loyalty to the Government of the United States."

That statement, issued by the International Organizations Employees Loyalty Board just one year ago, was designed to bring to a favorable conclusion the so-called Taylor Case, involving the fitness, on a test of loyalty, of William Henry Taylor to retain his position with an important international organization of which the United States is a member.

Vindication had been a long time coming. So long, in fact, that after nine years of fighting phantoms—against a background of intermittent grand jury, Congressional committee and Loyalty Board hearings and constant FBI surveillance—there was little inclination to jubilation left when it did arrive. There was satisfaction, of course. But darkening the flush of victory were some sober reflections that could not be dismissed by the stroke of a quasi-judicial pen. There is still the unanswered question that loomed large throughout the hearings, about which neither the loyalty board nor the Department of Justice is willing to talk: Was the "case" against Taylor based in part on manufactured evidence? The shadow of a letter

that hung disturbingly over the proceedings has yet to be dispelled.

"Dear Bill. . . ." A man's reputation depended in large part on the genuineness of that letter and the identity of the author. In view of the attention that had been given to it throughout the hearings and the prominence given it in an initial adverse determination, the fact that Taylor was finally completely cleared would indicate that there was more than a "reasonable doubt" in the minds of the board members as to the genuineness of the "Dear Bill" letter. Since that is so, I still wonder why the loyalty board and the Department of Justice have been unwilling to discuss its origin or answer my questions about it. Here is an issue that must some day be resolved not only for William Henry Taylor, but for you and me as well. For Bill Taylor is an average American, and this is a partial account of what happened to him.

I WAS not retained as counsel until October of 1953, but the Taylor Case really began on May 29, 1947, the day on which two agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation called on William Henry Taylor at his office and questioned him about his activities and associations between 1941 and 1946, while he was an employee of the Division of Monetary Research in the U. S. Treasury Department.

Between 1936 and 1940, Taylor had lived with his wife and young son in Honolulu, where he taught

economics at the University of Hawaii. There he had led a quiet though pleasant enough life within academic circles, content in the knowledge that he was providing a comfortable, interesting, happy background for his family. In 1940, in the normal course of events, he came back to the United States on sabbatical leave.

While he and his wife were in New York, he registered for the draft and his papers were sent to Hawaii. When later the time came for the Taylors to pick up their boy, who was visiting his paternal grandparents in Canada, and return to Hawaii, Taylor ran into an unforeseen technical snag. As a draft registrant, circumstances made it necessary for him to get special permission from General Hershey (then heading the draft setup) in order to cross into Canada. With time running out, he decided a trip to Washington might facilitate matters.

While still in Washington, Dr. Taylor, who enjoyed a well-earned reputation as a Far Eastern Economic expert, decided to see what new publications were being put out by government agencies in his particular area of interest, and to have his university put on the mailing lists. Almost every agency he visited offered him a job. Because of Japan's activities, there was apparently a sudden and urgent need in government for economists with a Far East background. None of these offers seemed sufficiently attractive to lure Taylor from the teaching fold

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in Hawaii; he had already turned down several offers before he went to the Treasury Department. This time, when a similar offer was made of a temporary position at a good salary, he decided to talk it over with his wife. Mrs. Taylor liked the idea, especially since the job under discussion would last only a few months after which time he could still go back to Hawaii and resume teaching.

The men who talked to him about the possibility of a job in the Treasury were V. Frank Coe, then assistant director of the Division of Monetary Research, and Harry Dexter White, director of the division. Taylor had never previously met Harry Dexter White, V. Frank Coe or William Ludwig Ullmann, one of White's assistants, who was to figure largely in the Taylor Case and in the letter around which so much of the case revolved.

THE TAYLORS went back to New York on December 3, 1940, and on December 12 were visited at their hotel by two Secret Service men who took Taylor to their headquarters in the Federal Building where he was photographed, fingerprinted and questioned about his background. When he pressed them for a reason for this procedure, one of the agents said that it was routine when anyone goes to work for the Treasury Department.

Taylor's puzzlement was occasioned by the fact that he had had no further word from the Treasury since his visit to Washington and was unaware that processing had been going on. In fact, he had not yet made up his mind whether he would accept the job if it were offered to him officially, although he was definitely interested. Perhaps the best indication of his indecision is to be found in the fact that not until December 26 did he take the decisive step of cabling the University of Hawaii to find out whether he could obtain an extension of his sabbatical leave. It was then—after a couple of telephone calls and another trip to Washington to find out what was happening—that he was first informed that the job was his if he wanted it. He went to work

for the Division of Monetary Research on January 3, 1941.

The war, of course, changed the aspect of his "temporary" job. In May, 1941, he resigned from the Treasury and was appointed alternate American member of the Stabilization Board of China. He went to Hong Kong and was taken prisoner by the Japanese on December 25, 1941. He was exchanged, returned to the United States on August 30, 1942, and was re-employed by the Treasury Department. He remained in the department until December, 1946, when he was offered and accepted a better position with the International Monetary Fund, where he is presently employed. It was here, in the spring of 1947, that he was first interviewed by the two FBI agents on his activities and associations as a Treasury Department official. Six months later he was called before a federal grand jury in New York and questioned again along the same lines. By now, of course, he realized that something special was afoot. Yet, during neither of these interrogations was he given any explanation of what he was supposed to have done to merit the interest of both the FBI and the grand jury.

It was not until eight months later, on July 31, 1948—more than a year since the first visit of the FBI men to his office—that he was made horrifyingly aware of what was going on. On that day he picked up a newspaper and learned—as did millions of other readers—that a woman named Elizabeth Bentley, testifying in public before the House Un-American Activities Committee, had claimed to have engaged in Soviet espionage from 1936 until the early fall of 1944. She said that during a part of that time she had acted as courier and liaison between Jacob Golos of New York, a Soviet agent, and a group of employees of the United States Government in Washington headed, according to her statement, by N. Gregory Silvermaster. One of the members of this alleged espionage group, according to Elizabeth Bentley, was a William Taylor of the Treasury Department.

Taylor, shocked, went to his director and told him that he was en-

tirely free of any connection with any part of the Bentley story. Hearteningly, the man to whom he spoke—an experienced executive fully aware of his responsibilities—assured him that he would not be asked to resign unless and until it could be proven that the allegation being made against him was true.

Though Taylor was refused an opportunity to appear before the Committee on Un-American Activities to answer the Bentley charges, he filed an affidavit denying any knowledge of, or connection with, the Bentley story.

Once more he felt the quiver of steel above his head when, in August, 1951, after a lapse of three uneasy years, Elizabeth Bentley again testified, this time before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. When asked which members of the alleged group had given her classified material, she again named a William or Bill Taylor of the Treasury Department. And again, on November 28, 1952, William Henry Taylor was called before the New York grand jury and questioned about this latest Bentley allegation. And again he denied knowledge of, or connection with, any group such as Miss Bentley had described. A significant thing about this session is that it marked the entry into the complex picture of Roy Cohn, then an Assistant United States Attorney in New York, who questioned Taylor.

THAT IS where matters stood when, in June of 1953, President Eisenhower created the International Organizations Employees Loyalty Board. The IOELB, as it soon became known, was charged with the duty of determining the loyalty of United States citizens in the employ of international organizations of which the United States is a member. Taylor, it will be recalled, had been employed by such an organization for six and a half years, since he had left the Treasury in December of 1946.

It was not long before Taylor found himself once more a target. Early in September of 1953, less than three months after the creation of the board, he received from

it what is known as an Interrogatory. The document set forth, in the most general terms, certain "information" concerning him which the IOELB had received from the Civil Service Commission and the FBI to guide it in its consideration of his "case." The most serious allegation in it was that

... Information has been received to the effect that you were a member of a Soviet espionage ring that operated in Washington, D. C., in the early 1940s and that you furnished oral and written information to Nathan Gregory Silvermaster for transmission to Soviet agents.

Significantly, no single specific act of espionage was alleged. The charge was patently based on the Congressional testimony of Elizabeth Bentley and on the never-established assumption that the "William or Bill Taylor" she had mentioned was actually the Dr. William Henry Taylor to whom the Interrogatory was addressed. Taylor denied the charge under oath in his formal answer and consistently denied it throughout the lengthy hearings of the IOELB which began on November 16, 1953.

A FEW days before the board hearings began, Senator Joseph McCarthy admitted to William Henry Taylor and to me that Elizabeth Bentley, in an executive session of his subcommittee on October 21, 1953, had stated that she did not know William Taylor personally. The Senator himself gave me a copy of the page of her transcript which contained that statement. One must bear in mind that the espionage facet of the Taylor Case was based solely on the testimony given by Elizabeth Bentley in 1948 and 1951.

If this sounds strange to you—and it should!—reflect on this: In an interview I had with Elizabeth Bentley in the Senate caucus room (with Dr. Taylor present) a month before the IOELB hearings began, Miss Bentley admitted to me that she did not know anyone by the name of William Henry Taylor, and that the name "meant nothing" to her. At that point in our conversation I asked her whether she could identify *her* William Taylor in the room where we stood. "I'll look, Mr.

Scott," she said, "but it won't do you any good. I don't know any Bill Taylor and couldn't pick him out if he were here." She made good that statement when Dr. Taylor was pointed out to her. "Who is he supposed to be?" she asked, "I've never seen him before in my life." I might have been content with that startling admission, but apparently Miss Bentley was not. "If I ever said that a William Taylor brought information out of the Treasury Department for me," she added, "that is not the man." Yet, when I asked her if she would so testify at the coming board hearing, she refused. Furthermore, though I repeated this conversation to the board, and though the McCarthy transcript on the same subject was placed in evidence before it, I have never been able to find out whether they ever interrogated Elizabeth Bentley about it. The point remains another in the string of mysteries and evasions used to "tie up" the case.

I RETURN now to the first session of the IOELB hearings on November 16, 1954. In the course of the session, Taylor was asked about a letter he had allegedly received from William Ludwig Ullmann of the Division of Monetary Research in December of 1940. This was not the first time that Taylor had heard about that letter. Roy Cohn, as an Assistant U. S. Attorney in New York, had questioned him nearly three years earlier before a federal grand jury in New York. At that time Cohn had made reference to an alleged letter from Ullmann to Taylor. The minutes of that grand jury are not, of course, available for scrutiny. However, according to the

notes that Taylor carefully made at the time, Roy Cohn had stated that the letter in question was dated December 9, 1940. It is important, in the light of later developments, to note that date.

Roy Cohn had again questioned Taylor about a "Dear Bill" letter, this time before the McCarthy committee of 1953, a short time before the IOELB hearings began and at a time when Cohn was acting as committee counsel. Cohn then described the document as "a letter from Ullmann addressing you by your first name and signed by his first name," and labelled it "information the FBI produced."

Now, the importance of this "letter" can best be understood by looking ahead to July 15, 1955, when, after twenty months of deliberation, the IOELB notified William Henry Taylor that "it has been determined that, on all the evidence, there is a reasonable doubt as to your loyalty to the Government of the United States." The grounds for this determination were not revealed to the unhappy recipient of the notice. However, he was given a copy of a document, setting forth the board's reasons for this "advisory determination," which had been sent to the head of his own agency. It stated that as of July 15, 1955, the IOELB was

... convinced that the employee has engaged in espionage and subversive activity against the United States, that he was placed in a position in the Treasury Department of the United States by Communists and espionage agents for the purpose of obtaining his assistance and cooperation in their treacherous plans and objectives, and that he was and



possibly still is an adherent to the Communist ideology.

And, as one important ground upon which the board based its conclusion:

The haste surrounding Dr. Taylor's appointment to the Treasury Department position and his apparently close ties to the Silvermaster group at that time are reflected in part in the letter to him under date of December 12, 1940, from Ludwig Ullman (sic), then an administrative officer in the Treasury Department. This letter is as follows: "Dear Bill: Mr. White wants me to get in touch with you and tell you to report here for work as soon as possible. This is a bit unorthodox, since your appointment has not been formally approved. But White has been virtually assured that it will be O.K. Sincerely, Lud Ullman." The return address noted on this letter was 5515 30th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., the residence of Nathan Gregory Silvermaster.

What the board did not indicate—and a singular omission it was under the circumstances—is that 5515 30th Street, N.W., was also Ullmann's legitimate address.

Had Taylor not seen the copy of this board determination, he might have remained ignorant of the part the "letter" had played in the July adverse determination, and therefore would have been unable to combat it.

WE GO BACK once more to that first session of the board hearings on November 16, 1953, at which Taylor was asked about the letter. He told the board that he had been questioned by Roy Cohn before the grand jury session in New York in 1952 about a "Dear Bill" letter allegedly written by William Ludwig Ullmann and dated December 9, 1940. T. Paul Fairbank, Executive Secretary of the IOELB, looked up and corrected Taylor. "It is our information," he said, "that the letter was dated December 4." Fairbank repeated this statement at the November 23 hearing of the board.

Something new had been added. At this point there were now in the record not one but two alleged seemingly identical letters: one dated December 9, the other December 4. So far no one had men-

tioned anything about a letter of December 12, 1940. That was to come later. It should be borne in mind that whether the alleged letter was dated December 4, 9 or 12, Taylor has sworn repeatedly that he never received it, and in fact had never heard of it until Cohn mentioned it in 1952.

Intrigued by this new kind of numbers game, I advised Taylor to be extremely careful to verify the date any time the letter was mentioned. It was not long before another occasion arose, for while the protracted IOELB hearings were still going on, Taylor was called before a new federal grand jury in New York on December 3, 1953.

This time it was Thomas Donegan of the Justice Department who questioned him. Once more a "Dear Bill" letter was read to him. Donegan referred to it as a letter dated December 4, 1940, although it was apparent that he was referring to the same letter that Roy Cohn, before the 1952 grand jury, had said bore the date of December 9, 1940. It is interesting to note that it was during this proceeding that Donegan first learned—from Taylor himself—of the visit of the Secret Service men on December 12, 1940. That Donegan then went back to the file to read the report is clear, since in his subsequent questioning he actually mentioned one of the agents by name. The relevancy of this fact will become apparent later on.

Four days later Taylor appeared again before the IOELB. He told the members of the board about his questioning before the grand jury, mentioning Donegan's reference to a letter dated December 4, 1940. *This time the board made no attempt to correct him about the date.* One other significant fact came out of the session: Taylor learned that the board had sent for, and on November 24 had received, his Treasury personnel file. Thus, not only Donegan of the Justice Department but the IOELB as well were now aware of the visit by the Secret Service men to Taylor in New York on December 12, 1940, a bothersome detail and one calculated to throw their reckoning off. For the report of the Secret Service

men, which had now come to light so disturbingly, clearly reflected the fact that on December 12, 1940, Taylor was not even aware that he was being seriously considered for a job by the Treasury, much less that the decision had already been practically made. His spontaneous reaction in that interview by the Secret Service was certainly not that of a man who had already been urged to pack up and come to Washington, as the December 4—or was it the December 9?—letter was supposed to have advised him.

Nine months later, with the outcome of the IOELB hearings still in doubt, Taylor was once again summoned to appear before a grand jury, this time in Washington. He was questioned by Joseph A. Lowther of the Justice Department. Lowther read aloud what he said was a letter addressed "Dear Bill" and signed "Lud." But this time, according to Lowther, it was dated *December 12, 1940.*

SO WE now have three grand jury hearings, in 1952, 1953 and 1954, in which three letters are read into the record: one by Roy Cohn, dated December 9, 1940; another by Thomas Donegan, dated December 4, 1940; a third by Joseph A. Lowther, dated December 12, 1940. All three are alleged to have been one and the same letter.

What, then, happened between Taylor's questioning by Donegan in December, 1953, and his subsequent questioning by Lowther before the Washington grand jury in September of 1954, to change the date of the letter from December 4, 1940, to December 12, 1940? And, what, by the way, ever happened to that almost forgotten missive referred to by Roy Cohn (but by no one else) as having been written on December 9, 1940? Did the unexpected revelation of the visit of the Secret Service men, with its clear indication of Taylor's surprise at learning he was to work for the Treasury Department, spoil the story that was implicit in the alleged "Dear Bill" letter of December 4, with its implication that Taylor had knowingly and deliberately been "rushed" into the job? Was the original date of December 9 first pushed

back to December 4 to strengthen that picture of a man being rushed into a job? And did the Secret Service report suddenly make it necessary to push the date in the other direction so that it would just make it under the wire? I don't claim to know the answer—but I'm sure somebody does.

SO MUCH, then, for the date. What about the contents of the "letter"?

In July, 1955, a few days after Taylor had been notified of the adverse decision of the IOELB (which, if final, would have meant the loss of his job and reputation) I called on Mr. Fairbank, executive secretary of the loyalty board. I pointed out to him that at no time prior to this determination had the board referred to a December 12 letter; up to that time they had been emphatic that the letter was dated December 4. I made no secret of the fact that my suspicions had been aroused as to the authenticity of either version. I suppose it was only natural that Fairbank should have lost his temper at first—after all, this was a serious allegation—but he regained his composure almost immediately when I assured him that my accusation was not being levelled at him.

I asked him pointedly if there were, in fact, two versions of the letter; after some hesitation, he admitted that there were. I then asked him to let me see the December 4 version. He said he had only a handwritten copy which he later admitted he had made himself, but at no time then or subsequently would he or anyone else tell me what he had copied it from or how he had come by it. Here is what it said, in Fairbank's own handwriting:

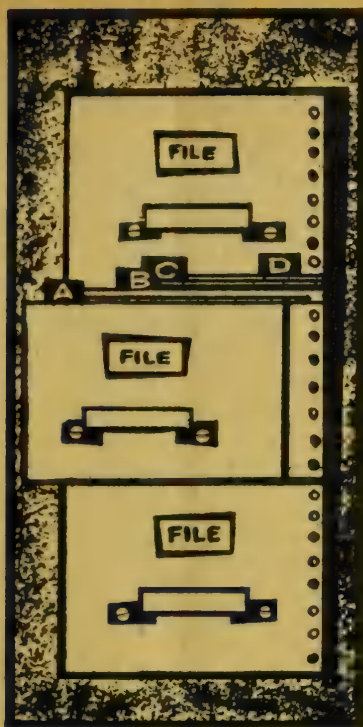
December 4, 1940

Mr. William Taylor
c/o American Express
649—5th Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Bill:

Mr. White wants me to get in touch with you and to tell you to report to work as soon as possible. This is a bit unorthodox since your appointment has not been formally approved, but Mr. White has been verbally advised that it will be okay.

LUDWIG ULLMANN



At the same time, he showed me for the first time what he said was a photostat of a carbon copy of a typewritten "Dear Bill" letter dated December 12, 1940. This is how it read:

December 12, 1940

Mr. William Taylor
c/o American Express Company
649—Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York.

Dear Bill:

Mr. White wants me to get in touch with you and tell you to report here for work as soon as possible.

This is a bit unorthodox, since your appointment has not been formally approved. But White has been virtually assured that it will be O. K.

Sincerely,

LUD ULLMANN

5515 — 30th Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

On his own initiative, Fairbank pointed out to me the differences between the two versions. The dates, of course, varied; the address was set up differently; the punctuation was not the same; the spelling differed (of O. K. and okay); the phraseology was not identical (cf. "White has been verbally advised" and "White has been virtually assured" and "report to work" and

"report here for work"); the typed name of the writer was different in the closing, and there was no return address on the December 4 version. Fairbank said he was at a loss to account for the variations. None of the papers filed with the Treasury by Taylor gave the New York forwarding address; he had used "American Express Company, Washington, D. C."

Now, it may seem like mere legalistic quibbling to pounce upon these variations, but it must be remembered that a specific message, typed on a sheet of paper, either exists or does not exist. If it does exist, *then it can exist in one form only*. There can be no variation in the case of a single document. It can have only one date; one set of punctuations; one typed signature; one message. Either it would bear a return address or it would not. In other words, if there are two (or three?) reportedly authentic versions of the letter, it may safely be assumed there is no true version and no letter.

IN MY appeal to the board to reopen the case to take additional evidence on points revealed for the first time in its determination, I said:

Since the opinion refers to the "haste" surrounding Dr. Taylor's appointment, and sets out in full a purported letter to "Dear Bill" from "Lud Ullmann" . . . the Board should also have revealed that it also has a "Dear Bill" signed "Ludwig Ullmann" letter dated December 4, 1940 and that Mr. Taylor testified that in 1952 Roy Cohn read to a New York Grand Jury a third "Dear Bill" letter signed "Lud" dated December 9, 1940. I might swallow one such letter but not three. If the Board continues to use the December 12 letter, it should use all three and suggest in its advisory opinion the possibility that no real "Dear Bill" signed "Lud" letter was ever sent or perhaps that none was ever written.

The case was reopened and hearings set up for October 19 and 20, 1955.

At a meeting with the chairman of the IOELB on October 6, 1955, I was told that the December 12, 1940, letter was "the only letter of which we take official note." I was informed that the December 12 let-

ter had come from Taylor's personnel file in the Treasury Department. Furthermore, the chairman added, "We don't even acknowledge now that there is or ever was a December 4, 1940, letter." Houdini could not have made it disappear with less effort—or less compunction, perhaps.

That same day I wrote to the Attorney General on the valid assumption that the letter read by Cohn in 1952, Donegan in 1953 and Lowther in 1954 was in the files of the Department of Justice, and asked to see it. There ensued a lengthy correspondence with the Attorney General's office, the most important single facts to emerge being: (1) the document could not be produced since it "reposes" in the files of the Treasury Department rather than the Department of Justice; and (2) nobody has an original signed copy of the "Dear Bill" letter.

Under questioning, officials of the Treasury have admitted they do not know *when* or *how* the copy of a December 12, 1940, "Dear Bill" letter got into William Henry Taylor's personnel file in the Treasury. The earliest date on which they can be sure that the carbon copy was in his file is 1947; they are unwilling to state that it was there before that date and will make no attempt to explain where it was between December 12, 1940, and the year it came to light—1947, the year that all of the people named by Elizabeth Bentley were first interviewed by the FBI. If the December 12 carbon copy of the letter had been available since 1947, where did the December 4 version come from, where did it go and what about Cohn's December 9 version?

THE IOELB hearings were reopened on October 19, 1955, and lasted two days. At the outset, chairman Waldman made the following statement about the "Dear Bill" letter:

With reference to the Ullmann letter, this Board has only one letter before it, so that there is no doubt, if any doubt may appear in the face of the record, as to there being a series of letters which were written by Mr. Ullmann to Mr. William Henry Taylor, care of the American Express,

New York City. The letter which we now rely upon for the purpose of evidence is that dated December 12, 1940, I mean that to our best information. We say that from the research made by us up to date and the information furnished to us up to date, the letter in issue is one dated December 12, 1940, written by Ullmann to Taylor.

Mr. Gilman, a member of the board, interrupted at this point. "Are you saying, Mr. Chairman, that there are no other letters on that particular subject?" he asked.

This was Waldman's reply:

I am saying, sir, that there seems to be a doubt as to which letter or the letter written by Ullmann to Taylor. To avoid all confusion or to avoid that the employee remain in a realm of mystery or doubt as to what he has to face or what he may have to explain, we are limiting it solely to a carbon copy of a letter, a photostatic copy of which we have given to Mr. Scott, which is dated December 12, 1940.

In this manner the chairman disposed of the December 4 letter, not to mention that nagging little misfit, the letter of December 9, to his own satisfaction. But I was not and am not satisfied.

William Ludwig Ullmann, the other end of the alleged Taylor-Ullmann axis, testified on the afternoon of October 20, 1955. I showed him the photostatic copy of the carbon copy (and I don't blame you if you think you are seeing double!) of the alleged letter of December 12, 1940. It was his opinion that he had neither typed the letter nor seen the original nor a carbon copy of it. Taking it point by point, he testified that he never puts a comma in an address; he never indents paragraphs; he would not have typed "Lud Ullmann" at the bottom of a letter, but would have used his correct name, "William L. Ullmann." If in a great hurry, he stated, he sometimes typed "W. L. Ullmann" at the end of a letter, but he never used the name "Lud Ullmann" on any letters. He felt certain he would never have referred to Mr. White in a letter as just "White." He did not use the initials "O. K." in correspondence. Had he used a return address in a letter, he would have

put it at the top, rather than at the bottom. He was firm in his opinion that he could not have typed it himself. Nor did he recall ever having dictated such a letter. Had he done so, he stated, he thought it extremely unlikely that he would have had the office secretary put his home address on it. Nor would he have signed a letter that had "Lud Ullmann" typed at the bottom of it, since he never used that form of his name on a letter.

Furthermore, he was sure that he would not have typed a letter at home, made a carbon copy and carried the copy to the office. (The IOELB said that the carbon copy was found in Taylor's Treasury personnel file. There are no stenographic initials on the carbon copy.) Ullmann further stated he felt fairly certain that he did not meet William Henry Taylor until the latter came to work at the Treasury in January, 1941, and that he thought the language of the letter was a "little more easy going" than he would have used in such a situation. One more thing: he did not ordinarily make carbon copies of letters that he typed himself.

Of course, Roy Cohn had been less than frank with Taylor in the 1952 grand jury and before the old McCarthy committee when he said that the letter he was reading was "signed by Mr. Ullmann by his first name." Under questioning much later, Cohn admitted it was not a signed copy, that he could not remember what name was typed at the end of the letter, whether there was a return address on it, *or the date*.

WHEN this session of the IOELB adjourned, the board members got up and left the room. Taylor, my secretary and I remained behind to pick up the material. On the table in front of the chair that had been occupied by board member Gilman we noticed an ash tray containing a few crumpled-up pieces of note paper. I examined them in the presence of the others. On one scrap of the note paper some member of the board had written: "Donegan had same F.B.I. report we have—Dec. 4."

This meant that at least until December of 1953, the FBI had been

saying that it had a December 4, 1940, version of the "Dear Bill" letter. It meant that Fairbank had copied his version of the December 4 letter from the FBI report. It meant that between December of 1953 and September of 1954 the FBI report had been changed to refer to a December 12 letter in place of a December 4 letter. It meant that the Attorney General was not frank with me when he said that he had no copy of either letter in his files. It meant, in short, that there are at least two versions of the "Dear Bill" letter.

If that is so, the following questions inevitably arise: Where did the December 4 version come from? What has happened to it? Why was the FBI report changed? Would the

Attorney General try to make us believe that the FBI in investigating Taylor did not look into his Treasury file until after December of 1953? Or that the agent in copying the letter allegedly in that file since 1947 would make all those mistakes? Why does the Attorney General refuse to answer any questions about the letters? In short, who prepared the copies of the letters?

I began this story by saying that on the identity of the author and the genuineness of that letter—or those letters, to be exact, although it entails a contradiction in terms—depend a man's reputation. That man, very rightly, has now been cleared.

But what of the suspicious aspects of the case that now stand re-

vealed? Have they been cleared? I think not. By their very refusal to discuss this all important question of the "letter," by their very unwillingness to probe into its origin and find out what lay back of this seeming act of naked vindictiveness, these agencies of our people, set up to protect us, have tacitly admitted that guilt exists somewhere in their ranks. Those ranks have now been securely closed—against us.

Robert Burns once wrote:

Here's freedom to him that would read

Here's freedom to him that would write

There's none ever feared the truth should be heard

But they whom the truth would indite.

Montgomery Morning..by *WILMA DYKEMAN and JAMES STOKELY*

Montgomery, Alabama
IN THE STILL hours just before daylight on the morning of December 21, fog hung heavy over the dome of Alabama's gleaming white state capitol building. The shrouded streets which stretched away from it through the city of Montgomery were silent. It was easy, in those small hours, to unloose the imagination and wonder if some of the ghosts of 1861 might not be lurking in the "Cradle of the Confederacy" on this morning which was to make Southern history. For if it is true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, with a slightly different meaning of words this cradle was presently to be rocked to its foundations.

As daylight came, warm and springlike, Court Square—at the opposite end of the wide main street leading up to the capitol—began to waken. Around the dry fountain, with its tiers of figurines, plump

pigeons strutted on the wet pavement. Traffic began to pick up. The giant wreaths of Christmas lights strung across the street became more visible. And the city buses began to roll in and out of the square, loading and unloading passengers. In the doorways of the dress shops, the men's ready-to-wear and hardware stores, the newsstands and the offices and drugstores, people stood watching the buses. This was the morning when a year-old boycott and a generations-old tradition were to end.

NEGROES and whites sat or stood at the central segregated bus stop—watching; people drove by slowly, peering from their cars to see what was happening on the buses; and men leaning against the parking meters and standing on the street corners in their shirt sleeves, watched. This was the morning that segregation on the city buses of Montgomery gasped its last and integration breathed its first, and there was tension implied in both the birth and the death. \

The morning went quietly. A couple of cars filled with watchful white men in leather jackets parked on two sides of Court Square for the

first hour, then slowly moved away. Groups of well-dressed Negro leaders stood at the central bus stop and rode several of the runs. The Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., who has become the public symbol of the Negro cause, entered a bus and took a seat near the front. The day's pattern developed—most of the buses were only partially filled, but the Negroes rode, for the most part, in the middle seats, a few at the very front, a few at the rear; and the whites rode almost together far to the front. A few whites who were eager for the day to have full meaning rode on the back seat; at least one or two sat by Negroes. By late afternoon the word had gone out over town that "Everything's O.K.; nothing happening."

It was the very calmness of the day that was the great news here. People who said nothing had happened meant nothing violent, to make headlines. Actually a great deal had happened which might make news for years to come. Before a new year can begin, an old year must end. Before a new era of human dignity can be born, old indignities must die. On December 21, an era as well as a year came to an end in

WILMA DYKEMAN, (the pen name of Mrs. James Stokely), is the author of The French Broad, one of the Rivers of America Series; James Stokely, poet and farmer, is Tennessee born and bred.

January 5, 1957

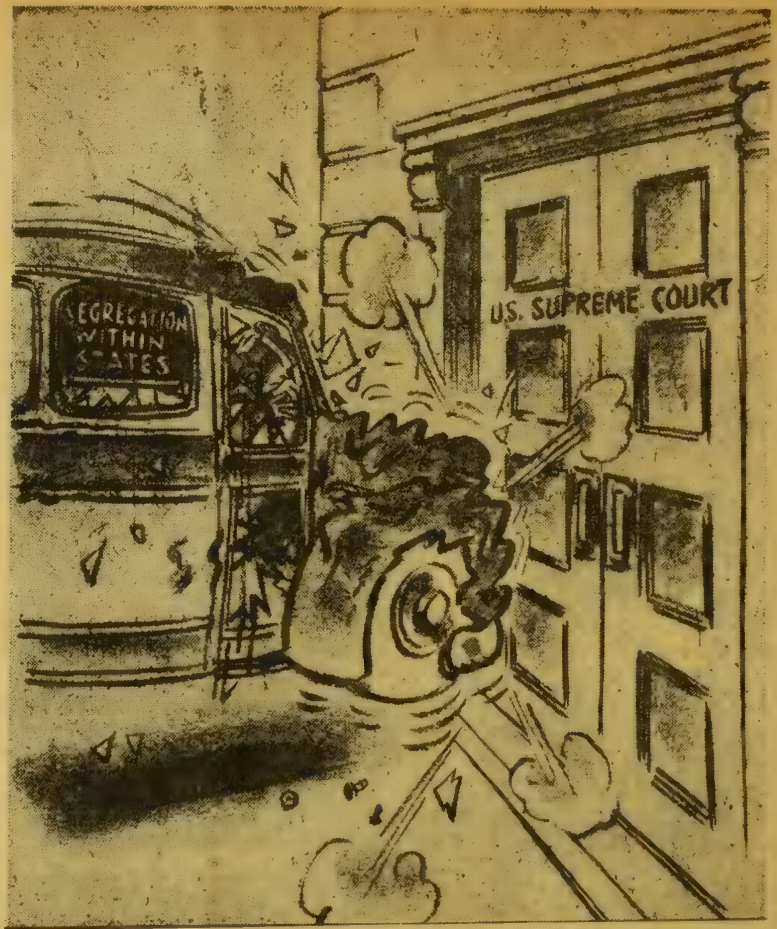
Montgomery. It was important that Alabamans and Americans alike should realize that what was disappearing was as meaningful as what was developing.

For one thing, the familiar cardboard signs spelling out segregation were gone from the buses. Gone too was the custom that had compelled Negroes to pay their fares at the front door and then often get off the bus and climb back on at the rear door. And the abusive language of some of the drivers calling their passengers "black apes" and "damned niggers" was stilled. Most apparent of all, perhaps, the stream of walking women had almost disappeared.

"The real power of the boycott was the Negro women," a housewife in one of the white residential areas told us. "Every morning they came by our door here. It was like watching a brook to look out and see them going by steadily for an hour or so every morning and an hour or so every afternoon. And this morning they weren't there. The brook had dried up."

Other things, less tangible but not a whit less real, have gone from Montgomery too. Their essence might be summed up in the words of one Negro: "Now there isn't any more hang-dog looking at a white man. We face him. We got a proud look."

ON A street in one of the newer residential areas, as we walked along in the pleasant morning between the rows of green lawns and lush pyracantha bushes heavy with clusters of flaming berries, we saw a carload of young schoolboys slow down just past us and shout something before they roared away. We turned and asked a Negro woman walking behind us what they had hollered. Small and lively as a sparrow in her brown coat and brown head-scarf and brown skin, she smiled at us. "They was just meddlin' me. They have to act theyselves up. I don't pay them no mind, when they get through actin' theyselves up, everything be all right." She had no resentment—against the cruel boys in the present or the bus drivers in the past. "They wasn't all bad. Jus' a few real low



Herblock in Washington Post

Bus Stop

mean. My bus driver I hadn't seen in a year welcome me back this mornin'. Like my family I work for: they told me to stay off the buses, they didn't blame us for what we's doin'."

We talked with a Negro man who summed up the remarkable self-control his people had shown in this great victory of their boycott. "We don't use the word 'victory,'" he assured us firmly. "We don't want to even have the attitude of the word. Like Reverend King told us at one of our meetings, the attitude of 'victory' wouldn't be worthy of us, and it would be a barrier to the growth we hope for in others."

The conduct and accomplishments of the Negroes during the past year have obviously shaken some of the firmest convictions held by the whites. In the beginning of the boycott it was often said that Negroes

"can't organize anything but a crap game," and if they did, they "can't hold out." But they did organize, 50,000 strong, and they didn't degenerate into a mob. They remained individuals united by a vision. In a region where patience on the long haul is considered a somewhat less colorful personal asset than pride in the instant's dramatic gesture, one of the most astonishing features of this boycott, to white residents, was the daily plodding persistence with which the Negroes moved toward their goal.

Then, of course, the white people began to admit the Negroes were organized, but "outsiders" had done it: Communists, "NAAPCs," "some of Brownell's gang," "troublemakers" in general. And, of course, the Negroes would submit to the old pressures anyway: a few arrests,

some bullying, a few bed-sheets.

"For a while there, the police would stop your car, maybe two or three times a day," one Negro leader said. "Get out, nigger. You'd show your driving license and they'd ask you all the questions already filled out on it. Or they'd book you for going twenty-five miles an hour in a twenty-mile speed zone."

But the spirit didn't break and the Negroes were never provoked into retaliation.

"Then white boys would throw water on us, or a Coca-Cola bottle from a car. Or once in awhile they'd spit on us. Even in the last few weeks over twenty cars have had acid thrown on them."

Mass arrest of the famous ninety was the whites' real panzer effort at group intimidation that failed and backfired. "For the first time," a professor at a local Negro college told us, "it became honorable to go to jail. Everybody whose name wasn't on that list felt sort of slighted, like he hadn't done his share." Those who had always been so scared of the police and jail now were clamoring to take the part of the punished.

THE final test came when the Ku Klux Klan announced, on the night the Supreme Court handed down its last decision, that it would stage a demonstration in the Negro part of town. Before such a threat the Negro would once have cowered behind closed doors and darkened windows. But this time the Negro community greeted them almost as it would any other parade. As the estimated forty carloads of Ku Kluxers drove by, lights stayed on, doors were ajar, men, women and children watched openly, in silence. It took enormous courage to face this robed and ancient enemy with such non-chalance. In the end it was the Klan that weakened first. Their parade turned into a side street and disappeared. The Kluxers themselves had set the final seal of solidarity and emancipation on the Negro citizens.

Physical intimidation failed—and so did economic threats. For if one fact has emerged clearly to both white and Negro community in this

crisis it is the intertwining of their economy. As one person put it: "Our schools may not be integrated, but our dollars sure are." Early in the boycott when the Mayor asked the women of Montgomery not to go after their maids and, if the maid wouldn't walk to work, to fire her, one housewife said, "The Mayor can do his own cooking if he wants to. I'm going after my cook." The Negro women knew their employers well enough, too, to be aware of their general distaste for mops and ironing boards. They knew instinctively that these people might tolerate injustice but never inconvenience.

"They talked about firing all the Negroes in the boycott from their jobs," a Negro man told us. "But then I guess they got to thinking about all those white folk's houses we rent. No payroll, no rent. What would those poor white widows living on their husbands' estates do? And what about all those refrigerators and cars and furniture we owed payments on? The storekeepers didn't want that stuff back. They wanted the money. No, after a little thinking there was very few of us fired from work."

Perhaps the most insidious enemy the Negro of Montgomery faced was his attitude toward himself. Indocinated for generations by assurances of his inferiority, in many cases he was uncertain as to his own power to sustain this movement. One will tell you now: "I wasn't sure how well we'd stick together or how long we'd last. But the people were way out ahead of the leaders at first. Then we all went together and there wasn't any doubt we'd go on as long as necessary."

UNDER these pressures and doubts, the Negroes have discovered the power of their dollars, the strength of their religion and the hidden resources within themselves. And one of the sorest problems facing Negroes everywhere was met and solved: the bridging of that great gap between the really learned and the desperately illiterate. A white woman in Montgomery who had taken part in interracial group meetings said, "You met time and again with the Negro leaders but somehow

you felt that you weren't ever touching the real core—couldn't reach that vast group of Negroes to even know what they were thinking. Even their leaders were isolated from them." But those the Rev. King calls "the Ph. D.'s and the D.s" were brought together by the boycott.

This was true because from first to last the movement worked through the churches. "The only way you can reach the great mass of Southern Negroes today is through their churches," one club woman said, "and the churches were the great power behind the success of this Montgomery boycott. It had religious meaning from the beginning."

If there have been improvements in the Negro community of a Sunday, perhaps even more important is the change in the Saturday night world. That cuttings, stabbings and drunkenness have decreased is attested by all the Negroes and admitted by most of the whites. As the pressures of despair and frustration have been partially supplanted by the pressures of self-respect and hopefulness, some of the destructiveness has been supplanted by better citizenship.

AS THE first days of bus integration passed without notable incident (a Negro woman reported she was slapped and shoved by a white man as she ^{ES} the bus, and a white woman on another bus reported that a Negro man winked at her), some of the white community still were far from reconciled. We saw two young men sitting at the bus stop—wild, blue-eyed boys with sun-hardened skins. "Well, Buck, what we gonna do with these damned niggers?" And one of the leaders of the White Citizens' Council assured us, "The bus situation here is far, far from settled. It can erupt any time. We're doing our best to keep down any violence, but this is a highly charged situation. Some of these boys mean business."

A bulky taxi driver analyzed developments: "It's all looked all right so far. And it may go on quiet enough, if don't nobody get radical. But this thing's touchy. Could be set off any minute. Then who knows what'll happen?"

Another said simply, "The South will always remain the South."

When a shotgun blast was fired at the Rev. King's home on December 23, the pastor did not notify the police. But he mentioned the incident quietly to his congregation during church services. "Even if my attackers 'get' me," he said, "they will still have to 'get' 50,000 other Negroes in Montgomery." He reminded his motionless visitors that "some of us may have to die," but urged his congregation never to falter in the belief that whatever else changed, God's love for all men would continue. "The glory to God that puts man in his place will make brothers of us all," he said. Such calm in the presence of violence must give the whole city pause.

A tentative proposal has been made to start a white bus boycott

and organize a white car pool. The illogic of this, in view of the fact that the Negro car pool was ruled illegal a few weeks ago, seems not to have occurred to the proposers. With characteristic Southern humor someone suggested that the Negroes should run an ad in the local paper: "FOR SALE—Slightly used old station wagons for new car pools."

No matter what may happen tomorrow in Montgomery, the fact remains that the Negro here will never be the same again. What one of the leaders, a tall, dark, articulate man, told us is obviously true: "On December 5 last year, the Negro in Montgomery grew from a boy to a man. He'll never be the same again. A white man had always said before, 'Boy, go do this,' 'Boy, do that,' and the Negro jumped and did it. Now he says, 'I don't believe

I will,' or he does it, but up straight, looking at the white man. Not a boy any more. He grew up."

The image of the frontiersman has always been vivid in the American mind and memory. One of our frequent laments today is for the disappearing frontier which has been so much a part of American history. To a visitor in Montgomery there is the suggestion of a new frontiersman. His weapons are those of Thoreau and Gandhi rather than Crockett and Boone, but the wilderness he faces is no less terrifying. Working on the frontiers of a faith and freedom whose meanings and dynamics have been too little explored before this, these new frontiersmen, black and white, may lead us—and some of the colored and white millions of the world—into a new experience of democracy.

EAVESDROPPING ON JUSTICE . . by EDMOND CAHN

HARLAN FISKE STONE, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court 1925-1941 and Chief Justice 1941-46, had a venial defect. He was an excellent legal scholar, a staunch defender of civil liberties, a sound political conservative and a jurist of outstanding integrity. But as his wife and secretary continually warned him, he talked too freely.

Though always eager to observe the proprieties of judicial office, Stone felt a compulsive need to express personal opinions on various delicate subjects. The worst incident occurred in 1938 when, in a series of uninhibited talks with newspaper columnist Marquis Childs, he spilled his raw impressions of a new colleague, Justice Hugo L. Black. Childs forthwith published this "inside view," which brought humiliation and remorse not to Black but to Stone. The scandal inflicted harm on the very institution that Stone strove so earnestly to protect, i.e., the Supreme Court. In a splendid

new biography entitled *Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law* [see review on page 20], Professor Alpheus T. Mason of Princeton comments:

Whatever the message Stone tried to convey, it evaporated completely in the shocked reaction to his alleged breach of judicial etiquette. "Honor among judges dictates that they must not talk about one another to outsiders," *The Nation* declared gravely, adding that Childs's accusation, true or not, had "not made matters any easier for the Justices themselves." "It should have been fairly clear," another commentator for the same journal wrote, "that an article purporting to reveal the inner workings of the Court, and purporting to represent Justices as lamenting professional unfitness on the part of another Justice, would be calculated to recoil."

On April 22, 1946, Chief Justice Stone collapsed while presiding over the Court. He died the same day without recovering consciousness. Under the circumstances, others took charge to dispose of the papers in his files, which contained voluminous correspondence, memoranda, private and confidential communica-

tions, notes exchanged with his colleagues and preliminary drafts of court opinions. Among these drafts were not only his own opinions, but also those prepared by other Justices, living and dead.

Apparently, Stone's family and executors turned all the papers over to Professor Mason. Exploiting the opportunity to the fullest, Mason has produced a fine and intensely interesting biography, replete with disclosed intimacies and revealed confidences. On the book's jacket, the publisher takes occasion to claim, "A notable feature of this work is the unprecedented use of personal comments which the Justices scribbled on the draft opinions that were circulated among them and later preserved in Stone's files."

This is true; the liberality with which Stone's biographer has published confidential notes and communications is genuinely "unprecedented." At least, I know of nothing quite comparable to it. It makes me think the time has arrived to raise the question: Is it socially desirable to expose confidential communications between a deceased

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judge and his surviving colleagues?

The problem is peculiarly American; it would be regarded as chimerical on the continent of Europe. There, observers long accustomed to a completely different system are baffled by our national cult of judicial personality. On the continent, they believe that justice will be impartial, objective and dispassionate only if every effort is made to repress the judge's personal traits and distinctive mannerisms. Consequently, a decision—even in a momentous case—will generally consist of a few dry sentences, issued anonymously by authority of the court. The view is that it takes an impersonal institution to produce impersonal justice.

WE, ON THE contrary, never stop probing and delving into the motives and personalities of individual judges. Though, like our friends on the continent, we desire justice to be administered as impersonally as possible, we insist that anonymous hands may become irresponsible hands and that no man is fit to judge unless the people can ultimately pass judgment on him. In this perspective, biographical studies of important judges are not mere pabulum to satisfy our idle curiosity; they furnish useful and often valuable aids in understanding the judicial function within the republic. While something can be said on behalf of the European way (for example, timorous judges may exhibit more courage when they act as an anonymous body), the American way has the supreme advantage of linking responsibility directly to the exercise of power.

Nevertheless, our interest in judicial personalities, like all other interests, can be carried too far. When that occurs, we may become so absorbed in incident and anecdote that we lose sight of principle and rational doctrine. This generates a sort of "peephole jurisprudence," an appraisal that disregards everything except the peculiarities of the individual judge. Concededly, personalities and their clashes do possess a special attraction; yet a judge, even a mediocre one, is much more than his personality. To appreciate what

he does in government, we must heed Holmes' statement that "The law is the calling of thinkers."

There are nine of them on the United States Supreme Court, nine thinkers of varying capacity. If one of the number sends a private note to another in the course of judicial business, is there a paramount social advantage in withholding the document from the gaze of the outside world? Individual advantages—pro-



tections for individual sensibilities—do not concern us here. Whenever the law respects a communication made in confidence, the main reason is public or social, i.e., the law has discovered a greater social benefit in protecting the confidential relation than in extracting the desired information. This is why a witness has the privilege of refusing to reveal confidences imparted to his lawyer, doctor, spouse or priest. In other words, there are prices which our society is not willing to pay, even for as precious a commodity as factual truth. This being so, what prices may we have to pay in order to obtain access to confidential papers like those in Chief Justice Stone's files?

The predictable prices of unlimited publication will be (1) unfairness and (2) divisiveness—each severe enough to give us pause.

The unfairness is already conspicuous. In some recent biographies of Supreme Court Justices, a reader finds far too many self-serving accounts and self-justifying explana-

tions. Which side will reach the public first depends, rather capriciously, on who happens to die first. The surviving members of the bench feel constrained not to respond or defend themselves. Silence is the sole dignified course, but in a country accustomed to strident voices, few appreciate the rhetoric of silence.

Some of the revelations in Professor Mason's biography of Chief Justice Stone will surely cause unnecessary embarrassment. For instance, there is the incident of choosing a Justice to write the Court's opinion in the famous case of *Smith v. Allwright*. The case involved the constitutionality of applying racial discrimination in a party primary held in Texas to choose the Democratic candidate for Congress. After Stone had selected Justice Frankfurter as the Court's spokesman, Justice Jackson induced him to reassign the case to Justice Reed. Jackson's confidential memorandum, which Professor Mason prints in full, argues that the opinion would be "greatly weakened" if written by Justice Frankfurter because, among other objections, he is a Jew, a circumstance which "may grate on Southern sensibilities." I think the publication of this memorandum is as unfair to Jackson and Stone as to Frankfurter.

IF THESE revelations are embarrassing and unseemly, they are even more harmfully divisive. Will they not create an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust within the intimate councils and conferences of the Court? From now on, how can a Justice feel free to write confidential notes or private memoranda? Every individual judge may decide to establish his own secret hoard of notations, diary entries, and compromising data, so that, in due time, he or his biographer can win the race to the public. If the present trend continues, our lecherous curiosity may produce nine bitter adversaries instead of a Supreme Court. No judge will trust any other judge, for though a particular colleague seems to deserve confidence, who knows about his executor? In fine, a high judicial body cannot function effectually in an atmosphere of internal mistrust.

As far as I can see, the problem is not primarily for biographers or historians. I believe it is a problem of ethics for the individual judge and a problem of policy for the corporate court. If the practice of exposing confidential communications is either unfair or divisive, every judge ought to assume the duty of preventing it. If a judge finds no way to establish his fame without exploiting breaches of confidence, then he should do without fame and put honor before honors. Surely,

when a man has devoted his life to serving the cause of justice, he will not wish his biography to inflict injustice on his surviving colleagues, for he knows in advance that they will be muted by the proprieties of their office.

Ultimately, the problem is a corporate one, since it concerns the day-to-day efficacy of the Court itself. If the Court needs a right of privacy, it can secure the right by establishing explicit understandings among the Justices. The Court can also

adopt appropriate rules to govern the disposition of memoranda, confidential notes, and preliminary drafts. In other words it can safeguard the public interest in free and uninhibited communication among its members.

One proposition is clear. In contemporary America, the right of privacy cannot be obtained by depending entirely on others' good taste and considerateness. It requires vigilance, fairness, and a proud sense of solidarity.

WEST INDIES: A Political Tour . . by **RUSSELL W. HOWE**

IT IS NEARLY half a millenium since Cristoforo Colombo of Genova stepped ashore on the sands of what is now Cuba and, being a politician as well as a navigator, declared without verification that he had found the Western route to India. By a curious compromise, geography talks still of the "West" Indies and "West" Indians. And, thanks also to Columbus, whom his Spanish sailors called Cristobal Colon, wherever a European settles uninvited and unwelcome he is still called a colonist.

Today the word colonist is anathema in the Caribbean; and this deep respect for independence, a thirst for education and an almost equally crying need for deliverance from poverty are the three binding factors which already hold the political patchwork quilt of the Antilles together.

In truth, the host of different flags and systems is simpler than it looks: three long-independent, politically similar states seek a painful path out of military dictatorship; the colonies of three secondary powers believe a trilingual federation lies ahead of them, and the islands of the United States seek ever greater po-

litical and economic autonomy within the concept of the union.

The Independent Countries. Prosperity offers legitimate means of making money, but poverty only offers two—corruption and exploitation. Both can function better under dictatorship. In this respect, Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic belong to the Central American political complex.

Most of Cuba's population lives on two of the world's most depressed economies—cane and tobacco. Generous American investment and a tourist trade are, however, helping to raise living standards throughout the island.

Haiti, the proudest nation in the Caribbean and one of the poorest in the world, puts the Eighth Wonder of the World—Christophe's *Citadelle*—on almost all its official literature. This is symptomatic: its thriving French-language culture, which has produced numerous authors and poets, seeks most of its consolations in the storied past. The present holds little that is exceptional, unless it is the country's well-run tourist industry (75,000 Americans expected this winter). Haiti is vastly over-populated (about 4,000,000) and there are few indigenous industries. The university savant, on his way to a luxury hotel for a drink at the bar, may pass a woman, tortured by flies, giving birth unaided in the refuse-ridden dirt street. . . .

A revolution of a left-wing character will probably take place in Haiti some time in the not too distant future. [Mr. Howe's forecast has already come true in part. This article was written before Haiti's ex-President Magloire's attempted putsch was foiled by the Haitian people. —Ed.]

HAITI'S unfriendly neighbor, the Dominican Republic, is another strong-arm dictatorship, but has achieved somewhat better results. As the price of self-glorification, Generalissimo Trujillo—as omnipresent, in photographs, as Stalin once was—has at least offered a nationwide medical service, paved streets and compulsory education through the eighth grade. But one must not look too far; per capita annual income is \$201—and even that is probably a Trujillo exaggeration.

The British West Indies. In the first quarter of 1958, federal elections will be held for the first time throughout the British Caribbean for the election of a federated lower house. The forty-five members will come from Jamaica (pop. 1,500,000), Trinidad and Tobago (725,000), Barbados (240,000), the Windward Islands of Grenada (85,500), St. Lucia (85,500), St. Vincent (74,000) and Dominica (60,000), and the Leeward Islands of St. Kitts, Nevis and Anguilla (combined pop. 53,000), Antigua (50,000) and Mon-

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serrat (14,000). The Cayman Islands (8,000) and the Turks and Caicos Islands (7,500) will be part of Jamaica.

About 3,000,000 persons will thus be represented in the new federation, which will probably have its seat of government in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. The door is left open for the British Virgin Islands (8,000), British Honduras (80,000) and British Guiana (525,000) to join later if they wish.

The federal government follows the pattern of governments already existing in the various islands (which will continue to have autonomy in local matters). There will be a federal council of state, or cabinet, of ten men ruled over by a Governor with veto powers, appointed by London. It will include three nominated, non-elected members holding key posts.

The British Caribbean Federation Bill, passed by Parliament in August, makes it clear that federation is a first step to independent, dominion status. Outstanding problems in the area are Bermuda and the Bahamas, where drastic constitutional reforms are still awaited, and British Guiana, where there has been no form of representative government at all since the Constitution was suspended in 1953. British Honduras and the Virgins chose voluntarily to remain

Crown Colonies outside the federation. Both have governments with elected majorities, subject to gubernatorial vetoes. Most Hondurans want union with Guatemala.

The federal constitution, inspired by Australia's, is far from perfect, but it is clearly an important step. Unit (i.e., state) rights are emphasized not only because each island is jealous of its individuality, but also to give added weight to the smaller islands, where education is less developed and which consequently have a record of being less politically "troublesome" to Britain. In the all-nominated senate, which has powers to delay legislation for one year (three months on financial bills), Antigua, with its 50,000 population, gets the same number of senators (two) as Jamaica, with its 1,500,000.

JAMAICA, with its long history of war between the "landless proletariat" and the "plantocracy," helps to mirror the area's problems. Relatively industrialized, not entirely dependent on King Sugar, it still has an average income of only \$1.50 per week. Most of the industries and large plantations are still in the hands of Europeans, many of them absentee owners.

Political feeling has always been strong. Local leaders say that the

presence of a once-a-year barfly society of pseudo-aristocratic misfits from Britain—whose presence, incidentally, is useful to the tourist industry—has increased resentment against the "white bias" in government and also helped to make the Negro proletariat proud of its own race. The Chief Minister, on whom most of these problems of developing a more democratic society, and developing the island generally, now fall is an Oxford and Labor Party-trained lawyer, Norman Manley, leader of the majority People's National Party. Manley has figured prominently in the development of agricultural cooperatives which enable the peasant to increase his frighteningly low income, and in the forming of extremely strong labor unions modeled on those in Britain.

With the eccentric left-wing leader Bustamente now definitely in eclipse, Manley enjoys broad popular support. His stated aim is the formation of a Trilingual Caribbean federation grouping the British, Dutch and French islands and linked to the Pan-American economy. This ambition is shared by Eric Williams, the brilliant Socialist writer whose recently-founded People's National Movement won thirteen of the twenty-four elected seats in the thirty-one-member Trinidad Legislative Council at the September elec-

tions, and who will be the new Chief Minister. With its oil and bitumen resources, Trinidad is richer and more industrialized than Jamaica and consequently has a higher educational level; but here racial problems are more delicate.

Trinidad had only twenty-four years of slavery. At Emancipation, in 1807, the spirit of independence of the Africans was consequently still present and the freedmen preferred poor private farming to continued work on the plantations. East Indian indentured labor was brought in to replace them. Today Indians form 35 per cent of the population. Always a minority, albeit a powerful one, they have clung to their own racial and religious organizations and formed their own parties. Williams' victory represented an important defeat for Indian parties and leaders; his goal is to achieve island unity on a non-racial basis.

In Trinidad, politics is overshadowed by a long history of riots and violent labor troubles, but Trinidad's Bustamante, Uriah Butler, is today likewise in eclipse. Here the usual pattern of poverty-stricken rural life is tempered by the presence of independent cocoa farmers with a modest but sufficient income.

In Barbados, a Labor Party government headed by Grantley H. Adams is gradually wresting power from the "plantocracy." Here too there has been a long record of political violence; poverty on the overpopulated island is endemic. Education is not compulsory, and health services are so poor that the infant mortality rate is 14 per cent.

IN THE colonial West Indies in general—French, British and Dutch—planters seem uninterested in long-term development, preferring a depressed agricultural economy which provides them, but not their workers, with a sufficient income. They still dominate the islands, but they have to make this domination less and less evident. An independent domination of all the British West Indies, with a Labor-type government, will emerge within the next ten years. The Bahamas and Bermuda will presumably be drawn into it. It is to be hoped that the final

aim of a trilingual Caribbean Federation will be achieved in Manley's political lifetime, for throughout the West Indies it seems generally agreed that he is the ideal man to lead it through its early years.

The Dutch West Indies. Since December 1954, the Dutch islands (pop. 180,000) and Surinam (formerly Dutch Guiana, pop. 235,000) have had universal suffrage and a locally elected government. Holland retains a governor with veto powers, and he appoints the attorney general, judges and—curiously enough—the administrators of the insular districts. Foreign affairs, defense and internal security, including the administration of the police, are the domain of the Dutch parliament.

The granting of semi-dominion status to the Dutch possessions was an important step forward, but failed to satisfy local opinion. Invited to elect members to The Hague parliament, the local government refused; local leaders repeated their call for "complete autonomy." They did, however, agree to send plenipotentiaries to Holland to advise on West Indian affairs.

There is considerable interest, in the Dutch possessions, in the eventual formation of an independent, trilingual federation.

The French West Indies. Paris is the world capital of the arts; the Frenchman the most educated being on earth, the epitome of Western culture. But his genius is one of catalysis—the uniting of foreign ideas and cultures and producing a skilful synthesis. The Frenchman himself is unexportable. He cannot adapt to situations. He nurtures the insane idea that he can make everybody French.

As the Dutch and British West Indies have moved towards the inevitable—independence and closer ties with the neighboring American economy—France has tried to steer a backward course in the French Antilles.

Since January 1, 1948, Guadeloupe and Martinique have been departments of Metropolitan France, theoretically the same as, say, the Pas-de-Calais or the Maritime Alps. In point of fact the countries have remained purely and simply colonies.

If "departmentalizing" has brought civil servants' wages up to those of France proper (which is just as well, as the cost of living is 65 per cent higher than it is in Paris) it has not brought liberty, equality and fraternity to the rest of the population.

In France, the parents of five children would draw 33,045 francs (\$94.40) monthly in children's allowances; in Martinique and Guadeloupe, 7,530 francs (\$21.51). Salaries average 15 per cent less than in France, despite high living costs. Cane workers get \$2.12 a day.

BASIC expenditure in any country is rent, and here the comparison with Paris is staggering. This writer rents an apartment in Paris (two rooms, kitchen and bathroom in an old building) for \$60 a year. In the filthy slum of Point-à-Pitre, the islands' biggest city (pop. 50,000), the same size apartment built in termite-ridden clapboard, without water, gas or electricity, in an open-drain street, would cost about \$45 a month.

America's Virgin Islands (pop. 30,000) have two senior high schools, and local legislators call classroom shortage the islands' greatest single problem. But Guadeloupe, with ten times the population, also has two senior high schools. However, education in the equivalent of grade school is so good—as good as in France—that the intellectual level is probably higher in the French Antilles than anywhere else in the Caribbean. The semi-starving, one-meal-a-day peasant worker, emerging from the canebrakes on the way to his six-by-eight-foot-clapboard cabin, will drop the chanting créole tongue to give you directions in a French which is far better, more grammatical and more clearly pronounced than the English of the average English-speaking university student.

Nowhere in the Caribbean so much as in Guadeloupe was I so impressed with the presence of a people undoubtedly capable of any achievement, material or spiritual, and nowhere were the opportunities so blocked.

The populations are: Guadeloupe,

300,000; Martinique, 270,000. There are no figures for the ethnic proportions, but a fair guess would be 10 per cent Negro, 88 per cent créole, 2 per cent white. Most of the tiny white minority are in the main towns of Point-à-Pitre, Basse-Terre (Guadeloupe) and Fort-de-France (Martinique).

ONE RESULT of the fictitious "departmentalization" of the Antilles has meant that instead of governors trained to the problems of colonial economies, Guadeloupe and Martinique now have prefects—political appointees who last year were dealing with coal mines in the *Nord* and who in two years' time will have moved on to vineyard problems in the *Hérault*. Instead of the local parliaments of the British, Dutch and American West Indies, the French Antilles are just a tiny voice in the Paris Assembly, striving to get a long-term policy out of short-lived governments. Evidence of the dissatisfaction comes through in the nature of their representation—one of Guadeloupe's three deputies and two of Martinique's three are Communists, including the noted Martiniquais poet Aimé Césaire.

At night, angry French West Indians walk the filthy ill-paved streets of Point-à-Pitre, where termites as long as fingers scuttle across one's path and dogs fight with rats in the strewn garbage, to write "*A bas la fraude*" ("Down with the fraud" of departmentalization) on the crumbling walls.

Point-à-Pitre resembles a poor town in Africa. Syrian merchants, who have something of a corner on retail trade, sell bolts of cloth and trinkets on the sidewalks, and almost everything available is made in France. Even vegetables and eggs are brought from France. Most of the meat is imported. There is a grave need for stockbreeding. And because music records too must come from Paris, there is even a dearth of calypso music. The Antillais must listen to Piaf and Bécoud singing of unrequited love in Pigalle, in a slang they can barely understand.

This is the crux of the problem: France's only interest in the An-

tilles is as a dumping ground for her products.

Real departments as dismally poor as Guadeloupe and Martinique would get aid from the central government—for instance in building. But there are only tiny token developments: Paris draws many millions more out of the islands than she will ever put in. The few American goods on sale have often crossed the Atlantic twice, thus putting a high tally of French middlemen and freighter-company charges on the retail price. Every person I spoke to in the French islands wanted cheap American goods to become available, and incentives to be offered so that a few American industries will set up shop. Many Antillais have been to Puerto Rico—a few as Point Four guests—and all of them have been impressed. But the sugar tycoons, the *plantocratie*, oppose the creation of industries, especially foreign industries, as they fear these will draw the workers to the towns and interfere with the high unemployment-low wages pattern. To stem the tide, they brandish the bogey—which newspaper stories from Mississippi and Tennessee support—"If the *Yanquis* come in, they will bring in their racial discrimination."

In truth, racial discrimination already exists in the French Antilles. The French colonist is not as "distant" as the British, but he is, if anything, even less concerned with Caribbean welfare and just as racist. At home, the Frenchman is practically without prejudice. Abroad, the prime motive for prejudice—economics—enters the picture, and he joins the pattern. If Guadeloupe and Martinique are treated as Cinderella departments, it is because they are predominantly non-European ethnically (though the French legislator is always careful to flatter the créoles in his speeches, to call the islands "daughters of France"). He knows—and acts accordingly—that the Antillais may be Catholic, French-speaking and have many French customs, but that beneath it all they are conscious first and foremost of being a colonized, exploited people and that their "motherland" is not France but the Caribbean.

Plans to encourage tourists, to build, to repair, are on the cautious level. France knows, probably, that the era of Mendès-France, soon to come, will mean, among many other things, autonomy for the French Antilles. But that is hypothesis. For the moment, the French Antilles are the stumbling block to Caribbean federation and the eventual economic union of all the islands—including Cuba, Haiti, etc.—in the area. Under departmentalization, the Council-General has lost its original semi-autonomy. The representation in Paris is no gain, since it existed in colonial days; African colonies have the same prerogative. Some of the social facilities set up in colonial days—for instance, local employment bureaus—have been abolished. What is grave is that department status was clearly intended to prevent emancipation, and at best is sure to slow it up.

CONCLUSION. The facts are clear: the Caribbean is a part of the Pan-American economy; the colonial islands desire independence, federation and an economic union with the already independent countries of the area. The islands are undernourished, underdeveloped and above all undereducated; these problems American industry could help them solve, and they in return could offer special tax inducements. The stumbling blocks to realization of this dream lie in small but powerful lobbies in London, The Hague and especially Paris. Washington is not without a powerful voice in each of these places.

In the matter of independence for colonial territories, the most strategic time to act is always yesterday. In this sense, the moment is certainly ripe for the State Department to begin pushing the Caribbean Federal Republic idea in the chancelleries of Europe. The reward will be good neighborly relations and good business: by U. S. standards, labor will be "cheap" in the West Indies for some time to come, and taxation less arduous; and as living standards rise, so will demand for American goods.

Next week I will review U. S. possessions in the Caribbean.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Valid Basis of Judicial Power

THE LEGACY OF HOLMES AND BRANDEIS. By Samuel J. Konefsky. The Macmillan Company. \$6.

HARLAN FISKE STONE: PILLAR OF THE LAW. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. The Viking Press. \$8.75.

By Earl Latham

CHARLES P. CURTIS reports a remark once made by Justice Holmes to Justice Stone which is apposite to the question of judicial power: "About seventy-five years ago," he said, "I learned that I was not God. And so, when the people of the various states want to do something I can't find anything in the Constitution expressly forbidding them to do, I say, whether I like it or not, 'God-dammit, let 'em do it!'" Two new books remind us of the controversy of two decades ago on the nature of the judicial power and of philosophical troubles in the Court today that stem directly from the famous battle of the bench.

Samuel Konefsky has produced a work on *The Legacy of Holmes and Brandeis* that has the great merit of bringing together in one place for a new appraisal much of the comment made by many on the work and writing of Holmes and Brandeis. Alpheus T. Mason's biography, *Harlan Fiske Stone, Pillar of the Law* deserves and should get a high prize for its comprehension, mastery of materials, and felicity of exposition through 900 fascinating pages.

In looking into the works of Holmes, Brandeis and Stone, one gets fresh appreciation of the durability of the central issue in the struggles of the thirties—the nature of judicial power. It may well be—

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when all the dams have crumbled and the last social security check has been paid—that the really big thing in the New Deal era was the controversy over judicial power.

THE Supreme Court is an unrepresentative institution in the sense that it derives no authority from the polls. Even the power of the military and administrative people is legitimized by its origin in the power of the President, which in turn is derived from the electorate. One cannot agree with the argument of Rostow quoted by Konefsky that, "Given the possibility of constitutional amendment, there is nothing undemocratic in having responsible and independent judges act as important constitutional mediators." Constitutional amendment and the "benign influence of time" which takes judges to their Maker are not institutional checks for making power routinely responsible, any more than are the drastic correctives of assassination and revolution in dictatorships.

The judicial power, then, is not, like that of the popular officials, made legitimate by its origin, but it can be made legitimate by its use. Holmes's reasonable man is a formula to legitimize judicial power; as is Stone's famous phrase about judicial self-restraint. This is also the meaning of his earlier caution against obtruding personal economic predilections into the law. Legitimacy is established when the judges give effect to the policy of the elected branches and do not forestall this effect because they disagree with it.

It must be recognized that conservative jurisprudence rejects this conception of legitimacy. Like ecclesiastical power, judicial power is said to be legitimized by its origin, not in a contemporary electorate, to be sure, but in a metasocial source, which is never very clearly located. Around this inchoate notion many myths serve to shore up the power

position of the judges. Among these is the fiction that the judges have the "final say" and that the Court is the "final arbiter," to use two phrases of Konefsky. The function of the judge then becomes the simple thing that Roberts said it was in the Butler Case: to pronounce the final word, without will, in helpless compliance with the inexorable rule. The view that judges have the last word, and that the Supreme Court exercises final judgment can be true only in a limited sense—as where a defendant is executed. It cannot be true where the social and political processes are circular and not linear as lawyers make believe it is.

Since the Court's power is legitimized by the use and purpose to which it is put, and not by its origin in popular mandate, it must have constituencies outside the judiciary to validate its use of power.

Such dependence prevents the Court from resolving really fundamental issues by itself. It must wait for the felt need to appear in decisive popular enlargement so as to be unmistakably visible. To quote Mason: "The Supreme Court has rarely been able to resolve really fundamental issues. In all our great debates preceding crystallization of majority sentiment, its rulings have usually proved no more effective, as Stone said, than a boy's mud dam on a rain-swollen creek." The difficulty in the Court over which Stone presided as Chief Justice was that there was no longer a clear constituency upon which the judges could lean. The New Deal was dead everywhere except in the Supreme Court and the judges were split as to what it meant. This is the only time in the history of the Court when it was more liberal than the Congress, and it says something for the finality of Court pronouncements that when the judges went farther than the Congress thought they should, Congress reversed the judges.

In the great debate on judicial power, Holmes and Brandeis really stand in one position with each other,

and Stone somewhat more to one side, although by no means behind. Although Holmes has had a better press than either of his two famous colleagues, he perhaps has left least for others to use. His vision of himself as a judge, and of his relation to the great world around him, was too personal, too idiosyncratic, not institutional enough, to be transmitted to others. Konefsky would be one of the first to argue that comparing judges in terms of an undefined "greatness" is a little like trying to establish whether Betelgeuse or Alpha Centauri is the more "important." But in terms of unexpressed values—like a strong libertarian position and a strong social and economic program—Brandeis was the more effective partisan.

Stone's task—to solve for himself the ways in which judicial power could be made acceptably legitimate—was intellectually more difficult for him than it was either for Holmes or Brandeis. If you are a Brandeis and want smaller corporations and bigger unions, minimum wages legislation, hours and safety regulations in factories, rate regulation by competent commissioners, you have only to fit the argument to the case to suit the doctrinary program. If you are a Holmes, you simply turn your back on it all, and let foolish men enact senseless statutes, so long as they observe a minimum decorum. But without Holmes's cosmic caution or Brandeis' partisan program, you have to think your way from case to case. The opinions of Holmes and Brandeis make sense by themselves because in a sense they are by themselves—independent of the institutional context in which they were read. This is not so of Stone.

Stone was a blend of Holmes and Brandeis but he was also himself. He worked, as they sometimes did not, within the institutional context of the Court to develop new formulations for clearing away dead precedent to let new growths of principle develop if possible. He was a husbandman of the law, a patient forester, a planter of seedlings, a trimmer of thickets—unwilling to disturb the balance of nature too violently—but concerned always to keep it from stagnation and death—

working always to keep it vital and growing. The case books are full of such formulations besides the spectacular ones, like the *Gobitis Case* on religious freedom. Space prevents description of these doctrines but they all have one thing in common—they represent effort to think of the problem of judicial power in some systematic and institutional sense. Stone never went so far as even to suggest that the judicial power be abdicated, but he was concerned to find employments for it that would legitimize it and bring it into accord with political power, and thought that even then it should be exercised very moderately. Gradual adjustment of law to need without yielding the control, although forever making its exercise legitimate by use, is an approach that may be the most valuable legacy of Stone to future Courts.

THE legacy of Holmes and Brandeis may be much less significant. For Holmes, this is about summed up in the doctrine of the reasonable man and the doctrine of clear and present danger, a fatal dualism whose incongruity was eventually resolved by the judges in 1950 in favor of the reasonable man. That is to say, the logic which supports the conclusion that legislators can be trusted to shape social and economic policy may also support the conclusion that they can be trusted to regulate civil liberties. If judicial power is abdicated in the first instance on the ground that the law must ex-

press the felt needs of the times, how is it to be recovered to protect defendants in civil liberties cases? The chief concept to justify intervention was the clear and present danger doctrine which Holmes during his tenure was able to get only Brandeis to accept.

One legacy of Holmes and Brandeis to their immediate successors, then, is confusion. Most of the judges have had a crack at trying to work a way out of the dilemma. Absolutists like Justice Douglas take the position that the prohibitions of the First Amendment are flat and final. If so, the obscenity statutes are all unconstitutional. Some like Justice Frankfurter seem to have resolved the problem on true Holmesian grounds by supporting the legislative act both when it regulates the economy and when it regulates more personal affairs. One judge has said that there are two Fourteenth Amendments, one for social legislation and one for civil liberties, a way of resolving an inconsistency by assuming that it doesn't exist.

To the resolution of this dilemma of the judicial power—for which Holmes and Brandeis are the intellectual fathers—Stone also made a contribution. This is the doctrine of the preferred freedoms which Konefsky and Mason ascribe to Stone and which one of Stone's former law clerks ascribes in large part to himself. The Court came to accept this doctrine in a case in which Stone dissented. A corollary of the doctrine of political restraints, this view of

British Leftish Poetry, 1930-40

Auden, McNeice, Day Lewis, I have read them all,
Hoping against hope to hear the authentic call.
"A tragical disappointment. There was I
Hoping to hear old Aeschylus, when the Herald
Called out, 'Theognis, bring your chorus forward.'
Imagine what my feelings must have been!
But then Dexitheus pleased me coming forward
And singing his Boeotian melody:
But next came Chaeris with his music truly
That turned me sick and killed me very nearly.
And never in my lifetime, man or boy,
Was I so vexed as at the present moment;
To see the Pnyx, at this time of the morning,
Quite empty, when the Assembly should be full" *
And know the explanation I must pass is this
—You cannot light a match on a crumbling wall.

HUGH MacDIARMID

* Aristophanes, *The Acharnians*.

Stone's held that where the political processes could not be depended upon to guarantee the existence of the fundamental rights upon which the political process itself stands, the judges must intervene. Characteristically Stone developed this rationale for the exercise of judicial power in a footnote, did not enshrine it in

easily quoted phrases, and related it to the institutional context within which the judges work. But of all the formulations since 1937, this doctrine has some of the rigor of close political theory to support it, as others do not have. It is a unifying conception in which the whole corpus of judicial power can be held.

Jazz: Players and Principles

THE STORY OF JAZZ. By Marshall W. Stearns. Oxford University Press. \$5.75.

THE HEART OF JAZZ. By William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell. New York University Press. \$6.50.

GUIDE TO JAZZ. By Hugues Panassie and Madeleine Gautier. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.

By John S. Wilson

POSSIBLY because improvisation is an essential element of jazz, writers who tackle the subject have often gone to work on their typewriters as though they, too, were being challenged to create an inspired variation on a theme.

This method has produced a discouraging quantity of murky, slapdash thinking. But jazz writing is a young art (less than twenty-five years old) and even though it has committed its share of youthful indiscretions—many of which have at least had the merit of giving vent to an author's enthusiasm—it is also producing a growing list of explicit, rational and carefully-written works.

The first two American books on jazz—Winthrop Sargeant's *Jazz, Hot and Hybrid* (1938) and Wilder Hobson's *American Jazz Music* (1939)—were ably written, but did little more than skim a selected part of the surface. The first real effort to present the history of jazz came in another 1939 publication, *Jazzmen*, a collection of pieces edited by Fredric Ramsey, Jr., and Charles Edward

Smith. Since then Sidney Finkelstein (*Jazz, a People's Music*) and Barry Ulanov (*A History of Jazz in the United States*) have dealt effectively with the overall development of jazz, while Rudi Blesh (*Shining Trumpets*) and Rex Harris (*Jazz*) have given able presentations of a more restricted conception.

THE TWO most recent histories, *The Story of Jazz* by Marshall Stearns and *The Heart of Jazz* by William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell, carry both of these lines a bit farther than they have gone before. Dr. Stearns's book has several distinctions, not the least of which is the convincing evidence he offers that directness, clarity and simplicity are possible in jazz writing.

In telling the story of the development of jazz, he has chosen to reverse the balance of emphasis which has been followed by most of the earlier writers. Instead of briefly suggesting something of the origins of the musical strains which became jazz and dwelling at length on the principal personalities and musical styles involved in its history, Dr. Stearns devotes almost half of his book to a fascinating exploration of the various pre-jazz skeins and skips somewhat lightly and nimbly through the actual history of the music once it reached the stage of being identifiably jazz.

This reversal produces both the strength and the weakness of the book. The author's analytical description of the transfer of West African tribal rhythms to this country and their mixture with stark Protestant hymns and the harmonic warmth of the Latin-Catholic community around New Orleans is a penetrating and reasoned bit of re-

search. He follows this with what may well be the most valuable section of the book—an admirable accounting of the American elements that contributed to jazz which includes chapters on the work song, the blues, minstrelsy, the spiritual and ragtime.

All of this should be of great interest to the informed jazz reader, who would probably also go along with Dr. Stearns's foreshortening of the frequently repeated history of personalities and styles. The uninitiated reader, however, is likely to find too many unexplained gaps in this historical section and to become impatient with the long and detailed exploration of jazz origins with which the book opens. But these origins have needed the kind of examination that Dr. Stearns gives them and, although he has written a capable book in general, it is largely on the basis of his examination of jazz roots that it stands as one of the best of all books on jazz.

THE music that Mr. Grossman and Mr. Farrell deal with in *The Heart of Jazz* is traditional New Orleans jazz. They take the viewpoint that jazz fell into an unfortunate deviation with the appearance of the hot soloist and they date the decline from the rise of Louis Armstrong in the middle twenties.

In actuality, the book is two works, one by Mr. Farrell and one by Mr. Grossman. Mr. Farrell has written a useful description of the usual instruments and their roles in a traditional jazz band and he discusses some of the early groups and those which have taken part in the recent traditionalist revival. His comments on these groups, however, are not as useful as they might be because his attitude tends to be indiscriminately adulatory, particularly when he is dealing with the latter-day New Orleans bands. One gets the feeling that even the most inadequate of the revivalists must be an inspired genius compared to those misguided and sometimes depraved musicians who have followed some deviationist trail (although an occasional revolutionary, such as Miff Mole or Jack Teagarden, is spoken of politely).

JOHN S. WILSON reviews jazz for the New York Times and High Fidelity. For three years his Monday night program, "The World of Jazz," has been carried by WQXR. It is the only jazz broadcast by this station.

But before Mr. Farrell is allowed to contribute his specialized knowledge to this book, Mr. Grossman challenges the reader to wade through a swamp of prose designed to prove that traditional New Orleans jazz is a "Christian" music and that that is why it is good. With appalling lack of humor, Mr. Grossman clutches at any reference to religion in connection with jazz on the assumption that he is proving his point.

He notes that Robert Goffin, a Belgian writer, once described King Oliver as "holding his cornet with the fervor of a preacher holding the Bible."

He finds that "a substantial part of the audience" listening to a performance by Turk Murphy's band in Philadelphia in 1954 "begged for a rendition" of *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* (a warhorse of the traditional jazz repertory), and remarks, "It is hard to escape the conclusion that members of the audience were seeking a specifically Christian experience."

The colloquial characterization of New Orleans jazz as "righteous," which he describes as "an adjective associated with religion and especially with Judaism and Christianity," can be explained most naturally, he says, as "a reflection of a conspicuously religious character in the music."

Hymns, spirituals and religious ceremonies were important contributing elements to jazz, as Dr. Stearns makes clear, and many jazz musicians have been and are religious people (Mr. Grossman includes this in his arsenal) but this does not necessarily suggest the "Christianity" of jazz any more than does Mr. Grossman's grab-bag of misconceptions. Even those who hold the same views as Mr. Farrell and Mr. Grossman on the relative merit of traditional jazz as opposed to other types will have a hard time hanging on to Mr. Grossman's tortured reasoning, and those who hope to learn something about jazz from his discussion could hardly get off on a worse footing. Fortunately, Dr. Stearns is handily available with an antidote.

THE latest book by the French jazz

critic, Hugues Panassie, *Guide to Jazz*, written in collaboration with Madeleine Gautier, is not quite as limited in its viewpoint as the Grossman-Farrell essay but, as a reference work, it is more a guide to Mr. Panassie's joys and horrors than to jazz. The book, in dictionary form, is made up of brief biographies of jazz musicians, explanations of the musical terminology of jazz and essential details about some of the tunes most favored by jazz bands.

Like Mr. Grossman and Mr. Farrell, Mr. Panassie dismisses bop, modern, cool and progressive jazz as beyond the pale. Unlike Mr. Grossman and Mr. Farrell, he hails Louis Armstrong as the greatest genius produced by jazz and views swing as the last stand of the real jazz.

He has no compunction about ex-

pressing his opinions strongly right down the line, a luxury which drastically reduces the reference value of the book. His bias, both pro (Mezz Mezzrow "is not only one of the great clarinets but one of the great white jazz musicians") and con (Charlie Parker, who "gave up jazz in favor of bop . . . could play fine jazz in his early days, as can be heard from the records he made with Jay McShann") leaves too many of his comments open to question.

But just as Dr. Stearns's book has made a timely appearance to offset the cramped views of Mr. Grossman and Mr. Farrell, Leonard Feather's wide-ranging, unopinionated and invaluable collection of jazz biographies, *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, is already on hand to provide a guide to the *Guide to Jazz*.

The Poet and the Social Man

THE UNADJUSTED MAN. By Peter Viereck. The Beacon Press. \$5.

By Harold Clurman

PETER VIERECK calls himself a "new conservative." But we have not read many pages of his enjoyable book before we surmise that he might just as well have called his ideology a "new radicalism." True, he tries to make clear what the basic philosophical differences between radicalism and conservatism are, and we see in the final count that he has a temperamental affinity with, or more accurately a need to side with, the "conservatives." The fact remains—and the common garden variety of conservative would be the first to tell him so—that Viereck's conservatism cannot be reduced to a platform or a program at all. He is essentially a poet.

Viereck's strongest impulse is a protest against our crass materialism. His book bears an epigraph from Thoreau: "We do not ride the railroad, it rides upon us." Viereck draws a distinction between the Overadjusted Man, complacent or enthusiastic yea-sayer to the status quo of human mechanizations, and the Unadjusted Man, protestant in the name of permanent spiritual values (the godhead in us) against intellectual and moral compliance. "The antidote against systematized delusions," Viereck writes, "deifying or diabolizing any particular class, profession or nationality, is to reverse whatever lives as individual, evergrowing and unclassifiable, and not

to dehumanize it into a walking category. . . . Whoever sincerely conserves religious, aesthetic, and historical values should resist those who exploit such values for material greed."

Down then with rigid definitions, political abstractions, and arbitrary labeling of people as good or wicked, liberals or conservatives. Let us judge political issues in concrete contexts and see whether or not they serve beneficial ends in particular instances. So Viereck champions Stevenson Democrats and Eisenhower Republicans — and asks acutely enough, "Is Eisenhower an Eisenhower Republican?" Viereck is anti-Communist, anti-McCarthy. He is more than a little skeptical of the liberalizing value of direct democracy because the masses can become as tyrannical as any dictator; therefore we need such restraints as the American Federalists provided for in our Constitution. He proves—or tries to prove—in a stimulating chapter that some of our most rabid reactionaries have their roots in Midwestern Populism, whose outstanding figure was none other than the elder LaFollette, whom he hopes not to underestimate.

All this is provocative and useful, whether or not one agrees. Even better are such chapters of social analysis as "The Suburbs Beat Us" in which Viereck shows how the once indigent social and racial minorities become snobbish and aggressively "Overadjusted" when prosperity captures them. There are

good pages on modern poetry and criticism, and even a perceptive defense of the *religious* spirit within the so-called materialistic radicalism of the literati of the 'thirties. These passages represent the admirable insights of a studious poet—sympathetic and enlightening as the intuitions of artists frequently are in the sociological field.

Yet politically and philosophically there are lapses into amazing naïveté—again characteristic of poets when they try to argue closely in these areas. Brutal tyranny is frequently the end result of radical and Socialist endeavor, because, Viereck reiterates, radicals believe in human perfectability and reject the doctrine of original sin. A historian could easily draw up a list of at least an equal number of blood-stained clerics, diplomats, kings and czars who held contrary views.

There is no necessary connection between a belief in human perfectability and stupidity. The intelligent man who is inclined to such a belief does not actually think that because he makes an effort to improve the condition of man that men will then in fact become "per-

fect." Pessimism may serve as a corrective to the folly of total optimism—both attitudes are relative and neither wholly true—but it may also be used as a rationalization for repression and an obstruction to creative action and thus a blighting force.

Viereck should follow his own line and understand that political thought and behavior to be valid must be viewed in the framework of concrete social circumstances that an *a priori* conservative program is no better than an *a priori* radical one.

As a poet, he might ponder the words of another poet and conservative, Paul Valéry: "Two dangers constantly threaten the world: order and disorder. . . . The world acquires value only through its extremes and endures only through moderation; extremists make the world great, the moderates give it stability." How then is one to arrive at a judgment? As Viereck suggests, only through the needs of the specific moment. For as Valéry also said, in the absolute "all points of view are false." No philosophy by itself insures us against error.

burgled on commission become salaried bureaucrats, stealing as mere employees.

Brecht's wit breaks over our heads like flakes of ice. Even middle-class pride in children is not spared, as when Fewcoombey meditates on Polly's eagerness to find money for an abortion: "Every mother thinks her own child too good for this world. Her child must be made the exception!" And then Brecht devotes himself to the unctious and greed of the doctor Polly sees:

An embryo life is sacred, my child! The Church has not made its great pronouncements for nothing. When, in your youthful lightheartedness, you took your pleasure, you should have thought of its consequences. . . . Fifteen pounds, and that's payable in advance.

The Commissioner of Police, Brown, a man possessed of the great virtue of loyalty—loyalty to anybody who buys him—is one of the several warmhearted philosophers in this novel. He understands that everyone is fighting to recover what has never been his own.

Thus the business goes on—selling rotting ships to the government, fabricating crippled beggars, close infighting for Polly among father, lover and hus-

Brecht's English Rogues

THREE PENNY NOVEL. By Bertolt Brecht. Translated by Desmond I. Vesey (Verse translations by Christopher Isherwood.) Grove Press. \$3.75. Evergreen (paperback). \$1.75.

By **Herbert Gold**

BERTOLT BRECHT brings out the bubbling schizophrenia of *Time's* book section, whose anonymous critic wrote: "This is a corrosively funny novel about business chicanery . . . raffishly vital . . . irrespressible sense of humor." In other words, Somebody Up There Likes Brecht. But then, after a loving summary of the action and comparisons to Melville and Ben Jonson, comes a final warning from the everpresent ideologue that sulks within *Time's* happy reviewer: "Nonetheless, it is necessary to remember that not so long ago millions of people used to take this sort of monstrous caricature as the truth—and many still do."

In other words, read at your own risk. Who are the characters that millions of people used to believe in? Well, there is O'Hara, who professionally got shoplifters pregnant so that they would enjoy more sympathy in court; Lord Bloomsbury, who begged not to be

forced to marry an American heiress, pleading homosexuality ("That's no excuse!" he was sternly informed); the lovely Polly Peachum (the plot skeleton of the novel is the plot skeleton of *Threepenny Opera*), who had philosophical and ethical reasons for not committing adultery, but unfortunately also had sexual reasons for doing it ("I will be recognized by the deep lines in my face," she morosely brooded before, but always felt rosy afterwards); MacHeath, the gang leader turned business man ("What is the murder of a man compared to the employment of a man?"); Peachum, the king of the beggars, who traded in misery, even his own, and ran a factory for carving mutilated limbs, starving dogs and ironing grease into beggars' clothes.

So be warned, O ye millions of innocents! This is not the truth; this is merely monstrous caricature. And yet, and yet. . . .

It tells with sour ribaldry of life in a fantastical imaginary London where crime is treated like a business, including even the business man's protectionist chauvinism about locally made goods, as in the debate about whether to buy French or English burglary tools.

Later on, the decline of venture capitalism is depicted with loving horror. The burglars who used to sell what they

Song

Friends by appointment call;
Timed, even friendships pall.
Clock hands contract and close
Blocking our least repose,
Cross, and confound the way
To be still and to pray.

But light slips from the sky
Freeing the weary eye
At last to leave the page,
The mind to re-engage
Doubts it ignored by day,
And at last we would pray.

Only then we confess
Work is not busyness,
Leisure no idle toy,
Blind carelessness not joy,
And curse this world's decay
As our mind wills to pray.

Comfort cannot insure
Life is no sinecure;
We know in that quick glance
Men are not great by chance
And close with our dismay;
It is late, late to pray.

We realize alone
What we had always known:
All of our goods are nought
Save this one moment's thought.
We can no more delay—
Let us think; let us pray.

ELLEN KAY

The NATION

HERBERT GOLD is the author of *The Man Who Was Not With It*.

band because of her cash value, looting banks and dummy corporations—all in the smiling atmosphere of bourgeois kitchens, steam baths, restaurants, boudoirs, banks, offices, bawdyhouse parlors. It is surely the comic master-

piece of the ferocious German Marxist impressionist poet playwright satirist—what a lot of adjectives! Let us follow *Time's* advice, reading it with anguished laughter: it is a masterpiece, but not the Truth which Herman Wouk can give us.

Pouring Oil on the Atom

ATOMIC QUEST. By Arthur H. Compton. Oxford University Press. \$5.

By Richard Rose

THE MOST significant thing in Arthur Compton's personal story of the making of the atomic bomb is what the author does *not* see. From his background as a director in the Manhattan Project, he has had an especially good scientific vantage point. Unfortunately, when this member of a noted family of scientists turns humanist he suddenly loses laboratory objectivity and preciseness. He is no more able to see the pessimistic side of human behavior than a campaigning Republican. Instead, he wallows in platitudes that would shock his humanist colleagues and, presumably, his minister father.

The importance of this book by the Nobel Prize-winning physicist is that he can claim to be the foremost scientific spokesman for the Eisenhower philosophy. His chief qualifying characteristic is that habit of making words say either the obvious or the ambiguous, and sometimes both. When faced with a critical problem he smiles and is silent, preparing to pour oil on troubled waters after the ship goes down.

In recognition of his particular ability to hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil, Compton has received a Presidential

RICHARD ROSE is a staff member of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and a contributor to the Christian Science Monitor, The New Leader and the BBC.

appointment to the advisory committee on a national order of merit. He also holds an Eisenhower appointment to the board of the Smithsonian Institution and serves as guest speaker for such learned societies as the American Iron and Steel Institute.

In this new book, given page-one treatment in the New York *Times* "Books," he offers peace of mind to those whose worry about the atomic bomb does not extend as far as the conscience. The professor, who has been running a television seminar on "Science and Human Responsibility," shows a curious attitude toward this responsibility in *Atomic Quest*. Compton admits that increasing the amount of radiation in the atmosphere increases the likelihood of genetic mutation. His comment on this awkward fact is that mutations may be good as well as bad and that "substantial human evidence" must be brought forward before the military need for atomic weapons can be challenged on that ground. One wonders what constitutes "substantial human evidence"—a generation of freaks?

MORE SURPRISING are his statements on the government security program. Compton boasts on page 120 that it was only because of the personal loyalty of Vannevar Bush that military intelligence reviewed its decision to deny him security clearance at a crucial point in the atom bomb's development. Upon review, the decision, based upon in-

formation from the old Dies Committee, was reversed and clearance granted.

Yet six pages later, in writing of Robert Oppenheimer, whom he familiarly calls "Oppie," he says, "If Oppenheimer has an Achilles' heel, it is his overriding loyalty to his friends." In deadpan fashion Compton, who knew Oppenheimer as a confirmed opponent of communism from 1942, gives his tacit approval to the withdrawal of security clearance from a man who has "earned the undying gratitude of his country and of free men everywhere." Such a gymnastic performance goes far to justify the confidence of an Administration that can simultaneously embrace and disavow Wolf Ladejinsky.

Don't Miss the Big Debate!

in the January issue of the

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Sea Trauma

In so much blue there is a loss of blue,
A hope cast down as if abysses made
A staircase in the sand look up at you,
A ravaged saw of steps, a broken blade.
There is a sense of gullet and old bone,
A shade of yearning flesh beneath the ground;
You break desire in wafers to atone
Not having sluiced or slaked the wound you found.

Love, then, becomes a feeding of the sea—
The mammoth ghost will break the blue once more,
Look far about to dine more sumptuously,
Await the offering from the opulent shore,
And watch you feign a land of hunger, drouth,
Because he drank the sea into his mouth.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

"SOMEBODY GOOFED" announces a small sign tacked next to a bunch of newspaper clippings, a Modigliani nude and program schedules on the bulletin board of the newsroom at WABD-TV, the Dumont station in New York. In this closet-size office, Mike Wallace and his staff of four produce the hottest show to hit this city's TV screens in a long time. When *Night Beat* goes on the air at eleven p.m., it is a conversation-stopper at dinner parties, gatherings of upper-middle-brows, intelligentsia and the public at large. And what happens in this hour before midnight is becoming a standard conversation-starter all over town. In three months *Night Beat* has done more to liven up televiewing in New York than any other show on the air.

Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday night two people come into the dark studio and sit in the spotlight facing Mike Wallace and the cameras. A small table with Wallace's clipboard, cigarettes and water is the only set. He interviews each guest for half an hour or more, reads a few headlines from tomorrow morning's papers, occasionally has Byron Bentley, editorial director of *Theatre Arts Magazine* stop by to review the Broadway opening he has just attended, and that's *Night Beat*. What makes it remarkable is obviously not the simple format but the idea behind the show—and the interview technique.

THE fascination of people to other people is as ancient as the human race. Millions of books, newspaper and magazine articles have been written to explain man to men. But TV—a late but fast comer in the communications business—has adroitly tiptoed around people. Rarely enough, it allows leaders of opinion to discuss an idea—thoroughly and candidly—as in some of the *Interviews with Elder Wise Men*, or the *See It Now* series. For the most part, TV offers either the press conference type of inquiry at which discussion is carefully planned and rigidly limited, or the entertainment guest artist who answers a few banal questions about Cadillacs swimming pools, husbands, wives or children, then does an entertainment stint to add to the glitter of the variety hour. What TV has not attempted is a discussion about people—not an exposition of their ideas or a display of their

talents—but the person himself; what kind he is.

This is the idea of *Night Beat*. Wallace has evolved a technique which combines the shock reaction of the psychoanalyst's unexpected question, with the cross examination of the witness stand. Wallace comes to his interviews well briefed. He has a couple of bright young researchers who dig up pertinent opinions, quotes, factual information about his guest. He uses this material in a line of questioning designed in the main, to put the visitor on the defensive and thus elicit information which lies below the level of press-agent handouts and other trivialities. A phone call to New Hampshire before the interview with Grace Metalious, author of *Payton Place*, shattered her hostile determination to stick to platitudes. As a result, viewers understood, much more deeply than they could from any article on this strange lady that I have seen, the motivations which resulted in her distasteful bestseller. An unflattering quote from an old enemy got humorist Senator Ford away from clowning and down to the business of what kind of person is Senator Ford. Again and again, the technique has worked. Protective generalities thrown out by guests rarely lead Wallace astray; more often they open a new line of cross-examination.

Wallace and producer Ted Yates have a free hand in conducting the show. "No holds barred, nothing that can't be discussed if it will achieve an interview in depth" says Dumont manager Ted Cott, who recognizes that he is putting on something in *Night Beat* that he could not have done in his former job at NBC. No network would take a chance on an ad lib, searching program which might prove offensive to the all-powerful (and buying) public.

THE success of the show hits a sensitive nerve in thoughtful people. Why are we all watching so avidly? Is it really because we are interested in understanding the personalities who appear each night? (There is, incidentally, no shortage of eager beavers to sit in *Night Beat's* spotlight.) I believe that more often than not, Wallace is able to do an interview which reveals the true personality of his guest. I am also quite certain that his gloves-off technique has stirred hidden emotions in viewers. Some recognize something of their own ways

of dealing with people in his forthrightness, others suffer again past experiences of facing an uncomfortable and deeply personal truth, others hear an inner voice which cries "sadist." There are times when the delicate and ultimately personal question of taste is aroused: Elsa Maxwell's pudgy denial of interest in sex. On the other hand, the viewers understanding and judgment could not fail to be enhanced by seeing the mind of shirt-sleeved published Robert Harrison exposed in a most un-*Confidential* manner, or by Siobhan McKenna's incandescent scorn of the Jewish businessmen of Dublin which burned deep even though she returned the next night to insist that she had not meant her remarks to be anti-semitic.

Night Beat can go either way. It can become a new and important method of understanding between people, or it can be content with rousing the sure-fire emotion of a bull-fight. It has already proved that an hour late at night, when people are available and unhurried, is the right time for a leisurely show, and that Wallace's personality and technique succeeds in getting people to drop banalities and talk without inhibition. It is as different from old maestro Murrow's *Person to Person* as cocktail party chatter is from conversation in front of a fireplace. It has all the tools at hand to add a new scope to TV. These are powerful tools when used to arouse the cruelty which lies in every man. And just as powerful when employed to enrich understanding and exhibit mature and positive attitudes of one human being toward another.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

January 6 through 12

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, January 6

ODYSSEY (CBS). Premiere of a public affairs series dramatizing man's varied experience through the centuries from materials available in the museums of the world. Charles Collingwood, host of *Odyssey's* late ancestor, *Adventure*, will be narrator and guide. The mining camp days of Virginia City, now a ghost town, is the first subject.

CLINTON AND THE LAW (CBS; See It Now). Sub-titled A Study in Segregation, this hour-long feature will explore the chain of events which brought violence and the state militia to this Tennessee town.

PASSPORT TO LIFE (CBS; Telephone Time). True story of a Hungarian who gave his life for individual

victory over Russian occupation, with William Campbell and three Hungarian actors. One of the actors, Lazlo Vadnay, is also the author.

Monday, January 7

CALL TO FREEDOM (NBC; Producer's Showcase). The struggle for civilization illustrated by reopening of Vienna's opera house, with the music of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Another of Henry Salomen's *Project 20* film-clip series.

Thursday, January 10

MR. AND MRS. McADAM (CBS; Playhouse 90). John Kerr, Piper Laurie, Cedric Hardwicke star in an original tele-

play concerning a post hydrogen-war community whose survival or extinction rests with the last pair of young people. (Could this be first cousin to Pat Frank's *Mr. Adam*?)

STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE (ABC). President Eisenhower's address to the eighty-fifth Congress.

Saturday, January 12

AT SIXTY-FIVE (CBS; Jackie Gleason Show). Eddie Cantor will share his sixty-fifth birthday with everyone who is glad he was born. All-star variety show written by Cantor himself will recall theatre of last half-century.

THEATRE AND MOVIES

Robert Hatch

THE CURRENT revival of interest in Bertold Brecht suffers a real, though probably not decisive, setback from *The Good Woman of Setzuan* now playing at the Phoenix Theatre. The production commits the worst sin of the theatre—it is boring.

I think the fault is with the production, not with the play. Granted that Brecht's "epic" theatre is more openly pedantic than the theatre of illusion which audiences here are trained to accept, granted also that the political and social teaching of this play is both dated and doctrinaire; still the text does live and move, the characters are full-standing and varied, there is passion and humor and excitement. But not on this stage.

Eric Bentley translated the play with what sounds to my ear like a warm appreciation of its flavor, but he has displayed it in the theatre as though he were dressing a museum. I have attended play readings that engendered considerably more animation.

Two things seem to me particularly wrong with the production. In the first place it has no consistent tone. Brecht set his play in a fictitious China (perhaps because in China also the stage is more a place for ritual than for illusion) and he constructed it as an almost mathematical fable on the impossibility of doing good in an evil world (a somewhat weighted equation, however, since his well-intentioned prostitute is invariably gullible when she is altruistic and invariably shrewd when she switches in self-preservation to her selfish alter ego). From this base, Bentley could have pitched his production to a choice of keys. But Uta Hagen is realistic, Gerald Hiken is lyric, Irene

Dailey is Grand Guignol, Zero Mostel is burlesque, Albert Salmi is theatre workshop expressive and Nancy Marchand is musical comedy sinister. It is good talent, but it is governed by no one's idea of the effect wanted.

In the second place, the thread of dramatic tension repeatedly breaks from a want of stage deportment. I understand that Brecht wished his actors, when not immediately engaged in the proceedings, to go blank. But there is a great difference on the stage between effacing yourself and dropping out of the ensemble, between planned movement and random stir. The actors in *The Good Woman*, when they are not "working," look like a crowd of extras on their lunch hour. You cannot sustain any sort of dramatic dignity or narrative pressure if your actors lounge and have to pull themselves together when the action threatens to come their way. The effect is ludicrously like a class of wool-gathering school children and Brecht, for all his pedagogical leanings, could not have intended anything so self-defeating. So a play that could be fleet and lucid wanders and bumbles. The contrasts fail to clash, the wit misses its target, the irony is lost from lack of precision. In short, if the actors seem bored and at sea, how can the spectators be otherwise?

ONE EVENING a few months ago a well-known painter was picked up at his New York house and taken off to a police station for all-night questioning about a murder with which he had not the remotest connection. And Alfred Hitchcock has made his new picture, *The Wrong Man*, from the still better-known case of the Stork Club musician

who was indicted a while back for a series of hold-ups committed by his double. The premise that a man is innocent until proved guilty is the glory of our law, but the police show an understandable reluctance to let go of a suspect until he proves himself innocent.

Hitchcock plays shrewdly on the blameless citizen's wariness of the police. By the standards of melodrama, *The Wrong Man* lacks fireworks and suspense, but it comes closer home than the usual tale of fabulous jewels, vital documents and bizarre death. I would say the audience watches very intently.

Since Hitchcock appears at the beginning of the film to explain that he is dealing for the first time with fact, I wish he had handled his material a little more factually. Henry Fonda looks and moves like a hunted man before he has anything to feel hunted about, and the persistent use of expectant lighting and portentous camera angles robs the film of the actuality Maxwell Anderson so painstakingly built into the script. Also I wish the real criminal were not caught as the direct result of the hero's prayer to a lithograph of the Saviour. Law-abiding atheists should also be delivered from false accusation, divine intervention should not be the citizen's safeguard against judicial error and the ostentatious documentation of the unfortunate musician's particular faith (a great deal of attention is given to his rosary) could be thought an unjustified advertisement for the efficacy of one brand of religion. The film seems to imply that a miracle occurred—is this part of the factual story?

These reservations aside, Hitchcock has made an engrossing film—one that offers a chilling but scrupulous insight into the police machine (the picture acknowledges official assistance) and in which he recaptures the zest that has been missing from his recent work.

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B. H. Haggin

THE AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY, which has performed the valuable service of acquainting the public with unfamiliar works, recently ventured into standard repertory with Beethoven's *Fidelio*. And a major defect of the performance in Town Hall was evident right at the start, in the overture: the orchestra's inadequacies in size and quality. There weren't enough strings for the weight and solidity of sound required by the powerful dramatic orchestral writing, or to balance the winds and reduce the prominence of the orchestra's raucous horns; yet, in the small hall and with the orchestra placed on the stage, the inadequate sound and raucous horn-playing were, paradoxically, too loud and obtrusive in relation to the singing.

Nor was the singing itself adequate in the first act. Inge Borkh, the Leonore, produced tones in her upper range that were diffuse and clouded; Fernando Corena sang Rocco's part not only without the necessary weight of voice but without the impact of assurance (he read from the printed score); Lawrence Avery was a poor-sounding Jacquino; and the only good singing was done by Sara Fleming, the Marzelline, whose light soprano was a little thin and edged at its very top but lovely below that and was used with musical taste, and by Paul Schoeffler, who sang Pizarro with an authority and projection which gave the impression of an amplitude of sound that his voice can no longer produce. But in the second act, Florestan's aria was made exciting by the power and range of Jon Vickers' voice, its flexibility and security in the long phrases; Miss Borkh now began to produce tones that were compact and clear and very beautiful; and the two carried the dungeon scene to a brilliant conclusion with their singing of "*O namenlose Freude*." The final scene began poorly with Alexander Welitsch's tremulous singing as Don Fernando; but it ended well with the beautiful performance of the sublime ensemble "*O Gott! welch' ein Augenblick*."

Arnold U. Gamson was less successful this time in integrating singers and orchestra, and his pacing of the work was sometimes ineffective—the tempo of the Prisoners' Chorus, for example, being much slower than Beethoven's *Allegro ma non troppo*.

LONDON'S new recording of *Boris Go-*

dunov (XLLA-31) is an occasion to observe again that it isn't only what was done to Musorgsky's work that is extraordinary, but the way people's minds have operated, and still operate, in relation to what was done to it. When the alterations of the texts in various editions of Shelley were discovered there was no debate on whether the poems were better with the editors' changes or without them: it was understood that the changes had no validity and the poems must be restored to their original states. But in his accompanying notes Mr. M. Montagu-Nathan has written: "There are no less than five versions of *Boris Godunov*, two of them considered to be Musorgsky's unaided work. These have emerged from archival sources, but the version most frequently in use is that of Rimsky-Korsakov, which was used for the opera's first performance in England . . . in 1913. Since then there has been endless controversy between the supporters of Rimsky-Korsakov's emendations and those who advocate the adoption of Musorgsky's score *in puris naturalibus*. Rimsky-Korsakov . . . wrote, '*Boris Godunov* was composed . . . under my very eyes. No one lived on more intimate terms with Musorgsky than I did, and none knows better than myself the intentions of the composer . . .'" Mr. Montagu-Nathan evidently fails to understand that it is only Musorgsky's own versions which have validity; he appears to be unsympathetic to those who want "Musorgsky's score *in puris naturalibus*"; and in this connection he seems to accept Rimsky's justification instead of pointing out what it omits: that Rimsky tried persistently but unsuccessfully to get Musorgsky to change what he disapproved of in *Boris* while Musorgsky was composing the opera, and made the changes himself when Musorgsky was dead and no longer able to protect his work.

One can hardly expect better understanding from a record company; but one would think that with two recordings of the Rimsky version and none of the Musorgsky original available, London would have considered it more advantageous to issue a first recording of the original rather than a third one of the Rimsky. And this especially since the London performance by the Belgrade National Opera—which has moderately good soloists (except the Pimen), chorus and orchestra, but is paced

too slowly at times and is reproduced with occasional vagaries of balance and volume—doesn't offer strong competition to the HM-Victor performance with Christoff.

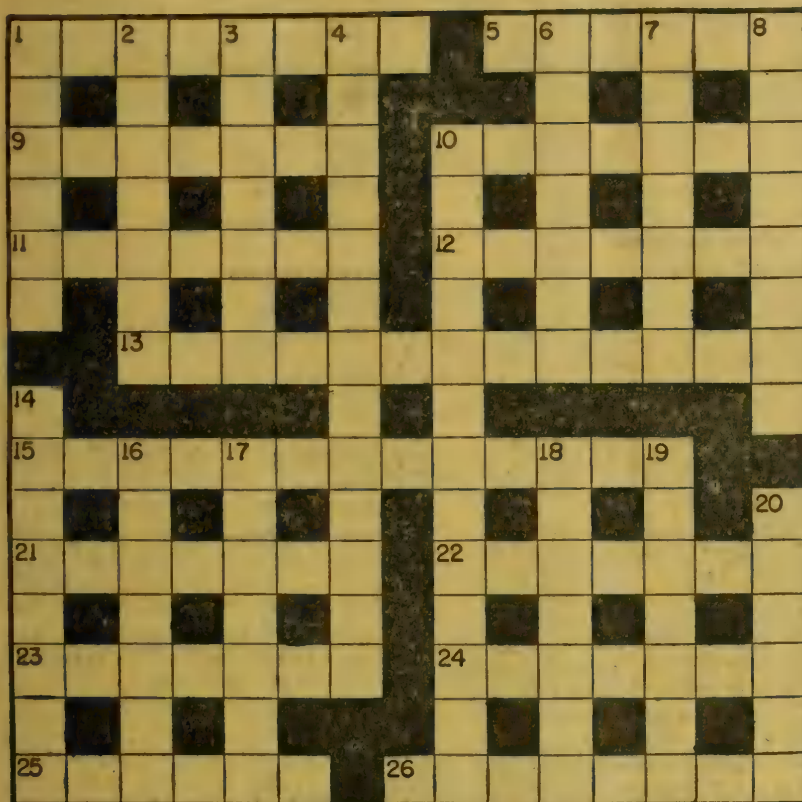
PERHAPS Epic will give us recordings of Musorgsky's own *Boris* and *Khovantchina*; for it has issued a recording of Paul Lamm's authentic text of what we have known as *The Fair at Sorochinsk* and what the Epic labels and brochure call *Sorochintsy Fair*. Musorgsky left this opera almost completed in piano and vocal score, with a few parts orchestrated; and several composers have at various times completed and orchestrated it. Concerning the version recorded by Epic, Lamm tells us that the unfinished bits were completed by the composer Shebalin, who scrupulously "[based] his work, wherever possible, on Musorgsky's own material and song jottings," and who similarly orchestrated the opera in accordance with Musorgsky's own practice in the few orchestrated parts he left.

The writing in this opera, as against *Boris* and *Khovantchina*, is that of a comedy, and is a distillation from Ukrainian melody, with (in Musorgsky's words) "shades of nuance and idiosyncracies characterizing the musical outlines of the Little Russian language." Most important, it is the work of Musorgsky's last years, the product of fully matured powers which operate with absolute and impressive assurance in the engaging melodic writing and the superb recitative. And the performance on Epic SC-6017 by the Slovenian National Opera of Ljubljana is excellent.

THE Violetta of the *La Traviata* on RCA Victor LM-6040 is Rosanna Carteri, the upper range of whose voice has lost the loveliness it exhibited in the Cetra *William Tell* and is now metallic and tremulous, and who isn't brilliantly successful with the florid passages of "*Sempre libera*." But her lower range is still lovely, especially when it isn't forced; and her singing in the second-act "*Dite alla giovine*" and third-act "*Addio del passato*" and "*Parigi, o cara*" is very beautiful and affecting. Armand's part seems to me to call for something more robust than Valletti's light tenor, which acquires a strong vibrato when he forces it; and he too does some of his best singing in "*Parigi, o cara*." Warren begins unpromisingly, but thereafter sings and phrases very beautifully. And all this singing is done in a lifeless context provided by Monteux with the orchestra of the Rome Opera.

Crossword Puzzle No. 705

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Thus something typical of straits would be like black coffee. (8)
- 5 A part of the last half of 1 across preceeds her (when likely to be given a bow). (6)
- 9 Does it have the letters around "E", but only two rhymes? (7)
- 10 Such a motion is not always a mere formality. (7)
- 11 It might be easy to see through his work. (7)
- 12 There's possibly a hitch in running away like this. (7)
- 13 This has nothing to do with the tossing of the caber! (8, 5)
- 15 It doesn't always imply the results are rotten. (13)
- 21 With the cops, I'd find 15 could put this in order. (7)
- 22 Is the house operated to break up the game at times? (4, 3)
- 23 Doesn't necessarily bounce, and the shells are thrown away with it. (7)
- 24 Does this sadiron imply successful pressing? (7)
- 25 Instructs (but perhaps more than just coaches) (6)
- 26 Was responsible for a decision in the fall, perhaps. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Implies indifference to quiet carpets. (6)

- 2 Found under the bean. (7)
- 3 A little unsteady, but perhaps on the same program as 13. (7)
- 4 The place to go when a man is down. (7, 6)
- 6 Hurry! It seems the result of the Alaskan strike is postponed! (4, 3)
- 7 The sort of hound with two eyes? Amazing! (7)
- 8 A plum doesn't start to make contact again. (8)
- 10 The mere chewing it might sometimes be called mean. (9, 4)
- 14 Get a fractured head on a real tear? This is likely to follow! (8)
- 16 You'd better not catch this flaw in a broken-down car! (7)
- 17 Is met on getting wet. (7)
- 18 What they didn't quite do to Achilles? (7)
- 19 To do this would be telling! (7)
- 20 Hasn't had any employment. (6)

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The wrong diagram was inadvertently used with Puzzle No. 704, which appeared last week. Our apologies!

—The Editors

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THE NATION

JANUARY 12, 1957 . . 25c



by James Morris

NASSER: PHARAOH IN SHIRTSLEEVES

LETTERS

Middle East Proposals

Dear Sirs: I present the following program for world policy in the Middle East in the hope that it will stimulate other, and perhaps better informed, persons to express themselves on this important problem:

1. *A developmental program for the Middle East.* A U.N. commission should be established to carry on a developmental program for the region. It should have a substantial budget, say \$1 billion per year for at least ten years. Its aims would include: a) increasing water resources; b) aiding agriculture; c) improving transportation and communication facilities; d) assisting in the growth of modern industry; and e) expanding educational facilities at all levels.

2. *National independence.* A necessary premise of a developmental program is the national independence of the peoples in the region. Any remaining foreign political or military control should go. An important related aspect would be a settlement with Israel by her neighbors.

3. *The question of participation.* The nations in the region would participate fully, of course, in shaping a U.N. program. There would surely be strong world moral pressure on these nations to participate. The attractiveness of the program and assurances of sovereignty would certainly generate support among the Middle East peoples. Further, an essential provision of the U.N. program would be that there be substantial representation from the region at all levels of its operation.

4. *Financing.* The cost of financing must fall on the more developed nations. Such cost is piddling compared to the benefits in lowered armament expenditures, the lack of interruption of, and security in, trade with and through the Middle East, and the growth of a market for foreign goods as incomes rise in this region.

5. *Oil.* All oil held by outside interests should be temporarily taken over by the U.N. Payment should be made to the present owners, probably on the basis of investment costs. It should be possible to arrange a long-term bonding of the amount since the oil deposits are a sound asset. U.N. control would be temporary, to achieve certain purposes before the industry is handed over to local control. These purposes would include: a) the training of local personnel to administer all phases of the production and distribution of oil; and b) re-

assurance during the initial period that the supply of oil will be maintained. With respect to the latter, it should become clear that the U.N. program would be the best guarantee of a stable and expanding supply of oil to the users in Western Europe.

Further, if the income from oil (under U.N. and later under local operation) is as large as it has been, this might make it possible for the area to pay for part of the development program.

How realistic my purposes are, I do not know. But I believe that people of good will in the world must think about these matters in concrete terms. Cannot there be discussion of the problem through available journals of opinion, based on the recognition of a common humanity and the need to think and act together in some manner?

BENJAMIN SOLOMON

Chicago, Illinois

Covering Connecticut

Dear Sirs: This letter falls into the category of what *The New Yorker* likes to call its department of amplification. In an article in *The Nation* of December 1 on capital punishment, you make the following point: "The Hartford *Courant*, Connecticut's only newspaper with any real statewide circulation . . ." While this statement may be true for daily newspapers, I should like to point out that the Sunday *Herald* with its state editions covers the entire state of Connecticut and actually is the only paper that is specifically edited for that purpose.

FRED M. HECHINGER

Bridgeport, Conn.

D. H. Lawrence Fellowship

Dear Sirs: The University of New Mexico seeks help for the establishment of an annual D. H. Lawrence Fellowship in writing and art at the Lawrence ranch near Taos, New Mexico. As a first step, the University asked friends of Lawrence, and writers and critics familiar with his work, to serve as members of a sponsoring committee. The following have kindly granted their sanction and counsel: Richard Aldington, Dorothy Brett, Witter Bynner, Caresse Crosby, David Garnett, Aldous Huxley, Willard Johnson, Mabel Luhan, John Middleton Murry, F. R. Leavis, Harry T. Moore, Edward Nehls, Lawrence Clark Powell, Mark Schorer, Stephen Spender, Mark Spilka, William York Tindall and Diana Trilling.

The University has set aside facilities at the ranch. It seeks funds to provide

the annual stipend needed for travel and subsistence, and will be grateful for contributions from those who respect the fame and achievement of Lawrence and who understand the continuing need of encouragement for writers and artists.

E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.

Chairman of the Local Committee for the D. H. Lawrence Fellowship

Albuquerque, N.M.

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EDITORIALS

The Shame of the Senate

In 1906 David Graham Phillips titled a brilliant series of articles on the United States Senate, "The Treason of the Senate." If "treason" cannot fairly be applied to the Senate behavior in shelving the proposal to change the rule on filibuster, "shame" is entirely appropriate. On the most important domestic issue of the last decade, the Senate has failed to make a single significant contribution. As Southern Negroes and their white supporters have gone about the business of eliminating Jim Crow regulations with admirable spirit and courage, the Executive and Legislative branches of the government have done virtually nothing to support them. Both elective branches have been quite content to let the non-elective Supreme Court point the way to the future. The Senate's record on this issue is a miserable one and its shame is bipartisan. It appears—this is written before the vote on Senator Anderson's proposal—that fifteen Republicans will join with sixteen Democrats in supporting it and that a nearly equal number of Republicans and Democrats will oppose it. The liberals, Republican and Democratic, have convinced themselves that since the proposal "can't win anyway," they might as well make their peace with Senators Knowland and Johnson and "negotiate" for permission to bring one or two mild civil-rights measures to the floor. In the nature of legislative bodies, compromise is in order but it is shameful to see the Senate "pass" on the great historic issue of civil rights.

A Doctrine of Doctrines

This issue of *The Nation* will go to press before President Eisenhower delivers his special message to Congress on the Middle East. But we do not need to see the text to take strong exception to the "doctrine" approach in foreign policy. What the country needs is not another new doctrine but a doctrine of doctrines.

Consider, for example, the manner of presenting this latest doctrine. Without prior consultation with Congress, the Administration "leaked" word that a new policy was in the making and the news promptly preempted the headlines and dominated editorial pages from coast to coast and, no doubt, from Peiping to Paris. A week or more is time enough for such a proposal to win impressive public support if it is not chal-

lenged at the outset, but not enough time to permit an opposition party to caucus and agree on a line of action. By the time Mr. Dulles finally got around to conferring with Congressional leaders, the policy had been so widely publicized that there was little likelihood of its being successfully challenged even if it were debated. It is always more difficult to challenge a policy that has won wide acceptance than to debate its merits at the outset on equal terms.

By deciding to present the new doctrine at the busy opening session of the new Congress, the Administration further foreclosed the possibility of debate. Doctrines, of course, are resounding declarations to which no right-thinking legislator dares to take exception. Who wants to oppose a doctrine that would bar Soviet aggression in the Middle East? Inherently it is more difficult to debate the implications of a vague declaration than the consequences of a specific policy or program.

Reaction to the "doctrine" gimmick has become thoroughly predictable. The opposition—Republican or Democratic, it matters not—first makes loud and angry noises. The new doctrine is "certain" to meet with a "critical if not hostile" reception; it "teems with difficulties"; "a storm of protest" is blowing up. Long study and careful debate is inevitable. But in the second wave of reactions, the critical tone is invariably muted. Congressional leaders of both parties are reported to be "favorable," provided the new doctrine is assured "practical unanimity of acceptance." The prevailing attitude is characterized as "generally receptive though troubled." The third wave merely announces, *sotto voce*, that any thought of overt opposition has been abandoned. Once the initial noise has subsided the nation has been committed to a new line of action without debate, criticism or study, and each new departure is more momentous in its implications than the last.

Let it be acknowledged, however, that the doctrine approach is cunning. It sounds the theme for a grandiose public relations build-up. It coerces Congressional consent and silences the opposition. It compels the appropriation of large sums and gives the Executive a blank check on their expenditure. It provides a splendid shield under cover of which all sorts of activities may be carried on. It is a means of paralyzing public opinion by the familiar shock or crisis technique. The emergency is always grave, the time is invariably short. And it is

an excellent means to cement fissures in the bipartisan structure which supports foreign policy. Congress never yields to the coercion of the latest doctrine until the opposition has been assured that support for it will be nearly unanimous.

Thus, just as the doctrine technique enables the Executive to force Congress to accept an equal responsibility with it for a new policy that has never been debated, so it provides bipartisan insurance against political retaliation. From a political point of view, the doctrine approach has obvious advantages, but it is a cowardly, inept and dangerous way to initiate important changes in foreign policy. In this instance, the new doctrine has a tinny ring to it; in practical terms it probably means little more than that Mr. Dulles has recovered from his operation and is, once again, up to his old tricks. But the consequences could be grave (see comments p. 31) and it is about time, in any case, that we put a stop to these recurrent political spectacles.

Biggest Story of the Year

In historical perspective, it may be that the biggest story of 1956 was revealed on the last day of the year in the course of the generally sedate proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. (For an account of some fascinating, if peripheral, aspects of the session, see David Cort on page 32.) On December 31, the AAAS committee on the Social Aspects of Science submitted a report which began:

... There is an impending crisis in the relationship between science and American society. This crisis is being generated by a basic disparity: At a time when decisive economic, political and social processes have become profoundly dependent upon science, the discipline has failed to attain its appropriate place in the management of public affairs.

There is more than an echo here of the humanist thesis developed in these pages three weeks ago in J. Bronowski's *Science and Human Values*. What the report seems to be saying is that while the scientist proposes, it is left to the politician to dispose. We do not here intend to argue whether this dilemma is best solved by making the politician more of a scientist or (as the writers of the report seem to imply) by making the scientist more of a politician. Whatever the solution, the dilemma is surely the basic and enduring one of our era, and today's headlines are merely its beguiling and transitory reflections.

The manifold aspects of the crisis, as the authors see it, are cogently presented in a series of conclusions which bring the dangers implicit in the situation home to the individual citizen:

1. We are witnessing an unprecedented growth in the scale and intensity of scientific work. Research has placed in human hands the power to influence

the life of every person, in every part of the earth.

2. This growth has been stimulated by an intense demand for the practical products of research, especially for military and industrial use. Agencies which use the products of research are willing to provide financial support and other forms of encouragement for science, but show a natural tendency to favor those fields and aspects of science which most nearly relate to their needs.

In this connection, the report points out that of the estimated federal expenditures for research in 1957—approximately \$2.5 billion—about 84 per cent is earmarked for matters related to national security. In general, says the report, applied research and development are heavily favored over basic science in financial support. In industrial research, the ratio is 97 to 3; in universities, about 50-50; in federal agencies (including support for research done elsewhere), 90 to 10. Moreover, the imbalance spills over into the specific sciences supported. In 1954, for instance, federal research support was divided as follows: physical sciences, 87 per cent; biological sciences, 11 per cent; social science, 2 per cent.

The results of this neglect of *basic* or *pure* science research are dramatically summarized in the following passage in the body of the report:

The progress of basic science does not appear to be keeping pace with the development of applied science. Some observers even feel that there has been an absolute decline in the amount of highly creative research. . . . They point out that our present understanding of the structure of the atoms and molecules, and of the behavior of living cells, goes back to great illuminating propositions that are more than twenty-five years old.

We return now to the text of the conclusions:

3. . . . The effort to explain the nature of science is slight compared with the public attention now given to other less consequential areas of human activity. Interest in science as a career is so restricted as to cause a serious and worsening personnel problem.

4. . . . The present period of rapid, unplanned growth in research activities is precipitating critical difficulties in connection with the dissemination and analysis of scientific information.

5. The growth of science . . . has greatly improved the condition of human life, [but] it has also generated new hazards of unprecedented magnitude. These include: the dangers to life from widely disseminated radiation, the burden of man-made chemicals, fumes and smogs of unknown biological effects which we now absorb, large-scale deterioration of our natural resources and the potential of totally destructive war. The determination that scientific knowledge is to be used for human good, or for purposes of destruction, is in the control of social agencies. For such decisions, these agencies and ultimately

the people themselves, need to be aware of the facts and the probable consequences of action. Here scientists can play a decisive role: They can bring the facts and their estimates of the results of proposed actions before the people.

In a peroration, the report says:

It is now six months since the radiation committee of the National Academy of Science issued a report that called for a series of immediate actions [on the dangers of radiation from H-bomb tests]. . . . There is no evidence that these urgent pleas . . .

have yet met with any significant response. Clearly, this is a matter that requires the persistent attention of all scientists. It exemplifies the pressing need that scientists concern themselves with social action.

The sturdy and challenging tone of this remarkable document is an encouraging sign of the growing social consciousness of American scientists. The four authors of the report include a botanist, an anatomist, a biochemist and a scientific historian who is on the staff of the Industrial College of the United States Armed Forces.

Report from Washington

NEW DOCTRINES—OLD WINDMILLS

Washington
WE HOPE we aren't offending the golfer in the White House if we say he has badly sliced the Mideastern ball. His drive for stand-by powers to use American armed force in the Middle East has landed him in a sandpit, far off the fairway. The authority he is asking and will no doubt be given will enable him to intervene militarily if Russia attacks any country in the area. It will entitle him to send American troops if a Soviet-dominated nation commits aggression there.

We have yet to meet an informed diplomat—American or foreign—who believes the Soviets intend to attempt direct armed assault across their frontiers and beyond their orbit or deep in the Mediterranean basin. From Secretary Dulles up, down and sideways, nobody in authority in Washington thinks Moscow wants a world war. With or without the so-called Eisenhower Doctrine, or for that matter with or without the Baghdad Pact, a Russian invasion—say, of Iran—would embroil the United States, and Russia knows it.

High officials in the State Department are explaining the new doctrine's further military implication. They say, for instance, if Syria were to come under complete Soviet control, Iraq, Lebanon and Israel would be assured of U.S. support should the Syrians attack them. However, the same officials privately admit that if we were to become co-belligerents with one Arab nation against another, we would endanger the American stake in Mideastern

oil and air-bases and incur the enmity of millions of Arabs and other Africans and Asians.

The Eisenhower Doctrine is powerless to halt the penetration of Soviet ideas. It will buttress—for how long?—the conservative regimes of Pakistan, Iran and Iraq and the corrupt, feudal lords of Saudi Arabia. The amorphous mass of forty-odd million Arabs will remain exposed to communism.

To sum up: We are making a move against a danger that doesn't exist because we don't know what to do about the danger that does exist.

A BALANCE sheet of the advantages and drawbacks of the Eisenhower Doctrine looks like this:

Plus. John Foster Dulles claims as one of his principal contributions to American foreign policy the practice of putting Russia on notice to avert a miscalculation that could precipitate war. This was probably Mr. Dulles's strongest talking point in selling the idea at the White House. Indeed, Mr. Eisenhower himself has declared that the first and second World Wars and the Korean War could have been prevented if America had made known its intentions in time. Now the Administration is applying this principle to the Mideast.

Secondly, the doctrine may achieve some of the results which might have been attained if the United States had signed the Baghdad Pact. On his visit to President Eisenhower, Pandit Nehru intimated his conviction that the United States would

forfeit all the prestige it gained in Asia and Africa during the Suez crisis if we were to join the Baghdad bloc. The new move proclaims America's abiding interest in the area.

Minus. By rushing to fill the Anglo-French vacuum, the United States is handing Russia a luscious propaganda plum. Nor has Moscow been slow to declare that if a power vacuum exists in the area, the Arabs should fill it. The Egyptian government-owned newspaper *Al Goumhouria* has already echoed this sentiment and so has the Syrian ambassador to the United States.

The British were once shrewd. When George Canning, as Britain's foreign minister, suggested a joint Anglo-American declaration on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine, he wisely let the United States alone proclaim it and get the credit. Messrs. Eisenhower and Dulles might have taken a leaf out of Canning's book and left at least some crumbs for the Arabs instead of extending American protection to them without being invited to do so.

Proclamation of the Eisenhower Doctrine may undo some of the good that came of Jawaharlal Nehru's visit to the United States. The American move is likely to revive the feeling among Asians, Africans and others that military might is the spearhead of American policy. As peace-orchestra conductor, Mr. Eisenhower can do without war drums.

TO ALL this, it may be objected: "Well, what of the other side of the doctrine—increased American eco-

conomic assistance for the Mideast?"

Now, a major motive behind the whole affair is undoubtedly the Administration's wish to squeeze more money out of Congress for military and economic aid to that area. To promote water power and other development throughout the Mideast is of course an excellent American aim. But we tend to lose sight of the fact that political rather than financial roadblocks are often the real problem. Capital is badly lacking in Egypt, Jordan and North Africa. On the other hand, oil royalties have been directing a torrent of dollars into Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait and, while the latter two put some of this wealth to civilized use, the feudal "elite" of Saudi Arabia just continues to enrich itself.

Like hydroelectric energy and irrigation, the predicament of the 900,000 Arab refugees from Palestine is less of a financial than a political perplexity. As with the Chinese, the Arab peoples are now so aroused and embittered against the West that

they are far less prone to resist Russian than occidental influence.

Some allied diplomats have been suggesting that American aid funds are designed as the most telling answer to Communist subversion. Here they are not pointing mainly to the improvement in living conditions which such aid would facilitate and which is a long-range undertaking. Rather what they mean is that United States financial assistance can be an instrument of pressure. "For instance," said one of these diplomats, "the United States could tell Syria it would help finance the building of a dam on the Euphrates but would withdraw the offer if a pro-Communist government were installed in Damascus."

Cynical calculations like this ignore the fact that the time for such methods is past. One can no longer speak to the emerging nations of the Near East and Asia in those terms. These peoples demand that they be dealt with as equals, not as charity patients.

In seeking stand-by powers from Congress for American military action in the Mideast, President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are placing overwhelming accent on the "Stop Russia" character of the concept. As long as they dwell on that theme, they are assured of a huge majority in Congress for the enabling act. This may also invite the antagonism of the uncommitted countries.

Among the aspects of the affair on which they are silent is this: The emergency power which the President is to receive will be entirely incapable of guaranteeing Middle East oil supplies for Western Europe. Events in November showed that Arab saboteurs and others cannot be prevented from blocking the Suez canal or exploding pipelines. They could also set fire to oil fields. The new authority with which Mr. Eisenhower is to be clothed will leave Western Europe at the mercy of people who overnight could cut off the flow of oil and paralyze our allies' industries and armed forces.

THOUSANDS OF SCIENTISTS . . by David Cort

THE HOTELS of midtown New York at the very end of 1956 were filled with the most valuable people in the United States (see *The Nation*, December 8) looking very distinguished, very odd or very average, attending the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

This 108-year old association of scientific societies fairly represents the pursuit of science in this country. The presidents used to be primarily geologists; now they are more likely to be biologists or physicists. They are still professors, but corporation executives have come to dominate the rest of the organization: Standard Oil, General Motors, Bell, RCA, Republic Aviation, Allied Chemical & Dye, IBM, Esso, General Electric, Owens Corning, Metropolitan Life Insurance, etc., etc.

There is no doubt that American

scientists are busy accumulating data. The list of some 1,400 papers read at the meetings proves it. Here are a few: The Growth and Structure of Spontaneous Whiskers (a kind of fruit fungus), What Have We Learned From the Codling Moth?, Notes on the Head Glands of the Cockroach, The Deleterious Effects of DDT on the Oviposition and Egg Fertility of the Confused Flour Beetle, Population Characteristics of House Mice Living in English Grain Ricks, Supermarket Ecology, The Suburban Forest, A Simple Coordinate System for the Classification of the World's 3,000 Systems of Values, Round Houses in the Western Arctic (which way is West up there?), Criteria of Individuality in Teeth, The Merits of Round Bales and finally my favorite, which I did not hear, John Kieran's Fifty Years in a Swamp.

This list of comic turns is not offered entirely in ridicule. Such a meeting exhibits at its most useful

the scientific genius for team-play, exchanging data, passing signals. It also parades the universal system of specialization. The guards can't run with the ball; the quarterback doesn't do any blocking; the short-stop isn't expected to hit home runs or the right fielder to catch fly-balls very well.

Of all this mass of data, some are irredeemably trivial, some may conceal immense truths; I was looking for people seriously engaged in the search for truth. General Electric, for example, came up with a new sort of magnet composed of aligned iron particles the size of a large molecule. Somebody asked a member of the "team" whether they had done any new thinking about the nature of gravity. "Certainly not," was the answer. "We're not interested in that at all." The answer may be that somebody else will be interested, and at such a meeting as this will learn about General Electric's odd discovery, which sounds largely ac-

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cidental, as was Alnice, the strange alloy which is more magnetic than iron. Yet the attitude is deplorable. The data is thrown up in the air, and one hopes it will land somewhere useful. But does it?

About fifty people came to a meeting on Prehistoric Asia and America—the Northern Route. The point of this paper was that similar or identical art-forms, as in pot decoration or axe-handles, means absolutely nothing as to cultural influences.

But that night about 300 people, mostly men of a prosperous look, showed up at a symposium on that Lewis Carroll science of cosmetology, which is by definition concerned with people's bad habits of wanting to look pretty. This is a science? The speakers, mostly dermatologists, were chiefly concerned with the ill effects of cosmetics, soaps and detergents on the human skin, but they did not offend any large corporation.

I NEXT went to a meeting on Values in Human Ecology. This would of course be a combined meeting of anthropologists and ecologists. Each speaker began by saying in more or less veiled terms that the previous speaker had indulged in unscientific generalizations and then proceeded to launch into even wilder generalizations. The worst offender in this regard was Margaret Mead, who advanced along her long, cool, quizzical campaign to make fools of the male sex, especially white—specializing on this occasion in the Australians and New Zealanders. My understanding of Margaret Mead's scale of values is that the best people in the world usually turn out to be brown-skinned females. Miss Mead, though her face in repose has the aspect of a New Guinea (Manus) idol, is a white woman. If she cannot like the people of her own kind, I am obliged to doubt her credentials, either scientific or unscientific, to like peoples of quite other kinds, or to understand them.

Miss Mead has great talent for thinking on her feet. I noticed that her use of scientific jargon was particularly impressive—with a rearing back of the head and a use of the hands like a boxer putting on his

gloves. All right, Miss Mead, if you're finished with New Guinea, I'll go there.

Ecology seems to be a science drawn to socialism. Regarding mankind as merely mammals, it cannot help concluding that Man is no longer capable of individual self-sufficiency, yet must be ready to adapt himself instantly to all of the environments on the whole planet. Since the free-thinking individual man is the most valuable man society has produced, I am reluctant to bow to this theory of human ecology; and I believe that the best individual man is apt to love his home terrain.

Then I went to a meeting of meteorologists. A scientist contributed something true and important: The historical weather record, taken at six feet above the ground, is useless. The important record would be one taken two inches above the ground. The six-foot record shows a graph that is quite gradual; the two-inch record is cataclysmic. The differences between the two levels are 50 degrees F. in temperature, 50 per cent in humidity. Even the low-ground canopy of grass preserves heat, cold and moisture; access of wind and sun decreases them all. Higher canopies of shrubs and trees have the same effect. Hedges such as seen in England, France and Germany preserve ground moisture and keep a field cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

IN THIS random survey of the 1,400 subjects broached by the AAAS, I was drawn to one titled A Documentary Hoax, under the heading of criminal investigation. It turned out that this concerned an article in *Life* by Isaac Don Levine "proving" that Josef Stalin was a secret agent of the Okhrana secret police while conspiring to overthrow the Czar.

Since we are all agreed that Stalin was not a nice man, it would seem nominally good to call him every dirty name we know, such as double-agent. But every propaganda tyro knows that if you call a man a dirty name he can easily disprove, he is whitewashed of all his real crimes and vices. Therefore it is smarter to ac-

cuse a man, especially a dead man, only of crimes you can prove.

The Levine story in *Life* centered on a letter supposedly written by a Czarist police chief, Yeremin, on a Remington typewriter of the Cyrillic alphabet, in the year 1913. Martin Tytell, a typewriter expert, proved with slides that the typewriter was not a Remington but a German Adler, that this model was first manufactured in 1912, that it showed the wear of many years before the letter was typed, and that the signature was demonstrably not Yeremin's. A mournful note was in most faces as they witnessed this demolition of the authenticity of the letter by evidence which could not possibly be controverted.

Yet Levine rose to defend himself, in an imposing demonstration of courage or effrontery. He spent twenty minutes pleasantly saying that Stalin was a bad man and that any dirty name given him was good. He based his case on the proposition that if his story were untrue "you are dealing with an innocent Stalin." My comment on this theory of propaganda has already been given; and Levine's comment makes me wonder very intently about his ultimate objectives.

Finally Levine was roaring like a stuck pig. He had an idea, undocumented and unproved, that the Adler Cyrillic typewriter had been first produced in 1909, not 1912; that Yeremin had had two wholly disparate signatures (physically impossible), and so on. Levine dealt exclusively in lovely surmises; Tytell dealt exclusively in facts. *Life* dealt in—God knows what.

My conclusion from this debate was that a hoax had been perpetrated on the American people. Senator McCarthy will never look into the matter, but we must thank our stars for a Martin Tytell. I do not like being hoaxed, especially about Stalin.

Which part of it all was earth-shaking and which was trivial, I have no way of knowing. The question of whether this session of the AAAS added to our basic capital of pure science must be left unanswered here (see editorial comment, page 30).

NASSER: PHARAOH IN SHIRTSLEEVES

by James Morris

London
TO THE LIBERAL Englishman, whether or not he sympathizes with his government's recent policies towards Egypt (as it happens, I do) there is a dream-like quality to recent events in the Middle East. Even from London there has been an air of wild unreality to the Suez adventure; and when I was in Port Said shortly after the landing, the scene had a positively nightmare flavor. There was the British Army engaged with determination in defying the unanimous disapproval of the United Nations. There were the reluctant reservists, the gentleman farmers, the people one attended school with, as cheerful and as ordinary as ever, but branded by the world as heartless aggressors. It felt like some awful hallucination; as if we would wake up one fine morning and wash the taste away with a cup of tea.

The most enigmatical figure of this disagreeable dream remains its focal figure, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt. Throughout the Suez drama he has remained hazily in the middle distance, dealing with affairs as it were by remote control, sometimes indeed almost forgotten in the passions of the world's debates. He remains, as always, all things to all men; and it may be many a long month before the analysts decide whether he has emerged with triumph from the Suez affair, or whether the debacle of his armies has irretrievably weakened his position either at home or abroad.

It will be longer still before the historians figure out just what manner of man he is; for there has perhaps never been a national leader on whom opinions are so startlingly

at odds. Is he a genuine benevolent progressive? Is he an ill-used Attaturk? Is he a megalomaniac? Is he a pocket Hitler? The world has still not made up its mind (and neither, perhaps, has Nasser). Eden can be pilloried for his part in the Suez adventure; Eisenhower can be pedestalled; but nobody quite knows whether to praise Nasser or to bury him.

LET us consider first the view that he is a champion of honest progressive nationalism, to be fostered rather than stifled. This is probably the opinion of most of those who have interviewed Nasser, for it is the role he projects for himself to Western audiences, and he is a man of undeniable personal attraction. Sensible liberalism oozes from his manner, as you will find if ever you chance to call upon him. No raving orator will greet you behind some big officious desk. Nasser will be in his shirtsleeves, his vest showing between the buttons, and he will talk pleasantly and intelligently for as long as you like. No tanks or guns will rumble past outside. No insolent sentry will hinder you. Nasser likes to call himself the first indigenous ruler of Egypt since the Pharaohs, and as you sit there sipping his coffee you may find something rather inspiring to the claim. "What a reasonable sort of man!" you will say to yourself. "How grossly the West has misjudged him!"

And what will he tell you? First, that all he wants for Egypt is peace and prosperity. Secondly, that all he wants for the Arabs is the removal of British influence and opportunity to progress towards unity. The West has constantly thwarted him, he will say with an air of letting bygones be bygones: by supporting the intruder state of Israel; by refusing him arms to defend Egypt against Israeli attacks; by setting up the Baghdad Pact, an obvious instrument to divide the Arabs

and maintain Western hegemony in the Middle East; by withdrawing the offer to subsidize the High Dam at Aswan; and by trying to maintain alien control over the Suez Canal, an integral part of the Egyptian fatherland. Who could blame him if he acquired the arms he needed from Russia? Who could complain if he nationalized the canal, just as Britain had nationalized her railways?

The hours will slip by easily as he expounds these persuasive theories, compounded of understandable patriotism ("Sure, sure, Mr. President, we had a revolution too, that's perfectly correct") and kindly reproach ("Oh, of course, Colonel, nobody can deny you *that*, ha ha! We British don't pretend to be perfect!") The coffee cups will come and go, and when the President rises from his table to see you to the door, his sandals flip-flopping across the linoleum, you may well walk out into the night a warm believer in the liberalism of Colonel Nasser.

TAKE now the view of the other extreme—that Nasser is no more than a kind of small-scale Hitler. This is held more commonly, perhaps, in England than in the United States; for Britons believe with some justification that their national future is now at stake in the Middle East, just as in the 1930s it was held in balance between the impertinent fingers of *Der Fuehrer*. Those with cruel memories of Munich are the most vulnerable to this conception. *The Times*, which believes itself to have been mistaken in 1938, has gone so far to as drop Nasser's rank and title when referring to him in its editorials, and to call him simply by his surname, like a criminal or a national enemy. Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues have obviously been influenced, in their approach to Nasser, by memories of those disastrous misconceptions at Berchtesgaden; and the honest Brit-

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ish public, never eager to hurl abuse, has been spurred to dislike of Nasser by the thought that he is yet another mischievous, malicious, second-rate Mussolini.

People of these views see Nasser as nothing but a cheap and vulgar political opportunist; a striker of hypocritical poses; just another shoddy bully who must be squashed before he can do the world some irrevocable harm. They believe him to be a man of unbridled personal ambition, who wishes to see himself the Caliph of all the Arabs or the ruler of a new Egyptian Empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. His efforts to oust the British from the Middle East, they say, are only the preliminaries to the establishment of his own personal imperialism; and his reformist activities have been just a show, or perhaps a necessary sop to Egyptian opinion. Look at the wild frenzy of his political speeches, they say. Look at the irresponsible xenophobia of his propaganda. Look at the dubious character of many of his associates, the Nazi sympathies of some of his advisers, the sudden viciousness of his recent attitude toward Britons, Frenchmen and Jews. It's the same old story—we've seen it all before!

MY OWN feeling is that Nasser does not fit either of these opposing categories, but is something new among the world's political phenomena. He is, I think, a genuine product—at once a symbol and an inspiration—of the Bandung era. He is the first powerful indigenous spokesman of the Afro-Asian resurgence. Chou En-lai's dogmas come from Russia. Nehru is a product of the British Empire. Sukarno is little more than a cipher (however much he may charm the starry-eyes of Washington). But Nasser reflects to perfection the groping, half-grown, ill-read, eclectic nature of the Bandung philosophies. He is a through-and-through native Egyptian—as near as can be, a through-and-through Afro-Asian; and he sees his country preeminently as a link between those two rumbling continents.

It would be over-estimating the

man, I think, to suppose that he has always seen himself as filling this precise role in history. He is not a man of vivid intellect, nor is he highly educated. He has progressed consistently towards his Afro-Asian ends (to begin with, the establishment of Cairo as a key to world power, and the eventual control of Middle East oil by the Arabs themselves). But he has done so, perhaps, more by instinct than by thought. He is a visionary: a man whose ideas are not rigidly crystallized by experience or education, but whose horizons are limitless. His revolution has not been cast to any one previous mold. He and his shrewd (but half-educated) colleagues have picked up conceptions here and there, now Fascist or Communist, now Fabian or capitalist. Like the Bandung leaders in general, they are for the moment provincials; they are

only beginning to devise some original attitudes from a hodge-podge of other people's ideas.

Only in fundamentals, then, have Nasser's policies been very consistent: for he is an instrument of history. He was born into the nationalist era; but he has reached his maturity at a time when nationalism has become inextricably confused with wider issues—with racialism, the new conflicts between Asia and the West, the older struggle between communism and democracy, with all that new restless energy that is associated with the name of Bandung. It has been his role to synthesize nationalism with a new movement—continentalism. He is a man who thinks naturally in big (if indistinct) symbols. The West thinks of the Isthmus of Suez as a channel between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Nasser has revived its



"OH, You Mean That Salvage Job!"

historical function as a bridge between Asia and Africa.

Nasser once said that he was really the leader of two separate revolutions—the revolution against social misery and the revolution against imperialism. In the first months of his rule he concerned himself chiefly with the social revolution, thus capturing the loyalties of men of goodwill all over the world. He launched a sensible program of land reform. He did away with most of the corruption that had always tarnished (and, alas, enlivened) life in Egypt. He encouraged medical progress, schemes of social welfare, industrialization. He gave his blessing to the noble conception of the High Dam (noble, that is, to the layman: many of the experts disapprove of it). Most important of all, he gave the Egyptians new pride in themselves and their country and the will to achieve what their young leaders rather ominously called “a place in the sun.”

BUT throughout his career he has made it clear, I think, that this first revolution was only the means to an end. His heart has always been in the second one—which he calls, in the jargon of the age, the revolution against imperialism. It is the place that Egypt must occupy in the world that has always concerned him most—and this has led him, through ill-charted channels of instinct, to a preoccupation with the future of the Arabs, of Islam, of Asia and Africa. Since he is thinking of ends before means, his has been an autocratic progress. General Naguib once remarked that Nasser was willing to antagonize everyone in Egypt, if need be, in pursuance of his objects. He has used without compunction many of the methods of totalitarianism. When he stood for the presidency (the only candidate) he was elected by a 99.9 percent vote. The new constitution he recently introduced is all but meaningless. When he announced not long ago that all his political opponents were to be released from prison, he was lying.

No, Nasser looks far beyond the perennial miseries of Egypt to the glittering opportunities beyond. He

is obsessed by the idea of power: it is not prosperity that he offers his devotees, nor peace, nor even material progress, but power. One of his theses is that Egypt is uniquely qualified by geography to be the center of three overlapping circles of activity—the Arab circle, the Islamic circle and the African circle. Egypt's destiny, and his own duty, is to unite these three sources of potential power into one great force, the core of Afro-Asian development: and in his mind, I have little doubt, the ultimate prize is world power.

To achieve this he will, as he has already proved, stop at almost nothing. In his campaign to remove all traces of Western influence from the territories of his interest, his propaganda has employed every kind of scurrility, every sort of subversive maneuvers, almost every kind of deceit. He has shamelessly exploited the Israel grievance as a means of consolidating his leadership among the Arabs. He has convinced half the world that the Baghdad Pact is an imperialist trick, although I believe current events are showing all too clearly the vital need for a Middle East pact against Communist subversion and aggression. Whatever you may think of the Anglo-French action at Port Said, it is very difficult to defend Nasser's irresponsible blocking of the canal—except as a devious political maneuver.

BUT I am still not convinced that Nasser is seeking power simply for himself. He is a bigger man than that. He reflects an instinctive urge for power that is welling up in the hitherto powerless nations, and if his aspirations are vague—frighteningly vague, in some ways—they do not seem to me to include any shoddy passion for personal self-advancement. He is a dedicated man, a man who believes in destiny and the promises of fate. His personal private life, so far as anybody knows, remains blameless. He would be a much less formidable antagonist if there could be attached to his reputation some taint of the corrupt or the megalomaniacal.

For the West, though, Nasser offers two dangers, in my opinion. First, he represents the rising of a

new power in world affairs—a power whose resources in manpower are far greater than ours, and whose technical abilities are advancing startlingly. Nothing could be more dangerous to the West, in the long run, than limitless ambition allied to the misty new concepts of continentalism. Secondly, he points to the more immediate danger—the possibility that communism will, for the moment, be able to capture as allies the energies of the Bandung peoples.

Here the enigma of Colonel Nasser is at its most nightmarish. A year ago, when he concluded his arms deal with Czechoslovakia, I asked him if he did not think he was playing with fire. He denied it breezily. Instinct, though, is not always proof against intelligence: nor is pride. It may be that Nasser, though he is now obviously serving the purposes of the Kremlin, still thinks he is working simply for his own visionary ends. Or it may be that, under the insidious influence of Mr. Shepilov, he has deliberately thrown in his lot with Russia. Whichever is true, I have little doubt about three things. First, Nasser is no benevolent liberal, nor even an Egyptian Attaturk: he is a dictator playing power politics. Secondly, he is no moth-eaten Mussolini: his concepts and ambitions far transcend the aims of petty nationalism, he displays (so far) no personal power-lust, and his aspirations are not simply cheap or tinsel. Thirdly, he is *au fond* anti-Western: he sees the West, not the forces of communism, as the principal obstacle to the advance of the Bandung bloc.

What should we do about him? Americans will of course decide for themselves whether to woo him or suppress him. But to many Englishmen—even those with a ready sympathy for the causes of Asian independence—it is apparent that Nasserism and its concomitants will one day spell the doom of the traditions and heritages we honor (for not all our heritages are Anglo-American). Some of us think we can exploit the inevitable: the rest of us hope to make the rearguard action a prolonged and a courageous one.

OPENING THE SKY FOR PEACE . . by Sir Victor Goddard

The author of this article was Chief of the Air Staff, New Zealand, 1941-43, and more recently Royal Air Force representative in Washington. He carries the rank of Air Marshal.

London

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S proposal at the "Summit Talks" at Geneva was that Russians should be free to take photographs of the United States in American airplanes, and that Americans should do the same over the USSR in Russian airplanes. The object was to reduce the risks of sudden attack from the air.

The new Kremlin counter-proposal is that the question of aerial reconnaissance should be considered (and linked with the early departure of foreign forces from European countries) only in an area 500 miles on either side of the line that divides Germany into East and West. This area does not, of course, include the United States and the USSR; it does include ten other countries; and it embraces the Eastern half of England where the Anglo-American strategic air forces are based, and most of the deployment area of the NATO air and land defenses of Northwestern Europe.

I was not surprised by the Eisenhower proposal. When I was representing the Royal Air Force in Washington, and there were questions of secrecy of weapons to be discussed, General Eisenhower made it clear that in his view secrecy was only a strength for the weak: it was a weakness for the strong. The history of the USSR has been largely a history of internal weakness. Hence its addiction to secrecy.

The questions I want to examine briefly are these: would it be a good thing that there should be a mutual aerial inspection of other countries? If there is aerial

inspection, would it be a safeguard? In my view the answer in both cases could be "yes." I know that there is little or no present possibility of an international air reconnaissance force such as Kipling visualized sixty years ago in his futuristic story "As Easy as A.B.C." But how much trouble we might all have been saved if, a month ago, the world had known that in the Sinai Desert, close by the borders of Israel, there was already deployed an armored force of about two divisions and that they were deployed not in the defensive positions designed for the Egyptians by German military advisers, but in the typical alignments of an offensive force poised for attack? The world is entitled to have that sort of factual information: only by such means can it make sound judgments of what is what. That is the kind of thing that President Eisenhower was thinking of with his "open skies" proposal. That is the easiest kind of evidence for aerial supervision to provide.

AIR photography is an advanced technology: it is widely used for surveys of all kinds and, in the hands of experts, provides rapidly the most detailed information. Photography, in conjunction with radio techniques, has opened a new field in geophysical survey work. By air photography the secrets of nature and military secrets are exposed not so much by the discovery of objects as by the discovery of evidence. For instance, many years ago I took an aerial photograph of Stonehenge and showed it to an archeologist. He had told me that the mystery of how these great stones from Wales had got to the site of the ring could be partly explained: they could have been floated by sea and up the Avon. But how they got overland to the

site from the bed of the Avon was unsolved. In fact my photograph showed lines which the eye could not see; and these gave evidence of a canal of thousands of years ago. How much easier, then, to detect evidence of recent military activity!

THERE could be deception: but the interpreters of air photographs are cunning, too! Dummies are not so easily dummies to them. But why worry too much about deception? Who is trying to deceive whom about what? In the West the object of the NATO powers is surely to make their agreed policy of the "great deterrent" fully effective. They most of all want the world to know the scale of the offensive and defensive might which is available for action: they want the rest of the world to be really afraid of provoking war. In my view there is great virtue in gradually taking out of military statesmanship the outdated art of poker-playing. Surprise is an invaluable stratum of war. But we are not considering war; we are considering the prevention of war. And, as we have seen recently, military surprises in peace time can catch public opinion on the wrong foot.

A new idea has come to the top. It will remain only an idea if national leaders see more security in secrecy and deception than in openness and strength. But would it not be logical that out of the small United Nations ground force, which Suez has created, there should evolve a United Nations system of aerial observation? Great ends often have small beginnings. But there can be no acceptable supra-national force without, first, a supra-national means of knowing at first hand what nations are doing with their own borders. Aggression, like charity, begins at home.

FLIGHT TO SUBURBIA . .

by Stanley Rowland, Jr.

OFFICIALS and citizens in New York seem reluctant to face the hard fact that current trends in housing may be turning Manhattan into a two-class island. New Yorkers are fleeing the city at the rate of 50,000 a year, and most of those fleeing have incomes of \$4,500 to \$8,000 annually. Typically, they are young, middle-class families fleeing to suburbia.

But New York's extensive redevelopment programs are supposed to ease this situation. Housing projects—many called "middle-income" and sponsored by Robert Moses—are radically altering the face of the city. Public housing, with low rents geared to incomes, is helping to wipe out slums and solve the housing problems for lower-income families. One "exclusive" development after another is thrown up for the wealthy. But the young middle-class families continue to use New York as a grand hotel, where they sleep for a few years and then leave.

These thousands of fleeing middle-income families are exactly the families the city must hold to weld and broaden a core of citizenry to support better schools and other facilities. Indeed, a large middle class is our society's backbone; it provides stability and—an important consideration—the bulk of tax revenue. It provides patronage for the arts and dynamism for civic-improvement groups.

THE problem is to provide these middle-income families with a basic, compelling reason for staying in the city. The best such reason is housing: if a man spends less than a quarter of his salary for housing he has the financial leeway to tackle other problems. As if in answer to a middle-income prayer, officialdom has multiplied so-called middle-income housing across the city. But the exodus continues. The housing being provided is too little, too late

and too inadequate or expensive for the middle-income family.

Let us consider this family. The father is a young business or professional man with an income of around \$5,000 or more per year—perhaps as much as \$10,000. He probably expects to double this income in ten or fifteen years. He has two children, one of them ready for school, and he wants another child or two. He may want space for a study, and if there are two children to a bedroom, then a play area may be wanted. In short, a five-room apartment is the absolute minimum needed; actually, even this is barely adequate.

So along come housing officials, full of illustrated pamphlets and smiles, offering the family salvation in five streamlined rooms or less (five rooms being the largest apartment in most cases). An example is Morningside Gardens, a non-profit cooperative project with apartments as large as five rooms. There are "many with terrace, all with two baths," and "an average monthly figure of \$21 per rental room."

THE middle-income daddy, baby on one knee, gazes raptly at the prospect—five rooms including three bedrooms and terrace, hard by Columbia University, with landscaped gardens and sweeping views, at \$21 per room per month. Daddy looks closer, and finds the modern apartment is so beautifully designed that there isn't an extra nook for a study or play area. One bedroom is small for two children beyond nursery age, so he would have to decide in advance to limit his family to three children. But still, five rooms and terrace for \$105. . . . He gives baby to his wife to be diapered and gets down to hard statistics. He finds his five rooms with terrace will cost a down payment of about \$4,000 and roughly \$150 per month in carrying charges.

In a slight sweat, father turns to other prospects. But he finds that any five-room middle-income apart-

ment will cost at least \$150 a month. In a cooperative, the monthly charges are lower—on paper; they run from \$105 to \$125 or even more (a project is announced at \$21 to \$25 per room, and by the time it is built it costs \$30 to \$35). Then there is the down payment of \$600 to \$700 per room, plus monthly charges for gas and electricity. These can run high in an apartment full of children and electrical gadgets. On top of this there will probably be the consideration of some private schooling, plus garage rental if he doesn't want to risk vandalism and parking tickets.

Applying the rule of thumb that a week's pay must equal a month's rent, father finds he must be making \$150 plus per week to have something near a permanently adequate apartment in a middle-income project. He is now earning perhaps \$110 to \$125 a week. True, his income potential is a great deal more; in ten years he could probably afford the apartment handily (if five rooms were still large enough). But the question is academic: long before that he has to settle his expanding family. Where can he go?

1. To Stuyvesant Town and pay roughly \$25 per room. But most apartments are fewer than five rooms, and applications are closed.

2. To a three- or four-room middle-income apartment. This he could afford, but it isn't big enough.

3. To a large inexpensive apartment in an old building. But these are difficult to find, are usually located in deteriorating neighborhoods, and are destined to be torn down for new construction.

4. To a project in an outlying city area where costs are less. But if he goes this far from Manhattan, why not move to suburbia and have really adequate space for his growing family?

5. To one of the private projects such as those being built along "new, fashionable Third Avenue." Here he has the exciting prospect of paying more than \$50 a room per month.

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6. To suburbia. Here he will pay less than \$140 per month on a \$14,000 house for all carrying charges, including taxes, heat and light, upkeep and routine improvements, etc. He will have more than five rooms, his children will have fresh air, play space and better schools, the house will be his in an area of rising values, and his family will be a little beyond bomb range of New York—a lurking consideration in the back of more than one man's mind.

Suburbia wins in the stretch. Father turns commuter. The suburban house is also a financial drain, but at least there are compensations. The head of the family pays off his mortgage—and prays that prosperity continues. The city loses by losing its young middle-class citizens and their children.

Today's middle-income projects typically have apartments no larger than five rooms; most are smaller. Only the higher-income family, which can afford the maximum apartment or private housing, and the middle-income family with a maximum of two children, are in a relatively favorable position. The net effect is to drive most young, middle-class families farther and farther from the center of the city. The

trend can only be accentuated, in view of rising construction and maintenance costs, by a continuation of the present middle-income housing program. The Citizens Housing and Planning Council is well aware of the problem, cites the "extremely high land cost in Manhattan," and sees "no quick answer."

An answer had better be found before the city loses many more of its middle-class families and is pushed even more in the direction of a two-class city. One effect will be to accentuate the trend toward a dual school system—parochial or private schools for those who can afford them, and public schools with their teen-age hoodlums on the other hand. This would further depress public schools, and a dual system of good schooling for those who can afford it and caretaker schooling for those who cannot is hardly a sound cornerstone for democracy.

Another effect will be to sharpen further the disparity between good housing on the one hand and deplorable slums or public housing on the other. Manhattan's West Side was once a middle-class stronghold; having rapidly deteriorated, it is now slated for massive redevelopment through the Lincoln Square project.

This provides for 4,120 apartments at \$47.50 per room per month and 420 apartments at \$23 per room per month after \$500 to \$600 down payments. Since the project hasn't been built yet, the prospect is for still higher costs, so it's a question as to whether more than a handful of middle-income families will be able to afford whatever five-room apartments are included among the 420 middle-income units. Nor must it be forgotten that this public-assistance project will provide ten times as many units at the \$47.50 rental as as the \$23 figure.

Is there any sign of relief? The Citizens Housing and Planning Council is doing its best, but is not optimistic. F.H.A. insurance and low-cost loans, when available, help cushion costs. But these costs are apt to remain high in crowded Manhattan because of the high cost of land and high taxes. However, it was recently said that the city may come through with low-cost loans to build housing at charges of \$20 to \$22 per room per month. This could be just what is needed—if it's on a sufficiently large scale and if costs are held to the proposed amounts. But the middle-income man is understandably skeptical.

THE AMERICAN CARIBBEAN . . . by Russell W. Howe

IN AN EARLIER article [*The Nation*, January 5] I attempted to describe the confusing political patterns which govern in the British, Dutch and French West Indies. But there is variety within the American orbit, too.

As a Commonwealth, Puerto Rico gets the best of both worlds—dependence and independence. Although saddled with one of the densest populations in the world (2,300,000, or 631 per square mile,

not counting 300,000 now settled in the continental United States), Puerto Rico has become in recent years the progress show place of the Caribbean. Point IV visitors from all over the world went there in May (when industrial income overtook agricultural income, and the 400th postwar factory was completed) and were genuinely impressed. In ten years Operation Bootstrap has doubled the per capita income, now estimated at \$486 and said to be the highest in the Antilles.

Since 1948, the island elects its own governor. The first incumbent, Luis Munoz Marin, is now running for a third term. His party, the Popular Democratic Party, got 69

per cent of the vote in 1952 and does not seem to be losing ground. The Commonwealth is represented in Washington only by a non-voting Resident Commissioner; in return for having no vote in Congress, Puerto Ricans pay no federal income tax. The rate is considerably "easier." Moreover, the local government gets back all the internal revenue which it collects.

Industries, including most of the famous names that go to make the turnpike landscapes, have been attracted to Puerto Rico by ten years free of tax and a supply of cheap labor. The benefits are evident: in Santurce and Loiza, San Juan's big seaside suburbs, the housing is often

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE, foreign correspondent, is the author of four books, including one on French Equatorial Africa. He has also done a study of the Negro American.

better than in the best districts of Queens. In fact as well as in figures, the deadhand of King Sugar is slipping from the island's throat. Puerto Rico gets better and better, month by month.

But this is, of course, only one corner of the picture—the most significant part, but no more than a corner. Only 35,000 are employed in the new factories. The vast majority of the population still lives close to starvation level, and San Juan's La Perla and El Fanguito districts are worse than anything one can find in Dakar. Miserable frame "houses" stand on piles over swamps or in the sea itself, the shacks divided by malodorous alleys two feet wide.

With a birthrate of thirty-five per thousand and a death rate, thanks to modern medicine, lower than that in the United States (life expectancy, sixty-four years against fifty-four ten years ago) and with the predominant Catholic faith still preferring congestion to contraception, the problem of the poor is as bad as ever.

Manual Rivera Martos, Governor Munoz' press officer, told me sadly: "Slums we shall *always* have."

THOSE WHO have not benefited from Puerto Rico's gradual transformation can express opposition to Munoz' government through one of two parties: the *Estadista* (Statehood) party and the *Independentista* party. The Statehood party got 13 per cent of the 1952 poll. Its supporters argue that full American statehood for a Puerto Rico, which paid normal federal taxes to Washington, would get better treatment over the long pull. As a commonwealth, they say, Puerto Rico will never be more than a poor cousin, with industries coming in only because they are not expected to pay their share of the budget or to pay normal wages.

The *Independentista* party draws eighteen per cent of the vote. In view of Puerto Rico's obvious advantages in being, in some way or other, part of the United States, why does one Puerto Rican in five want independence? To answer this, one has to look at the party membership. The leaders and hard core of the inde-

pendence movement are former or present Puerto Rican emigrants to the continental United States. Bitterness about discriminatory practices against Puerto Ricans in New York, in housing, employment, salaries and social life, have created a party prepared to cut all ties with the United States, whatever the economic cost. When Gov. Munoz was in New York in October, he had to cancel an election speech because of the strength of the *Independentista* opposition to him in the city.

But the majority of islanders would agree with Martos when he says: "We have more freedom in association than in isolation, and the commonwealth will grow in authority and power."

In the last elections, Munoz' Popular Democratic Party won all twenty-three contestable seats in the island Senate and all forty-seven in the House of Representatives. Only a special provision for ten "minority party" Senate seats and seventeen similar seats in the lower house give the country's legislature some semblance of an opposition. Popular Democratic candidates for mayor won all seventy-six municipalities in the island.

PUERTO RICO'S three big problems are shortage of schools, an abundance of slums and poverty in general. The aim of Munoz' government is a *minimum* annual income per family of \$2,000. (This is relatively ambitious. It can be recalled that Stevenson, in his campaign speeches, frequently referred to the fact that one continental United States family in five still falls in the under \$2,000 bracket.)

Fomento, the government organization in charge of economic development, has forty-three housing projects under way. Some are of impressive dimensions, even to the New Yorker eye. Of total American appropriations for federal-assisted housing, 11 per cent goes now to Puerto Rico. In all, \$150,000,000 will have been spent this year on new dwellings. The commonwealth government buys the land and supplies the water, power, etc. Federal funds build the houses. The three main municipalities—San Juan,

Ponce and Mayaguez—deal directly with Washington. Rents are reasonable, varying according to salary and size of family. In the rural districts, peasants are being given land to use for growing their own vegetables, and for \$300 they can buy a do-it-yourself house in concrete blocks. Technical advice is given, and house-building equipment is loaned free.

But in Puerto Rico, as everywhere else in the Caribbean, the No. 1 problem is education. Theoretically, education is compulsory through the ninth grade, but lack of buildings and teachers and already hopelessly overcrowded classrooms mean that at present no less than 100,000 children (official government figure) are not in school. Moreover, given the general situation, family economic problems draw children out of school at the first opportunity.

Nevertheless, in sixteen years the school population has risen from 250,000 to 600,000; attendance at the University of Puerto Rico has increased from 3,000 to 13,000. Forty per cent of the island budget goes to education—all in all, with free lunches and other items, about \$70,000,000. There is a free literacy program for adults, and government sources estimate illiteracy as down to 20 per cent.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Half an hour away by air, the Virgin Islands present a contrasting picture. Although the word is never used, the islands are purely and simply a colony. With a per capita income of \$480—infinity less if one discounts the high incomes of the "continentals" cashing in on the tourist boom—the Virgins have almost none of the advantages so generously meted out to Puerto Rico.

Here are some of the ways in which the Virgins still have colonial status:

1. The governor, appointed in Washington, has and uses considerable veto powers.

2. Because the governor is not elected, the Virgins have no Resident Commissioner in Congress, and so have no voice in Congressional policy.

3. The no-taxation-without-representation principle does not apply; islanders pay full federal tax and as (unlike Puerto Rico) they only get back a part of the internal revenue they collect, the United States can be said to be behaving in the tradition of colonialism—making a profit on a country where the standard of living is lower than in the motherland.

The Virgins comprise three islands—plus about forty islets, mostly uninhabited. The three are St. Thomas (population 16,000), Ste. Croix (13,100) and St. John (800). Columbus, who charted the islands on St. Ursula's day, apparently thought them considerably more numerous and with the politician's gift for exaggeration, named them after the 11,000 Virgins of St. Ursula. The United States bought them from Denmark in 1917 for \$25,000,000.

Ninety per cent of the population is Negro and créole. Three of the remaining 10 per cent are French-speaking. Most of the population live in battered shacks. They are even more conscious and resentful of their poverty than the Puerto Ricans, because for five months in the year their land is taken over by swarms of tourists (100,000 are expected this winter) who spend lavishly and live well.

Unfortunately, very little of this tourist boom trickles down to the natives. Most of the flourishing stores, hotels and restaurants offer only menial employment to the islanders. When local girls refused to take sleeping-out chambermaid jobs for \$15 a week—half the New York unemployment pay—in an economy where the cost of living is 35 per cent higher than in New York City, the hotels got permission to bring in girls from the British Virgins, where living conditions are even poorer and where the offer of a permanent United States immigration visa—in return for a one-year-contract on St. Thomas—was a certain lure.

New manufacturing and processing industries get a 75 per cent tax cut for ten years, but even this does not compare with Puerto Rico's 100 per cent tax-cut incentive and greater supply of labor. Taxes, when they are levied, are at the federal rate.



And to make matters worse for industry, there is a grave shortage of water. St. Thomas has to rely on rain.

The local legislature, comprising eleven senators, can sit for sixty days each year. Its perennial task appears to be warring with the successive governors. The last incumbent, H. Archie Alexander, once vetoed forty-one out of ninety bills passed during a senate session. The local calypsans consequently composed a tune, "Guvna maan, he say no," in which everything the singer set out to do, down to the most intimate pastimes, won Mr. Alexander's veto. One verse ran:

Get me brush, get me soap, get me bowl,
I preparing get me shave, but—
Guvna maan, he say no.

Of the present governor, hard-working, Walter Gordon and his gracious First Lady, the natives are scarcely more respectful.

The majority party in the senate, the Unity Party, calls itself frankly the "Anti-Governor" Party. Its brightest spark is Columbia-educated Earle B. Ottley, aged thirty-three, editor of the *Home Journal*. Ottley, like most islanders, believes the Virgins are treated as Cinderellas because of the ethnic nature of the population.

Native spokesmen get particularly angry about the number of continental appointees sent down by Washington, and about the disparity between their salaries (and "overseas" allowances) and the sal-

aries paid to personnel recruited locally. Despite the high cost of living, some high school teachers get as little as \$220 a month, nurses less than \$200. But the senators really boiled over recently when a Washington appointee, Comptroller Richard Krabach, spent over \$5,000 of public funds moving furniture from the mainland. A bill to limit moving expenses for Washingtonians to \$2,000 was vetoed by the governor.

Most island development projects—new schools, slum clearance projects, etc.—are held up for lack of funds. If taxes collected from persons in the hotel and tourist business were returned to the island, this would not be so. There is an especially grave need for more schools, and for at least some modest scholarship system to enable a thousand or so high school children to remain at their studies.

Minimum salary in this high-cost territory is forty cents an hour, but domestics earn as little as thirty-five dollars a month. The tourist boom has rocketed land values 100 per cent in the past two years and rents have risen proportionately. The rents of the clapboard cabins in Charlotte Amalie, capital of the islands, have risen as much as 1,000 per cent in ten years, according to Ottley.

ON THE credit side, recent years have seen the growth in strength of a St. Thomas Labor Union and a Ste. Croix Labor Union, both AFL-CIO.

The great needs in the Virgins are for: increased industry, by the same incentives as in Puerto Rico; generous increase in federal aid to schools; restrictions on importing employes from the continental United States and on the granting of hotel and retail permits to non-islanders; loans and technical advice to islanders wishing to go into business; a plant to make sea water potable; stock-breeding and increased tropical vegetable farming, preferably on a co-operative "model farm" basis.

But perhaps most important, the Virgin Islands need increased autonomy and a definite date for the election of their own governor and the sending of a Resident Commissioner to represent them in Washington.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Dialectic of Agony

THE NOTEBOOKS OF SIMONE WEIL. Translated from the French and edited by Arthur Wills. G. P. Putnam's. Two volumes. \$10.

By Kenneth Rexroth

I HAVE an apology to make for this review. It is late. It was easy enough to write, but very hard to get started. Simone Weil is one of the most remarkable women of the twentieth, or indeed of any other century. I have great sympathy for her, but sympathy is not necessarily congeniality. It would be easier to write of her if I liked what she has to say, which I strongly do not.

For an alert non-Bolshevik radical in the years of the Second World War, the two most decisive insights, at least for those who read only English, were Paul Mattick's "The War Is Permanent," published in *Living Marxism* in 1939 and Simone Weil's "The Coming World War," published in the *International Review* in 1938, but written in 1934. Mattick's theme, obvious from the title, is now a commonplace. Simone Weil pointed out that technology had made social violence supranational; so that, whoever "won," modern warfare resolved itself in actual practice into the lethal conflict of the man at the desk with the man at the bench. The workers get killed in shop or foxhole, the college graduates get commissions or join the OWI. Unhappily, she was herself to undergo a transvaluation of values and join the Gaullist OWI. One of her books, *The Need For Roots*, is a collection of egregious nonsense surpassed only by the deranged fantasies of the chauvinist Peguy. Written for De Gaulle it was a program for the moral rehabil-

itation of France when our side had won. It attempts to enlist on our side the same dark irrational spirits who seemed then to be fighting so successfully for the other side. Luckily, as it turned out, they lost and we won without much effective intervention from the spirits on either side. Realities of the kind called harsh rule France today rather than any vestige of Simone Weil's odd ideals.

Simone Weil was born in Paris in 1909 of well-to-do parents of Jewish ancestry but no religion. After a brilliant academic career in philosophy she became a secondary school teacher. In 1934 she left teaching for a year to work in the Renault plant, "to experience the life of the workers." In 1936 she went to Spain, and fought, or rather did not fight, in the Republican Army. Between her return from Spain late in the same year and the outbreak of the war she broke down in health, abandoned her revolutionary ideas, which were never Marxist in any orthodox sense, but rather Communist-Anarchist of the type we associate with Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, and began a tortured prowling outside the doors of the Catholic Church—like a starving animal. In 1941 she met Father Perinn, a Dominican, who introduced her to Gustave Thibon, a well-to-do farmer and leading Catholic intellectual. On his farm she tried, not very successfully, to work as a "land girl." In the summer of 1942 she came to New York and left for England in the fall with a commission to serve in the Gaullist regime in England. In the spring of 1943 she entered a hospital, and in August she died in Ashford Sanatorium in Kent. Superficially this career sounds much like that of many idealistic and rather giddy upper class college girls of those days. Probably many such girls who are successful lady executives today did live with the same

burning intensity as Simone Weil, probably a good many others came to a like sad end. But she, like Marie Bashkirtsiev, her nineteenth century double, and the exemplar of the type in those days, left a record.

OVER the years since then Putman's has published several collections of her journals and correspondence: *Waiting For God, Letter To A Priest, Gravity and Grace* (a preliminary selection from the present *Notebooks*) and *The Need For Roots*. As they came out I read them cursorily, but the full impact never hit me until I read them all again, and with them her new unabridged notebooks.

I have the greatest respect, indeed veneration, for any tortured soul seeking peace and illumination. But, in 1934 Simone Weil wrote this:

War in our day is distinguished by the subordination of the combatants to the instruments of combat, and the armaments, the true heroes of modern warfare, as well as the men dedicated to their service, are directed by those who do not fight. Since this directing apparatus has no other way of fighting than sending its own soldiers, under compulsion, to their deaths—the war of one State against another resolves itself into a war of the State and the military apparatus against its own army. War in the last analysis appears as a struggle led by all the State apparatuses and general staffs against all men old enough and able to bear arms.

When war actually came she was writing things like this:

In civil society, penal death, if death is used as a punishment, ought to be something beautiful. Religious ceremonies would be necessary for it to be made so. And there ought to be something to make it felt that the man who is being punished, on receiving death, accomplishes something great; contributes, as far as he is able in the situation in which he has placed himself, to the orderly state of the community. Let him remain in his cell until such time as he himself accepts to die?

What would Thomas Aquinas have

KENNETH REXROTH has just published 100 Chinese Poems and a collection of his own verse, *In Descent of the Earth*.

made of this? Or any Sicilian peasant or Irish teamster? Very much, I fear, the same as you or I. This girl killed herself seeking salvation, a salvation she identified with Catholicism. This, and there are hundreds of remarks like it in the notebooks, is far from Catholicism, in fact from any religion. It has a horrible similarity to one theory of the Moscow trials, but it is a sick kind of agonized frivolity. There are other things: a captious, misinformed playing with Hinduism and comparative mythology, worse than the confabulations of Robert Graves; a toying with modern mathematics of infinitudes and incommensurabilities—a kind of post Cantor-Dedekind Neo-Pythagoreanism.

IN HER last years Simone Weil seems to have sought enlightenment by a systematic cultivation of maximum hypertension. Her thought proceeded by no way other than paradox. This is not new. There is a good deal of it in Pascal, that least Catholic of Catholic thinkers, and of course in Kierkegaard. In Chesterton it sinks to the level of a vulgar journalistic trick. Paul Tillich has created, beyond the "theology of crisis" of Barth, Niebuhr and the Neo-Lutherans, a "theology of tension"—perhaps the most viable expression of that ancient science for a modern man. But there is the tension of life and the tension of death. Simone Weil was a dying girl. Hers was a spastic, moribund, intellectual and spiritual agony. We can sympathize with it, be moved to tears by it, much as we are by the last awful lunacies of Antonin Artaud, but we imitate it, allow it to infect us, at our peril. This is a Kierkegaard who refuses to leap. *Angst* for *angst's* sake. Anguish is not enough. When it is made an end in itself it takes on a holy, or unholy, folly.

It is one thing, like John Woolman, to refuse sugar because it was made by slave labor, it is another thing to refuse to eat more than the starvation rations of occupied Paris when one is dying in an English sanatorium. (What sort of doctor permitted this?) It is touching, even tragic, but it is the farcical tragedy of Lear, equally distant from the

tragedy of Prometheus on his rock or Christ on His Cross.

What was wrong with Simone Weil? Our grandparents used to say of learned girls who broke down, "She studied too hard. She read too many books." and today we laugh at them. I think Simone Weil had both over- and under-equipped herself for the crisis that overwhelmed her—along, we forget, immersed in her tragedy, with all the rest of us. She was almost the perfectly typical passionate revolutionary intellectual woman—a frailer, even more highly strung Rosa Luxemburg.

Rosa was saved from personal, inner disaster during the great betrayals of the First World War by several, all rather tough-minded, characteristics: a tenacious orthodoxy—she was perfectly confident of the sufficiency of Marxism as an answer, though she was more humane about it than Lenin; a warm, purely human love of people—physically, their smell and touch and comradeship; a kind of Jewish indomitable guts—that ultimate unkillability which comes only from grandparents in *yamulke* and horsehair wig. Simone Weil had none of this. She made up her revolution out of her vitals, like a spider or silk worm. She could introject all the ill of the world into her own heart, but she could not project herself in sympathy to others. Her letters read like the more distraught signals of John of the Cross in the dark night. It is inconceivable that she could ever have written as Rosa did from prison to Sophia Kautsky. People to her were mere actors in her own spiritual melodrama. I doubt if she was ever aware of the smell of her own armpits. She may have called her fantasy "the need for roots," but *yamulkes*, rosaries or plain chewing-tobacco atheism, none had ever existed in her past. She was born a *deracinée* and she insisted on remaining one. She was constitutionally disengaged—Renault, Spain and the Free French to the contrary notwithstanding. Faced with the ordinary but definite engagement of becoming a baptized Catholic she panicked.

Religion has been called the gap

between the technology and the environment. When her intellectual and psychological environment blew up in her face, Simone Weil discovered that she had no technology whatever, and the gap was absolute. She never permitted herself access to anyone who could help her. If I were planning to enter the Catholic Church the last person I would approach would be the kind priest who could make head or tail of her *Letter to a Priest*.

Father Perrin and M. Thibon may have been wise men in their generation, but they both fell into the trap of her dialectic of agony. They took her seriously—in the wrong way. They lacked the vulgar but holy frivolity of common sense of the unsophisticated parish priest who would have told her, "Come, come, my child, what you need is to get baptized, obey the ten commandments, go to Mass on Sundays, make your Easter duties, forget about religion, put some meat on your bones, and get a husband." Simone Weil knew the type, and she avoided them as a criminal avoids the police, and probably secretly disdained them as much.

ONLY such advice could have saved her. Only the realization of the truth, so hard to come by for the religious adventurer, that no one is "called" to be any holier than he absolutely has to be, could have given her real illumination. To anything like this she was defiantly impervious. She went to John of the Cross when she should have gone to plain Father Dupont, or Father Monahan, or Father Aliotto. Even Huysmans, with all his posturing, had sense enough to make St. Severin, that humble slum church, his home parish. Simone Weil assaulted the Garden of Gethsemane, and as is so often the case, was broken on the gate.

But at least she speaks, again and again, of her absolutely sure sense of the suddenly descending, all-suffusing presence of God. So we know that somewhere, somehow, in all her agony, she did find some center of peace—a peace which, unless we believe in God, we may find hard to explain.

Roosevelt and the Theory of Leadership

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX. By James MacGregor Burns. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.75.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH. By Frank Freidel. Little, Brown. \$6.

By V. O. Key, Jr.

THE MOUNTAINS of records ground out by modern office machines and preserved by dedicated archivists will occupy generations of biographers of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The abundance of documentation may make more difficult the deification of modern national heroes, but it seems unlikely to simplify the problem of explaining the mysteries of greatness in the arts of politics. At least, the reports of early forays in the files suggest such observations.

Only a few words need be said in characterization of Mr. Freidel's work. This, the third volume of his biography of Roosevelt, carries the story from the inauguration as Governor of New York in January, 1929, through the Presidential election of November, 1932. In the grand style of traditional biography, *The Triumph* maintains the standards established by the earlier volumes. The narrative is comprehensive in design, devoid of both rancor and idolatry, meticulous in its attention to relevant detail, and leisurely in pace yet it does march. The completed multi-volume work will doubtless constitute an outstanding example of its *genre*.

Mr. Burns's book could be treated simply as a political biography of Roosevelt to Pearl Harbor. (Limited access to records of the war period made it prudent to treat those years only sketchily.) Yet Mr. Burns essays a far more formidable task than the chronicle of a political career. He sets out to analyze and appraise Roosevelt's performance as a political leader. Those objectives are perhaps not novel, but Mr. Burns approaches his task armed with weapons supplemental to the standard equipment of the conventional biographer—a modicum of literary artistry and a skill in evaluating documentary evidence. And he moves into his inquiry with an explicit theory of the nature of the process of leadership. That theory, which he states in the forbidding argot of social science in a brief appendix, has drawn irreverent comment from reviewers. Yet the merit of the work derives

in no small degree from its theoretical apparatus, which, it should be said, does not get in the way of the story.

Mr. Burns subscribes to no great-man theory of history; nor does he regard political leaders to be entirely at the mercy of impersonal forces. A free, and unauthorized, translation of his theory of leadership would run to the effect that the individual leader, formed in his personality and character by inheritance and nurture, collides with the events with which he must cope. Although "no leader is a free agent," he may, within limits, mold his environment. Or the opposing forces may balance on dead center. Guided by his theoretical system, Mr. Burns proceeds to a fairly cold-blooded dissection of the political leadership practiced by FDR.

The formative forces molding Roosevelt fixed, or so the argument goes, characteristics of mind and behavior that were both to aid and limit him in the situations in which he acted. His anchorage in the ethical premises of his class at the turn of the century equipped him with a set of moral standards which included a sense of duty, an obligation

What the Emanation of Casey Jones Said to the Medium

Turn inward on the brain
The flashlight of an I
While the express train
Time, unflagged, roars by.

Pick out the dirt of stars,
Wipe off the wires of gut,
Uncouple the foetid cars
From the spangled banner of smut.

Then shine, o curdled orb,
Within thy vantage box,
Field that attracts, absorbs
Cats, hairpins, spring greens, clocks,
That twists like vapor, seeps
From tunnel's murky bung
Hole, fogs the vista-dome and creeps
Away, accomplished and undone.

Take note of freedom's prize,
Dissolve and walk the wind,
Ride camels through the eyes
Of moles—the make-up of the mind
Embellishes and protects,
Draws beards between fabulous tits,
Endorses the stranger's checks,
Judges and always acquits.

Turn inward to the brain:
The signal stars are green,
Unheard the ghost train
Time, and Death can not be seen.

A. J. M. SMITH

to do good, which ultimately boiled down to "the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, as interpreted by Endicott Peabody." Yet unlike many of his contemporaries, he became a man who could make the shift to the new century. By the chance of his own development, he "was a man of no fixed convictions about methods and policies." An attachment to the ancient ends combined with a disposition toward innovation in means. Roosevelt "lingered" between the nineteenth century and the twentieth.

FLEXIBILITY, opportunism and skills in maneuver enabled Roosevelt to ride the whirlwind of the Hundred Days of 1933. Under circumstances of pervasive public anxiety, Roosevelt showed himself to be a remarkable political tactician. Statute after statute went on the books. Yet Burns concludes, "Try as he might, the most resourceful political philosopher could not extract consistency from the jumble."

The going became rougher in the Second Hundred Days after the Supreme Court invalidated the NRA. Burns makes the Roosevelt movement to the left at this time to be not a concession to quiet the agitators of the left, not an expression of intellectual commitment, but a consequence of the "cumulative impact of the attacks from the right." Business, paralyzed by its own ideology, shirked the duties of true conservatives, the Chamber of Commerce "lambasted" the President's program, and the Court went to work on the New Deal. Driven from his now-untenable center position into alliance with labor, he made the Wagner bill a "must" bill and thus was enacted "the most radical legislation passed during the New Deal."

In his management of foreign policy Roosevelt encountered the least malleable restrictions on his leadership. The picture emerges of a man with a sharp perception of the shape of things in the making who on occasion gingerly tested the limits on his power to act, only to retreat quickly to await the erosion of the isolationist spirit by the impact of events and by the agitation of the internationalists. At last, as the Battle of Britain raged and as the Presidential campaign of 1940 began, he took the risk of the destroyer deal. "After years of foxlike retreats and evasions, he took the lion's role."

Mr. Burns concludes that Roosevelt was a superb tactician and at times a courageous leader but that he did not achieve the "acme of political leadership." A leader may make the most of the materials he has to work with; he

V. O. KEY, JR. is professor of government at Harvard University and the author of many books and articles in the field of American political affairs.

can become truly great if he "creates new materials to help him meet his goals." Roosevelt, in Burns's judgment, did not create the "new materials." The tests are that he failed to build a "liberal coalition and a new party behind the New Deal." He did not at critical and opportune moments exploit the opportunity to divert the people from isolation toward an appreciation of the external necessities. He neither grasped the promise of Keynesianism nor exploited its possibilities. These failings reflected both an inability to master limiting circumstance and the nature of the intellectual equipment Roosevelt brought to the Presidency.

The facts may be clear enough. The utility of the general tests of greatness in leadership are not so clear. Are such fundamental changes as the construction of new party alignments accomplished through the manipulations of political leaders? Or do such changes

result from a far more complex process of social evolution? Must individual leaders almost inevitably be prisoners of their environment when confronted by such problems?

Whatever the answers to such questions may be, Mr. Burns's analysis activates anew the old misgivings about the adequacy of our organization for political leadership. Even the most resourceful political tactician seems handcuffed by the situation into which the institutional apparatus thrusts him. Surrounded by cabinet members who commonly bring to him little political strength, and dependent on congressional allies whose situation often encourages them toward inaction or irresponsibility, the President must operate in appalling loneliness from a most exposed position. If President Eisenhower should be moved to read this book, the chances are that he would have a fellow feeling for a fellow President.

The Ego As Hero

THE LOST STEPS. By Alejo Carpentier. Translated by Harriet De Onis. Knopf. \$3.75.

By John Farrelly

THIS NOVEL, a translation from the Spanish, has gathered inexplicable acclaim in France and England. The narrator (never identified as other than "I") drags on his discontented life in a city vaguely designated as New York, although "it does not call for any specific location." A frustrated composer, he has sold his talent to the manufacture of background music for the movies. He localizes his discontent in a

JOHN FARRELLY has recently completed his appointment as visiting lecturer in American Literature at Trinity College, Dublin.

deteriorating marriage and the colossal inanity of his surroundings.

For a change of scene he accepts a mission to collect rare primitive musical instruments in the jungles of South America. Along for the ride goes his mistress, on the evidence of the narrator a pretentious culture monger and a thoroughly repellent female. This "archetypal bourgeoisie" he ships home in short order and replaces her with a local "woman of the earth." "We, the Couple," this distinguished intellectual and his splendid animal, set out on a quasi-metaphysical exploration of "the jungle—that is to say, The Unknown." This is conducted largely by invidious comparisons between his new-found Eden and the world he left behind him "where the almost total synchronization of life had concentrated all struggle

Sonnet

I may have helped, but do not call me wise,
For it is not a talent of the mind
Which in a moment comes to realize
A sudden insight where we were resigned:
These partial truths among the daily lies—
Deceits more thoughtless than they are unkind—
Are not uncovered when we analyse;
Will not by definition be defined.
Rather it is an impulse of the will,
Which tentative and not content alone,
Seeks for another to at last fulfill
Its final aim—to know and to be known.
Through this concern, some small truth may proceed
Not from our wisdom, but our common need.

ELLEN KAY

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around two or three problems raised to white heat." That he hasn't altogether escaped the habits of this world may be suspected from his response to the sun on his body as he bathes in a tropical river: "I felt once more the tension and the throb that sought the dark palpitation of vitals plumbed to their depths in a boundless desire of oneness which became the longing for the womb."

But even apart from the portentous prose and the oversimplification of its primitive vs. civilized thesis the book's failure is inherent in the device, as here employed, of first-person narrator. He must strike any reader, I should think, as humorless, peevish, arrogant and self-pitying, but there is no indication that he strikes the author that way. We are offered no helpful perspective by which to judge him: there is no implicit irony, no qualifications of his viewpoint. With an author so indulgent, a narrator so self-indulgent has every-

thing his own way and proceeds to wreck the book! He is either exasperated by, or merely indifferent to, the incidents he cursorily describes. He is so absorbed in himself that he is unaware of the minutiae of life around him. The people are faceless and near-anonymous because, with the exception of his jungle love, they attract his attention only when they get on his nerves or in his way.

What does absorb him is the "play" of his own mind. "I had always loved those leaps from the transcendental to the eccentric, from Elizabethan drama to Gnosticism, from Platonism to acupuncture . . . the kaleidoscope of ideas passing swiftly from the Cabala to Anxiety." That should give some hint of the range of his "leaps" and the confusion of the "kaleidoscope" which make up his disconnected reflections and the irrelevant bulk of this book. No doubt its admirers will enshrine it in that dubious category, the "novel of ideas."

Wordsworth as Ulysses, Charles Gray as Achilles all demonstrate a gift for bold and explicit characterization, but they make their marks as virtuosos and rather apart from the encounters of the play. The rest of the company works with dash, noise and enthusiasm, without building much dramatic structure either out of their lines or their presence on the stage. Everything gives place to a general impression of feverish brightness. Guthrie is a showman of almost unmatched energy and ingenuity; what he seems to lack is a good opinion of his material or of his audience.

SENTIMENTALITY is not a French vice, but when the French fall into it they fall hard. An example is *La Sorcière*, in which a young Parisian engineer takes a job (object unspecified) in the deep Swedish woods and falls in love, first with his employer, a blonde lady martinet, then with an apprentice witch who lives with her granny in a lakeside hut, chats with fawns and squirrels, runs and jumps like Tarzan, bathes in the nude and cures ugly cuts with a caress. She is a toothsome witch, lightly clad and more shy than prudish. This is all pleasant enough, but the picture's attempt to pick its mincing way between a fairy tale and a love affair will set your teeth on edge.

TEL AVIV TAXI is a dreary little comedy. It has none of the energy or freshness or enthusiasm that you could reasonably expect from the movie makers of a new country; on the contrary, it is stale, spiritless and unprofessional. I doubt that the most patriotic Israeli could admire it, and it should never have been exported to certain failure.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

January 13 through 19

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, January 13

WAR AND PEACE (NBC-TV Opera Company). American premiere of Prokofiev's opera, produced by Samuel Chotzinoff with a cast of ninety-two. The principal singers are Morley Meredith, Helena Scott, Linda McNaughton and David Lloyd. In English translation. (Color)

MEDICAL HORIZONS (ABC). From the Mayo Clinic Don Goddard and staff doctors will discuss the twentieth century plague—ulcers—and progress in treatment. The show will tour the facilities of the largest group practice in the world and will hear how illness is handled

THEATRE and FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE FINAL production of the Old Vic's season here is a provoking and theatrically exciting *Troilus and Cressida*. Tyrone Guthrie, labeling the play a satiric comedy, directs it for laughs and jangle. He has put it in Edwardian dress and manners, with guards-regiment types out of *Punch* and their light ladies from Mayfair and Leicester Square. Guthrie invents business with a nervous versatility; he runs his actors up and down the aisles, hangs on them all manner of glittering, rattling accoutrements and keeps them fretting and jibing like horses too long in their stalls. There was surely never a busier production of the play or one more eager to meet the audience on the easy ground of a broad style. Guthrie competes with Shakespeare for guffaws—the tiny Priam among his giant sons, Helen an aging variety artiste in too-tight shoes, Nestor's shooting stick, Thersites' nasal (and often incomprehensible) cockney, the elegant Pandarus wolfing after every comely boy on the stage. It's every bit as good a laugh riot as *The Pajama Game* and no nagging doubts about the quality of these heroes—they have no quality. Who will wonder about the heart of Cressida, a high-born slut whose very groom knows her too well? Or who will be jealous of the honor of Agamemnon, a Blimp grown fatuous punting the years away before the walls of Troy?

It is all malice, pose and larking and we have no need of Thersites to tell us "Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion."

It would not be true to say that Guthrie's concept fails to work—you could not sit in the audience and deny that the production is a success. But it may be too small a success. *Troilus* is a bitter play, whatever the argument for calling it a tragedy, that strikes out against honor without principle, love without generosity, blood without cause, and Shakespeare did not waste anger on jackdaws. Yet this Hector plays for the varsity, Ulysses is a Noel Coward sophisticate, Cassandra a Bloomsbury eccentric and Troilus a dear boy caught in a precocious love affair. It is funny and right on the surface.

Then there is Achilles, who can't be made to foxtrot like the others. He is corrupt but powerful; dangerous, passionate and direct, and he remains fixed in his original context. Guthrie conceives him as a prize fighter gone to sloth, which is excellent, but his unscrupulous megalomania is much too raw for the surrounding gold braid and tin swords. And what of Pandarus' spitting farewell? The hatred is too sudden after all the easy amorality—the shaft misses.

I recall the acting as a group of splendid individual turns—Paul Rogers as Pandarus, John Neville as Thersites, Rosemary Harris as Cressida, Richard

there, from diagnosis to discharge.

Monday, January 14

SALUTE TO RICHARD RODGERS (ABC; Voice of Firestone). Patrice Munsel with orchestra and chorus.

TODAY (NBC). Dave Garroway will return from sick leave to celebrate the show's fifth anniversary.

Radio

Saturday, January 19

LA PERICHOLE (ABC). The new Metropolitan production of Offenbach's opera; with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard and Ralph Herbert.

A. W. L.

LETTER from ROME

By William Weaver

AMERICAN movie enthusiasts, on arriving in Italy, are often shocked by the Italian films* which they see here. At home, films like *La Strada* or *I vitelloni* or revivals of *Shoeshine* and *Open City*, encourage the notion that in post-war Italy movies on a high level of seriousness and artistry are produced with regularity. Seen from this side of the Atlantic, the situation is radically different and, for the admirer of the films listed above, infinitely depressing. The industry here is in the midst of a financial crisis, and is producing very few films. Of the few produced, even fewer are any good.

The financial crisis is only one reason for the decline in quality; another is Italy's strict and capricious censorship. Every script to be filmed here must be submitted to a board of censors; after it is passed by this board, it is filmed; then the completed film must be re-submitted to the board, which often imposes still further changes and cuts. Last year, in one instance, the censors attempted to withdraw a film they had allowed to be released: *Casanova*, a bad little film full of leaden innuendo. The entire film industry—and many members of parliament along with it—rose up against this new turn of censorship's screw, and *Casanova* was eventually re-released. But the effect of all this on producers' morale can easily be imagined. Since then only the most innocuous films have been made. Some of them, to be sure, are given sexy-sounding titles to attract the public, but like the cover on paper-book editions of *Madame Bovary*, this ruse fools few customers.

Every month the highbrow magazine *Cinema Nuovo* lists the films currently in production. A couple of years ago, when the industry was at its zenith, the catalogue might have included as many as forty or fifty pictures; last month's issue numbered fourteen pictures. Of these, three are documentaries, a couple are cheap musicals, and most of the rest are pseudo-bedroom comedies, starring popular comic actors like Peppino De Filippo or the omnipresent Toto* (who

can sometimes be funny, but rarely is in his badly-made pictures).

All kinds of laws protect Italian films against American competition: government subsidies are given to "deserving" (i.e., inoffensive) pictures, Italian movie houses are obliged by law to show a certain number of Italian films per year (they show them mostly in the summer, when the theatres are deserted anyway for lack of air-conditioning). Still Toto* really can't compete with Jerry Lewis when it comes to box office.

And instead of competing with the Americans by accentuating the *Italian* qualities of their films, producers here outdo themselves in attempts to imitate American pictures—Italy serves only as a convenient and attractive background for stories like *Donatella* (starring Elsa Martinelli, who has made a picture in Hollywood), a poor-little-rich-girl business that might have been written for our own June Allyson. Another recent production, *Il prezzo della gloria* (*The Price of Glory*), was also American in everything but its background; this was a war movie about the Italian navy that reminded me of those movies made in Hollywood during the last war about "typical" groups of soldiers (or sailors or air corpsmen), of whom each had his own little drama, etc.

WHAT about Italy's vaunted *neo-realismo*? Rossellini's decline has been so rapid and so international that it hardly bears mentioning. Visconti (less well-known in America) is a less instinctive, more professional director; but he has the reputation of spending too much money, and his films are made at rare intervals. De Sica has made a film recently, *Il tetto* (*The Roof*), about which there was much talk and speculation before its release. Afterwards, the interest died. It is a well-made film on a moving theme (Italy's housing problem), but its very smoothness robs it of the force of De Sica's earlier pictures, despite their technical flaws. And some of the best things in the picture are imitations of earlier De Sica inventions

*The Great Man's voice,
like a silken scarf...*

*wound round the lives of
millions of his listeners
...and made them
captives of his charm.*

*Charm that could sell
them anything...
cigarettes, toothpaste...
as long as it was "his"
brand.*

*They loved his homely
wit, his humble
philosophy. But they
didn't know him.*

*Was there something else
behind that warm smile?*

*Ask his wife... his
sometime girl friends.
Talk to his press agent.
His band leader. Look for
the people who knew him
... little and big.*

*Of all, only one man had
the courage to sift
through his deeds...
good or evil... to show
him as he really was...*



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(a servant girl, for instance, who recalls the tenderer performance of Maria Pia Casilio in *Umberto D.*).

Equally disappointing is the recent film of Pietro Germi, *Il ferroviere* (*The Railroader*). Here again there are all the outward trappings of *neo-realismo*: a story about a working man, the sets carefully and authentically reconstructed, the Roman dialect all correct; but again, the core is missing. All these realistic paraphernalia are used to dish up a soppy story about a family that has lots of troubles, but solves them all on Christmas eve, just before father dies. There is even a little boy in the story, a Roman Tiny Tim.

IN ROME, as in Hollywood, the "star vehicle" is a standard product. (In fact, one of the causes of the industry's crash was the exaggerated salaries paid to hastily-created "stars.") To exploit the publicity of her recent Oscar, a story was quickly run up for Anna Magnani last year. The result, *Suor Letizia* (*Sister Letizia*) is just out: again, a weak imitation in which la Magnani plays a

Hollywood sort of nun, who plays football and knows about money management.

Despite these recent disappointments, the situation isn't entirely black. Fellini is currently finishing a new picture, *Le Notti di Cabiria* (*Cabiria's Nights*), which sounds promising. Visconti is about to start shooting a film taken from a Dostoevski story, *Le notti bianche*, which will have only two actors: the Italian Marcello Mastroianni, and the German Maria Schell, who was given the "best actress" award at last autumn's Venice Festival. And Mario Rossi, who directed a beautifully sensitive film called *Amici per la pelle* (*Bosom Friends*) a year or so ago, is about to do a picture called *Grande Albergo*, which—despite the title—is not a remake of *Grand Hotel*, but a new story. If it has the warmth and the intelligent direction of his earlier film, this picture will assure Rossi a place in the new generation of Italian directors: a generation which, unfortunately, will probably have to work with the old generation of Italian producers.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

WHAT I expected would be an outstanding performance of *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan—with Tito Gobbi in the title role, Mattiwillda Dobbs as Gilda and Giorgio Tozzi as Sparafucile—turned out to be disappointing. My expectations were based on Gobbi's excellent singing in the Angel *Rigoletto*, Dobbs's exquisitely clear and lovely voice in her Angel song recital, Tozzi's sumptuous singing of Pimen in the Metropolitan's *Boris Godunov* last year; but Gobbi's voice this time was dry and became increasingly rough and harsh as he forced it throughout the evening; the tremolo that clouded Dobbs's voice completely in her first duets continued to blemish it much of the time thereafter, and only an occasional phrase—e.g. the one introducing "*Caro nome*"—had the loveliness of a few years ago; and Tozzi's bass had a roughness it didn't have last year. As for Jan Peerce, who was the Duke, his aging tenor surprised one by causing less discomfort to the ear in the last act than in the earlier ones; but I cannot report similar improvement in the appearance and movement that were damaging to dramatic credibility. To make Gilda come to life requires powers of presence and projection which Dobbs doesn't have; to avoid laughable excess in the title role requires restraint which Gobbi didn't always exhibit; but

his performance had powerful moments—e.g. his whirling gesture of peremptory dismissal to the courtiers in Act 3.

Any performance of *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan has the impressiveness of the wonderful Eugene Berman sets for the first three acts. But the first act was the less impressive for the obtrusive clutter of dance invention that Zachary Solow devises in endless and pointless profusion. Fausto Cleva conducted the performance efficiently.

AS IT happens RCA Victor's Camden record, CAL-320, with dubbings of 78-rpm recordings of the great baritone de Luca, offers a performance of the scene of *Rigoletto* and the courtiers from Act 3 of *Rigoletto*; and for anyone who has been hearing the customary bellowing in this scene de Luca's performance is made unusual, astonishing and exciting by the fact that every note is sung, and that the most intense expressiveness and dramatic force are achieved by singing which is done with a vocal and musical style and art that I have heard from only a few singers. Even with the loss in dubbing the voice is beautiful; and it isn't damaged by the artificial echo added to some of the other dubbed recordings.

One of the few singers who have exhibited distinguished style and art in

addition to a beautiful voice is Bjoerling. In the years since Caruso's death now this and now that tenor has been declared his successor; but for me the one tenor voice that has stood out among all others in the way Caruso's did—by its distinctive and unique timbre, combined with extraordinary range, flexibility and power—is Bjoerling's; and he has used it with a musical taste Caruso didn't possess. Victor LM-2003 reproduces a number of his performances of operatic arias and German *Lieder* at a recital in Carnegie Hall in September, 1955; and I must report that he is a little breathless in the arias from *Don Giovanni* and *Carmen* and a little too excited in Schubert's *Die Forelle*, and that the voice hasn't all the unique silvery lustre it had. But it has enough to make the *mezza-voce* singing in Strauss's *Traum durch die Daemmerung* ear-ravishing; and it has enough power for a brilliant performance of something like Strauss's *Caecilie*. Best of all—and most remarkable since it is one of the last encores at the end of a taxing concert—is a performance of Foster's *I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair* that is made enchanting by the beauty and suppleness of the *mezza-voce* singing and the exquisite phrasing.

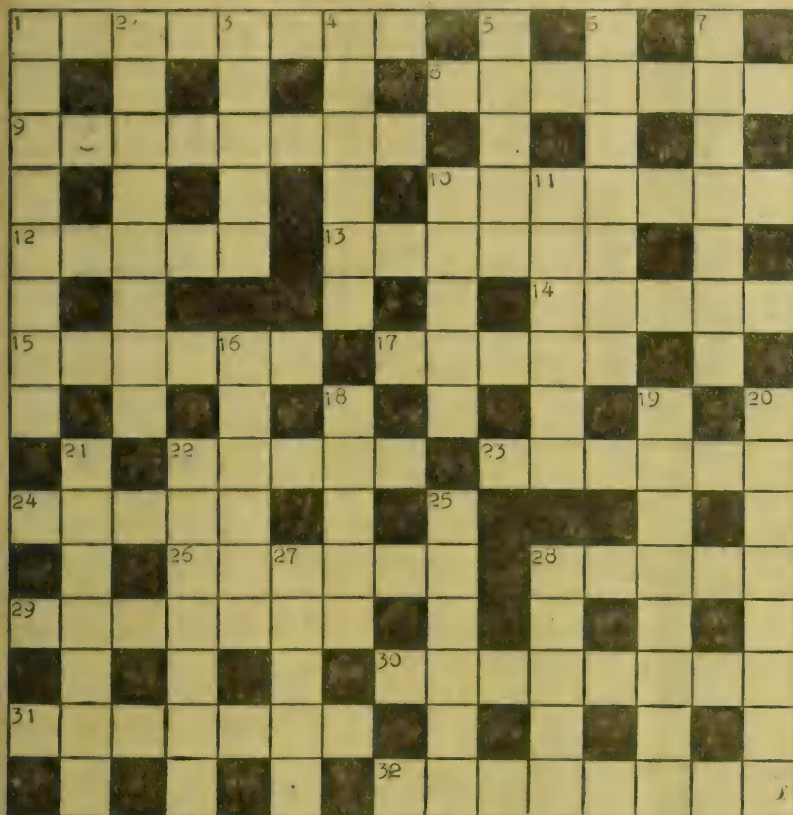
LOVELY singing and phrasing by Hilde Guden are heard in the performances of Mozart arias transferred from two earlier ten-inch records to London LL-1508. And also in the performances of arias by Verdi, Donizetti and Puccini on LL-1322. Most of these are also transferred from earlier ten-inches; but the "*Caro nome*" and duet "*Tutte le feste*" with Protti sound as though they were taken from London's more recent complete *Rigoletto*; and with the earlier "*Della crudele Isotta*" there is a "*Prendi, per me sei libero*" that appears to be from the new and very good *L'Elisir d'Amore* in London XLLA-38, which has in addition di Stefano, Corena, Capocchi and the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino under Molinari-Prandelli's direction.

Angel 35379 offers excerpts from the complete *Norma* with Callas, including the beautiful arias "*Casta diva*," "*Teneri figli*" and "*Deh! non volevi vittime*" and duet "*In mio mano*." Callas' singing is more secure, more beautiful and more dramatically impressive than what I heard at the Metropolitan performance this year; and there is also fine singing by Stignani.

As for Orff's *Die Kluge*, performed well in Angel 3551, it has convinced me that the excitement over Orff's works is an excitement over the emperor's new clothes.

Crossword Puzzle No. 706

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 13 across
- 2 See 13 across
- 3 See 5 down
- 4 The female aspect of pride. (7)
- 5 Wants to be seen in turn, with a penny in it. (5)
- 6 1 across and 8 across Certainly doesn't imply universal tenderness! (6, 3, 5, 3, 4)
- 7 Preacher, but not through power of seizure. (5)
- 8 Not necessarily implying lack of harmony. (6)
- 9 An inclination, on the surface. (What might be velvet would show it.) (5)
- 10 21 down Happy-go-lucky spirit might take charge of it. (5-3-4)
- 11 Applied to the stars of "The Last Rally." (6)
- 12 Chairs are meant to be like this material. (5)
- 13 26 and 16 down "Dear Sir"? (6, 6)
- 14 Joan's disguised character? (5)
- 15 It cures jaundice. (7)
- 16 Vice ain't just doin' nothin'! (8)
- 17 Further. (7)
- 18 Introduces things in your Christmas stocking. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 One of the band of 28 across. (8)
- 2 Private coteries. (8)
- 3 Has to be taken in court, perhaps. (5)

- 4 Could unite with another of like origin, and in France is up to the competition. (6)
- 5 and 9 across Tired with fun? Eventually! (3, 2, 4, 4)
- 6 Deliberation together. (7)
- 7 Suffering in the main? (7)
- 8 Flourished when 12 across got his come-uppance. (5)
- 9 Man alive, how she does eat! (6)
- 10 See 26 across
- 11 Coins, sometimes held in the mouth. (5)
- 12 Perhaps a quiet red, or a sort of blue. (8)
- 13 Moving parts, but one might be better if heavy. (8)
- 14 See 22 across
- 15 A mad, mad mile, with no satisfactory conclusion. (7)
- 16 They contain quite a bit of the sort of ore that has dots. (6)
- 17 Clusters. (5)
- 18 A boy's game? Usually not. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 705

ACROSS: 1 SOBERING; 5 ARCHER; 9 RONDEAU; 10 GESTURE; 11 GLAZIER; 12 ELOPING; 13 HIGHLAND FLING; 15 DECOMPOSITION; 21 EMOTION; 22 HOME RUN; 23 EJECTOR; 24 INROADS; 25 TRAINS; 26 REEFERED DOWN; 1 SHRUGS; 2 BENEATH; 3 REELING; 4 NEUTRAL CORNER; 6 RISE OFF; 7 HOODINI; 8 REENGAGE; 10 GREENWICH TIME; 14 ADHERENT; 16 CHOLERA; 17 MOISTEN; 18 IMMERSE; 19 NARRATE; 20 UNUSED.

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**What George
Bernard Shaw
Had to Say About
THE NATION**



It is certainly curious that so outspoken a journal as The Nation should have survived for sixty years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned, clubbed, and expatriated as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty. I have been through both myself; and I know.

G. Bernard Shaw. 12/5/25.

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THE
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JANUARY 19, 1957 . . 25c



BEHIND the CULTURE CURTAIN

by Richard L. Coe

LETTERS

On J. Bronowski

[The publication of J. Bronowski's Science and Human Values in our December 29 issue has brought an extraordinary response from our readership. Some of the lengthier comment will be published in early issues; herewith a few brief letters.—The Editors.]

Dear Sirs: I read Science and Human Values, by J. Bronowski, with great interest, pleasure and frequent assent. I am grateful to *The Nation* for publishing the lectures as a whole.

ROBERT OPPENHEIMER
Director

The Institute for Advanced Study
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Hearty thanks for the privilege of reading the article by Bronowski. I have thus far only been able to go about two-thirds of the way through this material, but that is enough to make me rise up and shout "three cheers."

KIRTLEY F. MATHER
Professor of Geology, Emeritus
Harvard University

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I am both grateful to *The Nation* and proud of its decision to publish the Bronowski article. It fell to my good fortune that I met Dr. Bronowski when he was in America a few years ago. Better luck still, I sat for a term in his seminar at M.I.T., where his lucidity and his depth of thought were observable life-size.

There is no one else so clear in his ideas of the humane worth of science as he. What he says, I believe, is what a great many earnest men and women of the laboratory and the field station would say, but cannot voice. I believe these ideas presage the humane opinion of the future, which will be the commonplace and yet precious agreed ground of all educated persons.

While Dr. Bronowski walked in the warm evening about the wreck of Nagasaki, I spent damp nights in the ashes of Hiroshima. We have fashioned from that autumn a common faith that not in isolation and in terror but in unity and growth will science remake our world.

PHILLIP MORRISON
Cornell University

Ithaca, New York

Dear Sirs: As a psychiatrist, I feel that Mr. Bronowski's attitude has tremendous value for millions of people all over the world, to non-professional groups as

well as educational and professional groups. It should be made available to the U.N. and translated into many languages for use and study all over the world.

I. LEO FISHBEIN, M.D.

Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs: I am writing first of all to congratulate you for carrying the complete text of Bronowski's Science and Human Values in the December 29 issue. I have just finished reading it, and it is the kind of thinking and writing that makes me want to throw up my hat. Secondly, I want to ask whether you or someone else will issue Bronowski's work as a booklet. If so, I would like to order ten copies. If not, please send me ten copies of the December 29 issue.

HERBERT S. BAILEY, JR.

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: I, for one, am extremely grateful to *The Nation* for providing its readers with Mr. Bronowski's remarkable essays. I find them an abstracting and putting together in dynamic form of many insights heretofore scattered, plus not a few very much his own. To comment would be to underline almost every sentence, or to write fifty essays.

One such essay would expand his very right insistence on the likeness of all creative thought—artistic, scientific, etc.—and on its provenance in the senses. In fact, to follow one thread of the hardwove carpet he offers for our waftage, his whole treatment of creative men is masterly...

And not least cause for pleasure is the wit and geniality that inform Mr. Bronowski's writing, his variety of illustration and analogy. He writes like the great ideal of his admired period, a whole man.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

Weston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I think you were fully justified in devoting practically an entire issue of *The Nation* to Dr. Bronowski's Science and Human Values. I hope you will find it possible to reissue the articles in pamphlet form. They deserve the widest possible circulation.

HALLEN M. BELL

Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs: The Bronowski is wonderful, true and beautiful, and it's fine that *The Nation* has the flexibility to print it.

HERBERT GOLD

New York City

Dear Sirs: Permit me to compliment you for publishing the excellent article, Science and Human Values by J. Bronowski. I find it so stimulating that I am including it in my course study for a course in art appreciation.

LOUIS T. SAFER

Assistant Professor in Art
University of Minnesota

Minneapolis, Minn.

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EDITORIALS

The Ultimate Resolution

At Suez, the Tories were cautious enough to stop when the going got really rough; on the home front, they are apparently not quite so adaptable. Had R. A. Butler, a moderate Conservative who did not subscribe warmly to the Suez adventure, been chosen to succeed Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister, one might have gathered that the Tories had learned something from the last few months. But with Harold Macmillan, the party is serving notice that it is sticking to its guns. Not that any other choice would have made much difference in the long run. It is one of the virtues of a *genuine* two-party system that sooner or later the electorate is given opportunity to pass upon issues rather than men. In this instance, the issue is clear enough, and so is the line drawn between the adversaries. The Labor Party opposed the Suez invasion; the Tories supported it. The matter is as simple as that, and the British voter, who as a result of Suez has less money, less gasoline and less of an Empire, is not likely to be comforted by the resignation of Mr. Eden. Sooner rather than later, they will demand the resignation of his party.

The Diplomacy Nobody Wants

In view of the intensive week-long build-up it received, the Administration's Middle East Doctrine is disappointing and anticlimactic. It is purposely vague and uncertain. It assumes that the Russians would be inept enough to commit overt acts of aggression rather than use economic penetration and subversion to attain their objectives. It describes as a "vacuum" a region with more than 40,000,000 inhabitants. It offers to provide arms in a region in which an arms embargo should be a top priority. Undercutting the U. N., it threatens the use of American force in defense of the status quo in one of the most unstable regions of the world. It evades the real issues and ducks the great questions. In short, it is neither a doctrine, a program nor a policy. If it had to be characterized in a phrase, it might be termed a stand-by declaration of war.

All of this is bad enough, but to make matters worse there is about this new doctrine the same unmistakable air of midnight improvisation that there was about the

Truman Doctrine. C. L. Sulzberger quotes in the *New York Times* the private comment of one of Dulles' closest advisers: "The Secretary had absolutely no policy in the Middle East prior to the Suez invasion." The information is superfluous. If we had a policy, the declaration would not have been forthcoming. The Army has a saying: "When you don't know what to do, do something"; the Navy's version is: "When in danger or in doubt, run around, scream and shout." But history has finally overtaken us; we cannot go on improvising forever.

In preparing the declaration, the Administration has ignored the experience of the last two months as well as the mistakes of the last ten years. In that brief period when Mr. Dulles was away from his desk because of illness and the President was forced to take over, new vistas opened for American policy. For a moment we acquired freedom for new and fresh initiatives; our prestige soared at the U. N. and in the uncommitted areas, which are the real prize in the current struggle for power. For once it seemed that we had hit upon a policy which gave promise of enhancing our prestige and thereby our capacity for effective leadership. What is now proposed, however, is a diplomacy nobody wants. With the possible exception of Rome, nearly every world capital, including Washington, has reported critical or adverse reaction: the French and British don't like it; nor do the Israelis nor the Arabs. It has evoked no cheers in New Delhi, Tokyo or Manila. It may be that Turkey and Iraq are favorably disposed, but the cheering is not loud; nor is Bonn enthusiastic.

Who wants this policy? Who requested it? It has not "electrified" the nation. What has electrified the country is Representative Wayne L. Hays's decision to walk out of a hearing of the House Foreign Affairs Committee because "there is entirely too much executive session around here," and Senator W. Kerr Scott's speech attacking Dulles as a "champion quick-change artist" and denouncing the new doctrine as "an undated declaration of war."

In Congress the reaction has been one of icy bipartisan reserve. The Administration has misjudged both the world's needs and its sentiments. There is no more reason to believe that the cold war will be re-

sumed in the form in which it raged from 1947 to the Geneva summit conference than there is to believe that the Russians could, by the issuance of a Bulganin or Khrushchev "doctrine," completely reverse the consequences of "de-Stalinization." New factual situations call for new policies and it is apparent that the Administration has not thought through the implications of the present situation.

Noting the reactions, the President should make it clear that the Administration welcomes the most thoroughgoing public discussion of the new doctrine in and out of Congress. Mr. Dulles has suggested that the failure of Congress to approve it quickly might encourage Russia to undertake acts of aggression in the Middle East. This is political blackmail. It is also nonsense. So far as direct armed aggression is concerned, Washington has already issued four public warnings. Failure promptly to approve the Administration Doctrine will not encourage Russian aggression; it might, however, discourage "crash" diplomacy or diplomacy-by-improvisation.

The way to avoid partisan debates which might in fact embarrass those charged with the conduct of foreign affairs is to encourage debate on issues, policies and programs before they are proclaimed to the world. Free debate in the formative phases of policy-making is the best means of avoiding acrid post-mortem sessions in which one party accuses the other of having "lost" China or "encouraged" Japanese aggression in the Far East. Some weeks back *The Nation* pointed out that for the first time since the inception of the cold war it seemed likely that a free and candid debate on foreign policy might take place. If the new doctrine was aimed at shutting off discussion, it has failed. As things stand, Congress will doubtless approve it in some modified form, but not before extended debate, not all of which will be enlightening.

Peiping and Moscow

China's unqualified backing of the Kremlin on the issue of Soviet-satellite relations does not necessarily dispose of the argument that American policy should aim at driving a wedge between the two great Communist powers. Thanks in part to the isolation which American policy has imposed, China remains largely dependent on the Soviet Union, more particularly on East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, for materials indispensable to early fulfillment of its ambitious industrialization plans. In this connection, Moscow's difficulties have suddenly improved China's bargaining position. The Soviets are doubtless prepared to pay a stiff price—more economic aid, earlier deliveries, easier terms—for Chinese support in the current ideological struggle and Chou En-lai is a shrewd negotiator.

Even so, the earlier Chinese preference for the position taken by Gomulka, Tito, and, at the outset, by

Togliatti, may still obtain; the Chinese may be less orthodox than their most recent statements indicate. In a dispatch from Moscow to the *New York Times*, M. S. Handler reports that the Poles credit the Chinese with having an ever-increasing impact on the affairs of Communist regimes in Europe and believe that Chinese influence will play an even more important role as time passes. It is too early to write off this possibility as wishful thinking; and, in the meantime, the effect of American policy is to increase the degree of China's dependence on the Soviet bloc.

Three-Cornered Chess

Senator Knowland's decision to retire from the Senate in 1958 is further evidence of his celebrated "bullheadedness," for what he has done is to brighten the prospects of his arch rival, Vice President Nixon. The conclusion is clear but the explanation is necessarily somewhat labyrinthine.

In 1952 Nixon stole a march on Senator Knowland and California Republicans generally by throwing his support to General Eisenhower despite the fact that Earl Warren, who was then Governor, had appointed him to the Senate. Senator Knowland remained loyal to Warren, who was his sponsor in politics. When Warren was appointed to the Supreme Court, "Goodie" Knight was elevated to the governorship and the three-cornered Nixon-Knowland-Knight struggle began. To control the state Republican apparatus, Knowland and Knight combined forces to freeze out Nixon. But in 1956 President Eisenhower's preference for Nixon compelled Knight and Knowland to accept a compromise on the seventy-member California delegation, which was divided into three equal parts with its seventieth member, Senator Thomas Kuchel, pledged to neutrality.

It is now clear, of course, that Senator Knowland intends to run for governor on the assumption that in the State House he would be in a stronger position in 1960 than if he remained in the Senate. For one thing, he could probably control the delegation. But *The Nation* can state authoritatively that Senator Knowland has not consulted Governor Knight who, at this time at least, intends to run for re-election. A fight for the Republican gubernatorial nomination between Knowland and Knight might well find Nixon on the side of his arch-enemy, Governor Knight. Already the Hearst newspapers in California, which are in Nixon's camp, have acquired a new and friendly interest in Governor Knight. Senator Knowland unquestionably counts on the support of the Southern California conservatives which, in practical effect, means the support of Norman Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*. The *Times* is anti-Knight because Knight is pro-labor, but it loves Nixon more than it dislikes Knight. It would be strange, therefore, if the *Times* were to hazard its investment in the odds-on favorite Nixon to support

Senator Knowland. The Republican County Committee in Los Angeles is largely Nixon-controlled. And the Warren "crowd"—in his long tenure of office in Sacramento, Mr. Warren had occasion to appoint a very large percentage of the present judicial officers of the state—prefers Knight to Knowland on local issues and would probably support Knight even if the effect were to help Nixon, for whom it has no great admiration. If Knowland lost to Knight in a primary fight, Nixon's principal rival for the Republican nomination would be eliminated two years in advance of the convention.

In the meantime, Senator Knowland is the perfect foil for Nixon. The very fact that he—a Taft-type Senator with rigid views on everything from Formosa to the Bricker Amendment—is the Vice President's principal rival, makes it all the easier for Nixon to pose as an Eisenhower-type "liberal" Republican. Thanks to Knowland, the Vice President has moved another step nearer his goal.

An interpretation directly contrary to the above suggests that the complex three-cornered chess game being played in California finds Nixon and Knowland determined to eliminate Knight as the third player. The theory implies an understanding between Knowland and Nixon and a desire on Nixon's part to reinsure against the threat of Knight. It could be. But the theory credits Knowland with a degree of subtlety and a willingness to subordinate his ambitions to Nixon's that is hard to accept.

"God Bless Our New Home"

South Africa's Minister of Interior, who is charged with the odious task of enforcing the *apartheid* laws, waited all night at the airport in Johannesburg to be on hand to greet the first group of Hungarian refugees. Sleepy children, some clad only in nightgowns and shoes, descended from the planes with their parents to stand at attention in a blaze of lights as a band played the Hungarian National Anthem and a spokesman for the group, in responding to the minister's welcoming speech, said with great emotion: "We are in a free country at last! God bless our new home!" As the refugees passed through the streets on their way to shelters, they were showered with cigarettes, sweets, clothes and presents. Huge relief funds have been collected for them and the employables, being "white," have been quickly placed in good jobs.

The warmth of this welcome is timely assurance of the essential humanity of the Afrikaners. But there is cruel irony in the fact that the refugees should have fled one police state only to land in another. On the eve of their arrival, the government had arrested more than 150 individuals — some white, some African, some Indian, some Cape Colored — on charges of high treason. The basis of the charge is incitement and preparation to overthrow the government. No doubt

local Communists have long cherished this objective but the indictment is aimed not at them but at such individuals as the Rev. Douglas C. Thompson, superintendent of the Methodist Church; Dr. Z. K. Matthews, acting principal of Fort Hare University College for Africans, who was a visiting professor at the Union Theological Seminary in 1952, and Albert J. Luthuli, widely known in this country as a prominent layman in the Bantu Congregational Church. As the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, author of *Naught for Your Comfort*, has pointed out, treason trials on such a scale as this are the symptoms of only one kind of sickness and their purpose is clearly to "frighten into silence those who are still able to speak of liberty."

Singing In the Streets

The arrests in South Africa, coupled with other developments, may prove to be the undoing of the Strydom government. The arrests (December 5) followed quickly on the announcement that the Union of South Africa in the future will maintain only "a token or nominal representative" at meetings of the General Assembly. The government is clearly afraid that the Hungarian issue may create a new interest at the U.N. in its barbarous racial policies. It is also worried by the boycott movement organized by the African National Congress which has now spread to Southern and Northern Rhodesia. Then, too, the English-speaking residents are beginning to take a stand against *apartheid*, as indicated by the strong student opposition to the extension of *apartheid* policies to the two open (non-segregated) universities of Capetown and Witwatersrand, the election of Sir De Villiers Graaff — a known opponent of appeasement — as the new leader of the United Party, and the recent refusal of the Federated Chamber of Industries at Port Elizabeth to make its policies conform with *apartheid* concepts.

At the preliminary hearings on the treason case, the "harmonious" singing of thousands of native demonstrators in the streets drowned out the proceedings and police were forced to open fire to disperse them. In South Africa, a distinguished group of churchmen, including the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg and the Archbishop of Capetown, have undertaken to raise a fund to defend the "traitors" and the American Committee on Africa — sponsored by a group that includes such names as Roger N. Baldwin, Stringfellow Barr, Mrs. Chester Bowles, Clarence Pickett, Norman Thomas, Channing Tobias, and A. Philip Randolph — is raising a similar fund in New York. It seems unlikely, therefore, that the high treason trial will succeed in frightening those who are still able to speak of liberty in South Africa. Mr. Strydom and his associates would be well-advised to appoint a commission to study the consequences of similar attempts to suppress human freedom in Hungary.

"GOTT MIT UNS" . . by David L. Weissman

THE BEARDS in *The Rise of American Civilization* tell that Franklin, in fear of its imminent dissolution and "in despair of human devices," proposed that the Constitutional Convention "be opened daily with prayer, invoking divine guidance to save it from ruin," but that Hamilton, according to tradition, thought that they were not in need of "foreign aid."

We have travelled far from this early irreverence. Now hardly an official, statesman, politician or leader in general, however complaisant he may be in such matters in private, takes a public step or makes a speech without some genuflexion to the Deity. Some of them indeed act as though God were their ally in their undertakings. And to a few, like the Secretary of State who takes us to the brink and providentially brings us back, it is impossible not to apply the wit's remark, "There, but for the Grace of God, goes God."

There is danger in this resort to sacred things in the interest of mundane affairs. Men are too prone to identify their own ambitions with the will of God. Rivers of blood have been spilled under banners of profane crusades. In this, as in so many other matters, it is best to follow Jefferson's advice: "I never told my own religion nor scrutinized that of another . . . for it is in our lives and not from our words, that our religion must be read."

Sometimes the current tendency to ignore Jefferson's advice and to ring in the Deity on every possible occasion results in making a hypocrite or a fool of the one doing so, as for example:

1. It is no secret that what chiefly moved former Prime Minister Eden to come to Washington last February was Britain's anxiety about the Middle East situation. Three-quarters of the world's known oil reserves are in that area. Two great conflicts center in this oil: one be-

tween the West and the Soviet bloc; the other within the West. At first Britain had a near monopoly of Middle East oil, but in the course of the years the American interests had moved in and Britain was in danger of being pushed out altogether. Eden came complaining that American oil royalties were being used by Saudi Arabia's king for bribery and political agitation to undermine British interests in the whole area.

THE STAKES were therefore high, particularly for Britain. This explains Britain's policies in the area, and its desperate efforts to avoid being ousted from Palestine, Egypt, Iran, Jordan and now Cyprus. It also explains our own ambivalence: to keep the Soviets out and at the same time do as little as possible to keep Britain in.

Mr. Eden did not win much support for Britain's share of what a new *York Times* reporter, dead-pan, called the West's "oil aspirations." The United States refused either to join the Baghdad Pact or to cut off Saudi Arabia's oil revenues. But Mr. Eden did get what was to be known in history as the Declaration of Washington. This in essence was a warning to the neutralist and uncommitted areas not to allow themselves to be seduced by Soviet promises or enticements. The first paragraph read as follows:

We are conscious that in this year 1956, there still rages the age-old struggle between those who believe that man has his origin and his destiny in God and those who treat man as if he were designed merely to serve a state machine.

In the context of the reasons for Mr. Eden's urgent visit, there was something oleaginous in this easy familiarity with the Deity. God will no more readily mix with oil than with water.

2. When later in the year Britain and France embarked on their ill-starred adventure in Egypt, the Administration set its face like flint against their violation of United Nations principles and, by insisting

on working through the U.N., succeeded in getting Britain and France to withdraw. The President said that there could not be one morality for our friends and a different morality for our enemies. Some cynical Britons said that our lofty attitude was no more than another maneuver in the plan to oust the British completely. Then, when Britain and France had withdrawn, the Administration announced that it would seek Congressional approval to prevent by economic and political aid and force, if necessary, the Communists from filling the vacuum created by the ouster of the British and French. Working through the United Nations was forgotten. To the cynical Britons this decision to act outside the world body, coming so soon after they were eased out by its use, was confirmation of their earlier suspicions. To the Asians, who hoped that neither the Russians nor the Americans but the people of the area with the help of the U.N. would be allowed to fill the vacuum, the decision looked ominously like an attempt to substitute American domination for the old. And to the Communists it was, in *Pravda's* words, "a plan for the enslavement of that area." But Mr. Dulles saw it in a different, almost holy light. In his year-end statement touching the area, he said:

The United States has a major responsibility to help prevent the spread to the Middle East of Soviet imperialism. That area is immensely important to all freedom-loving, God-fearing people. There are to be found the holy shrines which symbolize the faith of three great religions. There are the resources, the channels of communication, which serve vitally the welfare of the peoples of the Middle East and of other regions.

During the coming year the United States will have to accept an increasing responsibility to assist the free

(Continued on Page 54)

Next week *The Nation* begins an important series on *The Limitation of an Arms Diplomacy*. The first article, by O. Edmund Clubb, will deal with Japan, Formosa and South Korea.

DAVID L. WEISSMAN is a New York lawyer who has contributed to *The Nation* and other periodicals on constitutional and other legal issues.

TAXING FOR PEACE . . by William A. Williams

The following communication is from an assistant professor of history at the University of Oregon who is the author of The Shaping of American Diplomacy and other books.

ONCE AGAIN America's intellectual and political leaders have buckled on their battledress for still another skirmish in the Great Debate over foreign affairs that has been waged as a stalemated siege for the last decade. Yet this time one senses a certain anxiety within the officer corps itself, to say nothing of a slightly sullen apprehensiveness among the rank-and-file. This is understandable, since containment and liberation are, in the words of George Kennan's neglected admission, nothing more than "two sides of the same coin." And neither Republicans nor Democrats have been able to command either the desired collapse of the Soviet Union or the militant support of all uncommitted nations.

Small wonder that we are anxious and apprehensive. Hence it may be opportune as well as fruitful to suggest, from the perspective of the rear rank, that the failure to reach any decision stems simply from the fact that we keep talking about symptoms, and trying to effect cures with policies, whereas we should be probing for causes and debating long-range programs of rehabilitation.

It seems clear enough that these perpetual crises are a product of the fundamental contradiction between our rhetorical and our practical objectives. We say that we want nothing more than to live the good life at home while assisting others to do likewise. And no doubt this is our fundamental desire. But in practice we have committed ourselves to the attainment of security. Here is the root of the trouble: security *per se* is unobtainable. Not even the

scientist in his laboratory controls nature to this degree.

In the broadest sense, therefore, our practice of defining our objective as security, and choosing as our means the induced collapse of the Soviet Union, has subverted our rhetorical objective of leading and helping the world to build and enjoy a creative life. Assuming that we seriously entertain our announced objective, and have only lost our way in the maze of ends and means, our best chance to recover the lost ground lies in embarking upon a program suited to the purpose.

To dramatize the point, we may ask ourselves two questions: (1) Do we believe that if a gift of ten billions in light industrial and consumer goods failed to subvert the Communist bloc, we can do better with a hundred billions in nuclear weapons? (2) Would we rather see Gomulka fail as a pro-American liberal than have him succeed as a "liberal" Communist accepted by Moscow? If our answers are "Yes," we ought to launch preventive war quickly. If not, it is time to straighten out our logic.

MY specific proposal is taxation without representation for the purpose of underwriting a massive expansion of the United Nations program of economic and cultural development. The approach could be spelled out in some variation of the following outline:

1. A small but progressive yearly tax, to be known as the World Civilization Tax, would be levied on every American citizen who is qualified to vote, and collected separately from all other taxes.

2. This money would be turned over to the United Nations as an unrestricted deposit to its current account. It would have no relationship to the routine annual payment by all U.N. members, and would be used exclusively for

economic and cultural developmental programs.

3. All American economic and technical missions would be terminated as rapidly as the U.N. could assume the responsibility for completing such programs. This would be facilitated by transferring unused funds to the U.N. along with the responsibility.

4. The American government would exercise neither its formal vote nor its levers of informal pressure in the selection and administration of the projects considered or undertaken by the United Nations.

5. Coincidentally, the U.S.-dominated agencies of world development would begin consideration, solely on the basis of need and economic criteria, of requests for aid from all nations.

MANY American spokesmen now engaged in the current phase of the Great Debate will scorn and ridicule such a program as a dangerous attempt to rehabilitate isolationism. But such leaders are really caught in a net of their own idea-mongering, for this approach to foreign affairs will reward the United States with far more viable influence than all the treaties of alliance and "friendship" signed in the last decade.

The heart of the matter is that the so-called internationalists who sponsor the policy of containment-liberation have twisted the term isolationism into a smear word against anti-imperialists. Hence the danger is that this sophisticated McCarthyism will end in blinding us to the central fact that anti-imperialism is the only viable policy in the nuclear age. And the tragedy would be if the Russians grasped more of this essential truth than we did. For whatever the house rules, a handful of Gomulkas will always top a fist full of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-sheks.

(Continued from Page 52)

nations of the Middle East, and elsewhere, to maintain their freedom and to develop their welfare. We must live by the golden rule. By so serving others we serve ourselves.

There is an unintended comic twist in the Secretary's reference to the golden rule. God will no more readily mix with gold than with oil.

3. In California last spring, the Rev. Dr. Fred Stripp, acting minister of the Saint Berkley Community Church, delivered the invocation at a meeting held to further the nomination of Adlai E. Steven-

son for President. The last sentence of the invocation was:

We believe Adlai E. Stevenson to be Thy choice for President of the United States. Amen.

In fairness to Mr. Stevenson it should be added that the invocation was delivered before he arrived.

4. This writer's favorite example of the tendency discussed was reported a while ago in a dispatch by the Associated Press from Dayton, Ohio. It ran as follows:

Emerson Carling appeared for his arraignment in Federal Court yesterday on a forgery charge with a Bible

under his arm. Judge Cecil asked, "Who is your defense counsel?"

"Jesus Christ is my defender and counsellor," Carling answered.

Queried Judge Cecil: "Do you have anyone locally?"

"My opinion is," Jefferson wrote, "that there never would have been an infidel, if there had never been a priest." One wonders how many atheists are made by those who take the name of the Lord in vain. How long will they go on making asses of themselves and trying to make fools of the rest of us? How long, O Lord, how long?

BEHIND the CULTURE CURTAIN . . by Richard L. Coe

IT'S ALL VERY well to be in favor of "international cultural exchange," but making it work is quite another matter.

On the record we're for it. In action we seem almost against it.

Passed by the last Congress is the President's Emergency Fund for overseas demonstration of American cultural achievements. Unconnected with the United States Information Agency's "propaganda" budget, this is an extension of a once supplemental fund and gives as much continuity as our government ever allows to a program which previously had barely managed to squeak through Congress.

The money isn't much—a drop in the Soviet's comparative bucket. Of roughly five million dollars, half goes to the Commerce Department toward our participation in international fairs and trade exhibits. The rest goes to the State Department for "international exchange of the performing arts."

In the field of dance, music and drama this money isn't intended to finance complete tours. It's only a guarantee to cover the difference between operating expenses and overseas income, for the modest admis-

sion charges that so titillate theatre-going Americans abroad wouldn't even begin to pay the unionized wages guaranteed our artists and technicians. Make no mistake: our unions are interested. Actor's Equity insisted that if the *Porgy and Bess* opening at La Scala were filmed for Ed Murrow's TV show, all hands would have to receive an extra week's wages; CBS understandably cancelled.

In one sense, the cancellation did the exchange program little harm, for despite much of what's been written, most of *Porgy's* incalculably effective four foreign tours were not financed by the government. A South American tour was so financed, as was a critical portion around the Mediterranean, allowing the company to keep together until time for later, purely commercial engagements. But when the musical play cracked the Iron Curtain to reach Warsaw, Leningrad and Moscow, private financing paid the freight, and despite all its triumphs, *Porgy*, financially speaking, still is in the red. TV-casts may yet balance the budget.

This confusion between governmental funds and private financing goes back to the not-so-long-ago beginnings of our government's official interest in the performing arts as a means of quashing deep-rooted ideas

of "materialistic" Americans. With our sacred tradition of "private sources" to support the arts, it's almost amazing to realize in how short a time we've come as far as two and a half million dollars a year.

On a purely commercial, private scale, there's a sixty-odd year record of presenting American artists in Europe, but it covers mainly London, to a small extent Paris and very little else. Operations of today's scope are unprecedented.

So, in 1949, when the Danish government officially invited an American acting company to present *Hamlet* in the annual international series at Elsinore, there was only one organization to which the State Department could officially refer. This was ANTA, the American National Theatre and Academy, which is neither a theatre nor an academy but a small group of enthusiasts armed for the past twenty years with an Act of Congress Charter.

Looking for a company to accept an invitation to follow Britain's Old Vic and official "national" European companies, ANTA found no producer willing to take up the challenge, but had the inspiration to turn to the only official theatre of our forty-eight states: Virginia's Barter Theatre. Barter's Robert Porterfield was enthusiastic but wanted two things: a few top-flight stars to supplement

RICHARD L. COE is drama editor of the Washington Post and Times Herald.

his company and transportation money. Many a Broadway star turned down the bid, but finally such public-spirited players as Clarence Derwent, Aline MacMahon and Walter Abel accepted and Director Robert Breen reluctantly took on the title role himself, a risk for which he may have paid critically but, as one who was there knows, by which he gained Danish respect for his scholarship.

FINDING the money was even harder. To his lasting credit, there came to the rescue a one-time school-teacher of Independence, Missouri, who had become an NBC vice president and inherited great wealth: Blevins Davis. It was Davis' generosity which made possible our first official participation in the international performing-arts program. He later financed other steps, opening the government's eyes to the potential of cultural exchange as a supplement to the educational exchange act of 1948. Davis financed a tour by Howard University's Negro players, which refuted attacks Paul Robeson was then making on the United States. Next he contributed a mint to take Ballet Theatre, which he and Lucia Chase supported, on its foreign tour. It proved an eye-opener to European balletomanes. Julius Fleischmann, another millionaire, followed this lead for our participation in a Paris festival. Davis and Breen later joined forces for *Porgy and Bess*, into which Davis sank a fortune.

President Truman, Davis' longtime personal friend, was then in the White House and quick to see that through this means the legend of the

gum-chewing, tasteless American could be combatted. He set up machinery within the State Department to handle future projects.

President Eisenhower has furthered the idea, endorsing tours and artists with personal letters, seeing to it that the special fund became part of the permanent budget and attempting to streamline the administrative bureaucracy.

The fund works this way. The State Department entrusts the spending of much of the money to the International Exchange Program of ANTA. The IEP, in turn, delegates the choice of attractions—in essence, the artistic responsibility—to “panels” of unpaid, disinterested experts, leaders in all fields from production to criticism. The dance and music panels have been able to come up with effective and willing instruments of exchange, for in both areas there are continuing companies and orchestras of top quality which have been able to mesh tours abroad into their schedules.

The New York Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony have toured Europe, the Symphony of the Air the Orient. In May, the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, will tour from Italy to Scandinavia. On each program an American work is a major attraction, though foreigners also make it clear that they are interested in our readings of the classics. The dance world has sent such attractions as Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, Jose Limon and Martha Graham.

Except for *Porgy and Bess*, the field of the theatre has been pitifully represented. This is because of the jungle that is the American theatre.

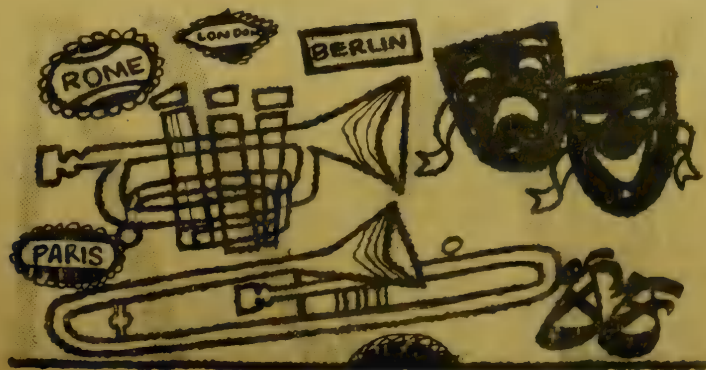
Producers, directors and actors talk endlessly about what they “want” to do, but not one has followed through on a single far-flung scheme except for a by-product of the program, *Salute to France*, for which Robert W. Dowling personally financed productions of *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *Medea* and *Oklahoma!* Helen Hayes, Mary Martin and Judith Anderson were among those who took time from their 1955 activities to make the *Salute* possible.

The excuse for this poor showing, all too understandable, is that in our theatre, which has no continuing companies, no one knows when Success will open the floodgates and, on the chance that each venture might be It, no one is willing to tie down to dates necessarily six months away.

Making things even more difficult for the theatre is the question of taste, a matter which has already caused a few brickbats to be thrown at the music programs. One recalls the rhubarb created when a couple of Symphony of the Air players were pointed to as persons politically tainted with leftism; there also has been hoopla over presenting such jazzy operators as Satchmo Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie as representing the “best of the performing arts.”

THESE experiences have made a fearful stew of the business of choosing dramatic offerings. Producer Kermit Bloomgarden's generous offer to interrupt the New York run of *The Diary of Anne Frank* so the company could play the Paris Festival of '56 was a fine idea, but Charles Dillon, our Ambassador in Paris, thought the play inappropriate. (Under foreign sponsorship, it since has proved a triumph.) A relic of the USIS library turmoil, there is a reluctance to sending abroad the works of such dramatists as Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Laurents. Subject matter of various plays also has been questioned.

Thus, timidity on the operational level has hog-tied the theatre program, though no one bothers to recall that *Porgy and Bess* once was considered to cast a poor light on American culture. In some quarters



it still is, despite its record of praise from every Ambassador in every country visited.

A recent State Department survey shows that American dramatic, music and dance attractions are urgently requested with one simple proviso: they must be of absolutely top quality. Language is not a barrier. Every nation with which we have negotiated has pointed out that its cultural leaders command English as a second language and prefer to hear American actors in the American tongue. (Some of this language familiarity is ascribed by the cultural leaders to long knowledge of Hollywood movies.)

Nor is getting and paying for proper attractions the only rub. Vital to the exchanges, the State Department's survey points out, is proper publicity. It's just not possible to lug an attraction onto the stage of a far-off theatre and expect audiences to come flocking. Solid advance groundwork must be laid. This takes skilled, expensive craftsmen.

Next is the embarrassing fact that the local managers who take over presentation of the attractions are keen to make a good financial showing. In many cases, they've so priced American attractions that exorbitantly expensive seats must be bought by our Embassies to give to prominent opinion-makers. On the budget books a year later, such an item can cause searching queries from Congressmen.

Considering all the subjects battling for Congressional attention, the

program has had respectful hearings. In the House, Representative Frank Thompson (D., N.J.) has been a tireless introducer of bills on this and related cultural subjects, and last session the important Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate held hearings which reflected the sincere interest of such members as Senators Green (now Foreign Relations Chairman), Fulbright, Humphrey and Knowland. These men are aware that there is need for greater sums than private enterprise can supply. Their travels have shown them the value not only of economic fairs and athletic events, but also of cultural ambassadors. Their penetrating questions—urging, for instance, youthful music groups to counteract the impression of juvenile delinquency in this country—suggest that a more dynamic program would get a hearing.

WITH THESE hurdles, it is small wonder that the program is inadequate. In the program's first two years, we sent out thirty-seven cultural and seven sports delegations. Last year alone the USSR presented 148 cultural delegations to the countries of the free world—and several hundred more to its satellites.

How to get the larger budget needed is going to take considerably more than the pious generalities of public-spirited bodies. They must find a way to acquaint the taxpayers with the programs' virtues. They must impress on the artists—stars and union minions alike—the value

of their contributions. They must face up to the legislative maze of Congress and to the State Department's top bosses by tackling the plan on a practical, political level. A few annual visits to Washington officials just aren't enough.

That something more than the lip service we've been paying the idea is needed was dramatized in two recent news items. The first had to do with unrest among students and intellectuals in Moscow itself; the infallibility of totalitarian regimes was being questioned by people who have grown up under thought control. The second was a subsequent announcement by the State Department that our cultural exchange with the Soviet Union was being cancelled.

It was chilling to find so few observers drawing the obvious connection between these twin footnotes to history. For nearly a year before the Moscow outbreaks, an exchange of delegations, admittedly limited, had been going on whereby Soviet representatives were coming to this country and ours were carrying U. S. ideas behind the Iron Curtain. Yet, at the very instant the importance of continuing the exchange was so dramatically underlined, Washington announced its cancellation.

It is clear that the public and professions involved are poorly informed about the plan. It also is evident that the State Department's policy heads don't know a good thing when they're using it.

SLICK-PAPER CHRISTIANITY . . by Dan Wakefield

IN THE forward-looking eyes of contemporary religion (fixed more often on the vision ahead than above) the greatest of sins is to be "out of date." The sermons of Norman Vincent Peale speak more of U.S. business men than of Biblical prophets, and one Eastern minister

recently devoted his Sunday lesson to the soul-searching topic: "Will Jackie Gleason Get to Heaven?" A report in *Life* on why our ministers are mentally "cracking up" reveals that they are killing themselves in trying to keep up. In an age accelerated by the miracle of the mass media, the most "successful" of the modern religious leaders have adopted the old slogan, "If you can't

beat 'em, join 'em." On the *Times* bestseller lists, the books of Peale and Smiley Blanton make Herman Wouk look like a piker, and if Bishop Sheen makes no move to drive the Trendex men from the temple, it is only understandable. His TV rating is the envy of many a comedian.

This current industrialization of Christianity has now reached another

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

milestone with publication of a new Methodist magazine — *Together*. With a pre-publication order upped from 600,000 to 700,000 by the clamor of anxious voices who wanted to get *Together*, and the confident expectation of a cool 1,000,000 circulation early this year, the Methodists have the hottest thing in the publishing world since *Playboy* began its rise. While *Collier's*, *The Woman's Home Companion* and *The Town Journal* were folding by the wayside in the waning days of 1956, the Methodist Publishing House was able to report "the biggest year" in its history, with a 6.91 per cent increase in net sales, a 19.85 per cent increase in net income, and an all-time high in "church-school literature" circulation of 6,813,956. On this firm foundation was raised the slick and colorful pages of *Together*, which, "If every Methodist Church will put in its annual budget a \$2 subscription for each family on its rolls . . . will have approximately three million circulation." The publishing agents of the Methodist Church, two gentlemen whose names (Lovick Pierce and J. Edgar Washabaugh) are as purely Sinclair Lewis as their project, recorded in their first editorial that "It is our hope and prayer that this will be done."

There are other Christians, including Methodists, who do not share these sentiments. Principal Methodist opposition to *Together* came from other Methodist editors, through the Methodist Press Association, which expressed "strong disapproval" of the new magazine and questioned whether the church should publish a periodical so "secular" in nature.

Many outsiders who have been impressed by the good works of the Methodist Church were especially depressed by the creation of *Together*. The *Christian Century*, an outstanding undenominational religious magazine, praised a new outlay of Methodist funds for higher education announced at the Methodist General Conference last summer, but commented that

The special issue of *Together* put out for the General Conference would diseducate a denomination as fast as its colleges and universities could edu-

cate it . . . Methodists, who once had to contend with a caricature of themselves as superficial, hail-fellow-well-met Christians, seem in their new magazine to be bent on inhabiting the caricature. . . . The fact is that a great denomination should have a great magazine, but it takes more than \$2.6 million annual budget to create it. It takes a renewed acquaintance with the church's history and a revitalized appreciation of its fathers and their faith.

Together rose from the ashes of the 130-year-old *Christian Advocate* (which was judged by a majority of the Methodist bishops to be too old-fashioned) and is aimed at the popular market, while the more specialized duties of the old *Advocate* are now taken up by a monthly companion magazine of *Together* — a "pastor's journal" known as *The New Christian Advocate*. This new handbook, served up in a format resembling that of *The Reader's Digest*, is a kind of "Agitprop" for the preachers, stocked with handy helps such as "Sermon Suggestions," and articles ranging from theology (A Protestant Appreciation of Mary) to technique (Must The Organ Play Second Fiddle?). Practical matters are taken up which the Gospels could not foresee — e.g., a report on modern church parking facilities, with a quote from a Methodist editor to the effect that "Churches simply cannot expect young couples with three or four children — as most of them seem to have today — to park four blocks away in bad weather."

BUT professional problems of the pastor make dull fare for the congregation, and the bright pages of *Together* spare the layman from such concerns. Indeed, they are out to assure him that Religion Can Be Fun — it even can be so disguised as to make it almost unrecognizable as religion.

For those who have doubts about a Christian magazine being able to provide good, comfortable fun, certain old-fashioned concepts are cleared up right from the start. In its first (October) issue, *Together* flamed forth with a full color eight-page feature which essentially expressed the publication's message.

This feature was a series of reproductions of paintings of Jesus Christ as represented by painters from the second century to the present. The moral of the spectacular was that Christ is envisioned by men in the reflected image of their own times. The reader can rejoice: Christ through the ages has grown progressively healthier and happier. A second-century portrait shows the face of a deeply troubled and meditative Christ, His forehead scarred and His lips turned slightly downward. Another of the same century portrays Him with closed eyes in a long, weary face. A dark, stern Christ is shown in an eleventh-century mosaic, and a weeping Christ with blood dripping from the crown of thorns is a sixteenth-century impression. An early twentieth-century Christ is more beautiful, and shows a glow beginning to emerge from the upper regions of His head.

And finally we come to the current Christ — a curly-haired, smiling fellow who is pink of cheek and shorn of scars and sorrows. The caption explains that the painter, an Ohio resident by the name of Ivan Eugene Pusecker, "obviously was influenced by today's theology . . ."

PUSECKER's Christ is the most happy fella imaginable — and more handsome than any man who ever played the role in a Cecil B. de Mille production. It is easy, in fact, to believe in this Christ as the sort of man who would shave his beard, buy a grey flannel suit and join Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in the good doctor's annual (paid) tour of large department stores at the holiday season to instill the employees with "The Christmas Spirit."

When the publishers of the magazine announced in their foreword to the first issue that *Together* would strive for an editorial approach "somewhat comparable to that used by Christ," it was doubtlessly Mr. Pusecker's Christ they had in mind.

Together offers its readers such snappy features as Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency and, in order that more Methodists can get together, a What's Your Hobby? directory with names and addresses of Methodists who engage in a va-

riety of soul-building activities. There are Methodists who collect stereoptician slides, tropical fish, key chains, proverbs, model circus wagons and trains, and ivory monies — just to name a few.

Recommendations are made for Methodists who want to see the right movies and read the right books, and can be saved, for instance, by *Together's* warning review of *A Walk On The Wild Side* by Nelson Algren: "...It is rough and tough and hardly the book to be recommended to a church-reading circle."

SINCE *Together* is billed as "The Midmonth Magazine For Methodist Families," there is of course something for all the family — Halloween games for the kiddies and even a trouble column for the teenagers. One "Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D., whose bespectacled face is shown floating in the slick white sea above his column, offers advice to the teenagers which, if "Christ-like," can be so only in reference to Pusecker's image. It has no connection with the words or ideas of the Christ who preached the brotherhood of men. For instance, an eighteen-year-old girl who wonders whether she is truly in love with her boy friend is advised that, "It's best to have dates with someone in your own church gang. If you can't do that, try to go with others who are Protestants." Mr. Barbour gives the young girl several key questions to ask herself about this boy friend: "Is he a clean Christian young man? Can he earn a reasonably good living? Does he have a stable personality?"

It is hardly necessary to add the query of whether this boy friend owns a grey flannel suit, and if it has three buttons rather than two. (That specific problem is covered in the December teen column, when Mr. Barbour advises a young man to "Try to wear the same sort of clothes that most boys in your school do.") Blessed are the stable-in-heart, kids, for they shall see good weekly pay checks.

Much in the same way that members of the Sigma Chi fraternity are presented as those who shall inherit the earth in *The Magazine of Sigma*

Chi, the Methodists look like the gang to watch from reading the pages of *Together*. Did you know, for instance, that the man who kicked the longest field goal in the world was a Methodist? The first issue carried that gripping and inspiring story, and in the December number, *Together* presented a Methodist All-American team, picked by Fred Russell (Methodist) Sports Editor of the *Nashville Banner*. Methodists everywhere will no doubt take heart from Mr. Russell's report: "Football today is a game of speed, spirit and skill more than ever. To a split T, the first All-American All-Methodist team conforms to these requisites for success."

Perhaps an even more interesting feature will be the announcement of "Miss Methodist Student Nurse," a competition announced in the November issue of *Together*. These promotions indeed open new horizons for the imaginative, "up-to-date" churchmen of all sects. Possibly a candidate from each denomination could be chosen to compete for the title of "Miss Religion," who then could pose for endorsements of the white-leather Bibles, foam-rubber church pews and custom-tailored choir gowns advertised in the pages of *Together*. Perhaps some enterprising sportswriter will match the Methodist All-Americans with an All-Episcopalian squad for a holiday benefit game.

But all this is on the light side, and *Together* is not without its serious moments. Perhaps the most serious and also the most gruesome (though with close competition from the story in the first issue of a little boy with cleft palate whose mother loses her mind) is a piece called *The Hiroshima Maidens Go Home*. This tells the story of how twenty-five girls who were badly disfigured in the A-bomb blast at Hiroshima were taken to America by a group including Methodist Church members and given free treatment. The piece is headed with a picture of the girls happily waving as they board the plane back to Japan after treatments; a caption explains that the "Doctor at the right carries the ashes of Tomako Nakabayishi, who died during her third operation."

The Japanese are quoted as deeply grateful for it all. We are told that one of the girls, shortly before entering the operating room, asked an interpreter to give the following message to the doctor who was to perform the operation: "Tell Dr. Barsky not to be worried because he cannot give me a new face. I know my scars are very, very bad and I know Dr. Barsky is worried because he thinks I may expect that I will be as I once was. I know that this is impossible; but it does not matter; something has already healed here inside."

If that is presented to warm the

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

The Secret of Togetherness

by ROY L. SMITH



Together: October Issue

The urge to streamlined homiletics pervades *Together's* features—and the titles thereof.

hearts of Methodists or anyone else, then the immorality of our times is so grotesque that we had all better weep for our souls. A small light indeed is the healing of twenty-five girls beside the glare of an atomic bomb that was dropped on a Japanese city. An ordinary human being might imagine that we'd have the morality to hide this pale flicker under a bushel instead of displaying it across the slick pages of a popular magazine to the greater glory of a Protestant sect.

But glory and reward on earth and the message of success are repeated on page after page of *Together* in the most up-to-date magazine style. A brief biography of one *Together* author who is also a minister assures the reader that this clergyman "looks like a successful lawyer and talks like the man next door."

It is a peculiar reassurance that popular Christianity seeks to convey to its followers — that its current disciples are so like the man in the street, and so unlike the Saviour of The Bible. In expounding this message, the modern churchmen have sought to transform that Saviour into the Christ of *Together* — a face indistinguishable from the rest of the lonely crowd.

In a literature class at Columbia College, Mark Van Doren once noted that the modern image of Christ was that of a man almost unrelated to the Christ who was described in the New Testament as a strong and stern leader, ruthless in following his conception of truth, and iron in his will. "He was not," Van Doren said, "An easy man to follow. He was certainly not like our ministers now who try to be 'one of the crowd'"

and take a drink at a cocktail party to prove it, or tell an off-color joke. That seems to be their approach today." The professor paused for a moment, and then he said, "Maybe that's why we hate them so much."

Maybe that's why the current religious revival in America is such a hollow pretense, and why it has had so little regenerating effect on the moral temper of the times. Too many religious leaders have sought to be *Together* with their era and become shabby followers and imitators rather than leaders. In the desperate effort to be up-to-date they have dressed Jesus Christ in a grey flannel suit and smothered his spirit in the folds of conformity. The new slick-page Christianity cheerily rises in the midst of a world seeking answers to survival, and offers an All-Methodist football team.

EUROPE'S COMMON MARKET . . by William L. Rivers

WHEN I made a casual inquiry during the Oxford Conference on International Organizations some months ago about the European attitude toward NATO, a Frenchman caught me up with: "Do you mean European or 'European'?" (emphasizing the last word). Seeing that I was puzzled, he explained the difference: "Europeans"—with quotation marks—work for a United Western Europe; plain Europeans, traditionalists and nationalists, do not.

But today the line between the opposing camps is growing indistinct. For the traditionalists, long opposed to any form of unity beyond military alliances, are being won over by a new idea—the Common Market. And at the same time the hard-core "Europeans," long thwarted in their efforts to build a supra-national political structure over Western Eu-

rope, are also rushing to the support of the Common Market as a giant step toward the unity they seek.

Thus an economic concept which is hardly two years old has already won over the two most powerful European economic groupings, and is exciting the attention of American economists as well. The concept is simple enough: the Common Market contemplates a single open market without restrictions embracing the whole of Western Europe. Under it, a manufacturer in any Western European country could aim his wares at a potential free market of more than 240 million people. The result would be an opportunity for business men, who know that automation and atoms-in-industry are at hand, to reform the industrial base of their countries along American lines. West European consumers could buy at prices which only extensive mass-production techniques make possible. Beyond this, the Common Market would create an economist's dream-world: an international area allowing the free flow of labor, capital and goods in which

the productive strong points of each region could be utilized.

Hence, as a catch-phrase, the Common Market pleases producers, consumers, "experts" and, through all these, the politicians. Here is economic unity, the phrase suggests, without the dread political unity.

However, as its proponents soon learned, the Common Market must be much less than an economic United States, at least in the beginning.

The first, and perhaps least obvious, difficulty springs from determining the limits of Europe, which is not nearly so easy as the geographers make it seem. For example, the Council of Europe staged two conferences of eminent men in an effort to make it dramatically apparent that Europe is culturally and historically unified, the object being to smooth the path for stronger political and economic ties. But Toynbee and his followers defined Europe as those countries that received their Christianity from Rome, a concept that not only destroys the Rand-McNally approach, but also

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proved to be in sharp contrast to the notions of humanists, economists and other historians.

Most important, the easy American assumption that Great Britain is a part of Western Europe is most vigorously denied by the British themselves. In their eyes, Great Britain's relationship to Western Europe is much like that of the United States: interested, helpful, but not a member of the family. Unfortunately, this relationship is not always clear to Western Europeans, many of whom assumed that when Prime Minister Winston Churchill first said, "My counsel to Europe can be given in a single word, Unite!" he was declaring his country in on the bargain. They have since learned that the British think of their responsibilities in this order: to the Commonwealth, then to the United States, *then* to Europe.

This British attitude has been the most important single consideration in all European efforts at collective action since World War II. More than any other factor, it has been responsible for the splintering of Europe into "the Europe of the Six" (the European Coal and Steel Community), "the Europe of the Seven" (Western European Union), "the Europe of the Fourteen" (the Council of Europe), "the Europe of the Seventeen" (the Organization for European Economic Cooperation), not to mention the lesser associations, organizations, groupings and ideas that have led to the coining of such identifications as "Little Europe," "Nuclear Europe" and "Europe."

OTHER European nations take their cues from Britain and, when the Common Market was proposed, they dragged their feet in time with the British tread. But there is one European splinter group that already submits to supra-national authority—the European Coal and Steel Community. In 1951, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg yielded their sovereign powers to establish a limited common market in coal and steel. It was natural, then, that the Common Market idea should have begun to take practical shape within this

MEMBERSHIP IN THE MAJOR WEST EUROPEAN ORGANIZATIONS

	Council of Europe	Western European Union	Organization for European Coal-Steel Community	Organization for European Economic Cooperation
<i>Austria</i>				x
<i>Belgium</i>	x	x	x	x
<i>Denmark</i>	x			x
<i>France</i>	x	x	x	x
<i>Germany</i>	x	x	x	x
<i>Greece</i>	x			x
<i>Ireland</i>	x			x
<i>Ireland</i>	x			x
<i>Italy</i>	x	x	x	x
<i>Luxembourg</i>	x	x	x	x
<i>Netherlands</i>	x	x	x	x
<i>Norway</i>	x			x
<i>Portugal</i>				x
<i>Sweden</i>	x			x
<i>Switzerland</i>				x
<i>Turkey</i>	x			x
<i>United Kingdom</i>	x	x		x

(Note: Canada and the United States are associate members of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation.)

six-nation community. The members met at Messina, Italy, in June, 1955, and agreed to work toward a customs union, or Common Market, for all goods. Britain refused to attend, arguing that commitments to Commonwealth countries (largely in the form of the imperial preference agreements) made it impossible for her to participate; indeed, the British sent a diplomatic note outlining their objections to the whole idea.

However, the demonstrable success of the Coal and Steel Community made the new proposal for a more extensive Common Market worth watching. So, when the "Messina Powers" met again in Brussels in July, 1955, Great Britain was represented, although the British government took special pains to assure that the representation was in "a special category" and did not imply full participation.

Exactly a year later—nearly supersonic speed for such a precedent-setting step—the Coal and Steel Community countries met once more in Brussels to begin negotiations for a treaty that would establish the Common Market. It was at this point that the British government,

which had managed to combine convincingly somewhat patronizing attitudes of paternal interest and aloofness, suddenly demonstrated a new, more emotional, attitude: fear. Sir Edward Boyle, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, told the House of Commons last July:

I am absolutely safe in saying that there is no subject which will more attract the attention of the Government in the months ahead [than the Common Market]. The Government realizes completely the advantages which the countries inside the area should gain—that is, a great single market within which industry could be developed to its greatest economic use, possessed of great bargaining power in its negotiations against outside competition.

Boyle made it clear that Britain, if it failed to join the Common Market, might be "outside competition." Then he brought up the special Commonwealth problems, and indicated that Great Britain could afford neither to join the Common Market outright nor stay out of it entirely. The government, he said, now had an open mind, especially since it seemed possible to make

membership in the new association "flexible."

Later in the same month, Labor M.P. Denis Healey, an articulate critic of European integration movements, gave his own sardonic view of the new British attitude: "At first, we were for the integration of Europe because we didn't think it could happen. Now, we're concerned that the Common Market may be created and Germany will dominate trade if we stay out."

THE British began serious discussion of creating a free-trade area which would be attached to, but not part of, the Common Market. Immediately other members of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation fell into line as if on order. And as the new British approach became generally known, the press of the world began to speculate not only about the Common Market and a "partial free-trade area," but also about the fresh chance for a United States of Europe that either might presage. *Business Week*, *Newsweek*, *Time* and other American publications have been seeing implications worth pages of type. When the Suez crisis was at its height, most of them speculated, with good reason, that the Middle East difficulties and the resulting split with the United States would lend new impetus to all European unity efforts, particularly the Common Market. It would seem that Great Britain, in demonstrating how weak she might be if opposed to the economic force of the Common Market, has at the same time shown the strength of her influence.

To the despair of those unable to cope with the Europes we already have, the result may be the creation of two new ones: Common Market Europe, consisting at a minimum of the six Coal and Steel Community countries, and Free Trade Europe, consisting at a minimum of the Common Market countries plus Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland and Austria. There is a good chance that all the members of the OEEC except Turkey might also participate in the free-trade area. That would mean that the twelve countries named above would be

joined by Eire, Portugal, Greece and Iceland. Finland, too, might come in.

In Common Market Europe, the proposal is to do away not only with all barriers to trade in goods among the members, but also to raze all barriers to the free flow of services, labor and capital. The Common Market countries would eliminate all tariffs among themselves by gradually reducing them over a period of fifteen years, at the same time introducing a common tariff against the rest of the world.

In Free Trade Europe, the proposal is to allow free entry only for *specified* goods of other member countries; for the rest, members would retain their own tariffs on imports from outside the area. The limitation to specific products is not only a result of protectionist attitudes toward domestic industries, but also stems from the need to protect agriculture (Britain, largely because of agreements with dominions and colonies, would exempt food, drink and tobacco from free trade.) So the Free Trade countries could join with the Common Market countries to create a single free market in, for example, automobiles, while the Common Market countries would create a single free market in everything.

PROPOSONENTS of both plans have been facing for months the serious problems involved in economic integration even on a limited basis. There is the difficulty of dealing freely in the sixteen kinds of money used in Western Europe; there is the potentially explosive situation such as will be created when businesses and industries that are now tariff-protected are thrown into an international open market. The need for an intergovernmental approach in the Common Market countries to social legislation, national taxation, special relief funds and adjustments for both management and labor is already obvious. The progression by stages over fifteen years to complete economic integration has been established to cushion the impact.

But the benefits of the Common Market (and the free-trade area) are so positive, argue the proponents, that the problems should be met.

Western Europe is the fastest-growing big market in the world, but trade restrictions make it impossible for European industry to take advantage of the fact. The "free markets" for European manufacturers now are limited by national boundaries, so the producer must think in terms of five million, ten million or, at most, fifty million consumers. Beyond these points, he must price his goods to absorb tariffs. In an international free-trade area composed of all the OEEC countries (excluding Turkey, but adding Finland), the market would be 260 million—nearly 100 million larger than the U.S. market and some fifty million larger than the Russian market.

The attitude of at least one segment of European industry has been expressed best by Justin Wells, managing director of Manchester's Germ Lubricants Ltd., who would go beyond the limits of Free Trade Europe:

The risks in joining the Common Market are grave and will lead the United Kingdom on an uphill road to firm ground on a competitive plateau. The risks of reliance on imperial and other preferences, of complacently accepting that the continent can produce cheaper than the United Kingdom and hoping the quality is not so good, lie farther ahead and are graver. In the interests of our own generation we should hold aloof from the Messina scheme, but for those of posterity let us seek founder membership.

Such long-view sentiments are heard more and more often in Britain and throughout Western Europe, in part generated by the unequivocal advice of the influential magazine *The Economist* that "Britain should join with the Common Market project to the fullest possible extent," in part the result of a blessing on the Common Market from Washington.

However, the best indications are that in 1957 Britain will lead at least five other nations into Free Trade Europe, grafting it onto the six-nation Common Market of the Coal and Steel Community countries. There it may hang until the leadership decides whether this is the Economic Third Force that will preserve for Western Europe the last uneasy vestiges of Great Power status.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Generation of Ciphers

THE ART OF SUCCESS. By the Editors of *Fortune*. Lippincott. \$5.

THE EXECUTIVE LIFE. By the Editors of *Fortune*. Doubleday. \$3.50.

THE ORGANIZATION MAN. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

WORK AND ITS DISCONTENTS. By Daniel Bell. Beacon Press. \$1.25.

By Gordon Harrison

JUST thirty years ago a good many American businessmen were rejoicing in Bruce Barton's discovery that "The Man Nobody Knows" came out of Galilee to be the first great advertiser and executive—"the founder," as the final chapter heading exuberantly declared, "of modern business." If some readers here and there winced at the sacrilege or squirmed at the silliness, swearing in the Saviour as a member of the business elite met the need of a triumphant capitalism to crown success with sanctification.

Now a generation has passed and business is again outwardly triumphant. Its semi-official voice, however, is curiously muted. It speaks not of its Christian pedigree but of its rather shady past. The new theme is not how good business has always been but how great are the sins it has repented.

The acquisitive instinct is on the defensive and its main defense is that at last it has learned to co-exist with social consciousness. In the foreword to *The Art of Success*, Donald K. David, former dean of the Harvard Business School, writes that American enterprise has now come to the "realization that business prosperity and social progress work effectively in double harness. . . . Those who are most proficient in the

art of business success today are consciously concerned with aiding national growth." This, he believes, is wholly obvious and wholly good. But on both scores these four books, all by *Fortune* editors, raise material doubts.

Most readers will be less struck than Dean David by the new orientation of the twenty-one new businessmen profiled in *The Art of Success*—a collection of *Fortune* pieces. Few, it is true, are technically entrepreneurs. Yet their most evident common characteristic is their old-fashioned zest for handling large enterprise and large sums of money. There is little evidence that they weigh social consequences except as a limitation on doing business. The authors of these biographies accept as uncritically as their subjects the proposition implied in the title: That moral grandeur attaches to the big deal.

THE EXECUTIVE LIFE makes wry comment on the attitudes of the new businessmen in a far more sophisticated series of *Fortune* articles which view the art of success as a rat race. The struggle to survive in the well-adjusted corporate jungle is candidly and breezily described under such headings as How Hard Do Executives Work?, How Executives Crack Up, How to Treat Vice Presidents, How to Fire Executives, yet the book ends with a straight piece on How to Become an Executive. If there is irony in this, it is gentle enough to escape the ordinary reader. One suspects it escaped the *Fortune* editors. Grim as is their picture of men driven by the furies of ambition in a scrupulously polite but ruthless world, they do not waver from the assumption that it is all eminently worth while. Even on the doorstep of the sanitarium the executive remains a romantic figure. He is romantic, moreover, in basically the same way as the Horatio Alger

heroes—or, for that matter, anybody else's heroes. He is the lone man against the system. The terms of combat, shifted to the corporation from the traditional economic wide open spaces, have changed but the prize remains the same: personal pre-eminence gilded with the symbols of wealth. The ingredient which would make this romance convincing is missing now, as it has always been: there is no moral goal.

Social consciousness, even when it is more than a public relations angle, does not, and cannot, make good the lack. On the contrary, as William Whyte makes brilliantly clear, the socializing of business drives creates as many moral and social problems as it solves. So far as it tames anarchic selfishness to a sense of responsibility, the new spirit leads to better things. But along the same path it works also to harness the individual to the group, bottling up the creative energies of free men.

Two thirds of *The Organization Man* is in fact a witheringly pessimistic report on the plight of the individual in the grip of the "social ethic" which Mr. Whyte defines as the "body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society" for conformity. The emphasis is on the words, "morally legitimate." Mr. Whyte does not object to conformity as such, recognizing it as a requirement of all civilized life. Nor does he object to the organization—giant corporations, group laboratories, philanthropic foundations, or even organized committee scholarship—all of which he concedes, a little too readily, may be part of the irreversible trend toward complexity in human affairs. What he finds both unnecessary and dangerous is that in the contest of conflicting interests between the individual and society we have begun to feel that society is necessarily right. Social consciousness becomes the recognition of a supposed moral imperative to adjust. The higher good is social equilibrium and the happiness of man is equanimity.

GORDON HARRISON, author of *The Road to the Right*, is an editorial writer on the *Detroit News*.

The pursuit of adjustment, he concludes, has not in fact brought this generation any closer to equanimity. It has only altered and in some ways intensified the struggle. Ambition still gnaws, but in the socially conscious world of adjustment one must contrive to forge ahead without offending. Human engineering has not eliminated rivalry between executives or their heirs at the office or between their wives in suburbia. It has only added to the natural striving an unnatural burden of guilt. In the effort, moreover, to suppress eccentrics, non-conformists and revolutionaries into a mass of other-directed mediocrity, society indulges a kind of death wish, damming up the genius which alone can renew its own vitality. More importantly, the insistence that individuals adjust to serve the group threatens to downgrade persons from spiritual entities to dependent members to be respected only as they function on the team. Though Mr. Whyte does not pursue the political implications, the trend clearly leads away from the proposition of democracy that the individual is the final value, and so facilitates acceptance of statism in any of its various forms.

Both as cause and consequence of group-worship, Mr. Whyte traces the growth of scientism, by which he means the delusion that the techniques worked out for the management of inanimate nature can be applied to human relations once the proper formulae are discovered. Actually, as Daniel Bell observes in his little essay on *Work and Its Discontents*, scientism is deep-rooted in the machine age, and particularly in America which made a cult of efficiency long before it discovered pseudo-scientific tools to streamline human beings. The pioneer efficiency experts, however, have long since yielded to more sophisticated personnel men who still want to rationalize the chaotic human animal, but who now would do it for his own good. Characteristically, the new dogmas of human engineering aim at eliminating conflict by substituting "scientific" formulae for fallible—and still worse, debatable—individual judgment. Alcoa, for instance, has worked out mathematical equations

to determine wage scales without the exercise of discretion, thus (the company boasts) "resolving day-to-day wage problems rationally and without dispute."

New scientism reaches far beyond old concepts of work efficiency. It seeks an all-embracing social and metaphysical system that will make the human operations of a corporation at least as frictionless as those of its machines. Its ultimate object is the creation of hierarchies of social systems functioning by the arts of manipulation and comprising people rubbed smooth of all idiosyncra-

Godspeed

*Merchant and scholar who have left me
blood
That has not passed through any
huckster's loin . . .*

W. B. Yeats

Huckster's loin? Butcher, peddler,
their god and kingdom jogged among
pans
in the hump on their backs. No poets,
no prophets, no hard-fighting men.

Canaan enough, the curded milk-
and-honey of their mouths, the groin's
leaping houses, speech deep draught
against drought. Huckster loins

indeed and every weakness flesh
is heir to, whatever idolatry this seed
gropes out, industrious, to survive.
But though no statesman heeded

my forefathers, nameless at best,
I am not dismayed. Several were wily,
calloused fingers subtle in the pockets
of the world and clutching willy-
nilly, with the gripe of Jacob
for his angel, the slippery scruff
of living—call it God. Beguiled by hope
not long, they eked out covenants

catch-as-catch-can, and no more
binding than the sky, with desert and
sky,
took persecution as the rocky base
to the pleasures of their day.

And when their sweat mortised
the pyramids—straw cribbing stars,
between life and death the jumbled bones
composed the imperial corridor . . .

no sport of royalty I, no blue-
lit, blue-bled shade, but speckled
ancestors suppling me in the spring-tide
of the loins, a spawning Israel.

T. WEISS

cies and joying in perfect anonymity.

Both Mr. Whyte and Mr. Bell may considerably exaggerate the extent to which compulsive automatism threatens to take us over. One major reason why the ends and organization of the system are so little questioned is that the system seems to prosper. The younger organization man, as Mr. Whyte observes, has known only the beneficence of a society smoothly geared to prosperity, to a gentle paternalism, to the secure pattern of pensions and steady advancement, to the social anodynes and effortless, if sometimes oppressive, comradeship of housing developments. The older man may wish to see in this pattern the achievement of stability which hitherto has escaped him. He may comfort himself, moreover, with the thought that the price is not too high so long as there is still room at the top for the captains and princes to war for power. Books like *The Art of Success* notably aim at keeping fresh before the organization man's eyes the old path to the stars through hard work and "big thinking." Until, and unless, the system again falters, it is hard to tell how much of the social ethic is new faith and how much mere expedient surrender.

The *Fortune* editors, on the other hand, do not exaggerate—in fact, they do not critically examine at all—the extent to which business ethics continue to dominate our society. Mr. Whyte is concerned lest the bureaucrat overrun the rugged individualist and consequently urges the latter to strike back. But the moral issue may not lie in this opposition at all. If the scientist is a prisoner in bureaucratic laboratories, is it not because he has first of all been captured by the lures of materialism? If colleges sell their liberal birthrights for a mess of trade school courses, is it not because they have forgotten that there are other standards of utility besides getting ahead? Young men seeking security today seem morally no different from their grandfathers who sought wealth. Each in pursuit of material ends went after the main prize that his system offered. If the bureaucrat threatens to wreck the system, no doubt he will be replaced. But the

salvation of the individual lies not there but in the escape from the mold of the business ethic altogether into a society that encourages va-

riety, respecting the individual not because he may be able to make more money but just because he has a soul.

Don Kenneth and the Racket

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press. \$3.95.

By M. L. Rosenthal

I don't think a poet can be much more American, in the psychological if not the Fourth-of-July sense, than Kenneth Fearing. He talks the lingo straight, simple, and sardonic and knows the native panic at being lost in the shuffle which has created it:

With who the hell are you at the corner of his casket, and where the hell're we going on the right-hand silver knob, and who the hell cares walking second from the end with an American Beauty wreath from why the hell not....

One would expect his work to be popular as the plays of Odets and Miller have been popular, if anyone ever opened a book of poems voluntarily. He too writes of the success-dream and the shock of meeting oneself face to face at the end of it. "What does it mean," he asks in "Twentieth-Century Blues," "when the get-away money burns in dollars big as moons, but where is there to go that's just exactly right?" And he is like Hemingway and Fitzgerald in expressing the great national nostalgia for irrecoverable moments of passion ("You will remember the kisses, real or imagined") and of communication:

Is there still any shadow there, on the rainwet window of the coffee pot,

Between the haberdasher's and the pinball arcade,

There, where we stood one night in the warm, fine rain, and smoked and laughed and talked....

The range of his humor is that of a great mimic and clown. The reverse *morbidezza* of "Thirteen O'Clock," in which ghosts tremble at the grisly thought of living creatures, is pure comedy. The affectations of critics are amiably crucified in "Art Review":

Recently displayed at the Times Square Station, a new Vandyke on the face-cream girl.

(Artist unknown. Has promise, but lacks the brilliance of the great masters of the Elevated age.)

"Cultural Notes" is marvelously boisterous buffoonery, but it does have its sting:

"O Beauty," she said,
"Take your fingers off my throat,
take your elbow out of my eye,
Take your sorrow off my sorrow,
Take your hat, take your gloves,
take your feet down off the table,
Take your beauty off my beauty,
and go."

But clowns do not *look* gay, and by well-founded tradition do not feel so either. Some of Fearing's most hilarious effects are at the same time painful views of the human condition. "Love, 20c the First Quarter Mile" is a dramatic monologue which, though weak with laughter, gives a picture of genuine anguish. The absurd, sub-articulate dialogue of "How Do I Feel" exposes the uneradicable residue of distrust between person and person, as "Yes, the Agency Can Handle That" does the apparently irreversible bargain-packaging of literature for the market. The latter poem, like many of Fearing's, hardens into dismayed realization of waste and pointlessness, of lost possibilities unsalvageable by the most savage yearning for their return.

THIS realization is Fearing's firing-line. Here he takes his stand as a serious poet. It is the romantic realization that loss is implicit in life, that even in fulfillment the present instant is already becoming the past and losing its reality except in skeptical memory. It is the terrible hunch that there is nothing to the reality anyway, a hunch stated in all its naked desolation in the early "Green Light" and fought, but never quite to a standstill, in poem after poem. It is interesting that Fearing's most ringing poem of "social" affirmation in the Thirties—his "Denouement"—begins with a demand for an end to this fear of meaninglessness:

Sky, be blue, and more than blue;
wind, be flesh and blood; flesh
and blood, be deathless....

"Denouement" closes in a crescendo of political imagery, but the real issue is stated in its second section:

You, whose ways were yours alone,
you, the one like no one else, what
have you done with the hour you

swore to remember, where is the hour, the day, the achievement that would never die?

The Depression poems of protest, and those which cried out so desperately against the coming of war and the rise of Hitler and Mussolini, were never merely tendentious. Their wit was too original, and they were always true to a deeper concern for the individual's fate amidst the soul-swamping impersonality of the new orders of destiny: "nothing left to chance, no hysteria and above all, no sentiment." As for the victims (almost everyone), their choice is not usually presented as activistically as in "Denouement." Generally they are seen as helpless, anxious, passive:

If the doorbell rings, and we think we were followed here; or if the bell should ring but we are not sure—

How can we decide?

In Fearing's writing, the "enemy" gradually becomes the Mob, official and unofficial, that thrives on the regimentation of individual thought and feeling through ever-greater control of the avenues of communication. Its triumph, he says, is being brought about by "the revolution that calls itself the Investigation." Fearing's cocky introductory essay, "Reading, Writing, and the Rackets," defines this revolution, commenting pointedly on its heavy employment of the "True Confession Story" as the literary form best calculated to stifle free expression and on the parallel rise of the Investigators and of television in recent years. Ultimately, we are dealing with a racket, non-political and amoral, which cherishes secrecy and destroys genuine communication because there are money and power in so doing. The Mob operates in the same way everywhere, the same types in all countries employing the Investigation and the mechanical media of information for the same ends; the system proliferates, is perhaps too pervasive for individuals to handle. In "A Tribute, and a Nightmare," the poet's symbol for this system, which is now man's fate, is "the changeless and eternal Martin Dies"—

Will the world be grim, inhabited
by wolves with long, sharp teeth?
It will not go unchampioned. See
Martin Dies, President of the
Anti-Grandma League....
In heaven: Martin Dies, Chairman
of the Membership Committee,
In hell: Martin Dies, President of
United Coke and Coal.

The most recent of the poems printed here, the four "Family Album" poems, deal directly with the wrecking of integrity, intellect and morale by the mob—"God's public relations." In this se-

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quence the Investigation has triumphed, and its early true-confessors are now looked upon as "the pioneers" and "martyrs" of the new order, who "lived with dangers they alone could see" and "freed that raw, mid-century chaos of little empires from the pestilence of false thought." Like so much else in this book, these poems, with their mock-nostalgia, are very sad and very funny. Fearing is an original, a canny Quixote and—more to the point—a kind of melancholy Jacques of the age, whose

writing has often a topical surface that belies its depths of wry compassion and its stylistic purity. Edward Dahlberg once compared him with Corbière, and the comparison was apt. But there are also American comparisons: He is one of the harder-bitten sons of Walt Whitman, a more mordant Masters or Sandburg, a poetic Lardner of wider scope. Let us hope that tough humorous voice of his will continue to be heard for a long time to come; we shall never have another quite like it again.

story takes on its grimmest aspects. Chu Teh himself played a major role in the Nanchang uprising that signalled the start of the long bloody armed struggle between Nationalists and Communists that was to end finally in 1949. Critical episodes of that bitter history are here told again by a participant: the defeats after Nanchang; the subsequent joining of forces by Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, and the establishment of a political base in Southeast China; the abandonment of that base in 1934, and the epic "Long March" that ended, 6,000 miles and two years later, with the Communist armies re-grouped deep in China's Northwest.

The advent of the Sino-Japanese War and establishment of a new Nationalist-Communist coalition opened another chapter in China's history. Agnes Smedley's account of China's war for national survival is not without its interest, but she was out of direct contact with China as well as Chu Teh after 1941, and this section is cursory and unpolished. Her book ends when, the foreign foe defeated, the contending Chinese factions resumed their civil war in 1946. Chu Teh was to reach the end of his Great Road by defeating the Nationalist armies in 1949.

The story of the Chinese Revolution that was a hundred years in the making will be long in the full telling. Agnes Smedley's biography of Chu Teh, incorporating as it does that revolutionary leader's partisan version of the history of his times, is of first-rank importance for a fuller understanding of the process that brought the Chinese Communists to power in Peking. And the Chinese Revolution calls for a profound comprehension by the United States. For, as remarked by William H. Seward, who became United States Secretary of State as the Taiping Rebellion was subsiding, "all the world knows that revolutions never go backward." The Chinese Revolution, too, goes forward—to challenge us in the West Pacific.

The Road of Revolution

THE GREAT ROAD: The Life and Times of Chu Teh. By Agnes Smedley. Monthly Review Press. \$6.75.

By O. Edmund Clubb

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur told newsmen Bert Andrews in 1944 that Europe was a dying system, and that the history of the world would be written in the Pacific "for the next ten thousand years." Various political phenomena of the post-war era suggest that he may prove a true prophet.

In China a cataclysmic overturning of the old order of things began with the Taiping Rebellion of 1851-64. *The Great Road* is about the Chinese rebel who, as commander-in-chief, led the Chinese Communist armies to victory over our friends the Nationalists. In the climate of our antagonism to China, it can win no official plaudits. Even so, it fully deserves reading by all interested in gaining insight into one of the great social metamorphoses of human history—the Chinese Revolution.

General Chu Teh told his life story to the American newspaperwoman, Agnes Smedley. Yet this is not an official biography, as see the publishers' caveat: "Chu Teh himself provided most of the data for the events up to 1937, but the narrative, comments and interpretation are Agnes Smedley's and Agnes Smedley's alone." The writer's design was obviously to fit the Chu Teh story into the overall pattern of the Chinese Revolution. She was denied full opportunity to achieve her purpose. She began her interviews with Chu Teh in March 1937, but the Sino-Japanese War broke out in July of that year and made its inexorable demands upon the Chinese leader—and upon the author, who threw herself into medical-relief work. When Agnes Smedley died in 1950, her work remained in unfinished draft.

O. EDMUND CLUBB spent twenty years in the Far East as a U. S. Foreign Service officer.

This book thus has technical shortcomings by which, it is clear from her previous works, the writer is not justly to be judged. The narrative in places lacks smoothness; there is a big gap, representing manuscript presumed lost, for the critical civil-war period 1931-36; and the post-1937 part of the story is ragged and badly proportioned. But the imperfections are far outweighed by the intrinsic interest of the tale here told.

For Chu Teh speaks with a rare authority. He grew up with the revolutionary movement that started at the end of the nineteenth Century, and became an integral part of it. He was a member of Sun Yat-sen's secret political society, the Tung Meng Hui, when the Chinese Revolution of 1911 occurred; he joined the Tung Meng Hui's successor organization, the Koumintang (Nationalist Party), when it was formed in 1912. As a military officer under the famed revolutionary Tsai Ao, he participated in the action to prevent restoration of the monarchy in 1916. He was plunged into warlordism that afflicted China after 1916. Then, while studying in Germany in 1922-26, Chu Teh joined the Chinese Communist Party—still retaining his Kuomintang membership.

It is after the 1927 split of the Koumintang-Communist coalition that the

THEATRE and FILMS

Robert Hatch

A GOOD DEAL of fun can be had at Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust* (Cherry Lane Theatre) if too great demands are not made of the occasion. What you must not demand are substance from the playwright or a high polish from the company. O'Casey's celebrated nationalism takes the form this time of broadest farce, "elevated" at intervals of about twenty minutes by salvos of pyrotechnic lyricism, just to remind the audience

that the old man owns finer tools than the slapstick. He has set a couple of bally English antiquarians down in a howling bog-bound wilderness, where the sly but proud natives steal them blind, even walking off in the end with their Irish light o'loves. I don't quite see the stalwart sons of Eire being content to make honest women of their landlords' doxies, but if O'Casey thought it a good joke, I'm ready to laugh. Certainly he

can write funny lines and the play dances—though pretty much on one spot.

Philip Burton, the director, has failed to convince the cast that farce is funnier when it is played straight. This production is altogether too cluttered with comic attitudes (to say nothing of comic get-ups) and every actor seems to have a relative in the audience. The company displays a dismaying variety of stage Irish accents and, except for Alvin Epstein in the role of a romantic house builder, it has trouble shifting pace from the buffoonery to the poetry. It is, in a word, a less than polished group, but nonetheless ingratiating and enthusiastically occupied in batting out a bit of very skilful nonsense.

LOOKING and sounding very much like Jack Webb, José Ferrer in *The Great Man* conducts a tough-mouthed exposé of the cynicism, fraud, lechery and meanness that made up the personality of a just-dead headliner of radio (nowadays it would be television). Ferrer wrote the script—with Al Morgan, author of the original novel—and directed the production in which he stars.

It is sad but true that a man may be an artist in public and a pig in private; the inconsistency makes good gossip but has little bearing on the quality of his work. In broadcasting, though, the situation is a little different. Perhaps for the first time in the history of entertainment, people of no discernible talent have become national heroes; they are adored, not for what they can do, but for what they are, and it never seems to occur to the public that the honest, modest, loving, generous, slightly stupid salesman of detergents and cereals may be as thorough a creation as Chaplin's tramp.

If the great man is really a bum, the people around him come to feel that they are hypocrites and his audience a pack of fools. They talk in snappy clichés, manufacture the truth in publicity pools, cut one another's throats (having always before them an eminent example of the successful knife). Behind the smiling soap flakes is a boozy, poisonous world of schizophrenia.

It makes a strong story and perhaps it is useful to warn the "market" that, just as a tape recording can be edited out of all original context, a personality can be cut and pasted to sell a product—or a president, a social program, a system of values.

Ferrer handles his central role of gossip reporter and heir to the great man's legions with a studied impassivity that becomes a little hammy. Keenan Wynn is savage and hail-fellow-nasty as a talent manager; Dean Jagger plays the priest-like tycoon, worshipping at the

altar of what works, that is one of Hollywood's more interesting stereotypes. Ed Wynn, emerging miraculously out of theatre history, plays a decent little fellow and overpowers the sentimentality implicit in the part by a quality of stage craft the movies seldom offer.

At the end, the picture forsakes its own ruthlessness. The hero goes on the air to read a treacherous coast-to-coast "memorial" to the great man. But the words stick in his throat, he throws away the script and begins to tell the real story. The network president, listening in a studio suite, stops the attempt to cut him off the air—saying that sincerity may be the great new gimmick. And so it proved to be, though not quite in the way he meant it. This twist ending (the novel left the issue unresolved) is dramatically effective, but also looks a little as though Ferrer and Morgan hesitated to drive their lance really deep into the broadcasting dragon. They want to "leave us with the thought" that if our own particular great man were really a monstrous sham, some honest fellow would spill the beans. Maybe so—but no one has done it yet.

THE Stratford, Ontario, Festival *Oedipus Rex* now being shown here is not a movie, but the photograph of a stage performance. And the performance is not a play, but—as explained by one of the cast in a prologue—a sacred ritual. All the action takes place on a platform stage and all the actors wear masks and statuesque garments. The result is a long way from the genius of the movie camera and it is remarkable that an experiment so radical succeeds as well as it does. Or perhaps it is evidence that Sophocles' tragedy (here in the beautiful

and powerful Yeats translation) will seize the observer under the most unlikely circumstances.

Tyrone Guthrie's decision to mount the play as impersonally as possible (almost as though he were using Craig's *Über-Marionettes*) is an attempt to cloak *Oedipus* in a timeless grandeur which it has in any case. He succeeds in filling the audience with a feeling of awe, but he effectively destroys the mortal love, pity and nobility that is the other face of this great work. Perhaps Guthrie felt that he could not show both aspects with the company at his command and settled thus for pomp. But it can still be done today: the Greek National Theatre did it in an unforgettable repertory season of a few years ago.

And Guthrie seems to have known that he was sacrificing a good deal, for he tries to offset the coldness of the masks with the hottest diction that has been heard on stage or screen for many years. The cast rolls its rhetoric; it intones, sobs, keens, snarls, whispers and screams until you would think you were in an elocution class for hysterics. In camera close-ups the human mouths can be seen writhing within the impassive masks; a spectacle of abstract ritual is played to the sound of immediate agony. It is probable that the director sought in this way to achieve a stunning counterpoint, but the effect is a disturbing incongruity. The players are neither puppets nor actors, neither gods nor men. And the cameras, fussing about in the cramped space, fail to give the play a line: the principals do not assume positions related one to another and the chorus is more a heap than a mass. The picture is a valuable record of a valid experiment in staging the Greek classics.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

"I AM patient," wrote Beethoven on his deathbed, "and I think that all misfortune brings some blessing with it." He could hardly have known that one blessing, in the prevailing misfortune of TV, would be his *Fidelio*. The majesty of his only opera, performed at the re-opening of the Vienna Opera House, gave us patient viewers some magnificent moments in last week's *Call to Freedom*, latest in Henry Salomon's "Project 20" series on NBC. The theme of the opera—tyranny, captivity and ultimate freedom—was also the theme of the program. It told the story of Austria from the days of imperial splendor, through Nazi slavery, to its rebirth as a free

and independent nation some eighteen months ago. Filmed enactments of Napoleonic and Hapsburg days, film clips of the Anschluss terror and ensuing tragedy, shots of flower-filled fields, storm clouds, mountains, trees were interwoven with selected scenes from *Fidelio*. Other Beethoven music, scored for the occasion by Robert Russell Bennett, was heard throughout, sometimes alone, sometimes under narration written by producer Salomon with Richard Hanser and Philip Reisman, Jr.

Until now, Salomon has held to his film-clip-plus-narration formula. Previous "Project 20" programs have been skilfully put together and have had some

good things in them: the musical score of *The Jazz Age* was a nostalgic delight, the poetic narrative of last year's *The Twisted Cross* very moving, the films used in *The Great War* were unusual and interesting. But by and large I found that these historical treatises lacked imagination. They were too dogged in their determination to tell about the 20th century, the sequences were too predictable. Watching *The Jazz Age*, I knew that Al Capone would come after the rumrunners, Lucky Lindy circling Le Bourget was inevitable after Americans whooping it up in Paris, thence to the ticker tape and you-know-what crash. Salomon was wise to look for a new format for *Call to Freedom*, and Beethoven's parable of the unending human struggle for freedom and justice seemed like a natural.

I think it missed, because of the inequality of the elements that went into it. It is impossible to relate film of extras marching around in Napoleon-style tricornes, or dressed in Royal robes at a Hapsburg marriage in St. Stephan's Cathedral (when the narrator, in a convoluted sentence, says "... the countries and the peoples of the Danube are united by a quartet who join in a double marriage from which is to grow one of the great empires of the world.") to the spirituality of Leonora's magnificent plea for compassion, or her deeply moving "Namenlose Freude" duet with Florestan—"Oh, joy beyond expression, when heart meets heart again." The film that came closest to bearing up under such comparison was the simplest: the opera house being restored by careful artisans, the signing of the Austrian Independence Treaty, prisoners of war returning to loving arms and wet cheeks. "Timidity will get you nowhere," says producer Salomon. He used narration which, although it called freely on poets Spender and Shelley, only revealed further the gulf between trivia and genius. I found myself waiting for more opera, impatient with the heavy-handed reconstruction in between. Perhaps timidity is not a useful quality to a TV producer, but a bit of humility might be.

ON A quite different subject, two other producers have experimented with combining techniques to tell a story. Frank Capra's *Our Mr. Sun*, which was presented by CBS in November, and Walt Disney's *Our Friend the Atom*, which will be on ABC this week, both tackle atomic energy and both succeed with a happy combination of cartoons, live action film and a "story line" that serves to clarify the subject. When I saw a preview of Disney's program, I was made less uncomfortable at the thought of

claiming the atom as my friend, than I was at being thus involved with Mr. Sun. Viewers will remember the cartoon characters of Mr. Sun and Father Time who tossed scientific facts about atomic energy back and forth with Eddie Albert and Frank Baxter, Thermo the Magician who made thermonuclear reaction understandable, and Chloro Phyll who did the same for photo-synthesis in plants.

But where Capra's program was superbly elaborate, Disney's—perhaps profiting from that example—is simple, almost crudely simple. Rather than create an entire cartoon personality to describe nuclear fission, Disney uses mouse traps which balance two ping-pong balls apiece. The sight of hundreds of ping-pong balls setting one another into violent motion is a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in the new universe of atomic energy. Disney uses an Arabian Nights fable—"The Fisherman and the Genie"—as a frame: man, the fisherman, nets a tiny vessel, the atom, in the sea of the unknown. The mighty genie that comes forth is tricked into submission and promises man three wishes, instead of menacing death. And with this simple parable, the history of atomic science, the explanation of atomic energy and its peaceful uses unfold. "So far the atom is a superb villain," writes Dr. Heinz Haber, Disney science consultant, "its power of destruction is foremost in our minds. But the same power can be put to use for creation. . . . If we use atomic energy wisely, we can make a hero out of the villain."

Disney has done the most difficult thing in all communication; he has extracted the very essence of a complicated subject, the barest skeleton of an idea. He chose methods to present it which matched this simplification. His cartoons are simple; Dr. Haber, the narrator, speaks simply, and the old fairy tale is hardly a subtle statement. No one element in *Our Friend the Atom* outweighs another; all are carefully designed to match one another in effectiveness. I found it easier to learn from the Disney approach than from the frillier Capra product; for Capra was tempted, as Salomon was, to cloak what he was trying to reveal.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

January 20 through 26
(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, January 20
WORLD NEWS ROUND-UP (CBS).
Direct voice reports and special news-films from a global staff anchored by

Eric Sevareid in New York. Last week's premiere promises an important addition to TV news.

THE LAST WORD (CBS). A new series on words, made into a game of wits by host Dr. Bergan Evans. John Mason Brown and two guests are the panel of this literate show.

Monday, January 21

INAUGURAL DAY (All networks; TV and radio). Pre-Inauguration ceremonies; motorcade from White House to Capitol; administration of Presidential oath; Inaugural Address; President's Parade, and Inaugural Balls. Four to five hours of coverage.

Tuesday, January 22

THE MURDER OF A COUNTRY (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). Drama of three Hungarians—a student, a soldier, a woman—and the forces that unite them.

BLIND DROP: WARSAW (ABC; Conflict). More drama based on events in Central Europe: a weekend of terror

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Thursday, January 24

THE STAR-WAGON (CBS; Playhouse 90). Adaptation of Maxwell Anderson's time fantasy. Diana Lynn and Eddie Bracken with Billie Burke, Jackie Coogan and others.

Radio

Saturday, January 26

DAS RHEINGOLD (ABC). First of The Ring cycle, which will be followed on succeeding Saturdays by *Die Walkure*, *Siegfried*, *Die Gotterdammerung*. Blanche Thebom, Jean Madeira, Ramon Vinay, Otto Edelmann, in this week's Metropolitan cast.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE Vienna Philharmonic began its recent concert under André Cluytens' direction in Carnegie Hall with a performance of the Haydn Symphony No. 96 that I had heard the New York Philharmonic play under Paray a few weeks earlier; and I was surprised by the lustreless sound of the Vienna orchestra as against the bright sound of the New Yorkers. Surprised, because one outstanding characteristic of the Vienna Philharmonic when I heard it in 1928 and 1929, and again in 1937, was the richly luminous sonority of its strings; and it was the strings that now were lustreless. With a few additional players and with the different scoring there was a little more radiance in Brahms's Fourth Symphony and

Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*, but still nothing like the dazzling brilliance I had heard in the New York Philharmonic's performance of Debussy's *La Mer* a few weeks earlier.

What was outstanding about the Vienna orchestra at this concert was refinement and sensitiveness—in the execution and phrasing of the strings, the horns, the other brass; in the ensemble operation and blended sonority of the entire orchestra. These are things that are achieved only by excellent players and musicians who have worked together long and well; and they demonstrated the group's right to be considered one of the great orchestras of Europe.

Refinement and sensitiveness were also the characteristics of Cluytens' treatment of the Haydn symphony, which I found less effective than the more robust performance of Paray with the New York Philharmonic. The Strauss tone poem also would have gained by greater breadth and weight; however the performance was an acceptable statement of the work. But the performance of the Brahms Fourth I found unsatisfying: with the constant changes of pace there were breaks in continuity of momentum, and the finale did not have the special effect of the passacaglia form—the cumulative impact that is built up by maintaining the tempo of the initial statement of the theme inexorably throughout the succession of variations, as Brahms directs.

OF VERDI'S *Falstaff* there has been until now, in addition to the RCA Victor recording processed from Toscanini's 1950 broadcast, only the Cetra recording of a performance which is made unsatisfying by tempos that are now too fast, now too slow, by Taddei's vocal affectations and extravagances and by the unpleasant voices of the Nanetta and Fenton. But now Angel 3552 offers a performance conducted by von Karajan in which the tempos are, with one ex-

ception, right, effective and coherent, the movement is dazzling swift and light, the ensembles are airy and clear, the vocal parts are sung flawlessly by Gobbi, Panerai, Alva, Schwarzkopf, Merriman, Barbieri and Moffo, and the orchestral part is played beautifully by the London Philharmonia. It is a performance which takes a position of equality beside Toscanini's, with differences that are points of superiority now for one, now for the other.

This is true, for one thing, of the singing. Certain of the opera specialists have reported that to their ears the Victor singers, with the exception of Elmo, betray their inexperience in their parts and their terror of Toscanini in singing in which they manage only to produce the notes without expressiveness; but listening to the performance again after a couple of years I have been amazed by the beautiful and expressive singing that Valdengo does with a voice that is more richly resonant and more varied in color than Gobbi's, and by the fine singing of Guarrera, Nelli, Merriman and Stich-Randall. If Schwarzkopf's and Moffo's voices are lovelier than Nelli's and Stich-Randall's, Elmo's singing is steadier and dramatically more effective than Barbieri's. But Victor has one poor singer—Madasi; whereas Angel has none.

For the rest, the rightness of Toscanini's pacing exhibits no such exception as von Karajan's excessively deliberate tempo for the second-act ensemble beginning with Ford's "*Se t'agunto!*" Also, the NBS Symphony plays with more brilliance and power than the Philharmonia; but on the other hand the enormous effort that Toscanini put into achieving delicacy and clarity in the studio was nullified by the NBC engineers: vocal parts which in the studio were *p* and *pp* come off the record as *f*; texture is not clear in the vocal ensembles; and the voices blanket the orchestra. In the Angel performance *p* and *pp* come off the record as *p* and *pp*, and the vocal ensembles with marvelous clarity; but the orchestra, unexpectedly, is blanketed by the voices even more than in the Victor performance. The Angel recorded sound is more beautiful and spacious than the Victor; but the latter is surprisingly resonant and agreeable for sound from a Studio 8H filled with an audience.

I think most listeners would be happy with the unflawed singing and the better reproduction of the Angel performance; but I am one of those who would choose the Victor, even with the one poor singer and the defective reproduction, for the characteristics in which one hears the operation of Toscanini's unique powers.

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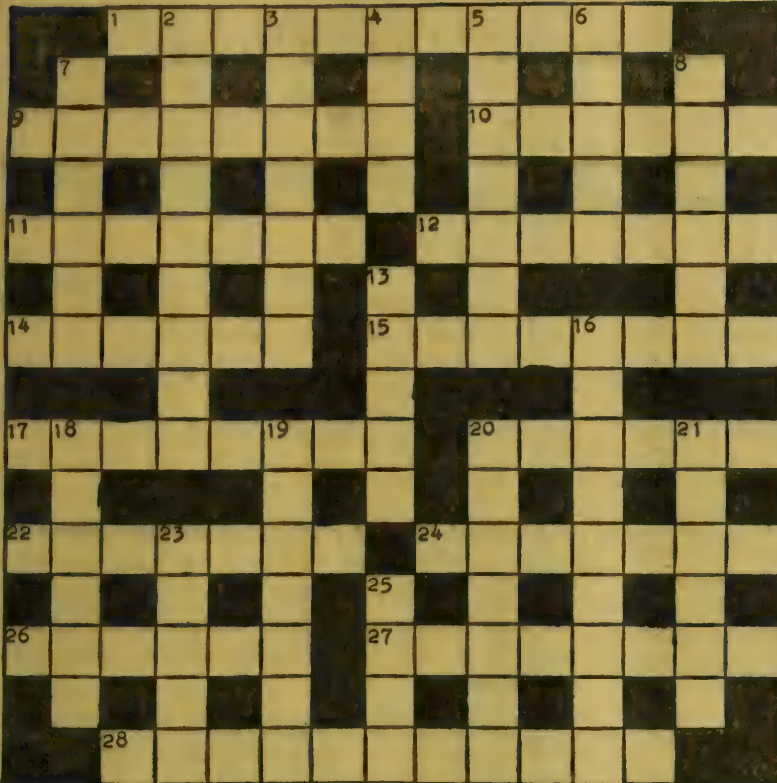
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Crossword Puzzle No. 707

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 20 down
- 9 The part of the relay where the gun, perhaps, has a true explosion. (8)
- 10 What a dervish might do. (6)
- 11 Expedient. (Ian might give him a party.) (7)
- 12 Shut up! It's about the last word in hanging! (7)
- 14 Soon, if it won't this! (One should, to the human race.) (6)
- 15 and 28 Hardly the attribute of deviationists! (19)
- 17 Renounced. (8)
- 20 Changing of position and one might be on the floor. (6)
- 22 Where the arty type might be somewhat less than studious. (7)
- 24 Might be at one, if all together. (7)
- 26 To stamp out drink? (6)
- 27 Gushing with oil? (8)
- 28 See 15 across

- 6 First-rate color, but displayed ostentatiously. (5)
- 7 A rectangular rabbit. (6)
- 8 The scent of "Lost Enchantment"? (6)
- 13 What are employers doing nowadays? (5)
- 16 Contrives a sort of tire with the components of 13. (9)
- 18 Light study. (6)
- 19 One should be practically skillful with this. (4-3)
- 20 and 1 across But this seed isn't related to hops. (However it's bound to be wormy.) (7, 7, 4)
- 21 Are such players out, rather than safe at home? (2, 4)
- 23 Shall I tell you what this is, briefly? Do. (5)
- 25 The rough pronunciation of Aaron? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 706

Across: 10 LIONESS; 12 NEEDS; 13. 1 across and 8 THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER; 14 REACH; 15 UNISON; 17 BEVEL; 22 and 21 down DEVIL-MAY-CARE; 23 ASTRAL; 24 SATIN; 26 and 16 down LETTER OPENER; 28 JASON; 29 ICTERUS; 30 INACTIVE; 31 PROMOTE; 32 PRESENTS; Down: 1 ARGONAUT 2 ESOTERIC; 3 OATHS; 4 GAMETE; 5 and 9 across ALL IN GOOD TIME; 6 COUNSEL; 7 SEASICK; 10 LIVED; 11 OGRESS; 18 MINTS; 19 PRUSSIAN; 20 PLUNGERS; 22 DILEMMA; 25 KRONER; 27 TUFTS; 28 JACKS.

DOWN:

- 2 Improperly cut out of 27, with a main correction instead, to make it consentient. (9)
- 3 Stopping father when he gets 13? (7)
- 4 Christmas could be an extremely short 14. (4)
- 5 An object of dread to carry under an insect. (7)

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And, of course, as *Nation* readers know, we published an exhaustive critique by Harvey Goldberg in the November 10, 1956 issue.


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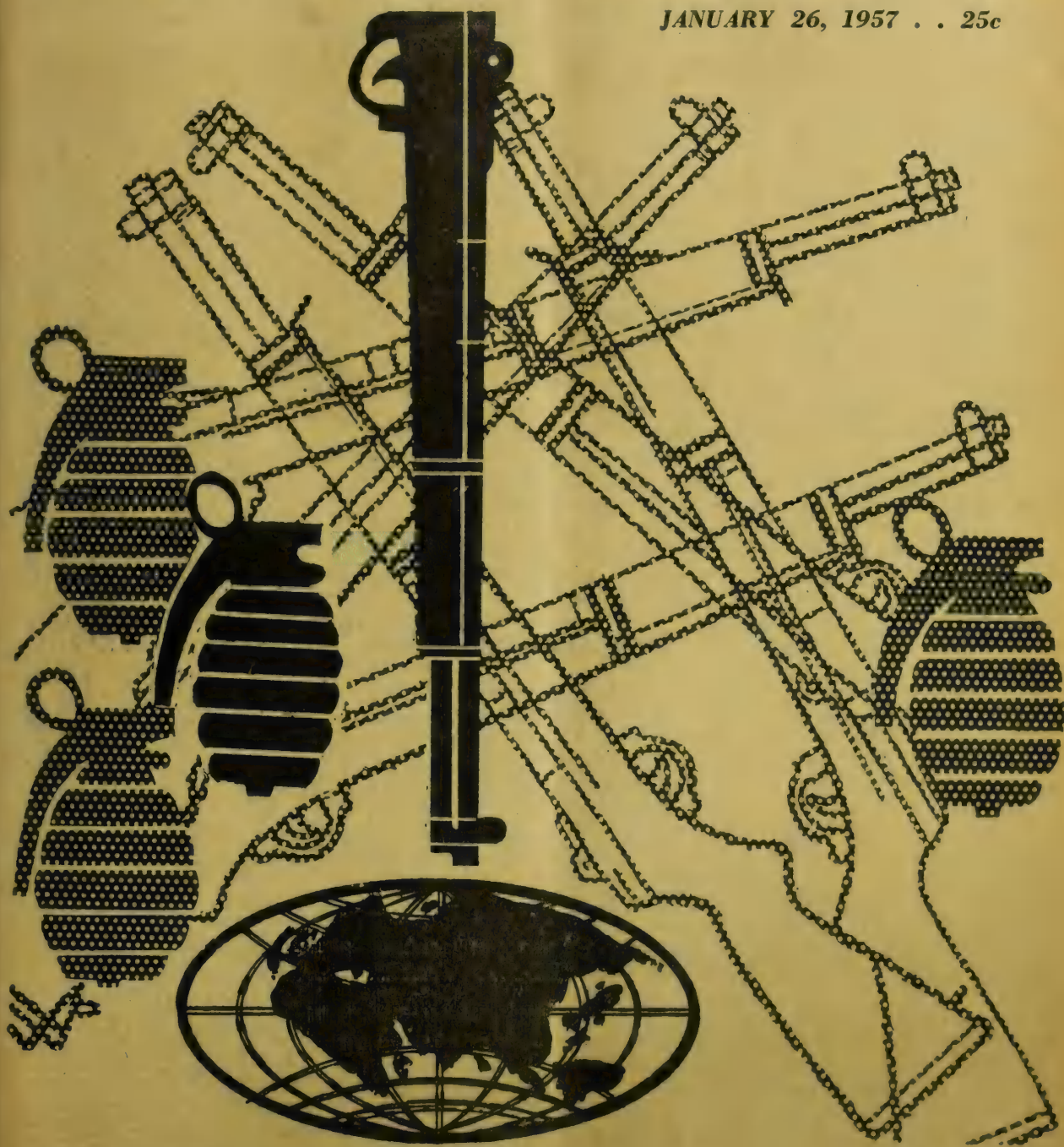
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THE
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JANUARY 26, 1957 . . 25c



THE LIMITATIONS of an ARMS DIPLOMACY

I. THE RAMPARTS WE RENT . . *by O. Edmund Clubb*

LETTER from LONDON

By Paul Johnson

THE QUEEN'S decision to ask Harold Macmillan to succeed Sir Anthony Eden (which was taken, it seems, on the firm advice of Lord Salisbury, the dark, Tudor figure who pulls the strings of Tory politics) came as a surprise to most people here, even to those who normally consider themselves well-informed; it had been confidently expected that Mr. Butler, the Leader of the House of Commons, who had presided over the Cabinet during Eden's absence in Jamaica, would be called. The explanation seems to be that Eden's decision to resign was a sudden one, taken on the point-blank insistence of his doctors and without consultation with his colleagues. If the Queen chose Butler—who had fiercely opposed Eden's Suez policy in Cabinet, and who was widely regarded by many right-wing Tories as the man responsible for the premature cease-fire—there was a real possibility of a sizeable revolt against his leadership within the party, and this, in the present circumstances, would certainly have led to the fall of the Government and a general election. By selecting Macmillan, on the other hand, she chose a man who, unlike Mr. Butler, has no large personal following in the party, but who equally has few enemies. This was undoubtedly the advice Lord Salisbury gave her, and from the Tory point of view—at least in the short-term—it was the right advice.

What sort of person is Macmillan? Outside political circles, he is little known. His background is unimpeachably upper middle-class: Eton, Oxford, the Grenadier Guards. He is the head of one of London's oldest and most respectable publishing houses. He is a member of the Carlton Club, the Turf, Pratt's and the Beefsteak. He married a daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire, a step-up in the world which allied

him with one of Britain's most powerful political families: when he entered the House of Commons in 1924, sixteen of his wife's relatives were also members, and there were a score more in the House of Lords. Macmillan dresses impeccably, is a good shot, a very popular guest at country-house parties, an able speaker—witty, if a trifle theatrical—exceptionally well read for a politico (the telegrams he wrote when Foreign Secretary were notoriously larded with quotations from Virgil, Suetonius and Thucydides) and, on the whole, the most intelligent of the senior Tory leaders. He has had considerable administrative experience in top cabinet posts: as Minister-Resident at Allied Headquarters in North Africa (where he became a close friend of General Eisenhower), as a highly successful Minister of Housing, as Minister of Defense, Foreign Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer. All in all, then, a very suitable candidate for the post of Chief Minister.

THE trouble with Macmillan, however, is that he has, as yet, no public *persona*. What, people ask, is going on behind that silvery, drooping moustache, that elegant pin-stripe suit, those disillusioned, languid eyes? Those who watched him on his first big television appearance last week saw a typical member of the Governing Classes talking to the people of Britain across a bottomless abyss of class—and were bored. Macmillan has none of Eden's matinee-idol glamor, none of Butler's comfortable, slightly oily charm; he looks, and in many ways is, a stock Tory Public Man, whose good manners are forever fighting an inconclusive battle with his arrogance.

Yet there are, or were, deep waters in Macmillan. Those who know him well say that the most formative experience of his life was the blood and mud of Passchendaele, which he saw from a front-line trench in 1917. Nearly all Macmillan's closest friends were killed in the

First World War; and when he has had a few glasses of port after dinner, it is about them he is most likely to talk. Macmillan entered politics in the early twenties, the period when "the hard-faced men

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PAUL JOHNSON is associate editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

EDITORIALS

Rusty Weapons: Clumsy Tactics

The recent upsurge of violence in the South—the dynamiting of churches in Montgomery, the acts of terrorism in Tallahassee—is merely the latest evidence that the White Supremacy South has lost the Second Civil War. As always, violence of this kind is the last recourse of desperate men who sense defeat. From the outset, the opposition to desegregation has exhibited little sense of tactics or of strategy; the methods used have been crude and atavistic. As a weapon, the dusty doctrine of “interposition” is about as lethal as John C. Calhoun’s cane. But any doubts that the opposition is even weaker than expected have now been removed by the bombing of Christian churches. As a tactic, this is about as effective as beating little girls or tossing old ladies from wheel-chairs. From the start, the opposition has misjudged the issue, the times, the forces.

The historic defenses of the Jim Crow system—the veto power which the two-thirds rule gave the South in Democratic conventions, the white primary, the poll tax, the filibuster and the seniority system—are collapsing. The two-thirds rule was repealed in 1936; the white primary was dealt a heavy blow by the Supreme Court’s decision in *Smith vs. Allwright* (1944); the poll tax has been undercut by rising income levels in the few states in which it has not been repealed. Current efforts to amend Senate Rule XXII—the “filibuster” rule—have set the stage for modification or repeal in 1960 and the seniority system will receive fresh attention at this session of Congress.

The Bourbon South can neither ruin nor rule. In 1948 a Democratic nominee won without its support and the returns for 1952 and 1956 demonstrate that its disaffection did no more than add to the magnitude of a Republican victory assured in any case. Today the South is divided on both tactics and objectives. The border states and the Outer South—where the Negro population is less than 30 per cent of the total—have been lost to the integrationists and new tensions have arisen within the Inner South, the citadel of Jim Crow, where the Negro population ranges from 30 to 46 per cent. The loss of the outlying territories has been much swifter than might have been imagined. Judge Walter E. Hoffman has disposed of Virginia’s elaborate “placement plan” as merely a crude attempt to evade the Supreme Court’s decision. “With all de-

liberate speed,” the U. S. Court of Appeals ruled in the Memphis State College case, does not mean “in five years”; there is real urgency in the mandate.

The segregationists have patently miscalculated the effect of violence. The recent bombings will merely arouse further national sympathy and support for the Southern Negro’s heroic struggle to shake off the shackles of Jim Crow. Certain all-important if indefinable factors are on the Negro’s side: he is committed to non-violence; he appeals to the law and the Constitution; the moral sense of the nation supports him. The use of violence will only alienate the neutral or uncommitted elements in the white population. In a recent editorial, the *Montgomery Advertiser* points out that the issue is no longer “segregation on city buses . . . [but] whether it is safe to live in Montgomery.” Violence, moreover, will solidify Southern Negro leadership. For the second time in recent years, a representative group of Southern Negro leaders, acting on its own initiative, has assembled in a Southern city to discuss ways and means of enforcing the Constitution. The sixty men who assembled last week in Atlanta were not convened by the NAACP; nor were the Southern Negro educators who met in Arkansas in the wake of the Supreme Court’s decision in the desegregation case. These meetings herald the emergence of the Southern Negro’s opposition to Jim Crow as an open, organized, region-wide movement. Make no mistake about it; Jim Crow is dying.

The short-range prospect, however, is for more sporadic violence. Southern Negroes will no longer accept the old ways and part of the “white” South will not yet accept the new. The President, therefore, should heed the request of the Negro leaders who assembled in Atlanta and speak out against lawless defiance of the courts and the Constitution. It is a modest request.

Heap Big Medicine Man

In two days last week the President travelled 4,600 miles and “inspected” drought conditions in six states of the Southwest. This is rugged work for a man whose health is said not to be robust; it is cruel work because it is meaningless. There is nothing obscure about the cause of dust. As long as shortsighted gamblers plow the prairie, the winds will come and blow their land away. Can the President change this fact by participat-

ing in a motorcade through the sterile plains of south Texas? If he spreads his arms and smiles his fabulous grin will the skies darken and the rain fall? The President, fulfilling one of his campaign promises, visited the stricken area with an entourage that included three press aides. He "personally" looked at the barren lands which offend our notion that the United States is the richest nation on the earth. This procedure has meaning only if we assume that the chief executive of the country is also the head medicine man of the tribe—or that Congress needs a circus to be reminded that some Americans are running short on bread.

Black and White

In the wake of the British-French fiasco in Suez, the current fashion is to deplore American self-righteousness and to speak of the colonial powers with a large, warm tolerance. In this spirit, the Rt. Hon. Anthony Nutting, former British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, who resigned his post and seat in Parliament last November, writes in the New York *Herald Tribune* that it is not enough that Europeans should give up "colonialism" — his quotes — but that Americans must also give up "rigid anti-colonialism, seeing everything in simple terms of black and white." But some issues are that simple and difficulty only arises when efforts are made to make them appear gray. Take, for example, the case of Tanganyika, land of snow-capped Kilimanjaro, the country where Stanley met Livingston. It is a U.N. trust territory — native population 8,000,000, Asian population about 70,000, total European population not more than 25,000. Last year the government split a \$9 million educational melon into three parts. Nothing could be more "equal" than the division: the children of 25,000 Europeans received exactly the same allocation as the children of 70,000 Asians and 8,000,000 Africans. Africans are represented on the Legislative Council also on a basis of "parity," meaning one European and one Asian for each African. No American, however "rigid" his views on colonialism, would suggest that the British are to be criticized for not providing adequate educational facilities in Tanganyika; the available resources would not support such an effort. But it is immoral to translate a 320-to-3-to-1 population ratio into a 1-1-1 ratio for the expenditure of educational funds. This is, literally, a black-and-white issue.

Le Bon Papa

In February, 1954, *Time* ran a cover story on Paul Eugène Magloire, who at that time had been for four years president of the Republic of Haiti. Under the heading, *Bon Papa*, the newsmagazine pictured him as the very model of a Caribbean chief executive. Up with the birds (Haiti abounds in roosters), Magloire worked eleven hours a day at a high-powered executive

clip "any topflight Detroit executive could understand." The Haitian president's somewhat elevated taste in uniforms and his imperial deportment at public functions were just part of a hard job—a small circus for the simple black children of Bon Papa. Behind the braid and the aides was a public servant who "speeds through his work," observes his colleagues with "penetrating brown eyes," "rumbles out courteous, unruffled answers," lunches with his family (fancy!) and "beams" on innocent night-club merriment (on rare nights out). There was the small embarrassment of Police Chief Prosper, who had just built himself a home as large as a "U.S. small-city high school," and Haiti, for all its prosperity and farsighted public-works programs, was "by the standards of 1954-model materialism an insanitary, barefoot failure." Bon Papa, however, was going to fix all that.

But Papa, it now seems, was too good to be true. He was moved to skip out of Haiti before his six-year term of office expired, and *Time* reports (January 14, 1957) that a preliminary audit suggests he may have plundered the country to a sum in excess of Haiti's current annual budget—\$28 millions. Magloire held monopolies for the production of soap, cement and sisal bags—profits on which were held to a good margin—and did well in real estate by buying up land bordering on projected highways. Business men by the "dozens" have now come forward to say that they could not operate in Haiti unless they kicked back to the president. Magloire's assets in Haiti have been frozen, but he used some of his fine executive sense to establish bank accounts in Boston, Miami, Paris and Geneva. Bon Papa's children are now fitting out a town house in Paris, where they eagerly await their good provider.

This ends a success story that many a top-flight Detroit industrialist might envy. What we envy is the way *Time's* reporters can move into a foreign capital and get the real picture from the people who know.

The Art of William Carlos Williams

The recent awards by the Academy of American Poets (\$5,000) and Brandeis University (\$1,500) to William Carlos Williams call attention to one of our most courageous and germinative advance-guard poets. Dr. Williams has never been generally recognized as the unique spokesman he is for a truly creative, non-parochial nativism in art. Since early this century his name has been associated with the leading experimental figures of modern literature, yet he has insisted on his moorings as Dr. Williams of Rutherford, N. J.

The art of Williams is especially native in its refusal to deny the violence, confusion and cultural barrenness which are as deep in the American tradition as our melioristic, democratic energies and ardors. His fiction gives unforgettable close-ups of small-town life, scenes in the cold-water flats of immigrant laborers, sex and ambition in their homelier aspects and in

disturbing and unexpected relationships. In *the American Grain*, his original study of America's "mythical history," seeks to bring into the light national meanings deriving from the first bloody ravishments by Europeans of the Indian world they found here, from the shocks and discoveries of exploration and revolution and civil war, and from the challenge to make new beginnings.

But it is in his poetry especially that Dr. Williams' great power and stature show themselves. The poetry concerns itself with everything that hits the senses of a normal man's awareness. As with Whitman, it excludes nothing from the dignity of its scrutiny. It is the poetry of a man greatly committed to life, growth and the sympathetic understanding of the rest of mankind and nature, one responsive to the mood of those younger than himself, perfectly candid, high-spirited,

unpredictable. In short, William Carlos Williams, at seventy-three, stands as the embodiment of what we might wish the national spirit as a whole to realize one day in itself.

The Polish Elections

As this issue went to press, Alexander Werth, one of *The Nation's* brilliant European correspondents, was on his way to Warsaw to cover the most important elections held in Eastern Europe since World War II. His first-hand observations on what happened in Poland last Sunday, will appear in an early issue.

Simultaneously John O'Kearney, veteran foreign correspondent and a frequent contributor to *The Nation*, is en route to the Middle East via the Balkans. His first dispatch will be from Belgrade.

THE EDUCATIONAL MALAISE . . by Arnold A. Rogow

WHEN LORD BRYCE wrote his *American Commonwealth* almost seventy years ago he found it necessary to devote an entire chapter to the low status of politics as a profession. The "best people," by which he meant the enlightened, the talented and the virtuous, did not go into politics, he observed, because the profession lacked dignity, honesty and prestige. The theme is a recurring one, as witness the efforts of the Citizenship Clearing House to encourage interest by college students in a political career, but perhaps less is heard of it now than in Bryce's time, or even twenty years ago. Political and civil-service reform, the increase in government employment and economic dependence on government, the skill and sophistication of modern-day political spoilsmen as compared with their predecessors, the development of college courses and entire curricula in public administration—these factors and others have raised the status of politics as a profession. To be sure, the politician is still regarded as of less account than the business man,

lawyer, doctor, scientist or engineer, but over the last twenty years he has made some appreciable gains in the status hierarchy.

Consequently, a new Lord Bryce, attempting to locate the "best people" in the new *American Commonwealth*, would probably find them roughly divided among all the professions, with one exception. The "best people," it appears, are not to be found in any great number in the teaching profession; moreover, the quality of education, far from having improved since Bryce's day, may well have seriously declined.

Viewed from the outside, the malaise in education seems to be chiefly occasioned by an expanding population and financial need. By now almost every literate person knows that teachers are underpaid, that there is a shortage of teachers and classrooms and that the universities and colleges are straining to meet increased enrollments. Defined in this fashion, the problem of the schools would be mainly resolved by larger amounts of federal and state money and private aid. Viewed from within, the problem is also financial, but not exclusively so. The schools and universities are currently involved in major controversies over fashions and styles in education, often discussed in the context of the cold war: whether deliberately to

seek to educate as many engineers and scientists as the Russians; whether there is a "flight from the humanities," and if so, what should be done about it; whether the schools should focus on teaching skills, social adjustment or traditions and values ("Great Books"); and so on. There is no consensus on these problems or their solution, and while the discussion goes on the consequences of current trends are neglected.

One of these trends at the secondary-school level, for example, can be described as a trend toward the provision of the least education for the least educated, by the least educated. We can not be sure, of course, that the schools ever functioned *primarily* to encourage independent and creative thinking, but it is clear that for some years past this aspect has been less emphasized. The prevailing stress in secondary education appears to be on adjustment to contemporary social norms and attitudes, on "getting along" with schoolmates, parents and community, and on the acquisition of narrow-gauge skills. Many of the teachers themselves, according to some studies, are not so much educators as group leaders whose self-esteem is tuned solely to harmonious relations with the students, the principal and superintendent, the parents and the community at large.

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The learning content of much secondary education, meanwhile, seems to eschew analysis and controversy in favor of elementary factual information; from this point of view the question is not "Why Johnny can't read," but why Johnny can't (or can) read *what*. If Johnny can read or does read, he is apt to encounter history as a collection of anecdotes in which the Forces of Good periodically confront the Forces of Evil, and usually triumph. If he turns to the chapters on economics in his social-studies textbook, he is unlikely to discover that a case can be made against the free-enterprise system. No matter where he turns, it is improbable that he will meet the great issues of the past and present, or even become cognizant of the rhythms that have stirred men and societies. Nor is he likely to become informed or cognizant later on, because the majority of Johnnys in America conclude their formal education in or before the twelfth grade.

NO DOUBT the situation described owes a good deal to the nature of teacher aptitude and training, but it is not solely a function of teacher quality. It has long been notorious that student majors in education show the least aptitude for education, as measured by intelligence tests. According to figures quoted from reliable sources by William H. Whyte, Jr., in his recent book, *The Organization Man*, in 1951 the aptitude scores of education majors were the lowest of any group of students in graduate work. In a sample of 339,000 students, the percentage of those in various fields who passed is shown in the following table:

Students Majoring in:	Passed
Engineering	68%
Physical science and Mathematics	64%
Biological sciences	59%
Social sciences	57%
Humanities	52%
General Arts	48%
Business and commerce	42%
Agriculture	37%
Education	27%

In short, in 1951 the future farmers demonstrated a greater aptitude for education than the future teachers!

The aptitude scores and the poor quality of instruction in many, although not all, of the teachers colleges and schools of education are reflected in the fact that a good many teachers are not much more intelligent or informed than the brighter of their students. Reading nothing more serious than the *Readers Digest* and *Life*, such teachers may neglect the brighter students altogether, or make an inadequate effort to respond to their interests and needs.

A large number of secondary-school teachers, however, are intelligent, capable and conscientious, and their difficulties suggest that the problem of the schools is not entirely financial. There can be little question that raising salaries would improve the level of recruitment, but it does not follow that better-paid teachers would be brighter teachers, or that brighter teachers would be more capable teachers. In general, the American community gets the schools that it wants or deserves, and there is considerable evidence that, IQ and salaries apart, it wants the teachers and schools that it has.

In essence, the community wants the schools to present basic, factual information, not the questioning of institutions and values. It demands that the young be trained and disciplined—"house-broken," someone once called it—and not encouraged to be independent and non-conformist; it insists on adjustment rather than individuality. Additionally, it wants its teachers to be unquestioning and non-critical, and to live easily with community customs and mores. It expects them to read the *Readers Digest* and *Life*. And no matter what salary it pays its teachers, the community is not willing to accord the teaching profession the status, independence and respect it accords most of the other professions. The layman is not inclined to define medicine for the doctor or law for the lawyer, but he is usually willing to define education for the teacher—and to insist upon his definition.

The enlightened and imaginative teachers, as a result, are often those who can pursue their careers only at some risk to themselves. Every year many of them resolve the tension,

latent or manifest, between themselves and the community by leaving teaching; those who remain conduct themselves cautiously and even surreptitiously, both in and out of the classroom; as, indeed, they must. They are usually aware that when they do enjoy independence, or a measure of academic freedom, these flow not from community support of teachers but from community indifference to the schools, and especially from community assumption that nothing provocative or partaking of counter-mores is being presented in the classroom. When this assumption is explored by the community, for whatever reason, the extent of teacher-freedom is apt to be reduced. Not long ago, for example, a well-meaning civic organization in a certain city decided that the citizens of the community did not display enough interest in the schools and school problems. In the course of the campaign to arouse interest, many citizens poured into the schools on a number of visiting days, talked to the teachers, sat in the classrooms and looked over the textbooks. The chief result was a battle between various factions in the community culminating in the forced resignation of the school superintendent, the dismissal of two teachers and the establishment of a citizens' committee to watch-dog the selection of textbooks! In such communities, it may be argued, the less interest in and knowledge of the school, the better.

BUT THE major point is that the malaise of secondary education will not be remedied only by building more and better classrooms or by raising teachers' salaries to the level of beginning engineers. Teaching is a profession, and if it is to attract the brains and talents that are currently being enrolled in other professions, it must be treated as a profession. Salary increases may well enlist more capable people, but they will not remain in teaching or exercise their fullest competence unless the community is willing to accord them the status, dignity and independence that the other professions enjoy. The alternative is not merely incompetence of teachers, but a continuing debasement of educa-

tional standards and substance and of the quality of citizenship itself. No one can doubt that the schools produce able technicians and specialists, but can they also produce citizens with a sense of the past and the urgent present, who appreciate cultural richness and diversity, and who have a decent respect for individuality in themselves and others? The successive studies of the Purdue University Division of Educational Reference and other agencies sadly reveal that these graduates of the nation's schools are not numerous.

SIMILAR questions and problems confront the colleges and universities, and there are others which apply particularly to higher education. Nevertheless, the secondary-school teacher is apt to look with envy on his counterpart in the colleges; up to a point the envy is merited. The typical college instructor does not work as hard, and there is nothing at the college level equivalent to the *Blackboard Jungle*. He has more professional status, although not as much as he deserves, and he has greater freedom than the teacher both in and out of the classroom. He usually is not beholden to the community in which the college is located, and on the whole the trustees, president and alumni are less in evidence and exert less pressure than the school board, superintendent, principal and P.T.A. This is not to deny that McCarthyism has left its mark on the campus in the form of faculty and student intimidation. There can be no question that in recent years the academic freedom of radicals and nonconformists has been restricted and is restricted still. It does appear, however, that the colleges have weathered better than the secondary schools; and within higher education, the private schools have been less affected than the municipal colleges and state universities.

But higher education is subjected to other pressures which in the end may prove more serious. For the most part they also emanate from the community, although in more subtle form and at longer range. Within the college enrollment expansion, the largest increase by field of study has been in business and commerce.

As Whyte points out, almost 20 per cent of the 183,602 men college graduates in 1954-55 were business and commerce majors; all of the physical, biological and social sciences, liberal arts and mathematics men majors combined totalled only 26.6 per cent. The rest of the men graduates were mainly in engineering (12.3 per cent), education (8.1 per cent) and agriculture (3.8 per cent). These figures suggest, Whyte observes, that the trend in college education is not away from the liberal arts to the sciences, as many imagine, but from fundamental to applied studies.

Similar developments have been taking place at the graduate level. In terms of Ph. D. degrees granted, the physical sciences and the humanities lost an equal amount of ground between 1939 and 1955. Agriculture, engineering and education increased sharply. The social sciences gained 1.3 per cent, but most of the increase, apparently, was in psychology. History and economics declined in almost the same proportion as English, philosophy and languages.

We are, in short, graduating business administrators and technicians, rather than men of broad knowledge and understanding; and, again, we are doing this because the community prefers specialists to generalists and narrow skill to comprehensive learning. Despite much talk about the value of a liberal arts education, no one who reads the last few pages of the Sunday *New York Times* business section can doubt that the major job opportunities require degrees in engineering, electronics, business, applied physics and mathematics.

It may be conceded that the business majors and technicians will make important contributions to the standard of living and to technological innovation, but will they also make important contributions to the solution of urgent political, social and cultural problems? At one fairly typical state university, commerce majors will spend a minimum of almost two years in commerce courses; the remaining two years will be devoted to basic courses in fields such as English, mathematics, physical education, military science, natural science and history. As few as eighteen semester hours may be spent

on elective courses "in any area of the university"—which presumably means the whole range of the humanities and the other-than-basic courses in the sciences.

If present trends continue we may expect that the typical college curriculum will be increasingly "practical" and job-oriented. Faculty recruitment, and at many schools promotions and salary increases as well, generally follow enrollment, and as enrollment declines proportionally in the traditional arts and sciences field, teaching and research in those fields will also decline. Budget pressure, if nothing else, will curtail the number of course offerings, and those departments, fields and courses with small enrollments will be less favored with staff and salary increases than the burgeoning areas.

There is a very real danger that the overall enrollment increase will be reflected in a division of universities not so much along class lines as in terms of mass-educational institutions, on the one hand, and elite educational institutions on the other. In his recent book, *Constraint and Variety in American Education*, David Reisman observes that the academic distance between the prestige universities and the rest is not as great as it used to be, that a number of schools have gradually closed the gap—at least in certain fields—between themselves and Harvard, Yale and Columbia. A new gap is emerging, however, as a consequence of the current and projected enrollment expansion in publicly-supported institutions. As a bulk of students flood into the state and municipal universities, there is every likelihood that the quality of instruction will be lowered to accommodate the larger enrollment. The rise of closed-circuit television and radio courses, the reduction of reading lists and library work, the transformation of assistant and even associate professors into section assistants in large lecture courses, the pressure to administer machine-graded examinations, the tendency of publishers' agents to prefer text-book manuscripts to research work—all of these developments accompany the enrollment increase in the public universities.

In the state of Michigan, for ex-

ample, the projected enrollment increase will more than double the student population at the major state universities. At present, the University of Michigan has an enrollment of 22,000 students; Michigan State University an enrollment of almost 20,000. According to the President of Michigan State, Dr. A. Hannah, by 1970 his institution will have an enrollment potential of 48,000, and the University of Michigan a potential of 55,000. It is not difficult to imagine, if these potentials are realized, academic departments of a hundred staff members, lecture courses of several thousand students and libraries consisting exclusively of recordings, large-scale visual aids, television sets and microfilm machines.

The private schools, whose enrollments will continue to be limited, are less susceptible to these developments. They may be increasingly at-

tractive, therefore, to the brighter and more serious students who prefer small classes, frequent contact with instructors and less hectic library conditions. Ultimately such schools will also provide a more thorough education, and their graduates are likely to fare better in national life.

It is important, of course, that attention should focus on teacher shortages, inadequate teaching pay scales and insufficient facilities. Last year the average public-school teacher earned \$4220, and the average college instructor not much more. So long as this situation applies we cannot expect teaching to compete for recruits on favorable terms with such occupations as plumbing, heating engineering and automobile construction, much less business, law and medicine.

But in the end teaching salaries will be raised, facilities will be ex-

panded, and new schools will be built. What is less certain is the use to which this expansion will be put. Will the new teachers and facilities produce thinkers or doers, creative individuals or unthinking automata, participating citizens or apathetic drones? As a speaker at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science suggested, "The shortage of scientists and engineers is bad enough, but with some effort these immediate shortages can be corrected. . . . What is more serious and dangerous in the long run is that the mass of our population . . . remains in ignorance of the foundations on which [our] society is based." Unless the expansion of education promotes an expansion of true enlightenment, we will not gain from it much in the way of political maturity and cultural enrichment.

LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

I. THE RAMPARTS WE RENT . . . *by O. Edmund Clubb*

[For the last decade, United States global strategy has been largely based on arms—our own, and those of our "allies." Of \$256 billions we appropriated for defense and foreign aid from 1950-55, for instance, only 1.5 billions—about one-half of 1 per cent—was strictly for economic and technical help for underdeveloped areas. As the newest revelation of this global strategy, the Eisenhower Doctrine raises a fundamental issue: are we placing too much reliance on an "arms diplomacy"? The following article, first of a series, attempts to answer this question with respect to the Western Pacific; subsequent articles will deal with other parts of the world.—Ed.]

THE CONTAINMENT concept was born in 1947 and NATO created in 1949; but the strategy of ringing

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the Communist bloc with a glorified Maginot Line finally matured in connection with the Korean and Indo-China wars. The President's strategem for dealing with the Middle East situation actually comes from the same armory of ideas as the 1954 "massive retaliation" doctrine, designed in the first instance to apply to China. It is of a pattern with Mr. Eisenhower's urgent request two years ago for full authority (which Congress as urgently granted) to engage in whatever military operations he might deem necessary for the defense of Formosa in the light of a development which, he said, "seriously imperils the peace and our security."

Formosa was almost certainly saved for the Chinese Nationalists by intervention of the U. S. Seventh Fleet in the Formosa Strait in 1950; guns preserved the status quo in Korea and won half a loaf in Indo-China; but the American strategy is demonstrably working to our in-

creasing long-term disadvantage in the West Pacific. The basic reason for the failure is found in military doctrine itself. Marshal de Saxe held that "The human heart is the starting point in all matters pertaining to war." General von Clausewitz subsequently placed the moral element first in his listing of the elements of strategy: "The relations of the material things are all very simple; the comprehension of the moral forces which come into play is more difficult." In its post-war Asian strategy, however, the United States has relied chiefly upon material things; both the mind and stomach of Asian Man have been largely ignored.

We have striven to establish a Pax Americana in the power vacuum created by the defeat of Japan. Specifically, we have taken upon ourselves the task of blocking the advance of Communist power into a U. S. "outer defense zone" encompassing South Korea, Japan (including Okinawa), Formosa and the Philip-

piners. There we maintain military bases, and to the governments in the region we extend military aid. About 80 per cent of U. S. "aid to Asia" goes to South Korea, Formosa and Indo-China. Support of Formosa has cost us a round \$2 billions since 1951; the propping up of South Korea takes about \$700 millions annually and we have spent \$750 millions thus far toward building up the Japanese "Self-Defense Force."

South Korea and Formosa, economically too weak to support themselves, each maintain armies of 600,000 men with our help. This is in line with our concept of how to fight an Asian war, for General MacArthur in 1951 expressed the prevailing American military opinion when he testified that "it would be a master folly to contemplate the use of United States ground troops in China." The idea was—and is—to let Asians supply the foot soldiers, while we limit our contribution to naval and air action.

BUT THE 1955 Bandung Conference voiced a strong Asian demand for peace, and any moves toward an atomic war find the world generally opposed. The final communiqué of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference of July, 1956, expressed a sentiment shared far beyond the borders of the Commonwealth:

They [the Prime Ministers] looked forward to a continuing relaxation of tension in the Formosa area, and expressed the hope that unremitting efforts would be made to this end. Peaceful settlement of the problems in this area is imperative for stability in the Far East and for removing the dangers of conflict which would frustrate the hopes of peace.

The United States stands alone in its support of Formosa, and in Korea our U.N. warrant covers peaceful purposes only.

The elder von Moltke defined strategy as "the development of an original idea in accordance with changing circumstances." Circumstances are changing rapidly in Asia, but the United States stays buttressed in positions taken up half a decade ago. The reasons for this immobility are not far to seek. For one thing, we have been caught up in the ideological web of our cold war. For

another, we have solemnized the cold-war concept in alliances with forty-two states of various—and sometimes clashing—national purposes. Thus bound fast by treaty commitments, we are often assailed by conflicting loyalties which force us, on occasion, to act unilaterally if we would act at all. The development of closer relations with an India or Japan is sacrificed for a Chiang Kai-shek or Syngman Rhee. And our global system of alliances in the end takes on the value of the lowest common denominator.

CLAUSEWITZ divided war strategy into two kinds—that of annihilation through decisive battle, and the strategy of exhaustion. The American strategy for the West Pacific is of the first type. Present indications are, however, that the Communists have no intention of provoking us into decisive battle. After their experience in the Korean War, they are likely to refrain from crossing boundaries—even internal ones as in Korea and Vietnam. Formosa and South Korea are evidently now viewed by the Communist strategists simply as diversions for pinning the United States down politically. The real campaign being waged by the Moscow-Peking Axis is one of political and economic attrition.

Under existing conditions, American hostile action is limited to maintenance of an economic boycott and efforts to keep China outside the pale of the United Nations. The Chinese and Soviet strategists, for their part, act as if their chief aims were the maintenance of peace, the fostering of "peaceful co-existence" and the furthering of international trade and national economic progress. The Communist bloc extends credits for industrial projects in underdeveloped countries and develops its commerce with Asian nations more concerned with their own economic distress than with the West's anti-communism. Far Eastern correspondent Gordon Walker, in the January 3 *Christian Science Monitor*, reported the current Asian scene:

The battle for Asia . . . has shifted, during the past year, from a military to an economic front. . . . And the battlelines—the struggle between

the Free World and the Communist orbit for economic supremacy in Asia—are clearly defined now.

Our military encirclement is being infiltrated by Communist diplomats and traders.

We meet these new Communist political and economic challenges only stiffly and in terms of our own conventions. In the first place, our particular brand of nationalism impedes our understanding of Asian aspirations and affairs. Also, although we are the greatest of the Great Powers, our commitments constrain us to view East Asia in terms of relations with Formosa and South Korea. And in any event, our economic strategy is heavily fettered by our trade protectionism, our habit of dumping farm surpluses abroad, the unwillingness of our private capital to venture into Asian countries and the reluctance of our government to join in international development projects. All of this leaves us ill-equipped for the new competition.

In this field our West Pacific defense system does not help. Moreover, it now becomes clear that the so-called "island-defense chain" is not a chain at all: it is made up of heterogeneous elements which are, and almost certainly will remain, un-



linked to each other. Formosa and South Korea are both in effect American protectorates, but they compete with each other for our favors; a gulf of suspicion and animosity divides South Korea and Japan; none of the three is linked politically to the Philippines or to SEATO. Japan and the Philippines particularly, as the more self-sufficient of the group, tend naturally to manifest a growing independence in foreign affairs.

Japan, for one, has now turned back to Asia. In the euphoria of the occupation period it was assumed in some American quarters that that Oriental nation had been made over in the American image. But Japan is permanently in and of Asia: across the Sea of Japan lies a hostile South Korea, and beyond is China; and from Japan's Hokkaido can be seen the southern tip of Soviet Sakhalin. Only compelling force or superior political advantage could keep Japan joined to us. Again Clausewitz expounds the principle:

The final decision of a whole war is not always to be regarded as an absolute one. The defeated state often sees in it only a transitory evil, for which a remedy can yet be found in the political circumstances of another day.

If, in its foreign relations, Japan cannot gain concrete national advantage through association with the United States, it will seek it elsewhere; and if our Asia policy exposes Japanese national interests to undue hazards, Japan will pull away.

Last year may well have been the watershed in Japan's post-war foreign policy. By an agreement ratified in December, the state of war between Japan and the Soviet Union was terminated and diplomatic relations re-established. Immediately afterwards, Japan became a member of the U.N. When Foreign Minister Shigemitsu visited Washington in 1955 with the avowed aim of achieving "a dynamic working partnership" with the United States, he said that Japanese-American cooperation would remain Japan's "immutable policy." He failed to win that partnership. In the United States again a year later to preside over Japan's entry into the United Nations, he stated that his country

would not be tied to any U.N. bloc, but would instead act as a member of a "world bloc"—with advancement of the U.N. the primary Japanese objective. These two statements by Mr. Shigemitsu, separated by a year, imply a significant change in Tokyo policy. In the U.N. Japan enjoys a major opportunity to gain new influence as an Asian nation playing an independent role.

Seeds of discord are found in American-Japanese relations. Japan objects to paying \$83 millions annually for maintenance of U.S. armed forces on her soil, to paying 15 per cent more for American than for Pakistani raw cotton, and to buying American farm surpluses on credit terms that have the effect of doubling their original price. American and Japanese negotiators haggle over the yardage of Japanese cotton textiles that may be "voluntarily" imported into the American market. Tokyo strives to recover from us full sovereignty over Okinawa and the Bonin Islands. The new Premier, Tanzan Ishibashi, sees increase of Japanese trade with China as "a necessity," although to be undertaken "within the framework of our international agreements as a member of the United Nations and also as a member of the free nations." Here are additional warning signs of a growing difference. As Disraeli remarked, "finality is not the language of politics." It is not the language of American-Japanese relations.

THE AMERICAN position in the Philippines is also threatened. In recent negotiations, the Filipinos demanded the right to exercise criminal jurisdiction over our military bases there. In addition, according to a dispatch in the *New York Times* of December 6, the Philippines insist on the right to control use of the bases in the event of war, and desire a "package deal" which apparently would make our tenure in the bases contingent upon an annual flow of military aid. The negotiations at Manila were broken off by the American side in December. But U.S. bases are not the only sore spot; the Filipinos resent the constant pressure they are under from us to build up their own military strength. When

we recently tried to press an additional jet squadron upon their air force, President Magasay expostulated that it would cost \$1,200,000 a year for fuel alone to fly the planes.

The Filipinos are as proud and as nationalistic as any Asian people. Our relations with them can hardly improve under our present policy; they could easily become worse.

A sea power requires secure overseas bases. In the bad old days of imperialism, overseas colonies satisfied that requirement. In the post-war period the United States, far from projecting its sovereignty into the Seven Seas to meet new global needs, granted independence to its chief colony, the Philippines, and went on to prod Britain, France and the Netherlands: "Go, and do thou likewise." Still pressed by an exigent need for naval and air bases, however, it has tried to substitute a quasi-protectorate policy for colonialism in the West Pacific in particular, aiming thus to maintain bases in territories it does not own. Our continued occupation of some of these bases is patently dependent upon our periodical delivery of large quantities of guns and dollars. When we pass the peak of our "foreign aid" program, our political influence will inevitably decline in areas where friendship for us is only rented.

BILLIONS spent have not brought us security in the West Pacific, for we have emphasized the factors of war material and military strength to the neglect of political and economic elements. Our mechanistic approach to the problem of power, accompanied by our insensibility to the moral forces which motivate Asians in this new era, has introduced grave weakness into our world strategy. We have neglected to develop into "the totality of its meaning" (Secretary of State Dulles's phrase) either our NATO coalition or our political relationship with Japan; we have equally disregarded the potentialities of fuller cooperation with India; we have ignored the disintegration of bipolarity in the world scene through the growth of both "Titoism" and "neutralism"; we have buried our head deep in the Formosa sands rather than take a new look at the

Chinese nation of 600 million people. Finally we, the richest nation of all, have refused to face up to the rising demand of the underdeveloped countries that they, too, be helped to share in the goods of this earth.

This is all in violation of the principles of sound strategy. As a consequence, we are losing world po-

litical support, and breaches are appearing in that "defense zone" of far-flung U.S. air and naval bases on foreign soil that rings the Communist bloc from Iceland to Hokkaido. Primary reliance since 1950 upon a "military-ramparts" philosophy and the comforting solidity of war matériel has led to stultification of American thought in the po-

litical and economic fields. Actual world conditions demand increased emphasis on non-military factors. Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, famed advocate of sea power, wrote in 1890 that "far-sightedness is needed for adequate military preparation, especially in these days." His words have twice their original meaning now, two generations later.

FLORIDA'S PURE-WHITE SANDS . . by Mary Freeman

Sarasota, Fla.

THIS West Florida town with two and a half miles of gulf front (and at least thirty more in its surrounding country) does not have a beach where colored people are welcome. In our efforts during the past three years to provide one, we have gotten nowhere, but what we've done has been done with style. It may truly be claimed that our series of ring acts has been worthy of this home of three circuses.

The bizarre development of Sarasota's major beach problem was determined largely by its being a typically Florida resort, consisting of a Northern community grafted on a Southern and functioning as a haven from the more turbulent currents of life. The community's rapid growth has been a further complicating factor. Town and county have doubled in population during the past six years and now claim about 35,000 and 60,000 permanent residents respectively. Approximately one-sixth of the county residents are Negroes.

By 1952 we white residents suddenly noticed with alarm that our beaches had begun to disappear behind private estates, motels and "No Trespassing" signs; we rushed to vote a bond issue so that the county could buy more public beaches. But already purchase had become difficult. The canny business man did not

want to sell property to the county when a capital-burdened investor or affluent developer might be just over the horizon. Obtaining gulf front for white residents cost the county commissioners considerable labor, but their next task, a beach for Negroes, called for the legerdmain of a Houdini (the possibility of desegregated beaches had not even crossed our minds). Two years ago, the County Commission set an architect to work on swimming-pool plans for Sarasota's colored section and tossed the matter of a gulf beach in a fancy curve towards the city. It fell with a thud. This did not shake the commissioners, who tied up their swimming-pool package and offered it to their colored constituents. It was refused. Moreover, the commissioners were reminded that, when the bond issue was voted, a gulf beach, not a swimming pool, had been promised.

Shortly after, the Negroes underscored their wishes by spending an afternoon on a section of Lido beach previously frequented only by whites. Parking their cars along the road, the Negroes sat on the sand or riprap under the watchful eyes of the white bathers. There was little swimming. It was not long before the police appeared, strolling about until the colored people crowded into their cars and went home.

Several days later a row of "No Parking" signs was interposed between the road and water. White citizens, who were in the habit of enjoying a quick dip near their cars, gave a wistful glance and moved on to the municipal casino.

This kind of "solution," which entails stubbing one's own toes, typifies Sarasota's handling of the Negro beach problem. Official action has but mirrored the confusion of the community. Victims of a painful ambivalence, we have busied ourselves with unproductive and self-defeating antics that might well be called neurotic. For the most part, those who were panicked by the Negroes' visit to Lido were so not because they thought the Negroes had exceeded their rights, but precisely because they knew that they had not. Only a few whites could attribute their attitude to Southern tradition. In 1952 and 1956 Sarasota went GOP. The county commissioners who juggled our beach problem were all Republicans. Many Democrats among us are Northern Democrats.

THE residents of Lido Key are perhaps representative. A few are Southerners with better than average incomes and education, but many are Northerners retired on modest incomes. A few are people of impressive backgrounds; a few have impressive wealth. Almost all have invested heavily in what is hoped will be a tranquil, even if somewhat encapsulated, future, and are especially sensitive to any event that might disturb it. Most of these people would not like to be thought prejudiced. They have good will towards Negroes as a race. Nevertheless, when they saw colored people on their own chosen bit of public beach, they felt threatened. They were glad

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January 26, 1957

to see the police and glad to see the signs.

The county, having failed in its first little stratagem, now proposed a beach on the bayside of a key (incidentally, a section with a cloudy title). The Negroes, reacting remarkably like white people, were unenticed. A bi-racial committee was tried, but it failed to function as a unit. The Negroes themselves were not united: some still wanted their own gulf beach; others now spoke of integration. Profiting by this disagreement, the white members of the committee independently selected a site, this time on the gulf side of Longboat Key. Longboat residents immediately came to the defense of their property and of their way of life.

DURING the fray a local member of the NAACP came to the commission and stated that the Negro community would consider nothing but an integrated beach. Distrustful of any representative of the NAACP, the commissioners asked that the Negro community be polled at a meeting to which the commission should be invited. A week later the NAACP representative reported that a meeting had taken place and that the community had voted for integration. The commissioners, angry because they had not been invited to the session, and regarding an integrated beach as too fantastic to consider, voted to lay the matter aside for a year, until May 1, 1956 — but not before Commissioner Leach, who was to figure later as star prestidigitator, thought of a cunning expedient for meeting possible "emergencies" on county beaches. He suggested that the county seek permission to sell its beaches whenever it saw fit. Would the county ever want to jettison one of its major assets, now so difficult to come by? The commissioners thought it might. The scheme was laid before the state legislature for its approval.

Last summer the townspeople of Sarasota were again reminded of their obligations when a group of colored people made a second visit to Lido Beach. The city, once more involved, glared at the county and

passed a one-year "emergency" ordinance saying that in order to "suppress riots, affrays, batteries" etc. city beaches would be temporarily closed whenever "members of each of two or more races" appeared on them simultaneously. It is to be hoped that the wording will not involve the police department in extensive genetic research or lead to international incident.

Meanwhile the county commission was in a melancholy mood. The state legislature had agreed to let the county sell its beaches only upon a referendum vote. Not feeling up to the next turn, the commission tossed the problem to a committee of twelve white citizens and bowed out.

While the new committee deliberated, there was a ferment of discussion throughout the county, almost all of it concerned with the choice of a site for a Negro beach. No one doubted that it would be a disaster if the key on which he lived, or even the key on which he preferred swimming, were chosen.

The possibility of desegregation was almost never mentioned. A very few individuals of strong religious or democratic persuasion commented that we were making a great fuss when the whole thing might be solved quite simply, cheaply, ethically and legally by integration. They were, of course, considered dangerously naive. Those priding themselves on hard-headedness busily concocted little expedients for defending their favorite beaches. If pressed to give an opinion on possible integration, they generally produced time-worn clichés.

The more thoughtful put it this way: Sarasota's beach problem must be considered in the light of order, culture and economics. We abhor violence; we must do nothing to provoke it, and, after all, the rumors of Citizens Council threats could not be altogether discounted. Moreover, we and our tourists—many of us being more or less permanent tourists in a chosen retreat — agree that our community has a rather special tone which must be maintained for our profit as well as our pleasure. We have backgrounds that do not include noisy picnics with cluttered

remains, dressing for the beach in cars, unsanitary habits and rowdy behavior. Sarasota's colored people, unfortunately, belong to the economic and cultural level where such things are common. (The whites who argue this way have been unimpressed by the report that Florida Negroes have been remarkably well behaved and clean on their own beaches.) At any rate, the Sarasota Negroes do not fit into the picture of a quiet community with a proper leavening of culture so comfortably provided here by the Ringling Museum, the Art Association and the presence of so many artists and writers. To disturb this would be to disturb the very foundation of our community. It is to the economic interest of the Negro as well as the white that this not be done.

That this felicitous situation was being threatened from an entirely different direction some were willing to admit, but obviously it was easier to discourage the uncultured poor than the uncultured quick-buck boys of our fast-growing community. These latter have their own uncomplicated views on the beach problem. It was not "good business" to desegregate here, and it was not "good business" to have a Negro beach anywhere near your own investments. Their assurance was unshaken by the fact that the same people who come to Sarasota have accommodated themselves to integrated beaches in other parts of our country and abroad.

BUT THE happiest thought for everybody was that "our colored folk" didn't really want integration. We kept coming back to that. We liked to think that the colored people wanted only their "fair share," and we were not eager to ask what they would consider "fair." When the city completed a swimming pool, the missing piece in its already extensive recreation program for Negroes, would this be thought a "fair share"? Or would the colored people still demand a gulf beach? And would that troublesome demand, inspired by "outside agitators," for integration pop up again? We were unwilling to admit that our religious and democratic ideals, as well as the hard

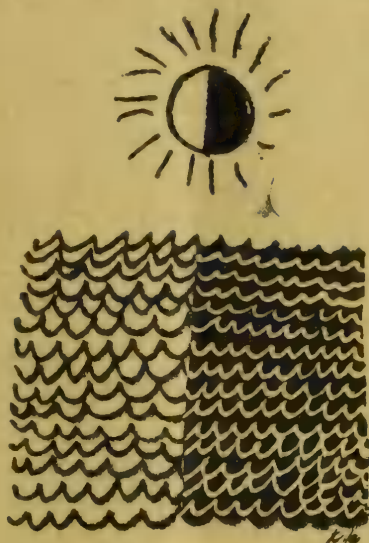
facts of international politics, might cause it to pop up again. Nor did we consider the possibility that eventually our efforts to postpone desegregation might be construed as attempts to evade the law. Many took comfort from Sarasota's own mandarin, David Lawrence, who pontificated that those bothersome U. S. Supreme Court decisions were illegal and would be changed.

Some few felt that the ramifications of our beach issue extended further than the problem of providing adequate recreational facilities. They felt that it had hardened into an issue of principle and become the focal point in Sarasota of the Negroes' desire to integrate. But, ironically, the initiative toward the only integration ever accomplished on a Florida public beach came from whites. This was effected at the request of white fishermen to use a colored beach during its annual run of bluefish. "It would be unbecoming of us to refuse," the colored superintendent is said to have answered.

OUR twelve-man committee deliberated twelve tortured days. Then they came up with a spit of land recently washed up at the Southern end of Siesta Key. At first glance the project looked feasible. At least it was far enough from developed property not to be too costly. But on second thought, its disadvantages were all too obvious, and Siesta Key interests were quick to make good use of them. The spot was unstable, unsafe, inaccessible and, incidentally, its choice would be an injustice to Siesta Key residents. One gentleman went so far as to point out that establishment of a segregated beach might be of doubtful legality. Speculation continues concerning his exact intent.

A delay in the hearing of the committee's proposal allowed objections to be well aired. The decisive day came at last, and again Commissioner Leach made an imaginative contribution. The hearing was set for 1:30. The commission was scheduled to tidy away other concerns during the morning. At 10, tucked in between inconsequential and routine matters, a statement was read. Mr. Leach, it said, being unwell and unable to engage in controversy, wanted to

make his position on the recommended beach clear at this time (by happy coincidence representatives from Siesta Key were there in a body). Briefly, Mr. Leach felt that the committee's recommendation should be rejected on the grounds that the site was unsafe and unstable, and he made a motion to that effect. It was carried. He further made a motion to dissolve the committee and shelve consideration of a Negro beach



until after election, as the carrying out of any decision would devolve upon the newly constituted commission. This motion was also carried.

The chairman, mindful of his manners, suggested that this was a rather abrupt way to dismiss a committee that had given its time and thought to the problem. A motion to thank the committee was made and carried.

Nobody was happy as a result of this well-oiled maneuver except the disburdened commissioners and the residents of Siesta Key. Personal relief outweighed the conviction of many of the latter that the Negroes really should have a gulf beach. It would be very nice if such a beach could be located on Lido or Longboat. Many Longboat and Lido residents said that it was quite a shame that the Siesta site had been rejected. There was all-round censure of the commission for shirking its duty.

MacKinlay Kantor, Sarasota's own

Pulitzer Prize winner, gave this condemnation new impetus when he wired the commission either to provide a Negro beach quickly or he would write, for a national magazine, an article called *Sarasota Cheats Its Colored Children*. The county commission sat in silence. One weary voice finally said, "We've done all we can."

Meanwhile Mr. Kantor, touched on a sensitive nerve by some mistaken assumptions in the volume of comment his wire provoked, wrote a clarifying letter. He wasn't, as some seemed to think, "madly in favor of integration"; in fact he thought it would be "a grave mistake." He didn't think his "colored friends" wanted an integrated beach, and he was sure that they were happy to "have somebody in there pitching for them to get a colored beach." Mr. Kantor must be a little short-sighted or he would have seen that instead of being a lone figure, he was lost in a crowd of others "in there pitching" for a Negro beach, even though they were missing a catcher.

One strong voice from the Chamber of Commerce cut through the shilly-shallying. It said straight out that the only proper site for a Negro beach was in the Negro district. An artificial lake should be dredged out and white sand spread around its edges. We should give our colored people the finest artificial lake that could be had, and there should be picnic grounds, barbecue pits, baseball diamonds, basketball courts, an auditorium, dance hall, gymnasium and restaurant. This separate but better lake beach would be preferred by our colored friends, he asserted, past evidence to the contrary.

QUITE unexpectedly, the county commission came back to recoup its losses. Headlines announced that it had at last chosen a Negro beach site and was proceeding immediately to acquire it. Where? Between Lido and Siesta Key, in Big Pass. We were puzzled. No, it was not visible; it was a submerged bar that the commission proposed to build up. Expensive? Unstable? Unsafe? Yes, but . . . Inaccessible? Oh, we could operate a ferry until we could build a bridge to it. Exactly where in the channel

had they located this bar? Why, right off Mr. Kantor's private beach.

A few days later the laugh was on the other side. A reporter discovered, through the minutes of the county commission, that it had acquired this very sandbar in '53 when it was whirling on a similar hot spot. A flustered search turned up the deed, and Commissioner Leach, on delivering it to the clerk, read us all a little

homily on the wisdom of recording deeds.

These striking *Gargouillades* have all landed us on precisely the same spot. Here we await a choreographer who can provide a resolution. Will the two new county commissioners who, during their campaigns for election, declared the incumbents remiss in handling the beach issue, be able to suggest more than a higher vertical

leap with an extra *rond de jambe*?

We have been postponing desegregation at great cost to ourselves until, as so many of us say, our Negro population is prepared for it. But regardless of what preparation the colored community may or may not need, the tragic truth is that we, with our superior backgrounds and opportunities, need even more preparation.

LETTER from LONDON

(Continued from inside front cover)

who had done well out of the war" dominated the House of Commons. He was painfully conscious of the fact that power had passed to the coal-barons and beer-lords, the profiteers and business men who saw the Tory party not as a vocation but as a means to make more money. Along with three other young men, Macmillan formed a ginger group within the party—sardonically termed the Y.M.C.A.—whose purpose was to resist the brutal encroachments of the millionaires' group, whom they called the "Forty Thieves." The Y.M.C.A. did not prosper, and when the thirties brought unemployment and fascism, Macmillan moved even further to the left. In 1936, he even went so far as to refuse the party Whip, and many thought he would eventually join Labor, especially when, in 1938, he published *The Middle Way*, a plea for greater state organization in industry and the provision of welfare services. Most of what he asked for has long since been accepted even by the Tories, but in 1938 it was regarded as "creeping socialism."

Yet Macmillan is now not only acceptable but welcome to the right-wing of his party; indeed, many British newspapers have hailed his selection as a victory for the die-hards. Why? There is no easy answer to this question. Macmillan himself has doubtless changed considerably, particularly since 1945. Labor's great victory at the polls, in which he himself lost his seat, filled him with bitterness. His own decimated generation, he felt, had been betrayed by its greedy and unprincipled elders, and when a new generation

of idealists came of age, they had chosen to serve in another party whose principles were to him anathema. During the period of Labor supremacy, Macmillan took comparatively little interest in politics, and at one time it looked as though he would leave them altogether. When Churchill returned and Macmillan was given his big chance at the Ministry of Housing, he took it, of course, with both hands, and this helped to restore his faith in himself and his party; nevertheless, it is a fairly safe bet that only a period of national crisis could have given him the leadership.

THE reason for this lies in the curious dichotomy of British Toryism. At the heart of the Tory mind lies a belief in leadership, a conviction that certain classes of men are marked out by heredity and situation to govern. This is, in a sense, the direct antithesis of democracy; and, in order to survive in the age of the mass electorate, the Tory party has been forced to introduce the concept of the "Tory Democracy," in which a blend of patriotic romanticism and the acceptance of change is employed to secure the allegiance of classes whose economic interests are in direct conflict with the Tory classes themselves. Tory Democracy was foreshadowed by Disraeli, created by Lord Randolph Churchill, Winston's father, and in our own day it has been developed and strengthened by Butler. But it has always been an uneasy bedfellow with the leadership principle, and in times of crisis the two tend to fall out. When this happens, which of the two wins the day depends on the circumstances of the crisis. In 1945, faced with the crisis of defeat,

the Tories chose the policies of Butler and of the clever, young moderates who followed in his wake; and in the six years prior to 1951, he re-shaped the party's program and persuaded its rank-and-file to accept the welfare state. But the crisis today is of a very different nature. For the last two years, the Tories have felt the lack of a strong and purposeful leader. They were able to bully Sir Anthony down the precipitous slope, but once over the brink his nerve failed, and he desperately tried to scramble back up again. This performance has left the party ashamed and bewildered. Hence, their first instinct now is to look for a leader: not necessarily a popular leader, or even a wise one, but a man who can make decisions and stick to them. In Macmillan they believe they have found one.

The tragedy, of course, is that the long-term future of the party must lie with Butler, or with other men who think like him. The Suez crisis may appear a victory for the extremists, but most observers here predict that it will, in the long run, prove fatal for the imperialist wing of the party. But with Macmillan in power and the Butler wing in temporary eclipse, the party will, in the immediate future, be fighting against the inexorable tide of events, and this will inevitably set up an internal conflict which may prove impossible to resolve except in the wilderness of opposition. A spell in opposition, in fact, is what an increasing number of Tories are beginning to want. Indeed, one might almost say that the party as a whole is today filled with a death-wish; but the selection of Macmillan as Premier is a sign that it intends to die on its feet.

Bloomsbury's Water-Spiders

VIRGINIA WOOLF & LYTTON STRACHEY LETTERS. Edited by Leonard Woolf and James Strachey. Harcourt Brace. \$4.50.

By Walter Allen

WHATEVER we may think of Bloomsbury and the Bloomsbury Group, there can be no doubt that Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey were at its center. They were, so to speak, founder-members of a society that never knew it was a society until the outside world gave it a name thirty years after its founding. Another founder-member, Clive Bell, in his forthcoming *Old Friends*, asks the question, "Did 'Bloomsbury' ever exist?" In the sense of anything like a movement or a school, with principles and dogma and program, it certainly never did; but as certainly it was a very real entity to the outside world that saw itself excluded as from a magic circle. It was surely right to find in its members, in the friends who composed it and the friends of the friends, a common attitude of mind.

It was an attitude of some complexity and not easy for the outsider to understand. To him it often appeared masked by an expression, no doubt irritating, of conscious superiority. In fact, the young ladies and gentlemen who met in the early years of the century at the Misses Vanessa and Virginia Stephen's flat in Bloomsbury were an intellectual aristocracy, and knew it. But the attitude was two-faced, and this was disconcerting. J. M. Keynes, another charter member, found in the group two apparently contradictory sides, which he saw as characteristic of the two Cambridge colleges where the young men of the group had been undergraduates and friends. From

King's College came what Keynes called "low habits"; from Trinity, austerity. By "low habits" he meant irreverence, frivolity, that cheerfulness which keeps always breaking through; the austerity linked them with the high-minded, high-thinking, Alpine-climbing Victorians who had been their fathers.

These attributes seem to have existed in the members of the group irrespective of where they came from. D. H. Lawrence, meeting them in 1915, was conscious only of the "low habits": "When I saw Keynes that morning in Cambridge it was one of the crises of my life. It sent me mad with misery and hostility and rage." They were, he told David Garnett, "done for." More than twenty years later, Keynes, in his paper, "My Early Beliefs," admitted that "there may have been just a grain of truth" in Lawrence's outburst. "Our comments on life and affairs were bright and amusing, but brittle—as I have said of the conversation of [Bertrand] Russell and myself with Lawrence—because there was no solid diagnosis of human nature underlying them."

ALL the same, it is important to remember, especially at a time when Bloomsbury is under attack from all sides, that its members were intellectually brilliant, were, when they were not artists and scientists themselves, the transmitters of new ideas, new modes of apprehension, we now take for granted. The achievements of Keynes, Mrs. Woolf, E. M. Forster, Strachey, speak for themselves; three others of the group, Roger Fry, Clive Bell and Desmond MacCarthy, first introduced the modern movement in painting to Britain, and Strachey's brother James and Virginia Woolf's brother Adrian Stephen were pioneer psychoanalysts. The group lived in a world where ideas had a free passage.

Intellectuals have never been com-

mon, much liked or extraordinarily influential in England. In England, to be an intellectual is to be isolated and also to be conscious, it seems, of a solemn superiority, that solemn superiority Forster expresses so well in the characters of the three Schlegels in *Howard's End*. But Forster at least raises the cry there, "Only connect!" Perhaps the first impression formed after reading these letters between Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey is the sense of a lack of connection between the small world in which both have their being and the greater world without. This is unfair. Every letter-writer adapts himself to the person whom he is addressing; in all letters there is a distortion of personality, conscious or otherwise. In this correspondence, both writers were formidable personalities—and each, one guesses, frightened of the other as he was not of many other people. Virginia Woolf was perhaps rather more frightened of Strachey than he of her.

There was, too, something between them. Strachey had proposed marriage to Virginia Stephen and, to his immediate horror, she had accepted him. The matter was soon adjusted to Strachey's satisfaction, and they remained friends. All the same, one feels a certain striving on her part to respond to him in his image. As a writer, Strachey surely represents beyond any others of the group the side Keynes summed up in the words "low habits." Irreverence, mockery, were his stock in trade, and it is here in the letters. There is no need to say that they are very amusing letters. Mrs. Woolf's, however, are rather different. The image of her that we get from her novels is essentially the exquisitely refined feminine sensibility matching sense-impression with sense-impression in the hopeless task of attempting to draw out a significant pattern from the flux of things. The artist appears in the letters: she valued Strachey's praise above most men's. But what also appears, among other things, is Virginia Woolf being bawdy. And

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this is disconcerting, not because of the bawdry but because of its almost comic suggestion of the consciously emancipated woman circa 1900. There are, one feels, whole aspects of Virginia Woolf that her letters to Strachey do not show.

What they do show, however—and this is reinforced by Strachey's—is something saddening: deficiency in human sympathy. It is apparent even in comments on close friends. It comes out notably in the picture that emerges of Lady Ottoline Morrell, the famous politico-literary hostess who appears as Hermione Roddice in Lawrence's *Women in Love*. After all the sneering, the jeering, the caricaturing, one can

only wonder why, if he found the woman so dreadful, Strachey kept on going to her house parties. It would be absurd to take these letters as evidence of the real stature of either of their authors. Yet they are bound to strengthen the common impression of Bloomsbury as being somehow lacking in feeling. "I can see us as water-spiders," Keynes wrote of himself and his friends as young men, "gracefully skimming, as light and reasonable as air, the surface of the stream without any contact at all with the eddies and currents underneath." That is what this correspondence suggests. One knows that, in the case of Virginia Woolf, it is wrong. But there it is.

The Hydrogen Balance

THE POLITICS OF ATOMIC STALEMATE. Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations. By P. M. S. Blackett. Cambridge University Press. \$2.

By Matthew Josephson

IN sweetly reasonable tones Professor Blackett reviews the atomic arms race of the last decade, reports on the latest market prospects for genocidal weapons, and then delivers his prognosis. It is one of sober hope. There seems to be no easy exit from atomic deadlock, but hope rests in the deadlock itself—in the rapid approach of the world's two super-states to parity in the new arms. Nuclear world war between the United States and Soviet Russia, he holds, is now "highly unlikely." "We must learn to live with the bomb," while leaving it unused; and every year that passes is so much gained. Even for England, which is so much closer than we to the center of danger, Blackett counsels that "Effort put into long-range strategic atomic carriers should clearly be pruned to the limit."

Such counsel, to be sure, flouts all the wisdom of our Colonel Blimps of air-atomic power. But Professor Blackett, a Nobel prize-winner in physics and one of the top scientific advisers of the British government in World War II, is nothing if not knowledgeable in these matters. As in his notable earlier work, *Military and Political Consequences of*

Atomic Energy, he uses the deadly missiles of logic against the Big Bomber Generals.

IN this strange decade of atomic folly, with its immense waste of resources and skilled labor, men have swung alternately between delusion and the sense of reality. Looking back, we in America now realize that our "corner" in A-bombs should never have been considered more than a temporary advantage; yet we have proceeded as if it

would last forever and formed no alternate plans. Actually the United States and its Western allies have pursued a dual policy in the atomic cold war: one putative, or "declaratory"; the other an "action" policy. Thus, the original Acheson-Lilienthal plan for internationalizing the A-bomb under control of the U.N. was declaratory; as J. R. Oppenheimer, one of its authors, has admitted, its terms were made such that Russia could not possibly have agreed to them without facing a collapse of the Communist system. When no agreement was reached, we proceeded, after 1946, to use our atomic monopoly as an instrument for (potential) Massive Retaliation.

The new weapon was to be our insurance of quick and cheap victory over the greater land armies of the adversary, our sole means, in the words of Churchill, of "saving the West from subjugation by communism." After the Russian A-bomb test of 1949, we trusted in the qualitative advantage of an H-bomb as deterrent against Communist aggression. However, in the 1954 show-down in Indo-China, as Blackett points out, our declaratory policy was revealed to be one thing, our action policy was another—inaction. We went to the brink with Mr. Dulles and shrank back from total nuclear war, taking the best compromise we could get.

One of Blackett's most striking observations is that our assumed advantage in atomic power, far from safeguarding us against the dangers of war or cold

For Isaac Rosenfeld

He had read those same words over many men,
Tall and short, stupid or literary;

But today was an honor, for he spoke his dreary
text over a man of learning;

We strained to hear, and the light
was incapable, against the dark wainscot,

Obscure and thick-grained, as were our
memory's searchings in their going round
and round the thought of you: the day we met
on State Street and talked of Sylvia

Who walked like a princess and sang
opera at a party; she was a dark memory

In that mind of tissues fading away
Even as we watch: We search

In this shaved and talcumed face
The wit and skill we knew; finally

We fail: no memory can circle
are so broad as the course of your movement

through our lives; nor can love embrace
the unbodied meaning of your many ways of warmth.

DAVID RAY

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, in January 1956, wrote for *The Nation* "The Big Guns," a series on the U. S. military establishment. He is the author, among other books, of *The Robber Barons*.

war, actually encouraged us to initiate the cold war. While reducing our conventional arms we used the A-bomb to threaten or "contain" Communist power. The Soviet leaders, in logical response to our air-atomic diplomacy, as Blackett holds, drove their people to the most terrible exertions so that they might overtake us in nuclear arms production—bringing us down to the present stalemate of terror. On the other hand, parity or balance in the new arms, has produced, not added anxiety, but a decided fall in cold war tension, almost a universal sense of relief. Unilaterally, silently, and in its own interests of self-preservation, each of the two military-technological superstates has determined to avoid nuclear world war. In drawing these inferences Blackett stands in accord with the recent findings of a group of American experts (as published in the May and June, 1956, issues of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*). Some of these American specialists have even noted a rapprochement, however reluctant, between the two great nuclear-armed states, which was visible in the Suez Canal incident. At any rate there has lately been a moratorium on atomic threats.

BY THE end of 1955, according to Blackett's working estimates (and those of *Janes*), we owned a stockpile of 30,000 assorted A-bombs and 2,000 hydrogen bombs, while Soviet Russia commanded a stockpile consisting of about twenty per cent of the same matériel. But Russia's airpower now either equals or surpasses our own, and there is no sure defense in sight—still less one against

the intercontinental guided missile. In the event of war with us, Russia must count on the destruction of her key industrial areas and much of her population; and we must reckon that, while we might "win" the war, only fifty successful H-bomb sorties by the enemy would destroy our own home front, while only five such sorties would take care of England. Hence U. S. military planners are quietly searching for some limited scheme of atomic warfare (called Gradual Deterrence), though our declaratory policies are continued as if there were no relative parity.

Adlai Stevenson, in the recent campaign, ventured to raise the question of stopping the hydrogen bomb tests as an issue for the public to vote on. He was roundly rebuked by most of our press for not leaving such matters to the military planners. But open discussion of this issue is very much in the interests of the civilian public, since, as Blackett dryly remarks, "the civilians themselves are the main target of much contemplated military action." It is to the task of creating an intelligent public opinion on such affairs that Blackett addresses himself. His book is brief (107 pages), brilliantly reasoned, and authoritative as a resumé of modern nuclear power politics; hence all-important. Yet it has been but little noticed or reviewed in this country.

We should proceed, he urges, as if nuclear world war is *unlikely*, and not merely go on piling up a surfeit of genocidal weapons. This means that we must go on living under what has been called a "balance of terror." But such mere existence has never been endurable to

civilized men. Have they not, under the somewhat comparable circumstances of the "holy" or prolonged religious wars of the past, repeatedly striven to create security of life and peace under some recognized concordat, rather than cower forever under the regimen of fear? Many voices now call for firm international agreement to limit the production of those costly nuclear arms whose usage in actual war appears doubtful. To be sure, with total war unlikely, many "nationalist" and local uprisings are taking place, especially among the smaller, have-not states. But these we can afford to deal with, whereas mankind, the earth itself, cannot afford total atomic ruin. We could easily afford to rehabilitate the backward regions of the world, if even a part of the immense resources we give to the making of atomic arms were diverted to the work of peaceful reconstruction in these regions.

Medical Hypnosis

HYPNOTISM. Its History, Practice and Theory. By J. Milne Bramwell. Julian Press. \$6.50.

By Ashley Montagu

THE HISTORY of hypnotism is bestrewn with the wreckage of the lives of distinguished men, the victims of their own colleagues' persecution, derision, and neglect. Elliotson, Esdaile, and Braid were, in England, the principal victims of their colleagues' bigoted closed-mindedness. In France Liebault and in Germany Preyer received a deliberate inattention on the part of most of their medical colleagues. Yet the influence of all these pioneers was by no means inconsiderable. It was not, however, until the beginning of the twentieth century that hypnotism was accorded a fair hearing in the English-speaking world, and this was in large part due to the remarkable work of J. Milne Bramwell, culminating in the publication of his classic book *Hypnotism* in 1903 in London. That volume has been out of print for many years. It is now republished by the Institute for Research in Hypnosis and the Julian Press of New York.

As a boy Bramwell had observed his own father, Dr. J. P. Bramwell, conducting experiments in hypnosis. After qualifying as a doctor, Bramwell began

ASHLEY MONTAGU is an anthropologist and social biologist whose latest book is *The Bisocial Nature of Man*. He teaches at the New School for Social Research.

In a Dutch Town

In a Dutch town, a red bricked town,
I the child, I on wooden shoes sang
upon the cobbles, singing withal,
circling hand in clutching hand,
around the victim and the slayer:

"Maria sat in majesty, majesty,
But was scared to death.
There came that wicked Frederick,
Frederick, and chopped off her head."

Old women like dun partridges mumbled:
see how well they massacre and circle,
yet sing and pirouette, and nothing
can stop them dead, not even the monkey
miens of us the wellnigh ominous and dead.

"Maria rose from majesty, majesty,
But no longer scared to death,
She marches with a grown-up clatter
And lops off that Frederick's head."

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

using hypnosis in his general practice, and it was not long before he convinced a good part of the medical fraternity of the usefulness of hypnotism in medical procedure. His skill resulted in a deluge of patients, so that he was caused to give up general practice for the therapeutic application of hypnotism. Bramwell apparently read everything that had ever been written on the subject, and visited every clinic in Europe in which hypnotism was being used as a therapeutic method. As a consequence his knowledge of the history and practice of hypnotism was unequalled by

anyone in his time. This knowledge he incorporated in his beautifully-written book. As Dr. Milton V. Kline writes in his brief editorial note: "At the present time it is in many ways a more meaningful book than at the time of its original publication. It is one of the monumental works on hypnosis and will be treasured by both professional workers in the field and those about to enter it." To this I would add that the general reader interested in the subject could hardly do better than turn to it for a reliable introduction to the history, theory and practice of hypnotism.

Gabriela Mistral

(Lucila Godoy y Alcayaga: 7 April 1889–10 Jan. 1957)

By Waldo Frank

THREE small volumes of verse will keep her present and alive. *Desolación*, *Tala* (Havoc), and *Ternura* (the tenderness that only strength achieves): the progress of the titles tells us much about her. It is impossible to think about her work, which will surely endure, without recalling the visible active image of the woman who is gone. She came from the mineral mountains and deserts of northern Chile. I did not know her before her thirtieth year, but I doubt if she could ever have been pretty or at all endowed with the conventional feminine charms. She called herself, somewhat proudly, a Basque *mestiza*; and her broad grey face was impassive like those of her Araucanian forebears who never yielded to the Spanish; passionate-stoical like her Basque fathers. She was very tall, and she walked—before her health began to fail—more like a man than a woman, more like an Indian than a European, more like a great rhythmic animal than like a groping human being. Her dress—always black, grey and loose; always ungainly—announced her complete obliviousness to style, except her own. It seemed aloof from the decorative function of woman's dress; it was there exclusively, one felt, for defense against inclement weathers. For if Gabriela made one think of her Andes in all their immobile composure, her wide dark eyes expressed a sensitivity, a delicacy too exposed for peace. The strength was monumental; the tonality was woman.

Her verse issued from this paradox of her nature. Superbly sculptured, it was warm, spontaneous, fragile as a child's body—and the loom of the mountains, the dark of death, was miraculously in it. In her youth, Gabriela

had had an unhappy love affair. But to know her was to be certain that no individual love, however complete, could have fulfilled her. She was the bard of mothers and children; but she was also the laureate of her vast American earth: of the mountains, ice and burning valley. The convergence of these in her prosody was her genius.

A lucid intelligence observed its process, and gave her the detachment the artist needs. She wrote songs which a million children sing; but she knew "the lullaby to be a treat that the mother gives to herself, not to the babe who cannot understand." "The cradle song," she said, "is nothing more than a second milk of the mother"; and "woman," she observed, "is the being in the world who sings the most." Her sense of motherhood grew wide, intricate and deep. Before she was thirty, she had outgrown Chile. She traversed the Americas, mobile as a troubadour. Often with a love turned savage, she defended every cause of the people against both the dictator and the "regiment" within them. But wherever she went (and she spent much time in Brazil, the United States and Europe), she consorted chiefly with Hispano-Americans; they were her family, and she was a sister and a mother.

SHE wrote innumerable articles, all in a muscular swift prose almost as remarkable as her verse. They were published profusely in the daily and weekly press. And wherever she was, she was ready to talk till dawn with her friends, over a cigarette and a cup of coffee. Each night, she prayed on her knees beside her bed—to a God who had no dogmatic home. And from time to time, her prayer took form on a sheet of

paper in her lap, the form of a poem: a form both lithic and fleshly, musical and engraved, micro- and macro-cosmic, which will make her poems perhaps the most enduring of our epoch.

Monumental and lucid, she was vulnerable as any woman. Her friends had to guard against her flares of injustice, even more against her sudden enthusiasms for newcomers with more needs than talents. She loved above all to talk with her friends about her friends. Three years ago for instance, when Perón put our friend Victoria Ocampo into jail, Gabriela (already a sick woman) made the hard trip to Cape Cod to talk with me for three solid days about Victoria. Victoria, scrubbing filthy floors in the Argentine prison, became, it seemed to Gabriela, present; breathed the good air we were breathing.

NOT EVEN the briefest evocation of Gabriela Mistral should omit the active part in her greatness played by the response to her in all America Hispana. In 1921, before Federico de Onís published her first book, with her reluctant consent, she was unknown. A year later, she was a heroine from Mexico southward. Great poetry in the domain of Spanish has never lost its immediate unity with the voice of the people; and when it sounds it is heard. In this sense, it has remained what French poetry ceased to be after Villon, English after the Elizabethans, German after Walther von der Vogelweide. Gabriela's verse went to the folk, even beyond the literate, for it was much recited. This permitted her to become an ambassador of the Hispanic spirit. More often than not, she scolded the governments of her Chile; she sulked and for years refused to go home. But Chile made her a life-time Consul, with a guaranteed salary and the right to "set up shop" wherever she wanted in the world. A poet was more important than a president; the presidents and the people knew it.

I recall a visit some years ago to Punta Arenas, Chile's southernmost city, and the world's. (It is just north of Tierra del Fuego.) The governor invited me to dinner, to enjoy the rare seafood of those Antarctic waters, and to meet the leading citizens of Patagonian Chile. What was the talk about? Mostly about Gabriela. In her earliest years, she had taught school in Punta Arenas; she had published poems in the local paper.

A cultural world that loves and that uses its poets in this fashion: its Gabriela, its Nerudo, its Alfonso Reyes, has a health deeper than its political shortcomings.

LETTER from MEXICO

Julian Halevy

Mexico City

DIEGO RIVERA'S seventieth birthday has just been celebrated here with much fanfare. There was a big fiesta at the home of an ex-president and another at the home of Diego's ex-wife. Indian villagers gathered at the artist's pyramid, a private museum housing his great Pre-Columbian art collection, and presented him gifts of flowers, fruit, and barnyard animals. Songs were composed to celebrate the day, a special section appeared in leading newspapers, and a street was named in his honor.

Congratulatory messages were received from Ilya Ehrenburg; Mijailov, the Russian Minister of Culture; Gerasimov, President of the U.S.S.R. Academy; Mexico's patron saint, former President Lazaro Cardenas; the Director of the Chinese Academy, Cheng, and the head of the Museum of Modern Art of Paris, Jean Cassou. Rivera wept, drank pulque, kissed both his wife and his ex-wife and received a huge photograph of a third spouse, the late Frida Kahlo, hailed ambassadors and ministers who toasted him, and shouted, "I love Mexico... furiously!"

Part of the general fervor was due to gratitude for the lease on life recently granted Rivera when he was treated for cancer by Russian doctors. The current show at his gallery consists mainly of work done during the period he was in Moscow for treatment. Despite the circumstances, there is nothing somber or morbid about the pictures. They include gay landscapes in water color, portraits of rosy-cheeked Russian children bundled in fur parkas, ballet-like scenes of workers cleaning streets and building houses, and incisive, vivid drawings from the artist's sketchbook.

The exhibition illustrates only a few aspects of Rivera's many-faceted personality. In the back room and the living quarters upstairs are portraits of dressed-up society women and movie actresses, barroom nudes sprawled on velvet couches and postcard views of tropical sunsets in Acapulco. A few blocks away, on the facade of a theatre, is a huge mosaic mural depicting the history of entertainment in Mexico.

Most of Rivera's recent work is gaudily sentimental. Pastel calendar colors

are smoothly applied, as if with an air brush, in flat washes covering large areas of highly salable canvas. Compositions are simple and direct. Human figures appear liquid, their anatomy of bone and muscle dissolved in curvaceously fluid forms. The eye rests conveniently on a surface plane of narrative undisturbed by visual recession or psychological depth. The result is superficial painting and feeling; pretty children, pretty workers' demonstration, pretty Kremlin.

Consistent with Rivera's inconsistency, there are significant exceptions to this general type of mass production, although nowhere in his huge current output does one see pictures as good as those painted during the first half of the century. The restrained brushwork of the earnest, carefully detailed portraits of the twenties; the dignity and overwhelming dramatic power of the revolution murals at the Ministry of Education and the agricultural school of Chapingo; the pride in Mexico which glows from the early pictures of village life: these qualities can no longer be found in Rivera's painting.

CURIOSLY, and perhaps revealingly, the last refuge of Rivera's wit and perception is in his sketchbook. The pencil drawings are brilliantly alive, immediate, and packed with meaningful detail. The artist marks, for himself it seems, a laborer's hands, the bustle of a market street, the weathering of an old woman's features. These are modest, honest observations. One wonders at the process by which they are vulgarized into pompous, cynical, oil-painted declarations.

A different kind of deviation from the current stock in trade appears in Rivera's nudes, of which he paints many. These have a certain intensity of feeling, sometimes unsavory; a sensuality that spills over into a dehumanized sexuality. He paints a nude woman on a beach against a background of sea and jungle, and whereas a similar subject treated by Gauguin expresses appreciation of a single life force manifesting itself in all nature, flesh as well as foliage, Rivera's picture breaks into two parts. In the background nature is psalmed perfunctorily, and in the foreground a pendulous female body, painted with obsessive naturalism, seems to be essentially a sexual object.

The reasons for Rivera's decay invite

speculation. One school has it that his period of richest creativity coincides with the flood tide of social and economic reform following the revolution, and that when the tide ebbed and government became the province of the new rich, cynicism in art as well as in politics was rewarded. As applied to Rivera, this rejection may itself be too cynical. It would be more accurate, I think, to say that when the discipline imposed on Rivera by the early years of dedication to a living revolution slackened and then disappeared, he found no other conviction on which to stand. The void in his artistic being was therefore filled with a kind of sensationalism, a dehumanized sensory approach, a way of seeing which lacks the dignity implied by sincerely held moral values. French Impressionists could paint for the senses honestly and with feeling because there was a confluence of their work and their middle class belief in the virtues of the material world; but for an artist who has taken an active part in a colonial revolution and is a highly articulate political personality to paint on such a non-aware, asocial level is an attempt to turn the clock back and, like most attempts of the sort, this one has proved futile and, in the end, self-corrupting.

It must be said, however, that the affection and glory enjoyed by Rivera today are not undeserved. They are the fruit of a long lifetime of hard work. The value of his contribution lies not in his greatness as an artist: he has achieved no new frontiers of perception, either in the physical or spiritual realm; in fact, in those areas he has done, perhaps not as well, only what has already been done before. His unique contribution is this: early in the century he turned away from then-current modes of seeing and painting the world, alien styles which in Mexico were divorced from national life and served the whims and purposes of the feudal aristocracy, and dedicated himself to discovering the cultural heritage of his people. With simplicity and a Giotto-like narrative power, he painted the Indians, the folkways of the Pueblos, and the history of Mexico's suffering and struggle against oppression. His paintings have probably taught more about the country's past than all the history books put together.

In a world where art has become increasingly removed from people, Rivera's work reaffirmed the importance of social meaning and human feeling. His prodigious energies helped to found a national school, not only in Mexico, but wherever colonial peoples struggle toward self-respect and personal fulfillment. Few artists have done so much.

JULIAN HALEVY, novelist and correspondent, has been living in Mexico for the past five years. He is the author of a recent novel, The Young Lovers.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ANDRE CAYATTE is a French lawyer who gave up his profession to make films that challenge his country's legal and penal systems. With Charles Spaak, also a lawyer, he wrote *Justice Is Done*, a bitter look at France's jury system, and followed this with *We Are All Murderers*, which won a special prize at Cannes in 1952 and now is being released in this country. M. Cayatte directed both pictures and they are evidence that his gifts as a lawyer could scarcely have exceeded his talent as a movie maker. He is a reformer by conviction and an artist by instinct.

We Are All Murderers states that (a) society must share with the criminal the guilt for a crime; (b) the manner in which executions are conducted in France is exquisitely cruel; and especially (c) capital punishment is socially ineffective and morally wrong. There is also an aside to the effect that the state permits children who come under its jurisdiction to be brutally mistreated by foster parents.

That is too much for any one film; the missionary in M. Cayatte has tripped him into the error of multiple indignation, and the narrative of the picture is thereby diffused and weakened. Moreover, the principal theme—that the state has no right to exact a life for a life—is one that cannot be successfully argued from specific instances. If you show, as this picture does, that there are doubts and extenuat-

ing circumstances in many cases of murder, you merely argue for a narrower application of the death sentence, and leave open the bottomless debate as to what deserves mercy and what does not. And if you argue that true justice is not done because the murderer suffers a far more horrible punishment than his victim (as this picture also shows), you merely start people speculating on how the process can be made more humane. The only successful stand against capital punishment is that no man, no human institution, has the right of death over another man. It is an ethical position and not subject to *ad hominem* evidence. There is a priest in *We Are All Murderers* who obviously holds this view, but he is not allowed to make his position clear (a movie cannot resort to ethical disputation) and very soon he goes away.

THESE criticisms, however, are directed toward Cayatte as a reformer; as a director he is almost above criticism. His demonstration of how a young hoodlum, a psychotic product of extreme physical and moral squalor, is turned by his experiences as a member of the resistance into an hysterical killer; then of what he and his co-prisoners feel, experience and witness while awaiting their turn under the guillotine is merciless, unflinching and a movie without an equal.

We Are All Murderers has been called

sadistic, which I think it is not. It is not cruel for kicks, but from the inevitable implications of its theme, and it is suffused with a humanity that makes the horror at once more intense and more bearable. The early episodes of the resistance are brutal, but fast and impersonal; and after the story moves into prison there is no brutality at all. The essence of the torment, in fact, is that everyone acts with the most thoughtful kindness in a situation that is inescapably agonizing. Once you have told a man that presently you must kill him, what can you do to be nice to him? Every official in the picture works his level best to be tactful, compassionate, cheerful and friendly—aid the more they try the more obscene the ritual becomes.

CAYATTE'S style is as nearly as possible that of a journalist; he develops his story in a series of episodes that are explicit, without shadow or any relieving embellishments. His principal actor is Marcel Mouloudji, who accomplishes what such American actors as Marlon Brando and James Dean have worked so hard to approximate. The killer he plays is not only verbally inarticulate but emotionally mute, and yet Mouloudji makes it tragically clear that he understands a great deal and feels still more. The success comes partly from the writing—from uncharacteristic and abortive attempts to respond or communicate—partly from the aliveness of Mouloudji's dead face (I don't know how else to say it) and the elastic grace of his shambling, slumping body. The character is widely being described as a mental defective, which shows an inability to distinguish between an innately stupid mind and one that has been stunted and stunned. The beauty of Mouloudji's performance is that he makes the difference perfectly clear (if you don't jump to obvious diagnoses).

The rest of the cast—too many to enumerate—works at the high level of French character acting, which means that no actor is permitted merely to demonstrate a type—it is always a case of *this* jailor, *this* lawyer, *this* priest. Even the four assistant executioners, who truss up a condemned man like a joint for roasting, handle their ropes with individuality.

We Are All Murderers can scarcely be called entertainment, and I doubt that it is framed in terms to persuade advocates of capital punishment that their position is untenable. It is an extreme experience—once you have seen it you know exactly what it is like to be condemned to die. The debate can then start from that knowledge.

CONFERENCE

On Self-Defense Against Unconstitutional Intrusions

BILTMORE HOTEL

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30th — 7:30-10:30 p.m.

Prof. Thomas I. Emerson, Presiding

Dr. Otto Nathan, leading discussion on the First Amendment
Ephraim London, leading discussion on the Fifth Amendment
John Scudder, leading discussion on political action

Other discussants include:

Pete Seeger and his banjo
George Tyne
Dr. Harry Slochower

Lloyd Barenblatt
Johnny Gojack
Dr. Chandler Davis

Pete Seeger will start with his banjo promptly at 7:30

Auspices:

Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, 421 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

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TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

January 28 through February 2
(See local papers for time and channel)

Monday, January 28

TONIGHT (NBC). The show's new format will concentrate on tempo of night life throughout the country. Highlights of current entertainment and live coverage of news; backstage visits to theatres, nightclubs and big parties will be included. Six columnists will cover "America after Dark": from New York City, Earl Wilson, Hy Gardner, Bob Considine; from the Midwest, Irv Kupcinet; from the West Coast, Paul Coates and Vernon Scott. Jack Lescoulie moves up from *Today* to coordinate and preside over the five-a-week show.

Thursday, January 31

THE GREER CASE (CBS; Playhouse 90). Melvyn Douglas, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Anita Louise, Una Merkel and Edmund Gwenn as a special guest star are cast in a drama of legal conflict based on

New York County records and a novel by Justice David Peck who presided over the real hearings. TV adaptation by Whitfield Cook, produced by Martin Manulis.

Monday, January 28

"LA TRAVIATA" HIGHLIGHTS (ABC; Voice of Firestone). Elaine Malbin and tenor Giuseppe Campora.

Radio

Tuesday, January 29

BIOGRAPHIES IN SOUND (NBC). Franklin D. Roosevelt is this week's subject in an intelligent series.

GENERAL LAURIS NORSTAD (ABC). The only speech to be made by the new commander of NATO during his brief visit to the United States.

Saturday, February 2

DIE WALKURE (ABC). Second in the Metropolitan Opera's presentation of the Ring cycle. A.W.L.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE METROPOLITAN, in my opinion, has no business producing things like Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* and Offenbach's *La Perichole*, just as it would have no business producing *Show Boat* or *Pal Joey*; and it should not produce them in English translation. Those who argue for opera in English insist that it is most essential for the effectiveness of comedy; but the fact is that sung English cannot be clearly heard and understood in the huge Metropolitan, so that the amusing song of the three cousins in the first act of *La Perichole* didn't get a snicker from the audience. And giving the work in English at the Metropolitan means that two Peruvian street-singers named La Perichole and Pequillo are transformed into a couple of Americans named Patrice Munsel and Theodore Uppman who go around singing in Peruvian stage costumes. These are the Metropolitan production's principal liabilities; but it is not without assets: Cyril Ritchard's Viceroy, a performance made superb by his powers of presence and projection as a stage comic; the beautiful settings and costumes designed by Rolf Gerard; the fine musical performance conducted by Jean Morel.

After this, investigating the Metro-

politan's fourth *Aida* of the season, I heard Milanov, in the title role, wrestling with an unlovely and wobbly voice and managing somehow to conclude an aria with a pianissimo high note that brought back momentarily the beautiful Milanov voice of years ago; Baum, the Rhadames, exhibiting an agreeable tenor for which Del Monaco had taught me to be grateful; Barbieri, a sumptuous-voiced Amneris, twice ending a scene with a note which was excruciatingly flat, but which each time elicited shouts of "Bravo Barbieri!" from the shining-eyed younger standees; and Robert McFerrin, with a beautiful baritone voice that lacked a little of the power needed for Amonasro. The sets of Rolf Gerard, the staging of Margaret Webster as preserved by Robert Herman, the dances devised by Zachary Solow add up to one of the Metropolitan's less successful achievements; and what little dramatic illusion was created by the principals this time was destroyed by Baum's way of rocking on his feet and otherwise suggesting a benevolently interested but uninvolved observer of the curious proceedings.

OVERTONE 9 offers the first recorded performances of sacred vocal music by

the little-known seventeenth-century composer Johann Rosenmüller: *In te, Domine, speravi* and *Nunc dimittis* for soprano, and *Die Augen des Herrn* and *Confiteor tibi, Domine* for chorus. The expressive florid writing for solo voice in the first two pieces is moving and beautiful; and the choral writing in the others is equally impressive in its different way. Excellent performances by Helen Boatwright, the Choir of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New Haven, and instrumentalists under Howard Boatwright's direction.

A number of motets from Book 3 of Heinrich Isaac's *Choralis Constantinus* and several by Ruffo, Tallis, des Prés, Hassler and Palestrina are on Esoteric 546, sung by the Renaissance Chorus under Harold Brown. The pieces are fine; the singing by the group of youngsters from the High School of Music and Art, New York, is outstanding in its purity and transparency of tone, its supple and sensitive phrasing. The performances are reproduced with occasional ringing resonance and occasional shrillness in the sound of the sopranos.

A first recording of Handel's oratorio *Solomon* on Angel 3546 gives us an abridgment of the work of Beecham, who also reorchestrated it. What is presented by the records includes lovely solo pieces and magnificent choral passages which

CAREY McWILLIAMS SPEAKS:

Berkeley, Jan. 31, 7:30 P.M.

"INTERNATIONAL ISSUES
AND AMERICAN POLITICS"

Auspices: Friends Committee on Legislation, First Unitarian Church,
Dana & Bancroft Way,
Berkeley, California.

San Francisco, Feb. 1, 8:30 P.M.

"THE INDEPENDENT VOTER
VS. THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM"

Auspices: Independent Socialist Forum, 150 Golden Gate Avenue,
San Francisco, Calif.

Denver, Feb. 3, 7:30 P.M.

"THE OUTLOOK FOR
CIVIL LIBERTIES"

Auspices: Colorado Branch, American Civil Liberties Union, Farmers Union Auditorium, 16th & Sherman.

are sung beautifully by Elsie Morison and Lois Marshall, sopranos; Alexander Young, tenor; James Cameron, baritone, and the Beecham Choral Society (Denis Vaughan, chorus master), and fine instrumental writing which is played beautifully by the Royal Philharmonic; and all this music is paced, shaped, articulated and phrased effectively by Beecham in one of his better performances of recent years.

The performance of Haydn's *The Creation* conducted by Markevitch on Decca DX-138 has more grace of movement and refinement of phrasing and execution than the one conducted by Möldike on Vanguard 471/2, but is reproduced with less clarity of orchestral detail in instrumental passages and behind the singing. The soloists—Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Richard Holm, tenor; and Kim Borg, bass—the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Berlin Philharmonic perform excellently.

Haydn's *The Seasons*, though it isn't as impressive as *The Creation*, has lovely and charming pages, and some powerful ones in the *Winter* section. The first complete performance on Haydn 207 was rather poor; now Decca DX-123 offers a better one conducted effectively by Fricsay, with a soprano, Elfride Trötschel, who sings acceptably but not as beautifully as the tenor, Walter Ludwig, and the bass, Josef Greindl, and with the RIAS Chamber Choir, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the RIAS Symphony, all of which perform well. Excessive reverberation makes the recorded sound harsh.

Except for a couple of characteristic momentary slacknesses Bruno Walter's performance of Mozart's *Requiem* on Columbia ML-5012 moves with a steadiness that makes its rhetorical expansiveness powerful and impressive. Good singing by Seefried, Tourel, Simoneau, David Warfield and the Westminster Choir; good playing by the New York Philharmonic; excessively reverberant recording which robs the recorded sound of clarity.

Scherchen's eccentricities of tempo and execution make his performance of Mozart's *Requiem* on London DTL-93079 something to avoid.

Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* is on London XLL-1273, sung well by Häfliger (Oedipus), Hélène Bouvier (Jocasta), James Loomis (Creon and the Messenger) and La Société chorale du Brabant (André Charlet, chorus master) with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande under Ansermet. The performance is good, but doesn't have the hard clarity, tension and power of the one conducted by Stravinsky himself on Columbia ML-4644.

LETTERS

Comment on Bronowski

Dear Sirs: It is no accident that most scientists and mathematicians have tried to insulate themselves from the impacts of society outside their own arena of activity. Nor was such action stupid from a short-term viewpoint. The ivory-tower attitude was a productive one in the sense that it gave immunity to the scholar in exchange for his tacit contract to keep out of practical matters. It is possible that without this *modus vivendi* science as we know it would not exist, because through most of the past power has been held by groups without innate friendliness to the intellectual enterprise of science. . . .

Bronowski has pointed up in a forceful and dramatic way the dilemma which now faces Science and Society. Science is no longer the innocuous pursuit of the recluse. Society has begun to see vaguely that the scientific method is shaking the foundation of its belief in authoritarian revelation at the same time that it is providing technology with the power to destroy mankind itself. Bronowski sees hope in the incorporation of the spirit of the scientific method of thought into the fabric of our twentieth-century civilization. His logic as to the desirability of such an evolution is impeccable. His hope that general awareness of the complete futility of total war in the hydrogen-bomb age may deter mankind from a one-way excursion into oblivion is probably sound. But his formula for its early accomplishment is, I think, unduly optimistic. . . .

Perhaps Bronowski thinks that by a more lucid presentation of the case for adoption of "the scientists' ethic" in a society "which scrupulously seeks knowledge to match and govern its power," he will increase the likelihood of early achievement of such a desirable end. This is the bright view, but I take a darker one, myself. If I do not expect to see an H-bomb war in my time, it is not because a Mr. Eisenhower or a Mr. Bulganin would have any determining moral scruples against using hydrogen bombs on other people, but simply because neither one of them or anyone else in their places is likely to want to commit personal as well as national suicide. In other words, I see no prospect that "those deeper illuminations" will sharpen the outline of moral thinking in our times, as Bronowski hopes. Rather, I propose that the dreadfulness of the prospect of self-injury may hold the human race from self-destruction until

such a time when general enlightenment may make the Bronowski vision possible as a reality.

In the meantime the most pressing question is what people of good will can do to hasten that day. In this respect the shock of the realization of the scientist's responsibility for putting more deadly weapons of destruction into the hands of politicians and power cliques has had profound consequences for scientists themselves. It has disturbed their ivory-tower complex of complacency and insulation. If Bronowski's essay would stir thinking men and women, especially among scientists themselves, to re-examine the popular basic presuppositions of conventional public and private morals, as to their justification by revelation and intuition rather than by observation and experience, great good might come. But this means an attack, however devious it may be, on the traditional religions of the world. Bronowski says in essence that a scientific study of problems of value is both possible and desirable. I agree, but I see its consequences as a very long-term proposition. For the shorter term I think that mass education as to the absolute finality of hydrogen war is better than attempts to change the deeper thought patterns of the masses which are so strongly influenced by emotions related to religious tradition and experience. The history of mankind till now gives little hope that fundamental changes in folk-thought patterns can occur in less than centuries. We are living in days when doom could be only minutes away.

I endorse Bronowski's principal thesis entirely. I would object only if anyone were to suppose that his Utopia could be expected soon enough to do much good in the troubled world of our generation.

MAURICE B. VISSCHER
Professor of Physiology
University of Minnesota

Minneapolis

[Professor Visscher has held many distinguished scientific posts, including the presidency of the American Physiological Society.]

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Bronowski's article with immense interest, delight and profit. I have seen nothing quite like it for exposition both of the nature of science and of its profound connection with the most precious values of mankind.

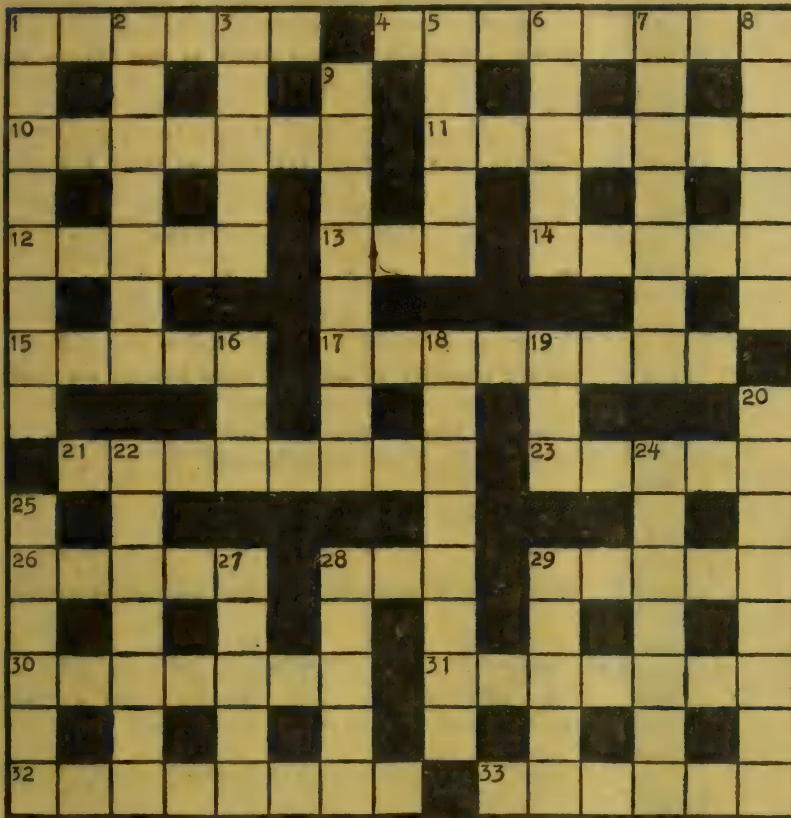
As a teacher of European history, I could make good use of the article in my course on European civilization.

DAVID P. LEONARD
Assistant Professor of History
Mt. Holyoke College

South Hadley, Mass.

Crossword Puzzle No. 708

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 10
- 4 and 21 Pique Dame. (3, 5, 2, 6)
- 10, 1 across and 29 across Implying an author has to be quick. (4, 3, 4, 2, 5)
- 11 The real thing should be 33. (7)
- 12 See 29 down
- 13 and 19 down Possesses "X" speed. (6)
- 14 A ringing response? (5)
- 15 Remains like feet, in shape. (5)
- 17 Rub the wrong way, and irritate, thereby causing an explosion. (8)
- 21 See 4 across
- 23 Does this prize suggest the reason the ring is lost? (5)
- 26 Habituate. (5)
- 28 The sound of columbarium. (3)
- 29 See 10 across
- 30 They might be packed with cork. (7)
- 31 Red lozenge. (7)
- 32 Show a plate to miss. (8)
- 33 Lean? (6)

DOWN:

- 1 Takes advantage of in-come and out-go, when half in the till. (8)
- 2 Raises hail in the glass. (7)
- 3 Reputedly not so injurious as sticks and stones. (5)
- 5 Obviously parts of the house shall get tidied up. (5)

- 6 Suppress. (5)
- 7 An arrangement like steps. (7)
- 8 Strait, sometimes paired with straight. (6)
- 9 See 25 down
- 16 A conciliatory bribe is evidently officially accepted, as a rule. (3)
- 18 Answers legal things over the water. (8)
- 19 See 13 across
- 20 Time for seniors to celebrate. (5, 3)
- 22 Not the sort of false step implied by pets. (4, 3)
- 24 It contains the speech of comic character. (7)
- 25 and 9 down Rocutse? It's not allowed to get started. (6, 2, 3, 3)
- 27 Evenly balanced. (5)
- 28 Fishermen might make good players. (5)
- 29 and 12 across Dashes here, where the trail intersects. (5, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 707

Across: 9 ARMATURE; 10 GYRATE; 11 POLITIC; 12 PENDENT; 14 BELONG; 15 and 28 STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS; 17 FORSAKEN; 20 MOTION; 22 STUDIOS; 24 EXPIATE; 26 SCOTCH; 27 UNCTIOUS; Down: 2 UNANIMOUS; 3 PAUSING; 4 NOEL; 5 BUGBEAR; 6 AIRED; 7 GROOVE; 8 STENCH; 13 USING; 16 INTRIGUES; 18 OPTICS; 19 KNOW-HOW; 20 and 1 MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN; 21 ON TOUR; 23 DITTO; 25 BURE.

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Any evening you will hear them roaring, "Go! Go! Go!" for their favorite basketball team. Yet these vigorous voices can become curiously silent when asked to speak up for individuality. The cloak of conformity is the fad today for too many of our college and high school youngsters.

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THE NATION

FEBRUARY 2, 1957 ... 25c

1-3
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1865



**sophistication
in america...**

by David Cort

LETTERS

Short-Term Profits

Dear Sirs: In his excellent and very timely article *Who Killed Collier's?* (January 5), Milton Moskowitz answers the question quite simply: the advertisers.

Actually *Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion* were eliminated by a business management obviously far more interested in reaping fat profits than at least trying desperately to maintain what had become—for writers and readers alike—an American institution.

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, California

Biographer's Problem

Dear Sirs: Edmond Cahn's article in the January 5 *Nation* raises an interesting question of judicial propriety. Mr. Cahn discusses "propriety" in two senses—as applied to a Supreme Court Justice himself and also as to his biographer—without distinguishing between them.

No one denies that a member of the Supreme Court should eschew notoriety and publicity for the good of his institution. Thus, Harlan Stone was undoubtedly wrong in commenting publicly on Justice Black's appointment. But one wonders if the same stricture should apply to the posthumous disposal of a Justice's papers. Should they be edited to eliminate documents of a personal or controversial nature? Mr. Cahn evidently thinks they should.

However, I believe that one consequence of such an expurgation is to perpetuate the erroneous view that the Supreme Court operates in a non-political vacuum above personality and above political influences of the sort exerted on, say, legislators or even Presidents. And there is another consequence, too: if Justices or their immediate associates are allowed to tailor the record, an overly favorable biography may result.

Amid the present controversy over the segregation cases, public understanding of the Supreme Court is badly needed. It does not seem to me that this understanding is furthered by not mentioning the fact that members of the Court, as human beings, are influenced by broadly "political," or, if you will, "controversial" and "personal" factors. If the ultimate result (and I don't think this necessarily follows) is a view that a decision such as the one on segregation is "political," let's admit this frankly and not avoid the conclusion by ignoring it.

The real answer to the problem of propriety raised is not, I think, a pact

among the Justices or abridgment of the record. Instead, it is to rely ultimately on the integrity of the objective scholar as the determinant of what or what not should be made public. This inevitably means disagreement—as Professor Cahn and Mason are apparently in disagreement over the Jackson document. But this integrity is what does and should guide the best biographers and the best biographees, whether Supreme Court Justices or not.

JAMES H. DUFFY

Cambridge, Mass.

Mexico's Oil

Dear Sirs: I read with great appreciation the article *Oil for Progress* (*The Nation*, December 15), which I have found informative, intelligent and, although unbiased, warmly sympathetic towards *Petroleos Mexicanos'* contribution to the economic development of my country.

MANUEL TELLO

Ambassador of Mexico

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations for your fine article on *Oil for Progress*. The article, however, only touched on a major problem: we are exploiting Latin American nations by drawing on their natural resources; we are also notably in such countries as the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and much of Central America—dealing with and knowingly supporting dictatorial governments. The wages paid may be higher, but we must assume a good part of the blame for maintaining these governments.

JAMES L. BULL

Pasadena, California.

Two Decades of Exile

Dear Sirs: The Spanish Civil War ended eighteen years ago. There are still between 150,000 and 200,000 exiles who will not go back to Spain. Franco has solemnly promised to amnesty all those who would return. Why amnesty them when they committed no crime? Those who have returned—a handful—have sometimes found that Franco's promises are not to be trusted: Lieutenant Colonel Beneyto, for instance, who was shot on November 19, 1956.

Most of the exiles have made good in the countries of their adoption. But the handicapped ones—by language, trade, age, illness, or other circumstances—have been and are living a hard life. The Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. (80 East 11th Street, N.Y.C. 3), founded four years ago, is taking care of them. The committee needs your help.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Back-Number Nations

Dear Sirs: I can't bear to throw away my precious copies of *The Nation*. I now have two piles of the periodical dating back to before 1950. Do you know of anyone who would like to have them?

(Mrs.) EULALIE WILLSON

Bennett Junior College

Millbrook, N. Y.

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EDITORIALS

Budgetary Politics

The President's budget may have won him a handful of new friends, but it has certainly cost him a whole lot of old ones. The *Wall Street Journal* calls it "solid testimony to a failure" and adds, out of an anguished heart: "The Eisenhower Administration is no longer reducing the burdens of government. It is increasing them." Not too many blocks from Wall Street, the *Journal of Commerce* argues that "inflation as a fast, fast, fast pain reliever, as they say on television," is no way to escape economic difficulties. And the business editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* writes that "the key business sources in the United States expressed disappointment and frustration at the President's budget message."

It isn't the big bills these disillusioned honeymooners are angry about; it is the little ones. Of the \$71.8 billions total (excluding the contemplated highway trust fund), \$43.4—61 cents out of every dollar—goes for national security. But except for a few hard-bitten souls who aren't certain we are spending our military money efficiently in this era of the small army and the Big Bang, the \$43.4 billions seem to be breaking no one's heart. "With the international situation more critical than in several years, quibbling over defense spending is pretty much out of the question," comments the *Wall Street Journal*. What irks the newspaper is that "the President would extend the hand of Uncle Sam into an assortment of welfare schemes ranging from the care of juvenile delinquents to school construction and providing more houses for the needy aged."

Actually, the President's requests for "welfare schemes" are shockingly modest. He asks \$35,000,000 for federal housing—which is just about what a group of New York realtors are prepared to spend on a new theatrical center for midtown Manhattan. Admittedly, the total Social Services item in the new budget represents an increase of \$200,000,000 over last year's. Why quibble over \$43.4 billions when you can quibble over millions?

The budget certainly poses problems, and not all of them are actuarial. Who will vote for Mr. Nixon (who has identified himself with the President's fiscal policy) in 1960 if the GOP's best-heeled money-

lenders are driven from the temple by their own frustrations? Not Mr. Humphrey, it would seem; not Senator Knowland; perhaps not even Leonard Hall. The President is furthering the split in his party, and the New Republicans, whether they like it or not, are increasingly—and embarrassingly—finding themselves practically indistinguishable from New Dealers. The new budget may not have created a balanced economy, but it has taken the country another step toward establishing a new balance in the political scene.

The Moral of the Metesky Case

George Metesky, the resentful bomber whose modest charm is rapidly making him a hero to the New Yorkers he has terrorized off and on for sixteen years, will be indicted, should he prove sane, on two main charges. The first of these is felonious assault or the injury of a person and carries a maximum sentence of ten years; the second, malicious mischief or the damaging of property, makes him liable to a prison term of twenty-five years. A man who plants bombs because he resents society's indifference to the individual should obviously concentrate on maiming his fellow citizens; he is foolhardy if he turns his rage on the real estate.

Mr. Walter and the Hungarians

At the height of the refugee flow across the Hungarian borders last November, Representative Walter publicly urged that in the interest of humanity the Walter-McCarran immigration act be applied with the utmost "flexibility." He has since cancelled his interest in "flexibility"; his scorecard shows that there are "too many Communists" among the refugees.

John O'Kearney's article from Belgrade (see page 91) seems to confirm Mr. Walter's observation of fact, if not his conclusion. Mr. O'Kearney's thesis is that the Hungarian rebels for the most part were not the frustrated pro-Western capitalists we thought they were, but rather a group of genuine Communists who also happened to be Hungarian patriots, and who were convinced that Soviet bureaucracy was destroying both their country and their communism. If Mr. O'Kearney is right, then Mr. Walter is also correct: it is altogether likely that many of the refugees are Communists who

fled the Kadar regime because they saw it as no different from the one against which they had revolted.

The problem calls for rather more perception, not to speak of a greater generosity, than Mr. Walter seems willing to bring to it. Why do we fear Communists? Is it because they believe in the monolithic state? So does the King of Saudi Arabia, at this writing shortly to be a most welcome guest at the White House. Is it because Communists suppress individual liberty? But we are on the best of terms with Spain and a half-dozen Latin American countries whose jails are full of martyrs to individual liberty. The truth is we fear Communists because we believe that they are agents of an inimical great foreign power: the Soviet Union.

In these circumstances, Mr. Walter's attempt to ban Hungarian nationalist-Communists from our doors serves not our security, but the Soviet Union's. American policy is to encourage the peoples of the Soviet bloc to "liberate" themselves from Kremlin tyranny. When they try and fail, is it "encouragement" to bar them from starting a new life elsewhere? Are the Czechs more or less likely to follow Poland's footsteps because of Mr. Walter's immigration act?

Loyalty and Religion

David Berman's objective account of William J. Brennan's record as a judge on the New Jersey Supreme Court (*The Nation*, October 13) convinced us that President Eisenhower had chosen well in selecting him for the Supreme Court. If we retained any lingering doubts, they have since been dispelled by Senator McCarthy's fervent opposition to the appointment. Because the newest Justice is the first Roman Catholic to serve on the Supreme Court since Frank Murphy, we were particularly interested in Justice Brennan's philosophy regarding the maintenance of the Constitutional barrier between church and state. His votes on the New Jersey Court make it clear that he supports the classic separative concept.

This magazine, under its present management, recognizes the political philosophy of a candidate to high office as the sole criteria of his acceptability. His religious faith is irrelevant unless the record shows clearly in a particular instance that it colors his political philosophy. This magazine will neither favor nor oppose any candidate for public office on the basis of his religious beliefs or lack of them.

In 1928 *The Nation* stated, in discussing Al Smith's Presidential campaign:

Catholics, despite a very different attitude in countries predominantly Catholic, have in this country loyally supported the Constitutional principle of separation of church and state, well knowing that the unofficial state church of this country was Protestant. . . . No, we are not alarmed by the Catholic peril in the United States. If his Catholicism

has influenced Al Smith in office at all, it has made him rather specially careful to select non-Catholics for appointment.

Because we believe that bigotry of any kind should be the constant concern of American liberals, we hope that confirmation of Mr. Justice Brennan will be swift.

The Power of Positive Thinking

Those among the populace aware of the sad fact that 1956 had witnessed the death of *Collier's*, *American Magazine*, *Woman's Home Companion* and *Town Journal* were no doubt surprised to see a seven-column back-page ad recently in *The New York Times* which trumpeted the following question and answer:

"What happened to magazines in 1956?"

"It is a GREAT year for magazines . . ."

Sensing some grotesque or cynical sense of humor at work, we read on to find that this was all in dead earnest. The ad continued that 1956 was not only a GREAT year for magazines but "for *Newsweek* the BIGGEST year yet . . ." Following were all sorts of facts and figures explaining how magazines and especially *Newsweek* had seen a growth in advertising pages over 1955 and an increase in magazine revenue. There was no mention of the magazines that died.

There appeared later the same day a piece by the New York *Post's* economic columnist, Sylvia Porter, entitled More Magazines to Die. Miss Porter wrote that "In the next few months, at least two more shaky magazines and 'maybe as many as five' will be suspended."

Translated into the positive thinking of *Newsweek*, it looks like 1957 will be a GREATER year for magazines than 1956.

The Word and the Deed

"In too much of the earth," the President said in his inaugural address, "there is want, discord, danger. New forces and new nations stir and drive across the earth with power to bring . . . great good or great evil." We seemed to have made our own decision—symbolically, at least—three days earlier, when a trio of Stratofortresses drove across the earth bringing to countries of want and discord an undisclosed number of simulated hydrogen bombs.

It is debatable whether there is ever an appropriate time to drop simulated hydrogen bombs, but there can be no question that this was an inappropriate one. If there is lack of liaison *within* the Pentagon, what shall be said of the lack of it, in this case, between the Pentagon and its Commander-in-Chief?

Ralph Barton Perry

Ralph Barton Perry, who died last week at the age of 80, was one of the most stalwart liberals on the American philosophical scene in the past half century.

He came from the old Harvard school of James, Santayana and Royce, and held an eminent place among the philosophers of our time. His *General Theory of Value* burst the bounds of a narrow moralism by equating value with any object of human interest. He wrote with clarity, often with charm and always with moral force both in his philosophical works and in public media such as a succession of letters to the *New York Times* over many years. Their strength and reasonableness helped to crystallize liberal opinion.

The whole tenor of his work in social philosophy had a very practical impact. For he sought out the theoretical bases for common agreement on the world scene. And so he addressed himself to all in turn—whether Liberal or Tory, Communist or Catholic—and tried to bring them to see their social differences as diverse proposals to be tested in human experience by this one standard. Thus he refused to regard the American-

Soviet alliance in World War II as a temporary expedient, and sought the reestablishment of American-Soviet friendship during the cold war. He took public and forceful stands on particular issues, such as the desirability of admitting the present Chinese regime to the U.N. as a step to peace. His premises were not of the Left, but rather based on the fundamental insistence that America, whose capitalist character he accepted, should keep its promise of democracy, equality and human welfare. Capitalism could take its chance in peaceful competition. It was, he said, "no part of our foreign policy to promote capitalism any more than Christianity, or modern art, or the theory of relativity, or the consumption of Coca-Cola." And the definition he gave of morality in his first book on ethics in 1909 is a fitting legacy to the present world of the hydrogen bomb: "Morality," he said, "is simply the forced choice between suicide and abundant life."

HUNGARY: MYTH and REALITY .. by John O'Kearney

The writer, for many years a foreign correspondent for Reuters and more recently on the foreign desk of the New York Daily News, is en-route to the Middle East via the Balkans and Italy. This is the first of a series of dispatches he will send to The Nation.—Ed.

Belgrade

EVIDENCE TAKEN from refugees on this side of the Hungarian frontier makes the revolution in Hungary sound markedly different from the reports which have appeared in the "free-world" press. The evidence is supported by reports from refugees in Vienna, who say they battled with American correspondents in an effort to keep undistorted the facts in paid-for interviews ("by clever twists of words they turn our meanings"). Hungarian sources here say the corruption lies in the Western abuse of the term "anti-Communist" as an all-inclusive description of revolutionary forces. The clear truth, they say, is that the vanguard and main body of the rebellion were formed of intellectuals and workers who were *more* Marxist, *more* Socialist, than the regime; of men who were "*real Communists*" in contrast with the Stalinist bureaucrats whom they accuse of having ruled Hun-



drawing by Berger

Imre Nagy

gary by reactionary, fascist methods.

It is not denied that some elements in the revolt were truly anti-Communist, that there were many for whom the revolution was pregnant with visions of richer life under Western capitalism. But by and large, according to accounts I have gathered, the revolution was fought by men and women who even today would elect to keep their Socialist state—with its nationalized factories and mines and distributed land—demanding only a democratic right to run the state for themselves. In short, it was an ideologically inter-necine war within the limits of

Marxism (as amended: cf. Lenin, Stalin, Tito).

So the revolution was evoked by forces that almost without exception were either Communist or Socialist. Reactionary elements got into it, undoubtedly, as well as many hoodlums. Some participants, not unlike looting arsonists in a Calcutta or Bombay riot, became volunteer mercenaries in the cause. And there were Know-Nothings who gave to the uprising the appearance of a many-headed creature of complex conception. But its chief ingredients were a resurgent nationalism that fed on the heroism of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 and a hatred for the Politburo dictators, Matyos Rakosi and Erno Gero, whose relentless machine had been running Hungary as if its people were expendable robots. It is said of Gero that he was "a very crude maniac, living in his own imagined statistics."

Nationalism had been roused gradually over the post-war years by Russian bragging, arrogance and dictation in matters large and small. (Q. Who was the first man on earth? A. Adamov.) Everything in the world had been invented by the Russians. No interpretation of history, even Hungarian history, was correct except theirs. The uniforms of Hun-

garian soldiers were Russian. The upgrading of children in schools, in degrees of excellence from one to five, was changed to the Russian style, i.e., from five to one. The traditional make-up of newspapers had to be changed to make them look like *Pravda*. Writers of the Hungarian Communist Party newspaper, *Szabad Nep*, had to work by rules laid down in "style sheets" written by Russian journalists. Newspaper and magazine articles became columns of boring nothing. ("All right for the Russians, perhaps. They have long winters. Ours are short.") A. A. Surkov, secretary of the Russian Writers' League, came to teach his Hungarian comrades how to write poems. ("But Surkov's poems are mediocre!") It could no longer be mentioned that the poet Sandor Petoei—the Shelley of Hungary—had been slain by Cossacks who helped Austria put down the Revolution of '48; poor Petoei had simply "died." So it was in all fields, technical as well as cultural.

THUS A NEW rebellious nationalism grew hot among the writers, the journalists, the intelligentsia. Rakosi could make the workers shut up, more or less, with threats, platitudes and slogans to cover his mistakes and those of his undemocratic bureaucracy; but the writers could pick the works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin as well as he, and played the very devil quoting scripture.

Both Rakosi and Gero are of the *émigré* Communist leaders who got training in Moscow. Rakosi, born in 1892, was taken prisoner by the Russians in World War I, returned to Hungary as a Communist and had a small role in the revolution of 1919. He was exiled, lived in Italy and Austria, but after a few years returned as a Comintern official to reorganize the party. He was sentenced to jail for eight years, granted a new trial and got life. He spent sixteen years in prison, being released in 1941 (under one of the minor paragraphs of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact) in exchange for the return by the Russians of the Hungarian battle flags of '48. Moscow took him again, then sent him back in 1945 as First Secretary of the

A Brief Chronology

Here are the dates of some of the important events relevant to the Hungarian revolt:

March, 1952—Stalin dies.

July, 1953—Imre Nagy, a non-Communist, replaces the Stalinist Rakosi as Hungary's Premier.

February, 1955—Bulganin replaces the consumer-minded Malenkov as Soviet Premier; Khrushchev becomes Soviet party chief.

March, 1955—Hegedus, a Rakosi man, replaces the consumer-minded Nagy as Premier of Hungary.

February, 1956—Soviet Communist Party's Twentieth Congress "downgrades" Stalin, establishes principle of "democratic centralism."

June 27, 1956—Hungarian intellectuals stage impressive demonstration in Budapest demanding press freedom and democracy for Hungary.

October 6, 1956—Rajk, Social Democrat executed by the Communists in 1949, is officially "rehabilitated"; tens of thousands of Budapest citizens file silently by his catafalque in demonstration against the Hegedus regime.

October 19, 1956—Polish Communists elect Gomulka as Premier, marking beginning of difficult Polish-Soviet negotiations.

October 23, 1956—Hegedus regime fires on citizens parading in demonstration of sympathy for Gomulka; revolt breaks out; Soviet armed forces called out.

October 24, 1956—Hungarians oust Hegedus, replacing him with Nagy as Premier; revolt spreads throughout Hungary.

November, 1956—With the aid of Soviet tanks, Kadar replaces Nagy as Premier.

Hungarian Communist Party, a job which he did not relinquish until July last year. He was vice premier and then premier up to 1953.

Gero, now in his late fifties, also fought in the 1919 revolt. He fled to Moscow, went on to France, fought in the Spanish Civil War, returned to Moscow and emerged in 1945 as the economic planner for Hungary. His popularity was high in the first years of reconstruction, but then he began pressing the nation—without coal or steel resources—into construction of heavy industry at the

expense of consumer production. Last July he took over from Rakosi (who is again in Moscow) as First Secretary of the party.

The political character of these two men is perhaps best revealed in the fate of Imre Nagy, professor and scientist who was deposed from his days-old premiership by Russian force in November and replaced by Janos Kadar. Nagy, popular idol of land reform in 1945, was expelled from the Politburo in 1948 because of his opposition to forced collectivization of the farmers. But he became premier in 1953, after the death of Stalin, following a Moscow conference at which Rakosi, Gero and others were criticized for being a clique out of touch with the Hungarian people. Moscow picked Nagy to take over. He immediately laid down his "Program of June," calling for cuts in heavy-industry investment, for more consumer goods; permitting farmers to break out of the collectives at will; proposing abolishment of political internment camps; urging respect for constitutional rights, and promising greater democracy in both party and parliament. He had previously been outspoken against the ruthless exactions of a regime which had made Hungary subservient in all things to Russian need.

But only a week after Nagy took over, Rakosi told a meeting of party activists to pay little attention to the "Program of June." He urged continuation of tough tactics and no coddling, arguing that "the kulak is still a kulak." He and Gero set out to pack the Politburo with their own henchmen, some from among the thugs who had been office hangers-on. In March, 1955, this time with the help of a changed regime in Moscow, they unseated Nagy and expelled him from the party on charges of right deviationism. He had been naive, had taken his program much too seriously for Rakosi and Gero. ("He had tried to deal with them like honest men.") He was replaced by Andras Hegedus, former secretary to Gero and a Rakosi creature. Hegedus resigned the premiership hours after the revolution broke out last October 23, and Nagy returned to the head of

the government on the following day. But in a few days he was gone again, first to find asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy, then to be tricked and kidnapped by the Russians and packed off into "voluntary exile" in Rumania.

Throughout these times, right up to the first police shot that brought rebellion bursting out of what all sources here agree was at the outset a peaceful demonstration in sympathy with the struggle of Poland against Russia, there had been no sign of preparation for an armed uprising. Certainly the writers had been demanding press freedom, deliverance from Russian and Hungarian Stalinist repression. Scientists had been demanding enlightenment for everyone and better relations with the West. Educators were sick of bowdlerized and fictional history. The peasantry wanted free hands on the land they got when the great estates, including vast areas owned by the Catholic Church, were broken up. Workers wanted democratic, floor-level control (condemned as Titoism) over the means of production—a true dictatorship of the proletariat. And everybody wanted freedom from great and petty persecution of all who dared to speak their minds in these matters. But armed action was not in the plot, *post facto* charges by the Russians and wishful thinking by Radio Free Europe—that extra-diplomatic organ of the State Department—to the contrary notwithstanding. ("When finally it came, it would have been hard to say even that we were actually fighting 'for' anything. National independence was in everybody's mind. But there was no plan. Leadership was wherever we could find it by the handful. We knew only that we were 'against'; and above all, that we were 'national'.")

What the regime may have feared was something else again. There were acute signs last winter that it was already suffering from a bad conscience. The National Theater did *Richard III*—

That foul defacer of God's hand-work,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth—

and the curtain had barely dropped

when Georg Non, then Vice Minister of Culture, approached director Tamas Major and said: "I know why you put on *Richard*. It was directed against Comrade Rakosi."

Then came the twentieth Congress and the damnation of Stalin, and the Petoefi Club, a group of students and intellectuals supported by the Hungarian Writers' League, became active in Budapest. The journalists of the group called a meeting for June 27 at the People's Army Officers' House to hear writers and scientists protest against "democratic centralism" (euphemism for hierarchical tyranny) and demand greater press freedom. Where 200 to 500 people had been expected, 6,000 showed up. The meeting had been called for 6:30 p.m. The place was jammed by 3 o'clock, and still they came by the hundreds to stand in the garden in a long summer rain and listen to speeches that did not come to an end until 3:30 the next morning. The speakers declared that literary freedom and freedom of the people are inseparable. Scientist Louis Janosi, vice-president of the Hungarian Atomic Commission and stepson of Marxist theoretician Gyorgy Lukacs, said he was ignorant of atomic development in the country (Hungary has large uranium deposits) because he could get no information out of the arcanum of the government; all he knew of Hungarian atomic affairs, he said, were the fragments he got from Russian scientists. Other speakers excoriated the government for falsification of facts. The 6,000 then broke into a five-minute demonstration against the ousting of Nagy from the party, chanting: "Back to the party, back to the party." Three days later the Petoefi Club was banned by the party Central Committee, Rakosi having condemned it.

FOUR months later there was a development still more ominous for the regime. On October 6, tens of thousands of people shuffled silently through bitter cold and rain, in unbroken file from early morning to late in the day, before the catafalque of Rajk to celebrate his official "rehabilitation." Rajk, a Democratic Socialist, had been executed in 1949

as an agent of Horthy, Tito and the Americans; his rehabilitation had been a slow process. Almost two years ago, Rakosi confessed that Rajk had been an agent of Horthy only, and not of Tito or the Americans. Early last year he spoke of him kindly as "Comrade Rajk." There was no explanation for this gradual shift of attitude. "Truth," they said at the last meeting of the Petoefi Club, "cannot be cut like salami. Either Rajk was a Horthy-Tito-American agent, or only a Horthy agent, or was dear Comrade Rajk. Say what."

IN AN exaggeration of these signs of unrest probably lies the explanation of the government's panic—the shooting and the calling for Russian help—when, on October 23, hundreds of thousands showed their sympathy for Poland's Gomulka in a march from the statue of Petoefi in Pest to the statue of Poland's General Bem, revolutionary hero of 1848, across the Danube in Buda. This panic played tinder to the flint, while the aloof "democratic centralism" of the regime left it unable properly to assess for how much or little it might have purchased order. Nagy, coming to the premiership as battle raged, might have accomplished something. But there was mischief in the wind. There was Radio Free Europe. And there was Cardinal Mindszenty.

The cardinal, whom even the Vatican has criticized for the role he played in this affair, was released from confinement in a village outside Budapest by a band of revolutionaries. After the Russians had retired from their first assault, and while Nagy was trying desperately to get them to go home, the cardinal made a radio speech from his house in the city in which he demanded return to the church of vast estates confiscated in 1945. In a country of nine million people, he said, he was making his demands on behalf of six million Catholics. The Russian tanks came back. Mindszenty took refuge in the U. S. Embassy.

As for Radio Free Europe, it was useful for the Russians to charge that it had a large part in stirring

up "imperialist reaction." Certainly it had encouraged, along with the Voice of America, an expectation of American support for rebellion, in line with the many vote-getting "liberation" statements of politicians, including President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. But among the main body of workers, and by all the intelligentsia, RFE's pre-revolutionary labors were looked upon as the rantings of assorted crack-pots and malcontents in exile. ("It had for a long time been coming out with such nonsense as would have made even its truths unbelievable. There were so many palpable falsities. It would report violent protests in this factory or that mine, and the workers in the very factories and mines would look at each other and ask, 'Where?'") Nevertheless, dur-

ing the days of the fighting it played a large part in keeping blood flowing. People listened to it because they had no other source for news of what was going on anywhere but where they were themselves. RFE egged the battle on with almost hysterical enthusiasm, advising inexperienced "freedom fighters" (the kids) that it was safest and most effective to fight in groups of three—advice which often led, where Russian tanks alone were not the target, to wanton murder. ("Many simple soldiers—mere clerks, many of them—who were doing their service with the AVH, the secret police, were brutally killed—while Rakosi and many high-ranking of the AVH were safe.")

And what now? ("The people are thinking of neutralism and an Aus-

trian-type democracy—of Westernization under socialism. We must wait and see. Kadar is inclined to Titoism. But he got his power from the Russians and must obey. On the streets he is being called a traitor and murderer. His government would not get 1 per cent or even half of 1 per cent of the people to back him. But can we go out again with bare hands against tanks?")

And what of those who fled? It is interesting to note that Hungarian refugees in England have protested against wages of only £7 (\$19.60) a week—not less than hundreds of thousands of English workers make. And in Switzerland authorities have had to provide a separate camp for several hundred "die-hard Communists" among their refugees, lest blood flow.

SOPHISTICATION in AMERICA . . by David Cort

SOPHISTICATION is one of the most embarrassing words in the language because one can hardly tell whether it is being used in a complimentary or derogatory sense. It may refer to a person with a lack of taboos, an experience of wines and women, mere unshockability, a fatigue of life, an affected manner, three university degrees or true wisdom, whatever that is. Originally, according to Merriam-Webster, it meant altered or adulterated.

Nevertheless, when I speak of sophisticated magazines, everyone knows I don't mean *McCall's* or the *Reader's Digest*. Indeed the sophisticated magazines are for the people who are presumably tired of these others.

The incredible news is that sophistication, or a reasonable facsimile, has quietly become the most profitable line, dollar for dollar, in the magazine business. The highest rates for an advertising page per thousand of circulation have long

been charged by the sophisticated magazines (and five business magazines). The 1956 figures (in dollars), omitting the business magazines, are: *Town and Country*, 22.16; *The Bride's Magazine*, 18.58; *Gourmet*, 9.96; *Harper's Bazaar*, 9.19; *Vogue*, 9.12; *Saturday Review*, 7.27; *Esquire*, 7.20; *Theatre Arts*, 7.10; and *The New Yorker*, 6.62. In the first six months of 1956 nearly all these showed good gains in circulation, while some of the mass magazines were floundering. Furthermore, they were selling lots of advertising.

A grateful nod is indicated toward our first sophisticated magazine, *Vanity Fair*, and its creator, Frank Crowninshield, the last great American gentleman. *Vanity Fair* reflected the real sophistications of moribund Vienna and the Parisian painters, as well as the manners of the World War I decimated English upper class. With the Depression, it came under the influence of lady assistants headed by Clare Boothe, and it expired in February, 1936, after the advertisers discovered it was also read by ladies instead of just gentlemen. In the last issue the night-life column was headed "The doe at

eve" and the sex was a picture of Josephine Baker.

The loss was not considered serious at first because, besides the Depression, there was also *The New Yorker*, whose 1933 circulation of 114,000 has moved today to 415,000. The magazine has given much pleasure and instruction and is still regarded as the arbiter of big-city sophistication. Yet today most sophisticated people who see it at all, often look only at the cover and the cartoons. Its curious prestige has escaped serious examination, perhaps because the jokes are surprising and the formula is at once disarming and iron-bound.

The New Yorker has in fact a peculiarly fixed attitude, which comes in several sections. The early hands were debonair: Phil Wylie, Herman Mankiewicz, Peter Arno, Lois Long. But their boss, the late Harold Ross, met their high spirits with the manner of an unreconstructed hick or bashful farm-hand at a barn dance. He doggedly stuck to this wooden pose in New York, perhaps to emphasize his differences from Crowninshield and Woolcott. The effect on a new arrival from *Fortune*,

DAVID CORT, former *Life* editor and author of *The Big Picture* and other books, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

Newsweek, the *New York Times*, *Partisan Review*, etc., was inevitably as if the newcomer had been plunged into a fit of the sulks. A pretense of defeatism and callousness soon enclosed him. He looked hangdog. He learned better than ever, ever to be the life of the party. I have sat at lunches with four of them where nobody spoke for five minutes. In this form of yoga, each tries to be more of an outsider than all the others. The winner is the real insider.

This is *la haute manière*; defeatism and callousness are the culture in the laboratory bottle. The people there are no longer to blame for it; the culture has a rampant life of its own.

The defeatism and callousness—or call them impotence and cruelty—are most easily read in the cartoons. (Incidentally, a great virtue is that the magazine can be read in one minute—just the cartoons; five minutes—cartoons and *Talk of the Town*; fifteen minutes—add the play reviews; several hours—throw in the rest.) Others may not see these qualities in the jokes I will give, but I am more often saddened than exhilarated by *New Yorker* jokes unless they are Arno's.

Thus in a barroom fight: "Go pick on someone your own size. I'm wear-

ing elevator shoes." Or a sign-painter indoors finishes an "Exit" sign that happens to be pointing toward the window, puts on his hat and walks through the window. Or a wife snarls at her sick, bedded husband: "You called, master?" Or a suburbanite, glancing at a melting snowman on his lawn, notices a human hand emerging. Or a cruise tourist worried about the pay-later plan joins the native boys to dive for pennies thrown by the other tourists. Or a broadcaster, just fired by his sponsor, tells the TV audience "... typical of the Strobolene approach. . . . And heaven knows what harm their cheap lubricant does to your car." Or an executive says to a man peeking over the edge of the desk, "Bascomb, why don't you come back when you have more courage?" Or a sultan, surveying an empty harem, says, "One day they all up and left me. The whole kit and caboodle."

Most comedy anywhere is based on the fat man falling down, but *The New Yorker* makes him unnaturally impotent first and then trips him up when he feels perfectly safe or superbly angry or sedately amorous or already flat on his face. The comedy is more or less existentialist: defeat is the only destiny; man is a cockroach with false teeth and a truss. The fiendishness is repeated in some of the stories and gets a college try from Wolcott Gibbs's play reviews which suffer from a do-it-yourself understatement and owe the word "captious" a long rest in Nassau.

THE FIENDISHNESS is offset by the very gentle *Talk of the Town* and a run of stories that can only be identified with the *Reader's Digest's* unsophisticated fixture, *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met*. These are usually a memoir of an elderly relative of the writer, or the writer herself in a more youthful phase in Beirut, Old Cracow, Philadelphia or the Bronx. This stuff seems to demand total recall, but is inexhaustible.

Talk of the Town brings up E. B. White and James Thurber, *The New Yorker's* two greatest practitioners. Between them they made the magazine what Ross really wanted: a

therapy for neurotics who make up most of its circulation. White gave them his limpid sanity and his love of New York. Thurber gave them detailed proof of terrible feelings and fantasies, beside which their own paled into laughter. The secret of *The New Yorker* is that Ross had recognized his friends as neurotics and himself as their physician. The boorish manner was meant to have a bracing effect.

But the analyst died, and the 415,000 patients were left staring at naked defeat, impotence and cruelty. Now look at the current jokes again. Their common trait is that one cannot imagine any possible sequel for the character *as given*. They present neurotic, or insoluble, situations; something has been added, or left out, to take them out of real life. Anybody can find one woman to replace another, but how can the sultan find even one, not to speak of twenty, if twenty rejected him? How can the man who could only peep over the edge of the boss's desk carry on any sort of business relationship?

To re-define sophistication, a healthy ego thinks he is superior to other people because his bits of experience and knowledge are the key bits. But *New Yorker* characters believe that their data is worthless. Thus, after *The New Yorker* has told its readers how to judge wines, it will run a cartoon of a suburban lady offering a wine with the tag derogation, "Its pretentiousness may amuse you." This brutality is fine in the hands of a good psychiatrist, but. . . . The audience is regarded as literally on the couch.

SEVERAL *New Yorker* campaigns have been fought against other people's "captive audiences," yet it treats its own as utterly captive. It will devote to a single piece a half, two-thirds or all of one issue. In that of December 1, 1956, fully half the editorial words were given to a story and a memoir, both very good once you got into them: one cruel and defeatist, the other hopeful. Over 200 pages of the issue were editorial and advertising mixed, doing a selling job. The editorial heartland of the issue—i. e., editorial text without advertising—was only nineteen pages



long. By contrast, *Town and Country* runs a solid block of forty-five to sixty editorial pages, *Vogue* the same or more.

Sophistication really breaks loose in *New Yorker* advertising. "Onward and Upward with the Lower Montgomery Olive or Onion Society"—a vermouth. A picture sequence is captioned: "This is a Dry Martini Olive—going down the Throat of—a Man who is Celebrating—the new Shave Lotion—that's dry as a Martini—and Just as Bracing!" "It's not as if we were going to call the law on you if you want to drink akvavit and tonic. . . . We're grateful if you buy a bottle. Buy two and use them for bookends"—akvavit. "If you like your ostentation undiluted . . ."—a tape recorder. "The Lord St. Audries writes . . ."—a cummerbund. Much of the writing, it may be noted, is defeatist—in the advertising yet! The futility of it all is developed by the existentialist poses of the models, part Dali, part ballet, part burlesqued Victorian portraiture. Women crouch under tables, men look up the barrels of rifles, everybody stares blankly. Often, on the wall behind the dry martinis, is a gun collection—a dangerous combination for neurotics.

WHAT HAS been described here is *The New Yorker's* inner dynamic, the culture in the laboratory bottle. It is all denied by the occasional highly intelligent writer, like Liebling, who ignores all the little psychiatric games and acts himself.

A juvenile sophisticated magazine coming up fast behind *The New Yorker* is a comic book called *MAD* which carries this fashionable mode of impotence and cruelty to a conclusion. Once children start reading it, they throw away all other comics, for *MAD* is an all-out satire on all other comics, printed and human. The draughtsmanship is extraordinarily good. In one issue a bludgeon job is done on Elvis Presley, Gunsmoke (my favorite radio program), Hollywood, mice, traffic police, bowling, Moby Dick, pulp magazines and Disney. The effect is indescribable and to me distasteful — *The New Yorker* essence is too concentrated. The whole idea is implicit in an

advice department item. The problem is that the man loves to stuff birds, but also loves his wife who hates his stuffed birds. The advice, illustrated in awful detail: stuff your wife. The cover shows a gap-toothed boy, *MAD's* candidate for President; the back cover shows him, logically, from the rear, looking out at an audience of celebrities. He has big ears. *MAD's* circulation is reported at about 500,000.

Women's magazines (overlooking *Bride's Magazine*, in deference to the unsophisticated groom) are not sophisticated at all in their readers' frantic desire to be told what will make them beautiful and chic. Yet *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, as well as *Glamour* and *Mademoiselle*, regularly publish very superior material as well as the prize short stories of the year.

The models must be described. A little while ago they were all gaunt, blaze-mouthed, narrow-headed girls with aimed nostrils. But *Mademoiselle's* models, presumably college girls, showed their teeth, as if while beauty kept its mouth shut, eager intelligence kept it slightly open. Lately more and more of the models are showing their teeth, and a successful search is on for the Garbo type, which is slightly more brachycephalic.

The writing, too—"strange and wonderful," "flattering as mascara," "raffish jewelry," "demurely delicious," "precise elegance"—has lately undergone a change. It suffered from the need to get into a high key too quickly, assuming a reader so hysterical that such word combinations sent her instantly into a swoon of precious delight. Lately the sophisticated women's magazines have lowered their key close to plain talk. They can be read with great profit by a curious man. *Vogue* in its Spotlight and People Are Talking About tells you what, if you are already sophisticated, you are already talking about. This is really a kindly service.

Asking forgiveness, I must note that one associate of Frank Crowninshield's is still at *Vogue*, having bowed under the tidal waves of exquisite new words, having seen them all pass from Robert Benchley to

Clare Boothe, and still kept her poise and continued to live in Brooklyn. I believe that the Crowninshield values are still high style in this field. Crowninshield either meant exactly what he said or very clearly didn't mean what he said.

IN approaching the sophisticated men's magazines, I have to transit by way of the quarterly, *Gentry*, which gives out no circulation figures but is probably under 100,000. It is a male attempt to replace the late *Flair* in the same—or modified—lavish portfolio style of fold-out art, paste-ups, curiosa and almost anything one wouldn't normally run across. The first effect is of a convulsion of sophistication like a catalepsy. For example, there are Matisse cutout pictures of his old age, a handbill by Topolski and a booklet of Fredenthal's sketches of Toscanini from a radio station soundbooth. But there is also a lot of solid stuff: Ring Lardner, Thomas Eakins, Kipling, Somerset Maugham on Henry James and the last photographs of the defunct Weehawken Ferry. The editors seem to know that if you're looking for oddities, reality is the best place to look. *Gentry* is in constant danger of leaving the planet but never quite does it. After it has worn out its conversation-piece welcome, there is something more, I am glad to report. It costs two dollars a copy.

Esquire is too well known to need description. Rejecting *The New Yorker's* impotence while keeping the cruelty (it officially hates women), it is doing very well at 778,000 circulation. Its format is essentially that of the old *Vanity Fair*, vulgarized by locker-room jokes, naked women and a somewhat uncrystallized editorial policy.

The recent phenomenon of the sophistication business is *Playboy*, which has moved in a year from 393,000 circulation to a claimed million, and is still moving. Starting bawdily and naively, it has grown progressively subtler, having lately taken on A. C. Spector, author of *The Exurbanites* and demonstrably one of the most sophisticated editors in the United States. A lot of young men, mostly college boys and G.I.s,

were obviously just waiting for it.

The clue to its appeal, really very sophisticated, is to be read in the monthly foldout naked girl. Instead of being an unattainable and in that sense undesirable mannequin, as in *Esquire*, she is the girl next door or at the next desk with her clothes off and looking very well, thank you. One month the naked girl was the lady author of a story in the magazine.

AS A MALE writer, I must protest unfair competition, but as an editor I must applaud a brand-new invention in eroticism which grew out of the free-wheeling, ebullient attitude of the editors. Essentially, *Playboy's* subject is mating. But it likes to have fun with it, as in a touching love story of a pair of whales. It has its sights firmly fixed not on the outdoor man, but on a strictly indoor man (if not an indoor whale). Ruggedness is to be directed where it will do the most good to perpetuate the race. Sophistication here is primarily sexual, yet this is a subject on which, unlike the subjects of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, nobody can really instruct anybody else. It is a treacherous subject, and I get the feeling that *Playboy* is trying to switch its readers to some firmer ground.

In this superficial survey I have omitted such specialized productions as *The Bride's Magazine*, *Gourmet*, *The Saturday Review*, *House and Garden*, *Theatre Arts* and the ad-

mirably produced travel specialist, *Holiday*, which does mankind the favor of disseminating Perelman and Bemelmans. The place to end is with the most sophisticated and most indifferent magazine of them all, *Town and Country* (circulation: 1933, 16,000; 1956, 72,000). This and *The New Yorker* are the only general sophisticated magazines of today that existed in 1933.

Town and Country, exudes such a tone of upper-class that for a moment I was credulous when I read of a man who had been given for Christmas a diamond-set alpenstock when his wife could have had for less money what he really wanted: the Philadelphia Athletics. My credulity was not shameful because the issue of January, 1957, describes Venice, where the Communist poor really love the rich and in society one never introduces two people until one has privately asked them whether they want to be introduced. Nobody there reads the newspapers and the only title of consequence is not Prince but *Nobil Homo* or *Nobil Donna*, the old Venetian titles. One should really dress (black tie) to read this. True, we also have to inspect Miami, Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale, but this magazine sells around 45 per cent of its pages to advertisers (more than *McCall's*) at a far higher rate per thousand of circulation.

The really interesting question is how many more or less sophisticated people, or aspirants, there are today

in the United States. Adding the circulations of the magazines noted here, and excluding *MAD* as well as the other equally sophisticated magazines not reviewed, the total is over four million. The exclusions must certainly more than equal the duplications. Using the formula invented by Time Inc., one must multiply that figure by five (for readers of a single copy) to arrive at more than twenty million Americans who at least aspire to being sophisticated. I find this a formidable, instructive and hopeful fact for America, even knowing that deadly serious people will reproach me for my frivolity.

IF the vogue of sophistication is indeed on the rise, one can say it had to come: the mass life was too boring to last. But in the sophistications briefly examined here, one finds a repeated flaw. Each has a fixed attitude, a formula, a style from which nothing in the magazine can vary. As Malcolm Muggeridge wrote in *Time and Tide*: "I, or any other practicing journalist, can tell at a glance whether an article is suitable for this or that magazine." On such a system, sophistication will become as boring as mass conformism, in fact only a narrower sort of conformism. *The New Yorker* gives us an example, to everyone's great regret.

A fixed attitude exposed to life does not know how to survive. What all the sophisticated magazines need is something unexpected, something not in the prospectus.

THE SOCIALIST SURVIVORS... by Dan Wakefield

AFTER TWENTY years of division and distress, what is left of the two main branches of the Socialist movement in America recently joined in a unity convention at the Hotel Biltmore and called forth the vision of human salvation that is found so disturbing by the public at large. The merger of the Socialist Party and the Social Democratic Fed-

eration was an incident neither to be feared nor understood by the practical people who guide this era of moderate progressive politics. What happened at the Biltmore the weekend of January 19-20 happened in spite of facts and figures, and the gathering of shipwrecked survivors of socialism carried a passion that Leonard Hall's public-relations battalions are powerless to manufacture.

Louis J. Goldberg, national chairman of the Social Democratic Fed-

eration—a group which bolted the Socialist Party in 1936—brought his prodigals back to the fold after long struggle and the loss on the eve of fulfillment of his organization's largest subgroup, the Jewish Socialist Verband. The rigidly old-guard Verband took official issue with the merger on grounds of the Socialist Party's practice of running candidates against AFL-CIO sponsored men, but in light of the new party's platform de-emphasizing electoral

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

February 2, 1957

action, it seemed the Verband defection was based more on the innumerable ancient scars of long-gone battles. Some of its members braved the official command against attending the unity convention, however, and telegrams to Goldberg from far-flung legions affirmed at least a partial reclamation of the dissidents.

The disappointment of the last-minute defection, however, was highly appropriate to the history of these men of militant hope who raised the red flag in the Grand Ballroom of the Biltmore the 19th of January. Since the sunny day in 1901 when a band of men and women gathered outside the Masonic Hall in Indianapolis and sang *The Marseillaise* after founding the Socialist Party, its ranks have been battered from Right and from Left, from inside and out. A recent historian of the movement records that "the Socialist Party has never, even for a single year, been without some issue which threatened to split the party and which forced it to spend much of its time on the problem of reconciliation or rupture."

THE NEW reconciliation has come after two dismal decades of separation that saw the Socialist Party shrivel from a nucleus of 21,000 members (1934) to a showing of 2,119 total votes in the four states where its Presidential candidate could qualify for a place on the ballot in 1956. But the real heyday had already passed, even before the rupture that started this latest decline. In 1908 the membership topped 100,000, as Gene Debs rode the "Red Special" campaign train across the country and four years later drew the highest percentage of votes any Socialist candidate for President has ever won, a total of 897,000.

How far the movement has come from that world was witnessed on convention eve at the Biltmore when some of the delegates suggested that the freshly-merged organization choose a name without the word "Socialist" in it, due to the negative chord it struck in the U.S. public mind.

It was not until after midnight that the session agreed on the tandem title of "Socialist Party—Social

Democratic Federation." The 100 delegates, tired from the long discussion and excitement of the merger, allowed themselves the luxury of turning up late to start the Saturday sessions. At 10 A.M., when the business was scheduled to begin there were only four men in the Music Room of the Biltmore. One of the four was Norman Thomas.

The large and handsome white-haired man whose name has come to mean "socialism" to the post-Debs generations in America leaned back and boomed out memories and greetings in his sonorous, story-telling voice, looking for all the world like a college president among old and faithful alumni. He was telling of old campaigns, and his anecdotes often could have served as explanations for the Socialist decline. Part of that story is the story Thomas told of Jimmy Walker, who always asked to follow him whenever they were on the same campaign platform. Jimmy would get up and tell the audience, "You hear all the nice things Thomas says we ought to have? Well, I can get them for you."

Others came in to join the talk, smiling and speaking history. One of the old ones, J. Gordon McLean, tried to explain to a visitor how it was then and how it is now. McLean is a small man with a tanned, weatherbeaten face and pure white hair. He was twice defeated as the Socialist candidate for Mayor in Reading, Pa., one of the last party bastions to fall.

"I joined the Socialist Party in 1907," he said. "We thought we saw a Socialist society coming then."

He paused for a moment, chewing the short stub of his cigar, and said: "Things have taken a funny twist."

THE ORDER of convention business was to turn somehow from that heavy past and grapple with what Norman Thomas described in one of his several speeches as "real things." He rose to make the nominating speech for national chairman in support of the man who is the only "real thing" in the way of political property the SP-SDF can claim in its new beginning—Mayor Frank Zeidler of Milwaukee, the sole surviving Socialist holding office in

America today. Besides his youth, his success and his loyalty, Zeidler has the virtue of living a thousand miles from the New York battleground whereon the Socialists stand in greatest number and inflict one another with the deepest and most painful wounds.

Thomas described the phenomenon of Zeidler as "one of the most remarkable things I've known in politics," and the judgment is hard to dispute. Mayor Zeidler, recently elected to a third term in the largest city of the state that has spawned the Honorable Joseph McCarthy, has steadily refused the pressures of realism to give up his Socialist allegiance. At the Biltmore convention he defied his own promising future even further in accepting the national leadership of the Socialist movement—a move unlikely to fire the adoration of his fellow Milwaukeeans. Zeidler would surely be one of the bright young men in the Democratic Party if he chose to join it.

He chose, however, in an idealistic intemperance nearly unknown to these moderate times, to stand at the Biltmore and chart a course for the faithful few of the Socialist vision. With the recent recollection of Hooper's microscopic 2,000 votes for President, there would be no thoughts of national candidates in any of the organization's new plans. Even the stubbornest diehards had finally been convinced that the days of a Socialist running for President were over, "at least for now." In 1950 Norman Thomas had proposed that the party cease all electoral activity and become an "educational organization." But Zeidler said in his keynote speech that "I hope our organization will include the word 'party' in its title. It seems that the American public is more responsive to a message when it is spoken by a group actively interested in campaigning than in one that merely advocates certain ideas. In some states Socialists will want to stand for office and for legislative bodies as a means of promoting their own concepts."

Zeidler was pointing a return to stressing community organizations; or, what is traditionally known by the unsavory phrase which was not

once heard to be murmured at the Biltmore gathering—"sewer socialism." The tag was administered by Morris Hillquit to the old Milwaukee Socialists who were interested mainly in local reform; and this, in fact, is what the new man from Milwaukee has mapped as the course for the SP-SDF. If there were no raised voices of radical protest, it was in the recognition that this is the only course that remains in a world that has taken such a "funny twist."

"It isn't easy to organize a Socialist Party," Norman Thomas told the convention, "when you have a functioning welfare state."

And yet the survivors, their thunder stolen and their name held sinister, announced intentions of recruitment for doubling the number of locals, tripling the circulation of *The Socialist Call*, and sending out organizers into the vast, indifferent landscape of 1957.

The youthful vigor of Zeidler, and the unsuppressible joy of Louis Goldberg at seeing the consummation of the long-awaited merger forged by himself and SP national chairman Herman Singer, was enough to tinge the most impossible course with hope.

There were these things, plus the gigantic, if far-removed image of the Socialist Internationale, whose greetings were brought by several foreign

dignitaries welcoming the American comrades back to the fold after twenty years of exile due to the schizophrenic nature of the Socialist movement in the United States after 1936.

Alsig Anderson, chairman of the Danish Social Democratic Party and delegate to the United Nations, extended greetings from his country's Socialist movement and on behalf of the Socialist Internationale. Herman Singer read greetings and congratulations from Socialist leaders throughout the world, and this renewal of contact with Socialist success—the peculiar *mistique* of the Internationale—and with millions of comrades who shared the vision, was like a relieving tonic to the U.S. survivors, so dry from the long isolation.

THE AMERICAN Socialists, shabby and powerless political cousins to their world-wide comrades, lost the reflected prestige on their homefront expected to come from the banquet address of British Labor Party leader Gaitskell. The day before the banquet Gaitskell was called back to London to tend his own fires, and the poor Yankee relatives had to be content with a tape-recorded message that was brief and necessarily unreal.

But perhaps not even Gaitskell's

words, delivered in person, could have meant as much to that audience as the presence of Anna Kethly, minister of state in the Nagy Hungarian government-in-exile and leader of her country's Social Democratic Party. When Anna Kethly was introduced, the banquet crowd rose in spontaneous applause for the woman with the fine white hair and the plain black dress, and felt the great pride of being her comrade and some way devoted to the same ideal.

This was a banquet whose guests had heard too many words for too many years, and needed to feed on feeling now. Many were there who had been out of touch for a long time, and had come back the way that man comes back to the house of his youth. A middle-aged lady walked slowly past the tables, looking lost, and suddenly spotted a man by himself with the same expression and hurried to greet him by name and identify herself as an old fellow YPSL. Before the part of the program devoted to fund-collecting was finished, the lady quietly got out her purse, wrote a check and placed it in the envelope for contributions beside her plate.

In far-off Washington, the moderate progressives danced through the dreamless and practical splendor of Dwight D. Eisenhower's second inaugural ball.

TV IN THE CLASSROOM . . by William E. Buckler

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY is now conducting, for a second year, experimentation with closed-circuit television as a major medium of instruction. It is an experiment which is being watched throughout the country—by administrators who must look to the problems of the future; by individuals gifted with a

talent for making comic hay of every new growth in the educational field; by the ordinary professor with half-an-ear for murmurings and prognostications and half-an-eye for the writing on the wall.

More and more colleges are testing closed-circuit television in an attempt to find a solution to the "impossible arithmetic," as Walter Lippmann has called it, of the teacher problem: if we stick to present teaching methods, the number of teachers needed by 1970 will far exceed the number who can possibly be available. But the oncoming shortage has not been enough to overcome a hos-

tility toward television in the college curriculum. One group of educators recently passed a resolution against it and, although there are administrators who look upon it as "the greatest opportunity for the advancement of education since the introduction of printing by movable type," the prevailing attitude seems to be one of regret over the inevitable.

When television is operated on a closed-circuit, its audio-visual impulses are not released into the air, but are conducted by coaxial cable to particular television sets (or "monitors"). At N.Y.U., for exam-

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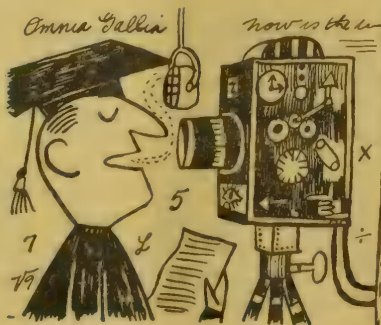
ple, there is a small studio, provided with high quality transmission equipment, from which the lectures originate; in another part of the university there are seven classrooms—each containing, according to size, one or two twenty-four-inch television sets—where students view the lectures.

We know already that students can be effectively taught by television. At Pennsylvania State University where closed-circuit instruction was provided in three “unmodified or conventional” courses—general chemistry, general psychology and the psychology of marriage—the researchers came to the following specific, if somewhat circumspect, conclusion: “It is logical to conclude that there is no basis in the evidence found on information learning for rejecting the use of instructional television for teaching courses and students like those used in this experiment.” The experiment at New York University—where two-thirds of the class-time instruction in college composition (for freshmen) and the literature of England (for sophomores) was televised—supports this conclusion. There is some evidence, however, that when the objective is something more than “information learning”—courses involving literary taste and judgment, for example—the poorest students learn less from TV than from conventional instruction.

WE KNOW also that a faculty, previously untrained in the use of the medium, can become competent television teachers. In 1955-56, the first two required courses in English at Washington Square College of N.Y.U. were given concurrently by TV for an entire academic year. Lecturers were not selected for their probable effectiveness before the cameras; the experiment was undertaken and carried out by the English department as a whole through a round-robin system. In all, twenty members of the department spent at least one hour before the cameras. No one was assigned more than seven hours in a single course, and no one teacher was assigned more than eleven of the 120 television hours required by the two courses

combined. Each teacher felt a very real anxiety when he came before the “monsters” for the first time, but in almost every case his poise and fluency improved steadily from program to program. After four hours of televised instruction, most teachers felt that they understood the mechanical demands of the medium reasonably well. They worked hard to achieve their proficiency. An experienced teacher of college composition, for instance, might be expected to spend at the most three hours of preparation for each hour of conventional class-room teaching. But for a single television appearance, the N.Y.U. teachers spent ten to twenty hours in preparation.

Nevertheless, it is by no means certain that the “round-robin” method is the most desirable. In its second year of experimentation, the



English department is attempting the use of a single lecturer throughout the year with the idea in mind of (1) eliminating the technical difficulty of breaking in a new teacher every few days and (2) of giving the students more chance to identify themselves with the teacher.

Students are generally willing, and able, to accept instruction by TV. They proved this at both Penn State and N.Y.U., despite many initial misgivings expressed by both students and faculty. The objective fact is that the final examinations of students in the courses which used TV did not differ appreciably from those of students in comparable non-television courses. An analysis of grades of television versus non-television classes brought out an interesting tendency (the differences are probably not statistically significant):

about the same proportion of students earned A's and B's in both groups, but the *non*-television students received more D's and fewer C's.

Students bring to school the lounging habits with which they naturally watch television at home. At the beginning of the N.Y.U. experiment, observers accustomed to the comparative formality of the ordinary classroom were greatly disturbed by the too-relaxed-for-any-good appearance of the students. As the year went on, however, the undergraduates began to adjust. Students who have always looked upon TV as primarily an entertainment medium need some time to learn how to learn from it.

TEACHERS have their own adjustments to make. When, as at Penn State, cameras are set up in a classroom where the conventional student-teacher intercourse is taking place, students watching the proceedings over closed-circuit monitors learn just about as much as their fellows in the classroom. This means that if one's object is simply to maintain the present classroom level of instruction, little or no modification of course plans and teaching techniques is necessary for television. For hard-pressed administrators this may be a comforting thought, but it is a somewhat defensive one. The teacher who wants to make the best possible use of the medium will adjust his materials and methods to it.

He will recognize, in the first place, that TV impresses its viewers quite as much with what they see as with what they hear, and he will learn to show things. The English faculty at N.Y.U. during the past year learned, for example, to point out the relationships between Blake's poetry and Blake's painting, between Pre-Raphaelite poetry and Pre-Raphaelite art, between the works of Andrea del Sarto and Fra Lippo Lippi and Browning's poems about them, between Shakespeare's conception of drama and the *inn-cum*-theatre for which Shakespeare wrote.

The good teacher will recognize, too, that teaching by television gives little or no chance for student-teacher give-and-take. This poses

two problems: how to answer the questions which students would naturally raise and how *not* to do their thinking for them. If the first problem can be solved at all, it will be by a particularly careful kind of preparation. The teacher must answer anticipated questions as a book writer answers them, according to the debatable nature of his material. Of course, no teacher wants to answer *all* of the student's questions for him, and that raises the second problem: how can a teacher avoid a hand-out method in courses taught by television? One of the principal objections of faculty members viewing the efforts of their colleagues on television at N.Y.U. went like this: "Professor X is very good as a TV lecturer—his analyses of the readings are brilliant; but the students don't have to do anything, everything is done for them." Putting this criticism in a different way, a visiting observer commented, "One of the basic faults with what you are doing here could be corrected by rediscovering the rhetorical question." The criticism is sound, and so is the suggested cure. Teaching by television appears far removed from the Socratic method; but is it so in fact? There can be none of the give-and-take, which television is said to destroy, between the reader of the *Phaedo* and the printed page from which he reads; yet no one would say that Plato uses the hand-out method, or does all the reader's thinking for him. A good television presentation is no more to be condemned as a one-way affair than is a good book.

TO ATTEMPT to make a dogmatic case for the general use of television in the regular college set-up would be to contradict what is obviously true—that the whole matter is still experimental. On the whole, teachers dislike it, administrators are very curious about it, and students are willing to give it a fair trial. If it comes soon, it will be because of the need to deal with a kind of Malthusian prophecy in educational economy. And when it does come, it will probably be adopted just in the basic required courses of large enrollment. Both the administrator

and the teacher will have a reason for urging the innovation.

The administrator's reason is economic. For the purpose of quick calculations, assume that a large state university has a freshman class of 2,000 students, all of whom are required to take a year of English composition. Assume that these students are taught by instructors with an average salary of \$4,000 a year and a teaching load of twelve points a semester, or four three-point English composition courses. Now if this freshman class were broken up into 100 manageable sections of twenty students each, it would cost the university \$100,000 in instructional salaries for the year.

Now assume that this same freshman class is taught by a method which involves two hours a week of lecture-demonstration via closed-circuit television and one hour a week of tutorial work. Assume that one instructor is given a full salary of \$4,000 to conduct the TV lecture-demonstrations twice a week. Assume further that instead of meeting four groups of students three times a week, the classroom instructors meet six groups of students once a week during the year for a full salary of \$4,000. By this method, it would cost the university only \$71,000 in instructional salaries for the year. (Studio production costs would be minimal for this one course, since only four hours of studio time per week would be required.) If the salaries were higher, the net savings would be greater.

Nor would the teaching load of any instructor be made any heavier. The instructor giving the TV demonstrations could be allowed roughly fifteen hours of preparation for each hour before the camera (an allowance which should produce very excellent instruction indeed); instructors who conducted the tutorial sessions would have approximately twenty-four extra sets of themes to mark each semester, but they would in turn get some eighteen hours of relief each week from duties directly connected with the classroom. (They would meet classes six hours a week less; to this time can be added twelve hours a week of time spent in preparation.) Approximately the same

reduction in cost could be maintained if the course were to meet twice a week for seventy-five minutes instead of three times a week for fifty minutes—an important modification of the second-year experiment at N.Y.U.

In large university courses which require multiple sectioning the instructional budget could probably be cut by something more than 25 per cent by the use of closed-circuit television. Such a probability is not likely to be ignored by university administrators.

BUT THERE can be no doubt that teachers generally are against the introduction of television as a major medium of instruction. Some teachers simply oppose any innovation: with them one can hardly find a basis for discussion. Others look upon it as a monstrous de-humanizing threat to education. But if the oncoming teacher problem does present an "impossible arithmetic"—and one can hardly doubt that it does—then isn't television a positive attempt to preserve the human element? Isn't the student closer to the teacher as a personality when he sits in a group of thirty watching a live television transmission than he would be in a group of 500 listening to a lecturer in a large auditorium? And surely this is the frame of reference in which we must at first think: no one has suggested that television be substituted for seminars.

Teachers in a third group fear the effects of TV on the teacher-market, are afraid that a few high-powered professors will take over the whole field of education. This kind of fear is impossible to allay, although it is older than the industrial revolution. But is it not shortsighted? If television will save the universities money and reduce somewhat the acute shortage of manpower without down-grading the quality of instruction, in times of crisis administrators will no longer have to beat the bushes to fill vacant posts. And in times of relative stability, creative scholars will be so re-located as to give the universities the maximum benefit of their knowledge and insight.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Grammar of Power

THE GREATNESS OF WOODROW WILSON. By Em Bowles Alsop. Rinehart and Co. \$3.95.

WILSON: THE NEW FREEDOM. By Arthur S. Link. Princeton University Press. \$7.50

A CROSSROADS OF FREEDOM. The 1912 Campaign Speeches of Woodrow Wilson. Edited by John Wells Davidson. Yale University Press. \$6.

WOODROW WILSON AND COLONEL HOUSE. A Personality Study. By Alexander L. George and Juliette L. George. The John Day Company. \$6.

By Andrew Hacker

SEVERAL years ago, *The New Yorker* ran a cartoon showing a despondent board of directors, most of whom are staring glumly into their over-full ashtrays and empty doodle-pads. Their chairman raises his eyes to the portrait of the muton-chopped founder of the corporation, and cries out: "If only *he* were here now!"

That is just about what these four books add up to. December 28th of last year marked the centennial of Woodrow Wilson's birth. This opportunity for resurrection has been jumped on enthusiastically by literally hundreds of American liberals who are searching for a creed, a program, a man. Indeed, there can be found in Wilson all the ingredients which lead the contemporary liberal to gaze back fondly at his heritage.

For if Adlai Stevenson was a presidential candidate who read books, Wilson was a candidate who wrote books. Here, as the essays in Mrs. Alsop's book show, was a philosopher on his way to be king—or at least prime minister. Franklin Roosevelt, we thought, was a bit too much

enthralled with his cowboy stories and his stamp collection. Certainly he had never read John Maynard Keynes. But Wilson was a Professor of Politics from Princeton, and he had read Walter Bagehot. We pinch ourselves to believe that such a man could bamboozle the Jersey bosses into giving him their governorship, and then go on to win the Presidential nomination. Such occurrences are rare enough in American life, and those among us who value professors are loath to relinquish our hold on the hem of his academic gown. Wilson was the professor turned politician, to be sure; but, as Arthur Link in the second installment of his biography points out, he was a successful politician.

Our professor is no mere pedant. No *however*s and *on-the-other-hands* embellish the speeches he uttered in the hard-fought campaign of 1912. John Wells Davidson's collection of campaign speeches show that here stood, above all else, an indignant man. To Wilson's mind, America had been plundered, exploited and disgraced by the power-hungry men who captained the great industrial and financial trusts. And he said just that. We did not hear Adlai Stevenson leading an onslaught against General Motors, United States Steel, or Du Pont. Times have changed. Or is it the men who have changed?

And, finally, as Alexander and Juliette George painstakingly show, Wilson was neurotic. This, in itself, ought to rank him high in the liberal book. Adlai Stevenson, as Peter Viereck claims, may be the archetype of the "unadjusted man"; but Wilson, the Georges suggest, entered politics "as a means of restoring the self-esteem damaged in childhood." Engaged, whether he realized it or not, in a tortured battle with his since-deceased father, he craved affection and approval at every turn. Had Wilson been a smug, self-right-

eous Calvinist, relying solely on his inner-directed moral sense, we would embrace him less closely. But when we discover that he not only shared, but emphasized our own psychological aberrations, we have filled the last and hardly least requirement for liberalism's canonization. No wonder that so many will read these books and wish that Wilson were among us now.

THIS portrait of a man, as we might expect, tells us more about the artists and the admirers than it does of Wilson. First of all, today's liberal knows his recent leaders too well. He knows that Franklin Roosevelt was no intellectual, and that he leaned on the Southern wing of his party and the Ed Flynn's, as well as on the C.I.O. and the Adolph Berles. And Stevenson, while bookish, had his Jake Arvey and paid his respects to Herman Talmadge. Furthermore, Stevenson could never excite the unions (admittedly grown sophisticated in the Age of Meany), and quips are no substitute for a fiery tongue directed at the economic royalists (admittedly, also difficult to stigmatize in the Age of the Suburban Buick). So we hark back to Wilson. We glorify his memory; and while we know deep in our hearts that he could not have amassed many electoral votes in 1956, we long for the days when such a man could be, in one word, a success.

This sort of yearning is dangerous for liberals. The cause of welfare, civil rights and world peace would be better served if Wilson were forgotten once and for all. The times which produced a Wilson are gone; the personality-types needed to lead the liberal cause in the second half of this century are markedly different. We live in a period when the status-symbols which endeared Wilson to millions have been drained of their value. Wilson was, let's face it, one of the White Protestant Anglo-Saxon Eastern-Seaboard class which

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so long had easy access to the seats of power. This Ancien Regime—with its Roosevelts, Stevensons, Harrimans and Achesons—is not, of course, completely dead. But it has been living on capital overlong, and the principal has diminished with no sign of replacement. The new “Power Elite” is not this group at all. Rather, the “New Men” (as C. P. Snow styles them) are corporate engineers such as Charles Wilson; soldiers such as Lucius Clay; and All-American politicians such as Nixon, Kefauver, Knowland and Neuberger. Wayne Morse and Paul Douglas cannot for a moment assume that their professorships are assets. How many know that John Kennedy went to Choate? Wilsonian liberalism is class-based. When such a class loses ground, one must look elsewhere for leadership.

Furthermore, the leader of our times must work with a logic not so much based on rational knowledge as it is a logic of power. John Foster Dulles is frequently a more effective Secretary of State than was Dean Acheson. And one of the reasons for this is that his officials possess *less* information about, for example, the Far East than did their predecessors. But Dulles has a mind well suited to assessing our own and our enemies' power potential. The New

Men make small claim to being knowledgeable in the traditional sense; indeed, they are frequently irrational. But the exercise of power has a rationale of its own—one not taught by Professor Wilson to the Princeton undergraduates.

THIS failure to understand the structure of power led Wilson in his day—and liberals in ours—to frame programs wholly inadequate to meet both domestic and international needs. A Federal Reserve Act, a Clayton Anti-Trust Act, a Federal Trade Commission Act—none of these prevented the growth of great concentrations of economic power. They could not do this. No laws could. If we want to congratulate ourselves for what are, in truth, petty gadfly nuisances to those who will go right on making the important decisions (and, to be sure, complaining all the while that they are being hamstrung), then so be it. But let us not, in the final analysis, overestimate the effectiveness of our government in the affairs of its citizens. The same holds true for an international organization. The great

decisions of war and peace will be made by three great powers and their heads of state. The men who will bring peace to the world are not the ones who will plead moral causes at the U. N. (although this may be carried on as a side-show), but the ones who will drive hard bargains with China and the Soviet Union.

Woodrow Wilson never really understood power. He never knew the limited ability of the American government to shape our economy. He never understood diplomacy, and the idea of negotiating from a position of strength. And neither do the liberals of today. Always in search of a cause, a program, a man, they have never attended to the first requirement of politics: a comprehension of the grammar of power. Since the time of Jefferson, liberals have been carried along on the deference accorded to their positions of status. In the future they will have to learn to grapple with the likes of Richard Nixon, Charles Wilson, Chou En-lai and Nikita Khrushchev, according to a new—and yet very old—set of rules. Reference to Woodrow Wilson will be of no help.

Reality in the Supernatural

COUNT LUNA: Two Tales of the Real and the Unreal. By Alexander Lernet-Holenia. Criterion Books. \$4.

By William Bittner

THE gothic novel is a literary mutation, and as with most freaks of nature, one rarely appears with the vitality to survive. Poe's stories, the earliest of which were written as parodies of the sickly supernatural romances of his day, will identify the genre. Alexander Lernet-Holenia's *Count Luna*, and its curtain-raiser, *Baron Bagge*, traverse as smoothly as Poe the border between the actual and the imagined, brilliantly delineate the development of obsessions, and, through their setting in the dying culture of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, link the psychoses of a society with those of its members.

Any human quirk, projected far enough, can become a classic mental illness. In *Count Luna*, the chief character, Alexander Jessiersky, whose traction

company denounces a Count Luna to the Nazis in order to obtain the land he has refused to sell, experiences a feeling of guilt that develops into paranoia. Jessiersky's phobia about his victim (who obviously had died in Mauthausen concentration camp) leads him to hysterical murders and frantic, suicidal flight, compounded from fear of the Count's vengeance and awe at his exalted rank. The more his research shows the Lunas to be, like the Jessierskys, climbers of Polish origin, the more powerful, distant and fearful becomes Luna in his mind, until he sees the Count behind every chance happening in his life, waiting patiently to destroy him.

Remarkable literary skill is needed to bring a Viennese industrialist, in the ebb of the second World War, convincingly to the point where he takes down an atlas to find his imagined persecutor's ancestral seat, the “town from which Luna had come, and with him, all these woes. Actually there was not much to see on the small map. But in spite, or perhaps because, of this, it suddenly seemed to Jessiersky that the landscape on the map bore a certain re-

To Certain Poets

Anathema

on those shrivelers of the earth
leaving it beyond seed—
dried bean on a withered stalk.

Better revulsion of worm white meat
than your drab slab
of inexistence—
seeing fresh pulp
as old tar—

losing ecstasy even of disaster
for a dry doom . . .

a dump of hair pins
corset covers old cans
(past this wasted frontier
deep is the green country
full of bark and pines).

Better be fungus
and dot

dark hollow places
spaces between roots
and give a plop

as you squash out.

WALTER LOWENFELS

WILLIAM BITTNER lectures on literature at the New School for Social Research.

semblance to the landscape of the moon. It is possible, even probable, that this was the moment at which, first only in a very vague way, but later more and more definitely, he began to identify Luna with the moon, or at least to identify the influence which Luna exercised with that exercised by the moon."

The works of Franz Kafka are very original variations on the gothic. But although they are more significant than any existing example of the pure gothic, the terror, the horror, they inspire is of a rational kind; never does reason flee and vicarious panic take control. In the last chapter, set in the unexplored catacombs of Rome, *Count Luna* goes systematically amok. Lernet Holenia's success, I believe, results from his tangential but ever-present historical and mythological backdrop. Poland is more than Poland, it is the European folklore hell, always to the north; thus the dream-logic that lets the catacombs open onto a snowy plain, where a sleigh awaits Jessiersky to carry him to his forefathers in Poland, is terrifying.

BARON BAGGE is set in an earlier time and a more mysterious location—the Carpathian front during the first World War. On the surface it is a clearer, more romantic story, but at the deeper level it is much more complex. As Robert Pick points out in his introduction, the sins of both Bagge and Jessiersky are sins of omission, analogous to the flaws that led to the disintegration of the empire that fostered Viennese civilization. Self-centered, cynical in word and overly-optimistic in deed, the Viennese in particular let their world go to pieces because they felt their charm would carry them through. The amenities of Vienna were worth saving, but when great effort might have averted crisis, they danced into it; where reforms and liberality were needed they installed a procedure-obsessed bureaucracy; officials who should have cultivated wisdom grew Franz-Josef whiskers instead.

The sole survivor of a cavalry charge led by a madman, Baron Bagge dreams that the squadron met no resistance but rode far into Carpathian Hungary where they were lavishly entertained and he met, fell in love with and married the daughter of an old friend of his mother. Patrols sent, in spite of the laughter of the inhabitants, in search of the enemy, can find no trace of Russian troops. Finally, on the eighth day after the charge, the squadron as a whole moves out, crosses the bridge of Hor and enters the road to the Nordic Hel, Bagge alone turning back, and awakening to find that his eight days were a few

moments' unconsciousness as the result of shellshock. After the war he revisits the scene of his dream-expedition and finds it drab and sordid; he has learned that the people who entertained him died long before the charge, and that his dream-wife was nothing like the real woman who lived there—yet he remains faithful to her, rejecting other girls who loved him.

Well-disciplined ambiguities rescue symbolic novels from the charade-like

narrowness of allegory, and these two short novels can be read in terms of any society that succumbs to infantile egoism and creates psychosis in those of its members who are well-adjusted to a sick social order. *Count Luna* and *Baron Bagge* are not only first class gothic tales; they may be readily applied to heedless brinkmanship and the arrogance of self-sufficiency in people's capitalism as well as to the fragmenting culture where psychoanalysis began.

The World of C. P. Snow

By William Cooper

YOU cannot grasp what human beings are like unless you understand the mechanics of power by which they move society and by which society moves them. This is the kernel of belief in the novels of C. P. Snow. He states it clearly, as no novelist has stated it before, and it gives his work its peculiar moral strength today.

Snow's novels show how men are what they are not only through their first essence but also through the pressures that are exerted on them during every step they take in their practical lives. They are separate, each one alone with his own soul: they are also dependent, knit together—whether they accept it or not—in a fabric without which existence, if not meaningless, is almost worthless. Snow has no truck with pure idealism and the ivory tower; among the things he has seen is that the artist who removes himself from society is fitted to speak for no one but himself, and that what he says for himself will, in the present state of affairs, probably sound dated and sterile. Trying to escape—through the ivory tower or by any other means—from the endowments and responsibilities of brotherhood is throwing away one's natural right to be taken seriously.

It is immediately obvious why the argument has clicked so resoundingly with Snow's younger contemporaries. They are forced, whatever their inclinations, to accept and try to make the most of their responsibilities as brothers: they have to take part in the practical activities of the world for the simple reason that they can no longer support themselves by writing novels. Quite outside their lives as novelists, they must operate as teachers, doctors, journalists, B.B.C. officials, civil servants and what-

WILLIAM COOPER, British novelist, is the author of *Scenes from Provincial Life*, *The Struggles of Albert Wood*, *The Ever-Interesting Topic*.

have-you. But there is more to it than that. Their accepting an argument does not explain the phenomenon of their coming to look upon Snow as a moral force—not one of the tired old moral forces of yesterday, but a new, stable, reliable moral force for their times.

To see how Snow can be this kind of moral force, it is necessary to look at the man as well as the writer. Snow is nothing if not a believer in practicing

The Novels of C. P. Snow

Death Under Sail (1932)
New Lives for Old (1933)
The Search (1935)

Novel Sequence in Progress

Strangers and Brothers (1940)
The Light and the Dark (1948)
Time of Hope (1949)
The Masters (1951)
The New Men (1954)
Homecoming (1956)
The Conscience of the Rich
(probably 1958)

what you preach. In the course of his life he has found several careers opening up to him, and he has managed by unusually skillful division of his time to keep up all but one of them. He began life as a research scientist, and scientific research is the only career he has renounced—for the reason that it is an activity whose degree of creativeness compares with that of writing novels: no man could hope to carry on both. Since the age of twenty-five, Snow's intellectual life has centered in fiction. But his interest in and connection with scientists has lived on, and the result is that alongside his career as a novelist and litterateur he has become a distinguished civil servant, dealing with scientists, and also a director of one of the biggest electrical engineering firms in the United Kingdom. Not only has he given an example

of what he means by an artist taking part in the activities of his fellow men; he has made, in his own case, an astounding public success of it. Nobody else has ever done it: he occupies a position that is unique.

So far so good. This shows that Snow likes power and has the capacity for getting it in startling amounts; it explains how he has caught the imagination of his younger contemporaries (not to mention some of the older ones!) and has commanded their admiration; but it still does not explain how he has become to them a moral leader. That stems from recognizing the purpose for which he is trying to use his power.

There are two features of the world that deeply trouble any young man of energy and ability. They are the disordered flux of world events, in which it is difficult for him to see the underlying pattern, and the chaotic, splintered nature of society itself, cut into fragments between which there is often little or no connection, little or no communication. Of the two the second is the more important, and it is to this that Snow chiefly addresses himself.

The deepest and most serious split in our culture is that between the scientific and the non-scientific, but there are other cross-cleavages nearly as deep: highbrow art is steadily hiving off from popular art; in the Welfare State, the social structure is steadily ossifying. In whatever direction one looks, one sees bits of society becoming in some way or other more specialist, and as a result sometimes losing even the desire to communicate. This process, everyone is ready to agree, can lead only to sterility and decay. It is to slow down, arrest, reverse this process that Snow devotes himself, by the activities of his practical life and through the message implicit in his novels. As litterateur, scientist, businessman, adviser on this and that to people and organizations, he acts as go-between, as integrator of a divided society. That is what makes his voice, as a writer, seem one of the sanest and most lucid of the present day. His younger contemporaries see him trying to make the world a better place, that is to say a place where they see a better chance of doing the things that they think worth doing.

Snow stands out as the most undecadent of our writers—he shows no sign whatever of a mind at the end of its tether, a conscience obsessed by guilt, or an imagination given up to frippery. Though he admits that the situation of the individual may be tragic, he will not concede for one moment that the social condition must therefore be tragic: though the stranger is alone with his soul and his end is death, there is no need for his brothers to die before their time after a servile life. The representatives of a traditional, non-scientific culture, who use a deep insight into man's fate in order to obscure the social truth, in order to draw down the blinds on society, in order to tighten their own grip on their few remaining privileges, he condemns for defeat, self-indulgence and moral vanity. He insists that "we take nothing as tragic that may conceivably lie within men's will."

This is indeed a new voice in literature, and everywhere except among scientists it sounds revolutionary. The force of its dominant statement has made Snow a marker, a stable point of moral reference, in an otherwise anarchic society.



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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP, both of writing and of performing, in Jean Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (Coronet) is a reason for cheers and the play has been greeted with unanimous published applause. The applause in the theatre itself, however, was less generous—at least, the audience around me seemed a little baffled and fretful.

It expected either more or less—and this was not an arbitrary expectation, but in the design of the work. In the two scenes of the first act Anouilh establishes a farce of wit, at once uproarious and polished, and at the first intermission we were all congratulating one another on assisting at an evening of such capable banter. But in the following acts the colors darken; a rueful good humor turns toward self-pity, exasperation toward hatred, foible toward decay. As a plan, this is excellent—if all goes well, the audience should acknowledge that it has laughed too easily and be the readier to extend compassion when matters are shown in a more telling light.

But all does not go as well as it should, because when the colors darken they do not deepen. The gallant General St. Pé, quixotically in love after seventeen years with the maiden who danced with him once to the "Waltz of the Toreadors," and now dictating his memoirs to a timid seminarian outside the bedroom of his invalid, termagant wife, is a sufficient figure for farce. And the farce detonates with the arrival of the still-chaste but now more-than-a-little-impatient maiden. The two ladies, flinging themselves into gestures of suicide, declare that only embraces will sustain the life flickering in their bosoms, and master and scribe are engaged in lunatic ministrations at the first-act curtain.

The machinery of farce continues to the end. The invalid wife springs to her feet and assumes heroic attitudes in disheveled bed dress. The priests' boy discovers a Lothario talent in himself. The General's ill-favored daughters catch the suicide contagion; and an inebriated priest arrives with astonishing news that sets relationships in quite new contexts. But the surface dance of gaiety is gone: we see that St. Pé has fallen off into self-pity and feeble lechery with housemaids; his wife's tirade is not only extravagant, it is cruel and ugly; the resolution is apt enough, but meanhearted. And yet Anouilh has not found enough to say of these people to make

their misery significant to anyone but themselves. St. Pé's life is certainly a waste, but it would be hard to show that more than tinsel has been squandered. So an audience that has been abruptly shaken out of its initial high spirits, naturally wonders why it has been sobered. It experiments with a laugh now and then, but without conviction; it tries to respond to the General's misery, but the insights are too meagre. In the end it shrugs.

The company under Harold Clurman's direction takes advantage of every hint and clue that Anouilh provides. It is a

wonderfully civilized performance, and you will not often see a play so carried by the presence and projective force of its actors. But this has the disadvantage—most noticeable in the case of Ralph Richardson, but evident too in Mildred Natwick as his frightful wife and Meriel Forbes as his mistress in name only—that the actors not infrequently seem to run out of material. They are alive and strong; their stands and movements on Ben Edwards' splendidly evocative set seem ever poised to launch them into matters of real moment, but then the lines give out and they relapse into gesture and business. The passages of farce they handle with beautiful spirit, like jugglers' bright Indian clubs, and the proper cheers break out; but when they come to the heart of the play, it is not there.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THERE'S an old-school-tie feeling among CBS newsmen. They are carrying on a tradition of reporting which established the network's reputation in radio days and has continued into TV. Foreign correspondents, called back to the United States for the annual year-end show, find the reunion important beyond this assignment. Especially, it's a reviving contact with solid earth for those who work during the rest of the year behind one curtain or another.

Most difficult and least rewarding is the Moscow assignment. Daniel L. Schorr, who has spent fifteen months covering Russia for CBS, quotes Ambassador Bohlen: "Russia is not a mystery; it's a secret." The atmosphere of extreme suspicion, combined with propaganda, makes Schorr's job one for a patient detective. "No correspondent in Moscow thinks he knows the truth," he said. "We're looking at Russia through a cloudy, sometimes broken piece of glass. The leadership is waving all sorts of propaganda at us to distract us. If you see what's really going on, it's some kind of a miracle." One of the heaviest chores, in the effort to get at the real news, is reading through reams of official handouts, trying to discover a meaningful phrase, a hint, a suggestion of changing policy. Ninety per cent of the material adds nothing to the too familiar party-line palaver, has even less value for Schorr than for his newspaper colleagues who occasionally use news-in-bulk.

Highlights of the news, delivered in the context of long-cycle developments,

are what radio and TV reporters must deliver. Schorr's search for such is a continuous process of deduction. Chatting at official receptions is an important source of news, although there has been a notable decrease in its value since the Geneva Conference. Schorr, who has established a pleasant enough relationship with Khrushchev, recalled an "exclusive" interview at an Afghan Embassy reception back in October. "He seemed relaxed, unbelligerent, slower on the conversational trigger than he used to be, but confident. . . . Of his sixteen-day talks with Tito of Yugoslavia, he revealed that on their hunting trip he had bagged four deer to Tito's one. On American elections, 'That's America's affair' and he didn't think it too important which party won." Shortly after the Hungarian revolution, Schorr had a glass of champagne with the Soviet Communist Party chief at another reception, and asked him what would happen in the strife-ridden country. "Khrushchev raised his glass. 'To your health!' His eyes were cold as he drank, then he said to me: 'If you want to find out about Hungary, why don't you ask the Hungarian Ambassador?'" A reporter must obviously develop an eerie intuition to make news from such fencing.

In addition to receptions, which Schorr attends at the rate of two or three a week, he uses embassy contacts, Russian newspapers and the foreign ministry as news sources. All require sleuthing; "Nobody in Russia ever gives an informative or straight answer to anything." In November, Schorr, who had

heard that Malenkov had gone to Budapest, tried to confirm this rumor. He called the press department of the Foreign Ministry and was told that this was "only another one of those vicious rumors that the bourgeois press delights in disseminating." He asked if that meant that the rumor was false. The sentence was repeated. "Then you mean it is true that Malenkov has gone to Budapest?" The answer came back, "Only one of those vicious. . . ." Schorr decided to transmit the report, giving the official answer. The censor killed the whole reference. At that point Schorr had a reasonably strong conviction as to Malenkov's whereabouts, but had been able to tell his listeners nothing. Even when there is no imaginable reason for withholding information, the Iron Curtain descends. Schorr took a shot of a line of people standing outside a department store in Siberia. When he asked what they were waiting for, no one would answer him; they just shook their heads. Such incidents, repeated day after day, make even the simplest news-gathering an ordeal.

SCHORR can airmail his film unprocessed, but there is an indirect censorship on it in terms of what he is allowed to photograph. Street scenes, formal ceremonies, official delegations and receptions are allowed, but he cannot shoot inside a Russian home, or a factory or school (unless a delegation is visiting and the complete shine-up process makes it meaningless). After a year, he is still trying to get permission to film a day in the life of a typical Russian family. His radio scripts must be approved by the censor before transmission, and he is carefully monitored. Neither Schorr nor his NBC colleague, Irving Levine, has ever been rebuked, although every newspaper correspondent in Moscow has at one time or another suffered an official "balling out," and some have been sent from the country. Schorr attributes this small but pleasant distinction to the fact that the Russians have a poor opinion of radio and TV as means of communication. In Russia, news must appear in the papers before it is broadcast, and Radio Moscow programs are talky, full of propaganda, offering some good music but with very little production polish. TV is on for four hours in the evening, when viewers see ballet, opera and plays, lots of Russian film about tractors, a bedtime story for children, and for a Sunday treat, a sports event of some sort. Again, little care is given to production. None of this is important in the Russian bureaucrat's scheme of things, and his attitude makes Schorr's job a bit easier.

A newspaper man all his life, Schorr became a foreign correspondent after World War II, attracted international attention for reports from Indonesia and Holland. "The Russians have infinite patience," he says. "To do my job there I have to have it too. Nothing is certain, everything can change without reason. When I can't find out what I want, I keep trying—without much hope; without any emotion because that's the only way it's possible to exist there. . . . Life in Russia is an enveloping experience. The abnormal becomes the normal. I've stopped wanting to shoot myself when I can't get a picture that I want."

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

February 3 through 7

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, February 3

ODYSSEY (CBS). The Baker Street Irregulars, dedicated to the memory of Sherlock Holmes, admit cameras and narrator Charles Collingwood to a meeting. Members, who include such sleuths as Rex Stout, Christopher Morley, Elmer Davis, will report on evidence that their hero came to America in 1890 on the trail of his one and only love. Subject may help this program to untangle itself.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP (NBC). The Americanization of a stuffy English valet will be spectacularized, musicalized, dramatized for a 90-minute airing, starring Michael Redgrave (in his first TV singing role), David Wayne, Imogene Coca. Special score by Julie Style and Leo Robin, for this Showcase-produced production. (Color)

NO LICENSE TO KILL (NBC: ALCOA HOUR). Drama about an automobile accident, its cause and results. Hume Cronyn and Eileen Heckart in Alvin Boretz' play with Victor Riesel as narrator.

Monday, February 4

MAYERLING (NBC: Producer's Showcase). Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer will make their live TV debut in the love story of Archduke Rudolph of Austria and Maria Vetsera. Anatole Litvak, who directed the French movie version, will also make his TV debut as a producer. Raymond Massey, Diana Wynward are also included in cast, with Basil Sydney and others. (Color)

Thursday, February 7

THE MIRACLE WORKER (CBS: Playhouse 90). Story of the child, Helen Keller, and the people who helped her. With Patty McCormack, child star of

Broadway's *The Bad Seed*, Teresa Wright as teacher Annie Sullivan, John Barrymore, Jr.

Correction: The title of P.M.S. Blackett's new book, reviewed by Matthew Josephson in the issue of January 26, is *Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations*.

LECTURES ON AMERICAN CAPITALISM

By PAUL M. SWEETZ

Tuesday, February 12:

GROWTH OF THE NON-PRODUCTIVE SECTORS

Thursday, February 14:

MONOPOLY AND WASTE

Tuesday, March 12:

THE ROLE OF GOVERNMENT

Thursday, March 14:

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MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE New York City Ballet began its season with a week of repertory, which was followed by Christmas-week performances of *The Nutcracker*. During the opening week it offered the first new ballet—the *Divertimento No. 15* to Mozart's *Divertimento K.287* that Balanchine produced for the Stratford Festival last May. With the additional performances the piece has had in Europe since then it now has a greater clarity of outline and articulation that increases its effectiveness—in particular the effectiveness of the series of fascinatingly complex and marvelously beautiful solos of the variation movement and the great supported adagio of the slow movement. The piece was performed brilliantly by the Stratford group with a few replacements: Wilde, Hayden, Adams (dancing LeClerc's part because of her serious illness), Mounsey (in Adams' part), Milberg (substituting for the temporarily absent Allegra Kent), Magallanes, Tobias and Watts (substituting for the temporarily absent Bliss). And it was interesting to see Adams executing the movements evidently devised for LeClerc's special style, Mounsey giving a similar quasi-impersonation of Adams, and Milberg giving one of Kent. The impersonations were good, but not as good as the originals: Adams could not give off the personal radiance and wit of LeClerc; nor could Milberg produce the exquisitely modulated bodily configurations and movements of Kent.

The company managed to give excellent performances not only without LeClerc and Kent but, much of the time, without Tallchief, who was not content to dance with a plastic beauty and perfection achieved by a seemingly effort-

less exercise of tremendous power, but acted the *prima ballerina assoluta* Maria Tallcheieva by appearing in one performance of Balanchine's *Pas de dix* and one of his *Allegro Brillante* and nothing else—not one performance of *The Nutcracker*, not *Swan Lake*, not even the second performance of *Pas de dix*. In this one it was Wilde who played the Russian *prima ballerina* in legitimate and impressive fashion with dancing that not only was technically dazzling but had a beautiful fluidity, suppleness, delicacy and continuity which lent themselves to the nobility and elegance of the evocation of Petersburg grand style. I might add that the piece gave me even more pleasure than it did last year: Glazunov's engaging dance music elicited from Balanchine some of his most attractive invention. And I should add that Wilde's attempt at similar glamor in her performance of the Sugar Plum Fairy in *The Nutcracker* was less successful; but time may be expected to achieve here what it has achieved in *Pas de dix*.

In the third and fourth weeks Tallchief made an occasional appearance in *Firebird*, *Swan Lake* and *Sylvia pas de deux*, while Kent gradually assumed roles in *Pas de dix*, *Concerto Barocco* and other works in which she exhibited a brilliant technique, a loveliness and a spirit that establish her as one of the company's finest dancers. And in the second *Prodigal Son* Moncion gave one of his most distinguished performances of the title role—a performance richly filled out with dramatically meaningful detail, the vigorous dances of the opening scenes contained and precise, the slow movement of the scenes after the despoiling made impressive by its con-

tinuity of flow and tension and by Moncion's powers of presence and projection. The performance as a whole was better in important respects: the companions were attentive and involved during the siren's dance; and Barnett and Mandia made the servants' on-scene dance sharp and clear. But Barnett's deprecatory gesture in the direction of the garrulous father in the opening scene is one I think he should omit.

THE six Sonatas Op. 1 of Benedetto Marcello on Epic LC-3260 are fine works, with noble slow movements and engaging fast ones, and are played well on the viola da gamba and harpsichord by Janos Scholz and Egida Giordani Sartori.

The individual and fresh writing of Boccherini is very enjoyable in the four unfamiliar pieces on London LL-1454: the Trios Op. 9 No. 5 and Op. 38 No. 2, the Quartets Op. 39 No. 8 and Op. 44 No. 4 (*La Tiranna*), of which the second and fourth are especially fine. Excellent performances by the Carmirelli Quartet, reproduced with an unpleasant sharpness that is lessened by drastic reduction of treble.

The performances of Mozart's Violin Sonatas K.454 and 526 by Grumiaux and Haskil on Epic LC-3299 are musically sound and warm; but in the brilliant Allegros of K.526, as in the incandescent concerto finales recently, Haskil's playing lacks the verve and sparkle it should have. Here too the reproduction of the violin benefits by reduction of treble.

If a skillful performance is one that makes the listener aware of what happens from moment to moment in a piece of music, directing his attention to an approaching significant detail and preparing his mind for it, then Oistrakh's performance of Beethoven's Violin Sonata Op. 96 on Columbia ML-5096 must be judged unskillful, for he ploughs through the opening movement in high-powered fashion doing nothing to prepare the listener's mind for the unusual ideas that give this piece its special character, and thus making it evident that he is himself unaware of anything unusual to make anyone else aware of. The reverse side has smaller pieces by Vitali, Mendelssohn and Brahms.

Dvorak's lovely Quartet Op. 51 and his more familiar *American Quartet* Op. 96 are played very beautifully by the Budapest Quartet on Columbia ML-5143. The recorded sound is notably better than any previously achieved in the Library of Congress auditorium, but still not as good as was achieved with the Dvorak Piano Quintet in Columbia's New York studio.

Suerte

You shall not always sit in sunlight, watching
weeds grow out of the drains
or burros, and shadows of burros
come up the street bringing sand,
the first one of the line with a bell
always.

With a bell.

Grace is set

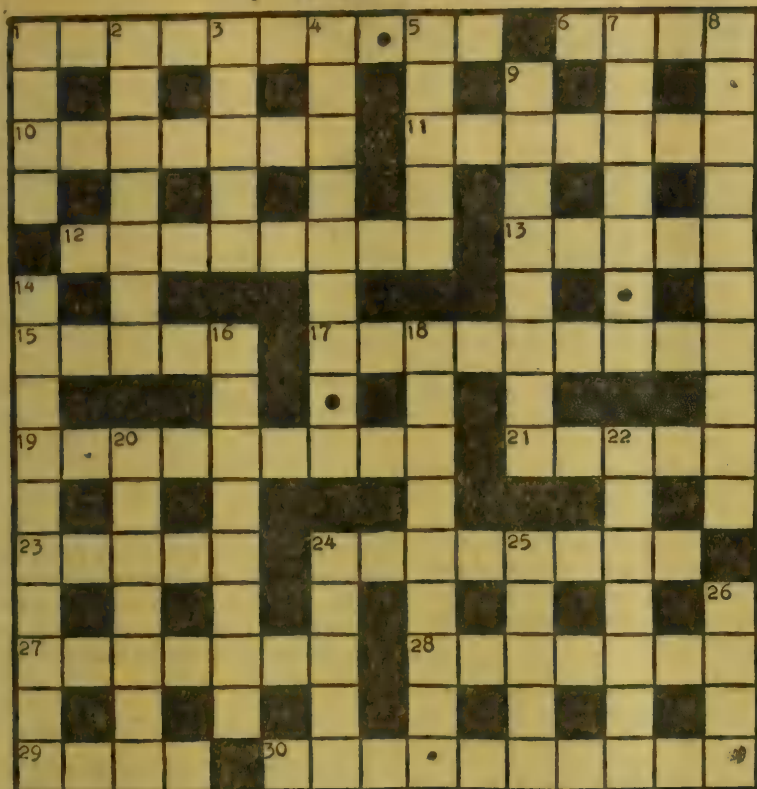
a term of less than a year.
Another bell sounds the hours of your sun,
limits sounding below human voices,
counts the hours of weeds, rain, darkness, all
with a bell.

The first one with a bell always.

PAUL BLACKBURN

Crossword Puzzle No. 709

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 '54 Yale academic gown, in part? One has to earn his! (10)
- 6 Refuse to rise to the top! (4)
- 10 Advanced struggle in the crossing. (7)
- 11 If the pitcher isn't hot, take one which has been warmed up here. (4, 3)
- 12 Dirt acts to confuse the issue. (8)
- 13 Will this shortly be presented in court? (5)
- 15 10, perhaps, but a direct opposite of 13. (5)
- 17 What might be common in the den flourishes about the heather. (9)
- 19 Would one be an apprentice? No, spoil him! (9)
- 21 Add to it, and you could make a sort of 19 very green. (5)
- 23 Irene was, as I departed. (5)
- 24 Gets help, but not without contradiction. (8)
- 27 See 26 down.
- 28 Elemental, but with lamentable associations. (7)
- 29 To do this in might be more foolish than angelic. (4)
- 30 Aqua, obviously! (5, 5)

DOWN:

- 1 Not right behind, if you go. (4)
- 2 Not only a dizzy blonde, but any light-headed person might have it. (7)
- 3 Certainly not the most stale creation. (5)
- 4 Angry head of the family in the

plot, perhaps. (9)

- 5 This might have been described in the revolution. (5)
- 7 The title of the bird at dinner bringing it up in the middle of things. (7)
- 8 Made evident on the cargo invoice? (10)
- 9 See 24 down.
- 14 He doesn't get pieces of board on commission, however. (10)
- 16 Gets away from big entrances. (8)
- 18 The trait of those who really mind. (9)
- 20 Suggestive of the Hun and Slav? (7)
- 22 First, but I use the middle above. (7)
- 24 and 9 Supposedly improves even the measly. (5, 8)
- 25 So submissive that he seems a little saint to the officer in charge? (5)
- 26 and 27 across What he made professionally sounds tense, but one might relax with his other creations. (4, 7)

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FEBRUARY 9, 1957 . . 25c



OUR STUPID CIVIL DEFENSE . . by **GENE MARINE**

LETTERS

"Together" in Methodism

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate you on the article by Dan Wakefield on Slick Paper Christianity. As a lifelong Methodist, I think he is saying something which very much needs saying. I have read the debate in the *Daily Christian Advocate* giving the proceedings of the recent Methodist general conference. I became convinced by reading the debates and especially the background of the editor as given in the denominational build-ups, that the church was not justified in subsidizing to the extent of \$2,600,000 what you give the evidence to prove is just another secular magazine with a religious veneer.

JOHN C. LAZENBY

Prof. Emeritus of Education
University of Wisconsin

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs: If *The Nation* ever comes out in slick paper and with color tones of George W. Norris, I'll still abide with it. This is in spite of my being as allergic to streamlining as Dan Wakefield. Apparently the great diversified public is more adjustable. Personally, I'd have kept the mostly black-and-white *Christian Advocate*, but, since 700,000 fellow Methodists are more mid-twentieth-century, we can all prize *Together*. I've reviewed its first four issues beside Wakefield's lampooning, and I find nothing in them that isn't spiritually sound and helpful. They haven't noticeably de-Christianized my family.

W. W. SMITH

Appleton, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs: Reference is made to Dan Wakefield's criticism in your January 19 issue of Slick Paper Christianity and the Methodist magazine *Together*. Speaking as a mere Methodist layman and subscriber to *The Nation*, I fear his immortal prose is more fiction than fact. He starts out by devoting some two hundred words to the alleged faults of Norman Vincent Peale and again on the next page tried to associate Peale with Methodism. The truth is that the Rev. Peale has no connection with *Together*, and is not even a Methodist (for which most of us are devoutly thankful).

He also complains that *Together* is industrialization of Christianity. Regardless of the absurdity of the statement, what is the matter with putting a little Christianity into industry? Of what value would Christianity be if it had no bearing on the secular life and just

where is the dividing line between secular and sacred?

When he implies, as he seems to, that the Methodist ministry is given to drinking intoxicating liquors at cocktail parties and telling off-color jokes, we deny that there is a word of truth in it. In short this article should be a collector's item for irrelevant trivia, capriciousness, misrepresentation and non sequiturs.

The Methodist Church is not above honest criticism, but the fact remains that it contains about as many, or more, liberals than any church in the United States and I think that as liberals we would do well to stand together and not bear false witness against each other.

C. P. STEVENS

Escalon, California

The Wrong Psalm

Dear Sirs: As if to give additional validity to the article by David L. Weissman [January 19], President Eisenhower contributed to the Americanization of God and the phariseism of politics by taking the oath of office with his hand on the twelfth verse of the Thirty-third Psalm: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance."

I suspect that the Lord would be better pleased with the United States and its chief magistrate if Mr. Eisenhower had placed his hand farther down on the same page and had directed Press Secretary Hagerty to call national attention to the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth verses of that Psalm of David:

"The Lord looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men.

"From the place of His habitations He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

"He fashioneth their hearts alike; He considereth all their works."

IRVING BRANT

Washington, D. C.

Discord on Jazz

Dear Sirs: In certain chapters of *The Heart of Jazz*, I apply to jazz basic concepts of analysis and of criticism derived largely from Irving Babbitt, Ortega y Gasset and religious sources. If my method and conclusions are valid—and they have been found so by a number of scholars—a great deal of popular jazz criticism has gone astray on first principles. Unfortunately, some of the writers responsible for this criticism are also jazz-book reviewers. Two of them, to their credit, declined to review *The Heart of Jazz*. Your reviewer, John S. Wilson, yielded to no such scruple, al-

though he had as much reason.

Mr. Wilson devotes his treatment [see *The Nation*, January 5] of my part of the book entirely to a denial of my assertion that there is a Judeo-Christian feeling in New Orleans jazz. I think it safe to say that virtually every Negro who loves New Orleans jazz recognizes

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EDITORIALS

Who's to Blame for Mr. Dulles?

The President's continued insensitivity to the maladroitness of his Secretary of State has reached the point where it is he, and no longer Mr. Dulles, who is on the spot. If the Secretary is one of those unhappy creatures who was born with his foot in his mouth, it must be clear that at his age the posture is no longer curable. When he is not insulting the British and the French armies, he is insulting the intelligence of the rest of the world: "The Middle East" (we paraphrase) "consists of several countries which we are prepared to defend against Communist aggression, plus several others which we are not prepared to defend but which I cannot name because I do not want the Russians to know what it is we are not prepared to defend." That neither insult was intentional only gives point to the aphorism that no gentleman insults another unintentionally.

Matters have reached a pass where even when the Secretary is right (instances don't come readily to mind), he is hardly listened to. On both sides of Congress he has created widespread distrust and irritation; and, as a result of his unequalled talent for visiting friends and leaving them as enemies, he has done the same abroad. Last week, during a House of Commons debate, a member intervened to ask whether Britain might not feel "considerably more secure" if "we were not flanked by Mr. Dulles."

The President is even more intimately flanked than the British by Mr. Dulles, and his continued loyalty to the Secretary is unacceptable whether it is based on understanding or misunderstanding of what his right-hand man is doing.

The Thaw

A U. S. information officer in Tokyo charged on January 27 that "profiteers, grafters and politicians" around the world were getting American foreign-aid funds, that Washington's barring U. S. newsmen from China was wrong and that the Eisenhower Doctrine "may lead us beyond the brink and into atomic war."

The rebel, Charles Edmundson, was axed the next day. But, whereas free discussion of the nation's foreign policy was effectively frozen during the first Eisenhower term, there is now a restless undercurrent. Does Edmundson see graft in some Asian countries? On Janu-

ary 24 the House International Operations subcommittee charged that nearly \$250 millions of U. S. aid to Iran had been handed out in "a cavalier, free-wheeling and casual fashion." Is it improper to make China off-limits to U. S. newsmen? Henry Ford II, speaking on January 26, asserted that our economic sanctions against Communist countries, including China, apparently "have tended to play right into the Kremlin's hands to the extent that they make the satellites more dependent on Moscow."

And where Congress in January, 1955, stampeded to give the President the free hand he demanded for dealing with any threat he might perceive on Formosa's none-too-clear horizons, it is today notably less eager to accept without question his similar Middle East program. The House of Representatives has duly rubber-stamped it, but various Senators have been asking extremely pointed questions. Senators Mansfield and Fulbright voiced the nation's pent-up doubts. Said Mansfield: "We now have the cumulative price of inaction, of empty campaign slogans of peace when there was no peace." And Fulbright: "I need more convincing evidence than I have had up to this time, that the Secretary of State has evolved policies regarding the Middle East which are in the interest of our national welfare."

The Administration has erred tactically (as well as morally) in deliberately painting the foreign scene a somber black or cheerful pink to suit its immediate political purposes. The ominous rumblings we now hear recall the break-up of river ice-jams in spring: a thaw has come as regards public debate on foreign policy.

The Vanishing Breed

The American press is, quite properly and quite understandably, indignant at Washington's bullyragging of the three reporters who recently entered Red China without permission of the State Department. These men have been deprived of their passports and are darkly threatened with having to stand trial on their return home under the trading with the enemy act (presumably they will have had to buy meals, tooth paste and shoe shines from the Reds). Newspaper comment makes two points: that government restriction of a reporter's movements is an infringement of freedom of speech, and that the American public is not properly informed of events in

foreign countries by second-hand reports and official handouts.

Both points are well taken, but the current issue of *Nieman Reports* carries an investigation of American press representation abroad that is a wry footnote to the protest. According to Theodore Kruglak, a former newsman and now a teacher of journalism, American papers show no eagerness to maintain correspondents in countries where even the State Department is willing to let Americans look around for themselves. At the present time there are only five newspapers or magazines and two syndicates that maintain correspondents in London, Paris, Rome and Germany. There are eighty-five papers of circulation greater than 100,000 which employ no regular overseas representatives at all. The American press in general depends on the wire services for its European news and the offices of the wire services are staffed with 82 per cent local personnel. Overseas wire-service offices, moreover, are engaged in *selling* news as well as gathering it; like all good salesmen they must try to offend nobody.

As every movie-goer knows, foreign correspondents are the romantic elite of the newspaper profession, and the trio who visited China were living up to a glamorous reputation. But the sad fact may be that the breed is rapidly becoming as extinct as the similarly picturesque soldier of fortune.

The Failure of Immorality

In the course of the CBS year-end radio and TV review of international affairs, the following bit of dialogue occurred:

Eric Sevareid: I don't think the British-French action was immoral. I agree . . . it was merely stupid, though that's probably worse.

Edward Murrow: And it also failed, which is even worse still.

This cynical exchange reflects not so much on Messrs. Sevareid and Murrow as it does on the mores of our time, which considers that morality, particularly in international affairs, is not a virtue but a weakness. As applied to the situation in the Middle East, this kind of cynicism is bound to increase as it becomes clearer that, despite the President's red-carpet welcome to Saud, Nasser will continue to prefer Russian economic and military aid to American in solving his growing economic problems.

But it was not the exercise of morality which has brought us into difficulties—it was the immorality of the Anglo-French aggression, the immorality of having permitted Egypt to discriminate against Israeli shipping, the immorality of a do-nothing policy in the face of continuous violations of U.N.-established borders, the immorality of broken promises, venal intrigue and greedy exploitation that have marked big-power policy in the Middle East for the last half-century.

Mr. Murrow chooses to place morality below success in his scale of values, and Mr. Sevareid below intelligence in his. Yet both these experienced observers must know that morality usually succeeds, and is never stupid, when it is unfailingly applied. It is not something that can be turned on and off like a water-tap. In the Middle East, it was turned on experimentally, as a last-minute resort—and by that time it was much too late. The Middle East crisis is a monument to the failure not of morality, but of immorality.

The Wellman Case

Saul Wellman, a purple-heart paratrooper of World War II, and former head of the Communist Party in Detroit, has been convicted under the Smith Act and sentenced to four years and eight months in prison. Mrs. Peggy Wellman, forty-four, his wife, who has been charged with no crime, has nevertheless been ordered deported under the McCarran-Walter Act because she was born in Canada, although she was brought to this country as a few-months-old infant and has lived here since.

At the deportation hearings, two witnesses testified to having seen Mrs. Wellman at Communist meetings. We have no knowledge as to whether Mrs. Wellman is a Communist or not. What we do know is that if she is one, she is an American Communist and not a Canadian one—unless the party was inducting members at an earlier age than any of us thought possible. But the arbitrary nature of the order constitutes one of its lesser injustices. Of greater moment is its inhumanity. Deportation in this case means the disrupting or the uprooting of a family that has never known any other home than the United States. The Wellmans have two children; David, sixteen, was an honor student at a Detroit intermediate school and in 1954 won an Americanism award from the American Legion "for qualities necessary to the preservation and protection of our country"; and Vickie, a fourteen-year-old girl, this year won the same prize. We hold no brief for the Legion's Americanism program; we merely note that the awards represent a compliment to the upbringing of the Wellman children from a wildly improbable quarter.

Even law-makers sometimes recognize that the law is an ass and provide built-in safeguards in the interest of justice. Under the McCarran-Walter Act, the Attorney General can intervene to permit Mrs. Wellman to stay in the United States. Many prominent persons and various Michigan organizations, including the militantly anti-Communist Michigan CIO Council, have petitioned the government along these lines. "We honestly believe," wrote the council, "that any respectable, fair-thinking American citizen would have a feeling of revulsion against the deportation of a person in Mrs. Wellman's situation." We agree, and hope our readers agree also—and make known their agreement.

OUR STUPID CIVIL DEFENSE

Playing Politics with National Survival . . by Gene Marine

San Francisco
WE REACHED Palo Alto at 7:30 in the morning. A friend and I had been driving steadily from Palm Springs—500 miles—and we were thirty-five miles from our San Francisco homes, on one of the newest of California's modern freeways. Only three times in that final thirty-five miles, for intervals of perhaps two hundred yards each, did I manage to get the car out of low gear.

I've been in a commuters' crush before, but this one sticks in mind because waiting for me at home was a pamphlet—a neat, professional job in three colors, thirty-two pages plus the covers. Its title is *It's Your Life*; its publisher, the San Francisco Disaster Council and Corps, better known as the local civil-defense authority; its contents, an evacuation plan for San Francisco in case of armed attack.

WITH SEVERAL hundred thousand others, I am a confirmed skeptic about evacuating the peninsular city of San Francisco. This is partly because of knowledge I have gleaned in preparing articles on atomic weapons and civil defense, but mostly because of the implications in the opening paragraph. Since the San Francisco Oakland bridge is to be closed to evacuees (lest the San Franciscans meet Oaklanders and, presumably, create a mid-bridge impasse), there are five ways out of the city. The pamphlet says six, but ignores the fact that two of them merge just past the city limits. And of the five routes, two must be reached by the same road—they *separate* just beyond the city limits.

Yet, if the pamphlet has done little to alert the public, there is another document that does; and put together with *It's Your Life*, the second document takes on a new dimension and becomes a fascinating

study indeed. Its stuffy title is *Civil Defense for National Survival*, and it is sub-headed "Twenty-fourth Intermediate Report of the Committee on Government Operations." This is a House committee; the hearings which are reported were actually held by a subcommittee (the one on Military Operations!) headed by Chet Holifield. Two hundred and eleven witnesses testified on civil defense; their testimony takes up 3,145 close-printed pages, bound in seven volumes. The hearings lasted a full year, and were held in major population centers across the country. There is a Minority Report, and even a Minority comment on the Minority Report which consists of a single sentence by Clare Hoffman, Republican of Michigan, who insisted on noting that "civil defense to date has been a waste of public funds."

There is, alas, very little in the report—or in the "San Francisco Plan" against which I measured it—to discredit Mr. Hoffman's observation. But, as we shall see, this does not mean that any civil-defense planning would be a waste of funds—far from it!

CRITICS ranging from sincere pacifists to cynical professional debunkers have managed to prove a good many things about atomic weapons and civil defense; much of what they have "proved" is mutually contradictory. The problem itself can be put in simple terms. Assuming an explosion or a deadly radiation or both, there are only two things to be done: either you put something tangible between you and the source of trouble, or you put distance there instead. The questions for civil defense are: How much protection (or distance)? How is it put there? Will people know what they are to do in time to do it?

For the purposes of this article, the effects of an atomic attack are neither complex nor difficult to ex-

plain. Assuming an attack on San Francisco (because that is where I live, and because I intend to come back to the pamphlet that was in my mailbox), there would be a number of variables depending on the size and makeup of the bomb, where it fell, the height of the bomb at the moment of explosion, etc. Regardless of these variables, the effects to be feared remain fixed: blast, heat, immediate radiation and subsequent fallout.

THE HIROSHIMA bomb (one feels that everyone must know this by now) was a pre-Hiroshima bomb times a thousand, as far as blast is concerned. A twenty-megaton bomb has probably been exploded; it multiplies the Hiroshima bomb by another thousand. For those whose image of destruction by bombing still goes back to Berlin or Coventry, a twenty-megaton H-bomb is a block-buster times a million. I report that for emphasis: *one million block-busters*.

But this figure can be misleading. As far as the first three of our main effects are concerned—blast, heat, and immediate radiation—the *diameter of the affected area* does not increase by a million times or anything like it. A twenty-megaton bomb equals a thousand Hiroshima bombs in explosive force—but the blast-damaged area is only ten times that of Hiroshima (if the word "only" is not completely out of place in this connection).

In testimony before the Holifield subcommittee, Dr. Willard F. Libby, scientist member of the AEC, used a ten-megaton bomb to give an idea of blast effect. Take a building of reinforced concrete, the walls ten inches thick, the floors six inches. Place it three and a quarter miles from a ten-megaton blast. It will collapse. Twelve miles away, homes will suffer severe damage (San Francisco is about 9.7 miles wide from Port Winfield Scott to Candlestick

GENE MARINE is The Nation's West Coast correspondent.

February 9, 1957

Cove); eighteen miles away, the damage would be "light to moderate."

A twenty-megaton bomb would range somewhat further in its circle of destruction; and there is no known reason why a bomb could not be built running to sixty megatons or more. Nor is there any particular reason for civil-defense authorities (or anyone else) to assume that the bomb is going to fall on the exact geographical center of a target area. Also, for some reason, the assumption seems always to be made that the delivery will be by air; it will be seen later that this is not necessarily so.

To go back to Dr. Libby's ten-megaton hypothesis, he testified that if a bomb of that size were exploded at ground level on a clear day, any exposed person up to twelve miles away could expect third-degree burns from the heat. Should the bomb be exploded as an air burst, third-degree burns would appear about fifteen miles out. Fires would start, and in some places—the more crowded parts of cities—virtual storms of fire would probably take place.

To discuss radiation, Dr. Libby came down from the ten-megaton heights and used a "small" Hiroshima-size bomb. At 3,000 feet from the explosion of such a bomb, Dr. Libby testified, 50 per cent of all human beings would die from radiation alone *even if they were protected by a foot of concrete*. Three feet of concrete, however, would protect practically all of them, at that distance. (You learn none of this, incidentally, from *It's Your Life*—which tells you how relatively safe you are in an automobile as opposed to standing in the street.)

THEN THERE'S fallout—the much discussed radioactive materials thrown into the sky by the explosion, which later settle, at an all-but-unpredictable rate. After the Bikini tests in 1954 (long, long after) the AEC conceded that 7,000 square miles had been contaminated by fallout; the San Francisco booklet, in its three unworried paragraphs on the subject, says merely that it "can reach out over a hundred miles"



and gives as a "typical fallout pattern" a cigar-shaped area of under 7,500 square miles. But in the civil-defense "dry run" of 1955, tagged Operation Alert, it was assumed that a ground-exploded weapon of fourteen megatons generated fallout over an area of some 63,000 square miles. Dr. Libby himself, discussing in 1955 the possibilities of a single bomb burst, used the figure of 100,000 square miles; he was talking to an audience of fellow scientists at the time, and nobody gasped in surprise.

The Holifield report attacked the AEC for minimizing fallout danger, but for our purposes here it is necessary to note only that it will reach over many thousands of square miles and, undoubtedly, kill many thousands of people per explosion—but only in the direction in which the wind carries it. *It's Your Life* tells San Franciscans that "winds from the ocean cause [the typical fallout pattern] to fall to the eastward of our evacuation routes 74 per cent of the time" (taken due East, the fallout would carry at least into Yosemite National Park).

The point to be emphasized here is that blast, heat, immediate radiation and fallout, however terrible their toll, will *not kill* or severely maim everyone within a hundred and fifty miles of ground zero. That fact in itself constitutes sufficient reason for a civil-defense organization. The hearings make it plain, furthermore, that the number of survivors of any attack can be increased

by intelligent planning. To survey what is being done, and what might be done, is not to concede the inevitability of attack. On the other hand, ignoring the whole thing as a "farce," as some insist on doing, will not lessen the possibility of attack. It might, in fact, increase the danger, since the vulnerability of an enemy is certainly a factor in any decision to attack.

What about the *physical* possibility of an attack? There is only one possible enemy at the moment; could he reach us, and how? In an earlier hearing (the Kefauver civil-defense subcommittee, 1955, a military leader told the Senators that Russia then had enough bombers and weapons to destroy America's "key targets" if defense were insufficient. Much of similar testimony given before the Holifield group was secret, but we have the word of the Chief of Naval Operations that Russia now has 400 submarines and is adding about eighty a year. Probably some of them are guided-missile launchers.

According to the subcommittee, 30 per cent of our "key targets" are within 150 miles of the shore—easy missile range. Admiral Burke, the CNO, admitted that large numbers of submarines could reach our shores undetected. Atomic warheads for missiles are an accomplished fact. Thus, while every communications medium, from Strategic Air Command publicity releases to Pat Frank's novels and *Terry and the Pirates*, stresses over-the-pole air attack, the possibility of hydrogen assault by submarine remains almost unthought-of in the public mind.

OUR DEFENSIVE measures, too, are somewhat distorted in the popular image. The powerful public-relations pundits of the Strategic Air Command have hammered into the heads of movie-goers and TV viewers the idea of retaliatory air power as a "deterrent." But Dr. Albert Hill of MIT, leading scientist of the Joint Chiefs' Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, pointed out: "One can never count on a potential enemy being completely logical and deciding he won't attack us because he himself will be destroyed."

The American radar network, already fabulously large, is growing constantly, including now not only land-based radar in Canada and Alaska, but picket ships, offshore "Texas towers" and a constant screen of airborne "warning planes." DEW—the "distant early warning" line of radarscopes across the top of North America—is nearing completion, as is SAGE, the massive military-communications network in its support. Yet Willard Bascom of the National Academy of Sciences noted that while "the U.S. is investing billions of dollars" in DEW and its military communications, there is a sad lack to be made up: "To relay this warning to the poor taxpayers who paid for it, all civil-defense organizations together have spent a total of sixteen millions." And General Curtis LeMay, who should know, told the subcommittee that such aircraft as Russia's turbo-prop Bear can go "clear around the warning line and come in from the Southeast."

The already famous ICBM—the intercontinental ballistic missile—does not yet exist; or at least, if it does, we aren't being told about it. It's almost certain though, that it *will* exist, and when it does, according to the testimony before the Congressmen, DEW and SAGE will be obsolescent, multibillion-dollar white elephants.

WITH THIS all-too-brief look, then, at the possible effects of thermonuclear weapons, and at the impossibility of any real defense based on stopping the attackers before they arrive, pessimism might seem to be in order. That, at least, seemed to be the conclusion in a somewhat surprising quarter: the federal civil-defense chief, Val Peterson, told the subcommittee:

I do not want to be a party in sitting here and discussing these problems, to any make-believe, that by delegations and by planning and by thinking, that by any stretch of the imagination can you get America fully ready for this kind of an attack on a day-to-day peaceful existence basis.

Dr. Merle Tuve, of the National Academy of Sciences, who headed that body's study of civil defense, disagreed with some emphasis; with



"reasonable" preparation, he insisted, 80 per cent of the casualties and deaths could be avoided. In December, 1956, Peterson told the press that a meaningful shelter program would "bankrupt" the country: yet the Holifield subcommittee heard a representative of American Machine & Foundry Company report on a shelter (said by FCDA shelter expert Dr. Ben Taylor to hold great promise) the cost of which would be about \$100 per person, including food and medical supplies (but excluding land). The estimated cost for the entire United States: about eight billion dollars—about one-fifth of the country's 1958 national-security budget.

THERE IS an immense chasm between what is *known* about the defense of civilians in nuclear attack and what is being *done*. In *It's Your Life*, San Franciscans are warned against "confusing chitchat." Don't be misled, says the pamphlet, by criticisms or public comments: "WHEN BETTER MEANS OF PROTECTING YOU AND YOURS ARE POSSIBLE, San Francisco will present them to you."

But *It's Your Life*, except for an occasional admonition to duck if you haven't got time to run, is wholly an evacuation plan; and Peterson admitted to the subcommittee that fallout has now made shelter, not evacuation, the preferred method of protection (note, incidentally, that the government has known about

fallout at least since the March, 1954 bomb tests, and that it is now 1957). Almost without exception, the scientific witnesses pooh-poohed evacuation plans and emphasized shelter. Only the defense administration seems to lag behind.

Peterson's own testimony favored "the optimum combination of evacuation and shelter" (presumably everyone else's would, too); but, as the subcommittee pointed out in its report, he has never requested shelter funds, and even since 1954 has described shelters, existing and potential, as "death traps" and "burial grounds." Now, he says, he is waiting for the results of twenty-five "survival-plan" studies of city areas before approaching Congress; the subcommittee recommended that \$20 millions worth of studies be discontinued as at best duplication and delay and, at worst, boondoggling.

The only existing FCDA shelter program is an occasional statement urging the public to build (and pay for) its own shelters. Even here, Willard Bascom and other witnesses were severely critical of the FCDA's recommended designs. The "Temporary Basement Corner Room Shelter," Bascom pointed out by way of example, involves 515 sandbags. Aside from the fact that "sandbags five deep in the living room, if that happens to be above your basement, might be an annoyance in daily living," Bascom noted that paying about \$150 for materials alone, one might construct the shelter only to find that unless the sand is perfectly dry, the bags will rot.

Bascom also argued for an immediate mass-shelter program, an argument adopted by the subcommittee in its report. With Bascom's emphasis:

The public is simply not well enough informed to demand protection for itself. Therefore, responsible authorities must recognize the danger and make provision for national protection.

In 1951, the National Security Resources Board recognized, in a series of statements, the urgency of industrial dispersal. Project East River, a two-year government study of American vulnerability, named dispersal as probably the most im-

portant single defensive measure. In 1956, after a strong Senate fight, the Defense Production Act was amended to read, in part: "... it is the policy of Congress to promote the geographical dispersal of the industrial facilities of the United States ... and to discourage ... concentration ... within limited geographical areas. ..."

But the political implications are obvious, symbolized by the fact that the amendment was introduced by a Senator from Utah and the fight against it led by a Senator from Connecticut. The states that have industry want to keep it. Even the late Senator McMahon of Connecticut, the Senate's "Mr. Atom" until his untimely death, once flatly told a group of scientific journalists that "you will not hear me advocating the decentralizing of industry out of Connecticut." He might as well have resigned his Senate seat, and he knew it.

Thus, though the subcommittee heard testimony attacking \$500 millions worth of new construction going up between the Pentagon and the White House, and admitted the desirability of dispersal, the report conceded its probable inoperability as a policy. We San Franciscans, for our part, will watch a new multimillion-dollar federal office building go up in Civic Center.

Another set of blasts was reserved for Conelrad, the radio system wherein, in case of attack, you tune your (battery-operated) radio to one of two frequencies to get the current news and instructions. The general public, insofar as they knew of Conelrad at all (a San Francisco housewife, queried by a survey, identified Conelrad as a television actor), knows only what it is told in *It's Your Life*:

Confirm the siren signal by tuning regular radio channels; if they are off the air, try emergency channels 640 or 1240.

And later:

Keep your radios tuned. Channels 640 and 1240 will carry news, instructions for your safety, information of vital importance to you.

With each copy of *It's Your Life*, San Franciscans received two stickers showing the Conelrad frequencies; the idea is to stick them on

your radio and your telephone—the latter as a reminder to leave that instrument strictly alone if an attack comes.

The idea of Conelrad ("control of electromagnetic radiation") is that immediately, in an alert, radio stations will go off the air; then some stations will switch to channels 640 or 1240 and broadcast information and instructions. In a given area, a group of stations will form a Conelrad "cluster." For various reasons, messages are then broken up so that one station will broadcast a few words, another the next few words, and so on. The Air Force insists this is necessary to keep from aiding the enemy in locating targets. A good many witnesses, however, insisted that the enemy would not need such help—and the resultant garbling will certainly not help the citizenry.

WHAT FEW people seem to have taken into account (certainly it is not mentioned in *It's Your Life*, in the numerous radio "commercials" about Conelrad, or in FCDA releases) is that when the attack comes and people turn their radios to 640 or 1240, they aren't going to hear anything for at least twenty minutes—by which time it may well be getting a bit late for instructions. The changeover to the Conelrad frequencies simply can't be made much faster.

In Washington, D.C., [Bascom told the subcommittee] there is no prepared script and there may not be anyone present who can give sensible directions to the public. Since no provisions have been made for sheltering either the people who will operate the radio stations or the announcer in the civil defense headquarters, the people required for the operation of Conelrad must therefore be regarded as expendable.

The most serious objection to Conelrad, however, is implicit in the booklet *It's Your Life*. Since the booklet is an evacuation plan, it assumes that there will probably be sufficient warning time to make evacuation practicable. But since this would mean at least an hour, there would be no need to make the Conelrad switch-over just at the time when the public would need information most. A speedy plane

still an hour away would derive little benefit from a broadcast beam.

The gap, then, between civil-defense practice and theory is easy enough to demonstrate. On the one hand is *It's Your Life*, which in effect tells San Franciscans what they are to do (and, by implication and omission, what they cannot do) as follows:

1. In case of attack without warning, take cover. We have no shelters for you, but we have designs for shelters (however dubious), if you have the space and the money to build them yourselves. They will help some of you, if you can get to them.

2. In case there is time, get out—over a prescribed route. We insist, despite all that is known about blow-outs and fallout, that this is practicable.

On the other hand, there are the recommendations of the Holifield subcommittee:

1. A Cabinet-level Department of Civil Defense (this has been set up, though not precisely in the way recommended);

2. A nation-wide shelter-building program, financed largely by the federal government;

3. A master civil-defense plan for the nation and for each "target area";

4. Suspension of the costly "survival studies";

5. Clarification of the military's role in civil defense (the subcommittee was alarmed by the President's martial-law declaration during 1955's "Operation Alert"), and a training program for military personnel in civil-defense duties;

6. Complete redrafting of civil-defense legislation, making the basic responsibility federal (this was the principal point of attack in the minority report).

The report of the Holifield subcommittee insists in its conclusion that:

As a national effort [civil defense] is neither hopeless nor useless. On the contrary, [it] is an integral part of the nation's ability to deter war, to ward off attack if war comes, to survive actual assault, and to restore its way to life. ... [It] must be accorded a share of the national bud-

get commensurate with its deterrent and protective value. . . .

That is the theory. The practice, typified by *It's Your Life* and by the similar activities of local civil-defense agencies throughout the country, was perhaps best summed up in testimony by General Otto Nelson, who directed Project East

River. Under the present concept, he said

. . . one considers the non-military defense task to be so difficult, complex and expensive that there is no practical or effective solution. However, this is not to be admitted publicly, but instead an ineffective phantom program is set up with appropriate individuals and agencies to

serve as scapegoats, if such are needed at a later time.

The general admitted that his statement was probably extreme. But the phrase "phantom program" stands before the nation's legislators, its communicators and its citizens, both as an indictment and as a challenge.

LEGAL WAR on the NAACP . . by Stanley Rowland, Jr.

IN THE VIEW of many citizens, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is guilty of the outrageous sin of being effective in its fight for racial equality and integration. This is why they're out to get it.

Since its inception in 1909, the association has won many battles in court—the Supreme Court ruling to desegregate schools is perhaps its greatest victory to date—and steadily advanced Negro rights. It functions with complete legality through due process of law, seeking to make the Constitution fully alive for the Negro citizen. To persons who would like to "let race relations improve naturally" the association seems full of men in a terrible hurry. But how fast is too fast so long as the basic rights of democracy are suppressed?

These rights are being denied in a two-pronged drive centering in the South today. One prong is the broad effort to prevent integration, to stave off social revolution by keeping the Negro "in his place." The other is the drive to kill the NAACP, spearhead of integration.

The major groups fighting integration and the NAACP are assorted Citizens Councils, "patriotic" societies and states' rights groups. They have a total membership estimated at 500,000, leaders ranging from clerks to university dons, and are strongest in the Carolinas, Alabama, Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia and Arkansas. Many of the members originally espoused moder-

ation and proposed to fight the Supreme Court ruling through legal channels on the charge of unconstitutional infringement of federal law upon local customs.

But the Civil War established federal primacy and in its desegregation ruling the Court merely applied this established legal principle to a new field. So the councils' message became in effect a plea for lawless resistance when translated to the mob. The result has been the rise of extremist leadership and outbreaks of mob violence. Anti-Semitism is running through the racist pronouncements and the Ku Klux Klan is being revived in some instances. The picture is one of strong minorities composed of persons with petty grudges and prejudices now welded together in hate.

A perennial charge hurled at the NAACP is that it somehow promotes miscegenation. The assertion is absurd: any father who fears for his daughter should look to her upbringing; it takes two to make a love affair. Further, there is no real evidence from Northern schools that integration increases interracial sexual relations.

Another charge leveled by ex-

tremists against the NAACP is the allegation that it's "loaded with Communists." To dispose quickly of this dead cat, suffice it to say that the association is well aware that Communist penetration would mean the kiss of death, has helped sponsor workshops to study and prevent such penetration and has vigorously rebuffed all Communist overtures.

The sober majority of segregationists, though they may fear miscegenation, more often charge the NAACP with extremism somehow comparable to the more violent White Citizens Councils. True, the NAACP is aggressive, but beyond this fact the resemblance splinters on the hard rock of facts: the councils strive to thwart the law, while the association seeks to uphold and make it live; the mobs riot and throw dynamite at integrationists, while the association functions through due process.

Thus the NAACP is just as Constitutional and pure as the Rotary Club. If it were also as tame, and merely made pear-shaped pronouncements about integration, then it would be in little danger. But it is a fighting organization which, in the judgment of numerous white Southerners, has committed the unpardonable sin of being effective in its integration fight.

In Texas it is out of business, banned by a "temporary" court injunction for alleged lobbying, failure to pay taxes (as though it were a profit instead of non-profit organization), and supposedly recruiting persons for lawsuits. At the hearing, an attorney asked an eighteen-year-old Negro girl: "Are you afraid now



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to file a lawsuit to enter the Junior College of Texarkana?"

"Yes."

"When did you first become afraid?"

"After this court of inquiry."

One wonders what our courts are being turned into when they make a citizen afraid to exercise her Constitutional rights. But this is the way it's being done. The councils are employing a weapon the association lacks—pipelines to state legislatures. A Mississippi council leader and legislator declared that he would not only fire any Negro who belonged to a group fostering integration, but would make sure that the Negro couldn't find employment elsewhere, couldn't borrow money or buy food.

In Atlanta the association was forced to yield its records; in Florida the legislature has set up a committee to investigate it; in Alabama it has been crippled by a \$100,000 fine for doing business as an unregistered out-of-state corporation; in Louisiana it has been forced to surrender membership lists under a 1924 law aimed at the Ku Klux Klan; Virginia has passed laws requiring registration of members of groups promoting integration. Most of these measures were enacted in the latter part of 1956, and more can be expected, so the party has only begun.

Once membership lists are obtained and the names leaked out, then reprisals start. NAACP members and other integrationists are summarily fired from their jobs—sometimes wholesale, as in Selma, Alabama. Farmers can't find anyone to gin their cotton, banks refuse the usual crop loans, storekeepers have supplies cut off, mortgages are called, prices suddenly go up. In Orangeburg, South Carolina, "the merchants have become business suicidal maniacs in their fanatic zeal to squeeze Negroes," a reporter found. In Yazoo City, Mississippi, the signer of an integration petition was informed that bread would cost him a dollar a loaf. Telephoned threats are frequent, and occasionally a Negro is murdered—such as the Rev. George W. Lee, who was shot for registering to vote in Belzoni, Mississippi. In Clarendon County, South Carolina, where the original school-integration

cases began, reprisals have cut association membership from 1,100 to 500—and without state legal aid.

The legality of the various moves is being contested by the NAACP. Each case is proving to be a time-consuming and costly battle. These moves against the organization probably have the sympathy but not the spontaneous support of the mass. "The NAACP is highly unpopular in our Southland, but it isn't illegal," said an editorial in the *Florence (S. C.) News*. While the association is frequently abhorred, the majority of Southerners apparently accept its lawfulness.

THE ONES out to get the NAACP are the councils and extremists, the organized minority; and the frightening development is their use of legislatures and state legal machinery as their tools. While governments are supposed to respond to the will of the majority and protect minorities, in the South we have the spectacle of one minority using the process of government to stifle another.

Still another minority could do likewise tomorrow. If a law aimed at the Ku Klux Klan yesterday can be used against the NAACP today, it can be used against Jewish or Catholic action groups tomorrow, against the Masons the next day, and so on. By yielding to pressures and not supporting the legal rights of the NAACP, however much they may detest that body, the mass of Southerners have endangered their own democratic rights and by that much have shrunk the democracy of our nation.

But to white-supremacy tacticians, who are not interested in democracy, the results have been cheering. The association's lawyers and funds, to a great extent, are preempted in court fights to preserve its very life. This drains its resources from the integration struggle, which is thereby slowed, and the segregationists have bought more time against the inevitable. They are paying with the hard-won rights of democracy.

Where can the NAACP turn? It is turning to the North, increasing its efforts there and seeking more funds. Last year its membership exceeded 350,000 and its income sur-

passed \$1,000,000 for the first time. But such money goes fast under fines and legal harassment.

With the association handicapped, the churches and Negro clergy have assumed greater importance in the integration struggle. This is partly because of their idealism and partly because of their relative immunity from economic pressures; they can't be fired by a white boss. Always a mainstay of NAACP activity and leadership on the local level, the Negro churches will be bearing more of the direct integration burden as economic pressures increase.

The easy manner in which these reprisals are conducted, the summary firings of workers, are indications of the primitive labor conditions of the area. Elsewhere white men and brown alike are protected in their jobs by union contracts, but in areas of the South the labor movement is still fighting for effective recognition and contending with the problems of racism. Though FEPC, if it ever comes, could help the Negro's job security, his best support will be the development of a strong, integrated, democratic labor movement throughout the South. And there are still many dawns before this day arrives.

Meantime the integrationists suffer and their champion, the NAACP, suffers, and there is little that can be done except to pour support into the association to enable it to fight on two fronts—for its own life and for a better life for its people. Neither this struggle nor the work of the extremists are exclusively Southern problems, for the country is a whole body and a wound in one member affects all. Economic reprisals in Mississippi touch the business man in New York, while election of the bigoted to Congress divides that body and affects the processes of law and policy making. The Ku Klux Klan spread northward and the extremist councils may well do the same, augmenting racial hatred with prejudice against Jews and Catholics. Therefore the struggle belongs to all those who value democracy, and victory will be of value to all by protecting the democratic rights of all—including those who disagree with the Supreme Court.

REDEEMING THE MURDERER . . by Derrick Singleton

Utrecht, Holland
IN FORTY-TWO American states the archaism of capital punishment continues in defiance of the manifold evidence proving that punishment by killing is no deterrent to crime. In the six states where the death penalty has been abolished for non-political crimes, lifelong confinement of murderers is perpetrated as the sole acceptable alternative to capital punishment. Ostensibly life incarceration is invoked for the protection of society from the "incorrigible" and "dangerous" offender. In reality, insistence upon it springs much more from instincts of retribution and revenge.

The truth is that the constructive civilized alternative to execution or veritable life-imprisonment for the "dangerous" and "twisted" criminal has not yet been fully accepted in any country of the world. That alternative is the cure and rehabilitation of people who are offenders because they have become deformed in mind and spirit. The well-meaning efforts of the educator and social worker—already so extensively deployed—cannot alone achieve the decisive end, nor can it be brought about merely through good prison-plant, vocational training, libraries and lectures in citizenship. The modern weapon of psychotherapy and psychoanalysis offers the brightest hope.

THE WORLD is only on the threshold of the curative approach to crime. But in a good many places, including some American states, the Scandinavian nations and Britain, important pioneer experiments in "healing" have been launched. Probably the most daring of all of them is being undertaken here in the Dutch university town of Utrecht.

It is only two years since Professor Pieter Baan, a brilliant young Dutchman who is a qualified jurist besides being a doctor and psychi-

atrist, persuaded the Dutch government to support him in launching a new-style "clinic." He chose for it a site in the middle of Utrecht. Obviously, as he agrees, an isolated rural location would have been preferable on many grounds for a virtually open institution which houses serious offenders. But he points out that first-rate psychiatrists in sufficient numbers cannot be induced to live and work in the countryside. And first-rate psychiatric treatment is the basis of the Utrecht experiment. In Professor Baan's clinic—named after Van der Hoeven, a leader of Dutch psychiatry—the seventy-odd offenders receive an intensity of psychotherapeutic or psychoanalytic treatment that compares with that offered by the most heavily-endowed and expensive of private institutions anywhere in the world. Each of them faces a psychoanalyst or sits in a psychotherapy group at least four or five days a week. On the staff are six psychiatrists, four psychologists and ten experienced social workers.

THE group-therapy sessions at the Van der Hoeven Clinic are led by two members of the staff: a psychiatrist and a psychologist. This unusual double leadership is held to have three advantages: it makes possible discussion between the two staff members who are concerned with the difficult problems of running such a group; it ensures continuity in case one leader is absent; and it spreads and mitigates the psychological dependence of the patients on a leader which tends to develop during this process of delving down into the roots of mental trouble. In a few cases where patients have had great difficulty in bringing to the surface their past experiences, the drug pentothal has been used to supplement psychoanalysis or group psychotherapy.

The inmates of the clinic are among the most difficult and mentally deformed offenders from Holland's prisons. At present there are eight murderers among them, some of whom have committed crimes which

in America would have earned for them the appellation "monster" and who, in abolition states, would almost certainly have had little hope of ever re-emerging from behind prison walls. One strangled a ten-year-old girl; another shot his homosexual partner in a quarrel. Included also are psychopathic personalities who during the German occupation acted as concentration-camp guards for the Nazi SS and committed atrocities against fellow Dutchmen.

ONE presupposition exists for the "healing" work being carried on at the clinic. All cases sent there have agreed to undergo treatment. They all come from prisons where they have served parts of a sentence. This progression is based on Dutch legislation covering the psychopathic or abnormal offender. He is regarded as "partly responsible" for his offenses, though to some extent also as a sick man. Hence his sentence is a mixed one, compounded of punishment and treatment. Leading Dutch penologists, believing that prison rarely does anything but deform the personality, would prefer to see abnormal offenders sent straight to the treatment centers.

The borderline between punishing and healing has been completely crossed at the Utrecht clinic. All traces of the vindictive and pain-inflicting concepts associated with punishment have been abandoned. The clinic operates under the Ministry of Justice, but there is no hard discipline, no prison rules and regulations. The visitor can hardly imagine that he is among criminals. I first visited the female wing, where about a dozen women of various ages were under treatment. Several of them were sitting in deck-chairs on the lawn, in summer frocks (no prison clothes are worn). In the male part of the clinic, most of the patients were at work in the cobbler's shop or at carpentry; a few were reading in an attractive recreation room; some were drawing or sketching in a sort of studio; and one young man was playing a piano composition of his own to a group of his fellow-

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inmates. The men and women remain in their separate wings, but they associate at dances and on other social occasions which take place every few weeks.

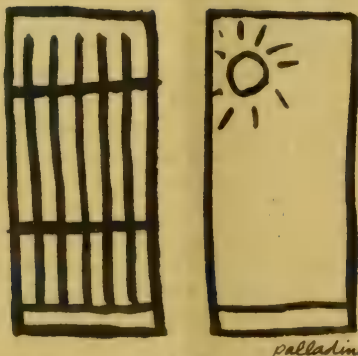
At present a high proportion of the inmates are working in the town. I met several of them bicycling back from their work. One is in a stone-factory, another works in a tailoring establishment; some are masons, painters, carpenters and insurance clerks. One man is allowed to practice organ-playing in Utrecht Cathedral. The women are fairly well occupied with domestic jobs. Decisions as to whether or not a patient shall be permitted to work outside are taken by Professor Baan himself. He too bears the responsibility for allowing inmates to go out into the town in their leisure time—to theatres, cinemas or concerts. This is authorized as often as possible; and permission is also granted by the Ministry of Justice in suitable cases for leave to be spent away from the clinic with relatives or friends. The inmate's correspondence is normally never opened except at the beginning of his or her period of treatment at the clinic.

BEFORE arriving at decisions affecting the inmates either collectively or individually, the clinic staff frequently obtain the views of the patients. Part of the therapy used on these abnormal people is the conferment of responsibility, the stimulation of constructive activity, the activation of the social and judicial faculties. This is being ingeniously—and in part successfully—attempted by consultation, by the functioning of a kind of Joint Council system. As Professor Baan put it to me: "We believe here in Montesquieu's 'division of powers'."

A "parliament" composed of all the clinic inhabitants, patients as well as staff, meets and debates once a week. An advisory executive board, made up of three members of the staff and seven patients—chosen by secret ballot—has a considerable voice in the day-to-day administration. A small "court of justice," made up of three patients and two members of the staff, sits in judgment on inmates who offend during

their time in the clinic. For example, escapers are brought before this "tribunal." The Joint Executive Council, on the other hand, provides the chance for the staff to consult the patients' representatives before something has gone wrong. For instance, the question of whether a patient should be allowed to go out alone into the town may be discussed by the Joint Executive; so may problems of specially difficult inmates who are often able more effectively to explain themselves to the staff through their chosen representatives.

WHAT about the possibilities of escape? Well, these are obviously great in the case of inmates who walk or bicycle to work in the town or who get leave. Even those who cannot yet be trusted to go alone could, without great difficulty, slip away. Although the clinic is not



completely "open," any effect of incarceration has been deliberately shunned in its construction and management. The low wall on the inside—about eight feet high—is easily scalable; and there are no bars to the reinforced-glass windows. The windows cannot normally be opened more than seven inches; but here again responsibility rests on inmates themselves, because certain trusted patients have keys with which the windows can be opened further. Professor Baan belongs to the school of penologists which holds that high walls and iron bars are an incentive to escape, as well as a source of deformation of the prisoner's mind and personality.

There have been escapes from the clinic, but in every case re-arrest or voluntary return has followed; and

no serious offense has been committed by any escaped inmate. The staff has been encouraged by the high proportion of escapers who come back of their own volition. Many of the inmates are apparently conscious that they need the therapy. This has been confirmed within the clinic itself, where prisoners sometimes concur with the doctor's decision not to allow them to go out alone.

The status of the prisoner or patient under treatment is that he or she is serving an "indeterminate sentence" or "is at the disposal of the Government." The responsibility for deciding when a man or a woman is safe for release, either on parole or unconditionally, rests with the Dutch Minister of Justice. He acts, normally, on the advice of the clinic staff; but in exceptional cases, he consults a Commission of Advice consisting of a professor of psychiatry, a professor of criminology, a psychiatrist and an official of the Department of Justice.

FOR A visitor to the Van der Hoeven Clinic the completely relaxed

and almost gay atmosphere of the place is extremely impressive. It may also be a little deceptive, for—as the staff there emphasizes—plenty of tensions exist among these unstable and abnormal people, and crises can and do blow up suddenly. But external conditions as near as possible to normality are the consistent aim of the staff. And indeed the casual visitor has the feeling that he is in an up-to-date youth hostel. It is hard for him to avoid the conclusion that in such a favorable human and material environment, with so much skilled attention always at hand for each individual, the chance of restoring warped people to normality is very considerable.

It is still early to assess the results of the experiment in Utrecht, because it was launched only two years ago. But the signs are good. Six offenders so far released as safe have settled down satisfactorily in society, holding constructive jobs.

What immediately occurs to the visitor is the high cost of such a treatment center. The clinic is in-

deed an expensive institution. Every patient costs the state \$7.00 for each day of treatment, with something recouped by inmates who contribute to their upkeep out of earnings.

But if the new Utrecht experiment can be shown over a period to achieve consistent results it should

prove a most economic venture. A short time ago Professor Baan investigated the cost to society of a confirmed offender who had spent about thirty years of his life in prison. The actual expenditure on keeping this man in confinement had been about \$28,000. And this left out of account the material

damage he had caused by his deprivations and the sorrow and unhappiness he had brought about. The professor is convinced that if offenders could, early enough, receive such treatment as is provided at the clinic, many of them could be cured perhaps within three years at a total cost of about \$8,400.

Doctrine for Mideast Disaster . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

London

AS THE DUST of battle clears and we start adding up the debits and credits of the Suez war, some queer and disturbing perspectives open out. Suez, we are now beginning to see, was a defeat for the United States, as well as for England and France—not, of course, a defeat in terms of military power, but a defeat in the battle of ideas which goes so much deeper and in the end is decisive. And since it is going to be of fundamental importance to know whether this paradoxical defeat is final and irretrievable, it is high time to look back and analyze what has happened.

The decisive month was December, 1956. No one whose business it is to follow the prevailing atmosphere of world opinion can doubt that the last six weeks have witnessed a startling change in tone and temper, from moderate optimism to pessimism and disillusionment. And there can be no doubt either that this change of atmosphere has reflected, step by step, the shifts and expedients of American policy. Outside of Paris and London where the old guard (Labor as much as Conservative) bleated in pained unison for a return to the good old days, the prevalent mood at the beginning of December was expectation. The bombs at Suez, people thought, had destroyed a system as well as a few

thousand creatures made in God's image: at least there could be no return to the rigid stratification in which ten years of cold war had embedded mankind's fossilized hopes. By exposing the ugly skeletons in the Western cupboard, England and France had forced the United States to reformulate the whole basis of American policy.

FOR A TIME American attitudes fostered this belief. When Governor Herter was nominated as Under-Secretary of State, the world believed, with the *Washington Post*, that "obsequance to the extreme conservatives" was ending and "a new and bolder leadership emerging." When Mr. Nehru visited Washington the world heaved a sigh of relief: was not this the clearest sign of a new alignment? Around the middle of the month numerous reports spoke of "far-ranging debates" within the Eisenhower Administration over the whole field of American policy. The United States was ready for an arms cut with controls; it was ready to explore Russian suggestions for a neutralization of Central Europe; the objectives of the foreign-aid program were being re-thought with less emphasis on anti-Russian maneuvering and new awareness of the disadvantages of "strings." Washington, it seemed, was at last awakening to the reality that the world contained other forces besides the two colossuses locked immovably in a deathly clinch.

What happened to destroy so suddenly this illusion of ferment and "unfreezing" in American policy? Was it simply the return of Mr.

Dulles? In any case, no sooner had Mr. Nehru left the United States than the Eisenhower plan was announced. The theory of the "power vacuum" on which it was based was directly contradictory to Mr. Nehru's expressed views; and the whole uncommitted world of Asia and Africa saw in the plan a rebuff to India. In England it was welcomed by those whose desire was to involve the United States, no matter how, in the belief that, once involved, it would be forced to pick a few badly charred Anglo-French chestnuts out of the Suez fire. Elsewhere the most charitable adjective used was "ham-handed"; and a French Middle East expert expressed the view that, if Washington had not thought of the Eisenhower Doctrine, Russia would have had to invent it. In the Middle East only those states already tarred with the British brush reacted favorably. The odds were that the rest, confronted abruptly by an unwelcome choice, would inevitably gravitate towards the Russian axis.

The world-wide disillusionment that followed the enunciation of the Eisenhower plan was due, however, not merely to its tactical shortcomings in the sense that it was likely to produce results the very opposite of those intended. It was due, above all else, to the revelation that American policy was, after all, still blind to the realities of the post-Suez world. When Mr. Nixon proclaimed that the outcome would "be finally determined by what happens to the millions of people now neutral who are trying to decide whether they will align themselves with the Communist nations or with the free na-

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tions," the mental paralysis of Washington was obvious. For everyone knew that the basic preoccupation of the millions concerned was not with which side they would align themselves, but how to avoid alignment with either. Since this is the distinctive feature of the international situation in 1957, failure not merely to see it, but still more to make it a plank in American policy, is the reason why Suez was a defeat for America, as well as for England and France. The United States may not have lost the war, but it is losing the peace because it has not learned the lessons the war taught.

What made the situation worse was that, in Europe, the Hungarian tragedy produced the same negative reactions. To many observers Russia's intervention in Hungary was an act of perplexity and desperation, unwillingly undertaken to bolster a crumbling system. In the State Department, on the contrary, it seems to have been evaluated as a sign that the Russian attitude was hardening, and consequently that it was no time to negotiate a mutual withdrawal of forces as a first stage towards relaxation of tension. The reassertion by force of the Russian position in Hungary was linked with exaggerated reports of Russian penetration in Syria to create a picture of renewed Communist pressure as the dominant factor to which American policy must be adjusted. The result, in Mr. Nehru's words, has been a return to "the concept of the cold war in its most intense form," a reversal of the trends of the last two years. If pursued further, this line is calculated to make Soviet policy more inflexible in all aspects of its relations with the Western world.

It would be an error to exaggerate the defects in United States policy which the past month has revealed. If we cast our minds back only four years to the start of President Eisenhower's first term, when the theme was "massive retaliation," "rolling back communism" and "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," the change of ground is unmistakable. Furthermore, though it would seem that in the debates between progressives and conservatives in the Eisenhower Administration, the former suffered a

severe defeat in mid-December, it is equally certain that they are fighting back and that the possibility of directing United States policy on to more imaginative lines is not dead. The more serious question about this struggle within the Administration, over which (according to well-informed sources) the government is deeply split, is whether the issues at stake are rightly defined in terms of the world situation of 1957. If a more imaginative and liberal policy means simply greater sympathy for England and France and their NATO allies, and conservatism is closely aligned with isolationism—and those are the terms in which the issues are usually defined in Europe—then the deadlock will be final and defeat assured. For those are issues of the past, not of the present, and the imaginative re-thinking required is of another caliber. It is not too late to undertake it, but it is not too soon.

IF AMERICAN policy is to recover the ground lost since last December, there are three fundamental requirements to be fulfilled. The first is that Washington must realize that the peoples of Asia and Africa are much more interested in nationalism and in the betterment of their own position (and that not simply in terms of economic improvement) than in the ideological struggle between communism and Western democracy. At present the United States is speaking a language which the Afro-Asians do not understand. Secondly, there will be no progress without a more realistic appreciation of the Russian position; and here again American official thought is befogged by thick layers of ideological presupposition. Russian interest in the Middle East, for example, is a fact which no one will minimize; but the State Department seems to forget the equally important fact that the Middle East lies, as Mr. Nehru has emphasized, at Russia's doorstep. Consequently it would be as logical to expect the Kremlin to be disinterested in what goes on in Iran or Egypt as it would be to expect the White House to wash its hands of Mexico or Panama. To treat every Russian move in this area with suspicion as part of a deep-laid plot for im-

perialist expansion not only implies misjudgment of plain geo-political facts, but also creates an atmosphere of conflict which renders it impossible to test out Russian initiatives in other spheres (e.g. disarmament) at their face value. In any case, the people of the Middle East will not thank the United States if it acts as though their territory were merely a *cordon sanitaire*.

Finally, America is committed, since Suez, to the United Nations, and this commitment, which it voluntarily undertook and which was not forced upon it, cannot for the future be left out of account in the formulation of American policy. America is no longer free to use U.N. when it suits its purposes and to disregard it otherwise. More specifically, it can no longer oppose the Afro-Asian peoples, whose balance of power in the United Nations Assembly is now a fact, without disrupting American U.N. policy. And yet this is what the Eisenhower Doctrine, despite the reservations which hedge it about, envisages in the last analysis. No one, it is true, can stop the State Department if it persists in this path; but where will U. S. policy be then? What will be left save naked power in a world of power-politics? Britain has been taught, by its defeat, that it cannot "go it alone." America has to learn that, by an act of its own free choice and volition at the time of the Suez crisis, it cannot "go it alone" either. It has to learn that alleged American "interests" (which, incidentally, are not always self-evidently to America's advantage) no longer afford a sound basis of policy, and that America's role in world affairs demands a larger view. Above all, it has to learn to accept loyally the views of the majority, to which it has committed itself, even when they do not tally—as in the case of the Eisenhower Doctrine they do not tally—with those of the Administration. It has to learn that the world includes 1,000 million Asians and Africans, with minds of their own, who will be governed neither by 168 million Americans nor 220 million Russians, nor accept their ideas from either. A policy adapted to these realities can still achieve results.

OL' MASSA JIM EASTLAND . . *by Charles J. Lapidary*

Doddsville, Miss.

THE BEST of them look like they might survive this winter, and the worst of them look like they didn't survive last winter. These shacks contain sixty Negro sharecroppers and their families. During the day they work for a man they call "Mr. Jim"; and at night they turn on their only contact with the world beyond the plantation, and listen to Morgan Beatty and the eleven o'clock news. In this way they hear about the versatility of Mr. Jim, who, as Senator James O. Eastland, is Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and traveling salesman for the Citizens Councils.

There is a one-lane bridge over the Sunflower River that leads directly to the Senator's plantation in the Mississippi Delta. And for a long time Delta folk have been saying that "law never crosses that bridge." The life of the Negro on the plantation makes it clear that there is no basic difference between the slavery of a hundred years ago and today's sharecropping for the Senator.

With the help of their radios, these sharecroppers are politically conscious and well-informed. But they cannot vote because some are unable to meet the voting requirements (to read and write, and to interpret the Constitution) and the others have heard about a few of the less constructive projects of the Citizens Councils in nearby Belzoni and Yazoo City, where—as one sharecropper put it—"they done 'em bad when they tried to vote." So the sharecroppers find it necessary to limit their political activity to watching Senator Eastland and Mr. W. J. Godbold, the general manager, on their regular inspection tours through the plantation.

From March to August, the sharecroppers live off their "furnish." This is an allotment that comes to about \$40 a month for a family of four. Cotton-picking time begins at the end of August, and for the next four

months the whole family works in the field from dawn to dusk. This includes the children who are "big enough" (that is, six years old); those who work never get to school. By the end of December the family, with luck, will have picked twenty bales which together weigh at least ten thousand pounds after ginning. For each bale over five hundred pounds, the sharecropper receives a \$10 check (to be cashed at the Eastland store). In other words, the members of a family of four working at least twelve hours a day cannot expect to earn more than three cents an hour.

FINALLY, "settling time" arrives at the end of December. This means that Mr. G. S. Riddell, the bookkeeper, begins balancing the total value of the crop against the debt accrued by the sharecropper. This debt is broken down into three main sections: the amount of the "furnish" from the preceding spring; the cost of items charged at the store; and the cost of the services (including fertilizer and electricity) which have been supplied during the year by the plantation. Once the bookwork is finished, some of the sharecroppers will be told that they owe the plantation money and another few will receive as much as \$500. But most can expect to receive about \$200, which must last through the winter and into March when the new furnishes become available. The settling-time allotment is deliberately inadequate so that the sharecroppers will be compelled to take advantage of a loan that is provided by the plantation just after the settlement has been completed. This loan becomes the basic ingredient of the peonage system, since the sharecropper cannot repay it until the following year at settling time. All of this is made particularly awkward by the refusal of the bookkeeper to let the sharecroppers look at his record of their accounts.

The Mississippi State Penitentiary is at Parchman, less than twenty miles from the plantation. Many men who have been sentenced to Parch-

man have served time at the plantation instead. And the two assistant managers—Clyde Rutledge and J. T. Jones—who work for the Senator are referred to as "riders" by the sharecroppers. At Parchman a rider is the man who makes certain that the prisoners do at least as much work as they should. Two years ago two sharecroppers who tried to run away from the plantation were caught and gun-whipped by Messrs. Rutledge and Jones.

THE SUREST way of telling where the dirt road ends and the sharecropper's shack begins is to remember that they are separated by the coal pile that is always there during the winter. For coal-burning stoves are the only source of heat. There is not usually more than one stove per shack, but this is enough to keep warm the sitting room as well as the bedrooms of the children and the parents, for one room invariably serves in these three capacities. Management is supposed to take care of maintenance, but usually doesn't bother. The wallpaper fades off into the plaster and the linoleum wears off into the planks of the floor. And the most likely place to look for sections of roofing is not necessarily the roof.

The shacks are, of course, without any kind of plumbing and only the generosity of the Rural Electrification Administration makes it possible for them to have electricity.

In the middle of the plantation—and in appropriate contrast to the rest of it—is a group of five prosperous-looking white homes. The only hard-top road in the area runs between them and they are surrounded by equally-scarce lawns. The triumvirate live on one side of the road: Mr. Riddell, the bookkeeper; Mr. Godbold, the general manager; and Mr. Jim, the planter. The homes of assistant manager Jones and the Senator's mother are on the opposite side of the road. Of the five houses, the ones containing the Eastlands are by far the largest and come about as close to being Victorian as anything in Doddsville ever could.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Cracks in the Monolith

RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN. By Edward Crankshaw. The Viking Press. \$3.75.

THE BIG THAW. By C. L. Sulzberger. Harper & Bros. \$4.

THE SOVIET UNION AFTER STALIN. By Helene and Pierre Lazareff. Philosophical Library. \$6.

KHRUSHCHEV AND STALIN'S GHOST. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Frederick A. Praeger. \$3.95.

THE ANTI-STALIN CAMPAIGN AND INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM. Edited by the Russian Institute. Columbia University Press. \$7.75.

By Mark Gayn

EVERYTHING—or nearly everything—must have seemed rosy the night Nikita Khrushchev rose before the Twentieth Party Congress to denounce the ghost of Stalin. Yet, with the aid of hindsight, it is now plain that the Soviet bloc was already in the grip of a major crisis, and that this crisis was bound to grow in the year that followed. After the Kremlin speech came Poznan and Gomulka, the tragedy in Hungary, the renewed break with Tito, the turmoil in the Communist movement, the desperate pleas for unity, and the unmistakable reversion to “cold war” policies and accents. It is obvious that the Soviet leaders, however astute they may be on occasion, could see the shadow of the crisis less clearly than some of the Western observers.

Among such observers, few are abler than Cyrus Sulzberger and Edward Crankshaw, and it took a combination of ill luck and the time lag needed for the publication of a book to catch them pre-occupied with *The Big Thaw* at a moment when it had already given place to an early freeze-up. Yet, it would be a pity if their

books were ignored for this reason, because what the two authors are primarily concerned with is not political climate but the constants of Soviet life, behavior and policy. Mr. Crankshaw seeks the roots of Soviet foreign policy in the domestic developments. Mr. Sulzberger is interested mainly in the impact of Moscow's policy on other nations, and in the interplay of Soviet and American policies. Each in his field provides a good harvest of ideas.

Quite properly, Mr. Crankshaw focuses his attention on Moscow's effort to create a modern economy, and he does so with uncommon sobriety. The effort, he feels, is patchy, but “the industrial revolution of the Soviet Union is now passing out of the era of slave labor and barracks factories . . . It is not that the new Soviet leadership has discovered that the machine is not enough; it has discovered that the machine cannot be worked efficiently by a depressed proletariat.”

For there is more to the industrial revolution than just economics; it is also changing the pattern of society and leadership. Thus, in considering “the old stale names” of Soviet leaders, Mr. Crankshaw suggests that these men are now being subjected to irresistible pressures from the “phalanxes of young men, with names unknown in the West”—“the highly capable Party chieftains, virtual governors of areas the size of Germany; the great industrialists, who control the huge trusts and are individually responsible for turning out each year more steel, more coal, more oil . . . than the combined tycoons of Western Europe; the great soldiers who command the largest standing army in the history of the world; and behind them, rank on rank of brilliantly accomplished assistants—administrators, engineers, professional men of all kinds. . . .” These men, Mr. Crankshaw believes, think in terms not of world revolution but of making the Soviet Union

into a prosperous and worthy country. Yet they are Communists, convinced of their eventual triumph over the capitalist system.

In portraying the new Soviet society, Mr. Crankshaw deals with its many aberrations—the influence peddlers, who make their American counterparts seem puny; the all-embracing black market; the colossal drinking and hooliganism; and the new aristocracy, propertied, proud and often corrupt. Mr. Crankshaw is not the first to depict this seamy and significant feature of Soviet life—Helene and Pierre Lazareff, the French journalists, had reported much the same facts after a trip taken two years earlier—but he buttresses his account with some choice items from the Soviet press.

Where does all this lead the Soviet Union? Russia, Mr. Crankshaw thinks, “will always be Socialist in some shape or form, but not necessarily in the Marxist form. . . . Russia will always be messianic, seeking to convert the world to its own way of thought. . . . [It] will always be a problem. The celerity and the virtuosity with which its leaders, having assured themselves at Geneva that they need not fear atomic aggression from the West, turned to the exploitation in their own immediate interests of a dangerous situation in the Middle East gives the measure of that.” One might take exception to some, or even all, of these deductions. One may regret some of Mr. Crankshaw's bizarre generalizations about the Russian people. But one must also be grateful to him for re-emphasizing the economic and social constants in the Soviet Union. For no Western policy can endure unless it is based on an understanding of all the implications of the Soviet industrial revolution.

MR. SULZBERGER (whose book is a compilation of his articles in *The New York Times*) shows a greater awareness than Mr. Crankshaw of the crisis facing Moscow. He has obviously given much close

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thought to the celebrated Khrushchev speech, to the nature of Tito's differences with the Soviets, and to the early stirrings in the satellite world, and this enables him to anticipate some of the recent events. He is, for instance, aware of the dangers that Khrushchev's yen for reform presented to the old machinery of Communist control, and of the difficulty of arresting the reformist process once it is begun. "The dilemma between Soviet world ideology and Russian national interest," he argues, "continues to exist. Stalin had solved this with ruthless simplicity by amalgamating the two currents, by proclaiming they were actually the same. . . . Khrushchev modified this conception—but only where it suits him. For, at least in parts of Eastern Europe, Stalinist methods are likely to prevail."

MR. SULZBERGER'S most notable conclusion is that the greatest threat to Soviet supremacy lies in Titoism, for it promises the satellite peoples "liberty of political as distinct from ideological action." Just how correct Mr. Sulzberger is has been demonstrated in recent weeks by the angry anti-Titoist chorus that ranged from Moscow to Prague to Paris to Peking. And if this were not enough, Mr. Sulzberger has been denounced by name at the latest Czech party congress by the ranking leader, Novotny. In his book, Mr. Sulzberger strongly attacks the State Department for not seeking attainable goals—such as Titoism—in its satellite policy.

No development today—not even the struggle for the Near East—is as important as the crisis now shaking the Soviet bloc. The crisis long antedates Khrushchev's speech (and Mr. Wolfe's analysis of the address and, even more, the documents compiled by the Russian Institute of Columbia University, should be mandatory reading for anyone seeking to understand the nature of Moscow's troubles). The frantic pleas for Communist unity is a measure of the gravity of this crisis. But, I am convinced, the hastily rediscovered unity can only patch up some of the obvious cracks; it cannot arrest the forces of disruption.

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The Sky Is Blue

THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Ira Progoff. Julian Press. \$4.

By Gerald Sykes

THIS IS a welcome if disturbing addition to the growing movement towards comparative psychology. Some years ago comparative religion was pointing the way to liberation from ancestral prejudice; now, when we quarrel as pugnaciously over Freud vs. Jung as we once did over transubstantiation, we need a similar sense of parallel experience, of common humanity, to de-provincialize us again.

Theoretically, more and more psychologists are agreed on this, and in practice they use increasingly eclectic methods—because true healing must be as supple as nature herself. Doctrinal rigidity may be a sop to the practitioner's laziness, but it doesn't help the patient. And so more books are attempting to synthesize several schools. Patrick Mullahy's *Oedipus: Myth and Complex*

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is an example; it has gone into the paperbacks.

Intellectually, then, the public is ready for comparative psychology. Making it available, however, making it real, is not just an intellectual act. The different schools of psychology were created by men, and men of subtly varying backgrounds, temperaments, epochs. A master novelist, with a rare sense of history, ideas and character, might weave their stories together. He might also weave together their often completely opposed attitudes toward life, as well as face all the problems they faced. Such capacities plainly do not happen every day.

Dr. Progoff has attempted nothing so difficult. As his title implies, he takes a progressivistic view of his subject. Psychology, having moved past the outgrown theories of Freud, past the obsolescent improvements of Adler and Jung, has at last, with the particular help of Otto Rank, who in his later years wrote a book called *Beyond Psychology*, begun to cancel itself out. But, "while the old analytical psychology verges on death, a new psychology is coming to birth in its very midst, transmuting the old insights and using psy-

The Reservoir

I see morning, level and shining there
And ringed by pines, shadow-braced
To receive the descent of birds.

When they rise, glittering,
The water falls from their wings
And the pond lies biting its borders of snow.

Then I face the flat shine of my 'cannot'
Brinking the round pool
And the events of a cold day.

And tho it is only a season, like snow,
When the pines blur in the icy water
And ice grows inward,
No wings ripple the surface of my will;
My will lies frozen as the stony pond.

Then I remember how snow melts and melts slowly
And mossy wells wait under winter.

I see the pond ringed by pines
Where birds drink at the stony outlets,
And I invent a thirst for the live waters.

Slowly, slowly I consider the morning
Where birds glitter and rise.

LUCILE ADLER

chological tools to rebuild the modern spirit. The new psychology brings a conception of personality that nourishes and strengthens man's creative will. Finally, it frees us from the chronic pessimism of the age of anxiety out of which we are now emerging."

THIS is not synthesis, this is sales talk. The age of anxiety is almost over, and all the work of those old men in Vienna and Zurich has at last been hopefully condensed into one "creative" treatment. The toughness of four fairly rugged minds has been systematically drained off. Freud has been "transmuted" into mere pioneering, and Rank's despair in his later years is conveniently played down. The author attempts no concrete application of the psychologists' ideas to the difficulties we encounter wherever we look—in politics, art, education, in mere living. Cheerfulness has rarely been worse timed.

The book, however, has been praised by able critics. I think the explanation lies in its quiet jettisoning of all diffi-

cult "materialistic" problems. It speaks of "the fundamentally spiritual nature of man," and says, "Depth psychology . . . will finally establish its position . . . in the foreseeable future . . . by validating the very opposite of the materialistic view of life." That is the tip-off. The critics assumed Progoff was including our "materialistic" headaches; actually he was throwing them overboard, to have a neat all-"spiritual" ship. Together with clever if slanted portraits of the four psychologists, this gives his book a hypnotic eloquence. It would wilt, however, the minute it entered any mental clinic—or for that matter, any home. If the problems faced by the four psychologists were of a kind to be so quickly superseded, their role would indeed be the merely preparatory one that Progoff concedes them. Actually, those problems have not only persisted, they have grown more complex with time, as the later writings of these men and the experience of our own time bear witness. "Rebirth" is a serious idea; it can also be a gimmick.

his class, no such epithet has been pinned on Harriman or Stevenson. He cites this as proof of the new classlessness, but there are at least two alternate explanations. Perhaps we are simply less frank than twenty years ago, more under the spell of the liberal rhetoric. Or it could be that the Harriman-Stevenson brand of class treachery is so exceedingly mild that it does not even provoke name calling from the corporate elite.

Instead of being a class structure, American society, says Lynes, is sliced vertically into a "series of almost free-standing pyramids, each with an aristocracy of its own." These hierarchies include entertainment, communications, labor, big business and intellectuals. Movement from the top of one pyramid to another is difficult; communication from structure to structure is poor. By ignoring the common values of an industrial, acquisitive culture which give effective if often unconscious unity to the pyramidal elites, the author builds up a picture of a loose and open society. A debate on this point between the authors of *Surfeit of Honey* and *The Power Elite* would be fun.

Life on a Pyramid

A SURFEIT OF HONEY. By Russell Lynes. Harper. \$3.

By Michael D. Reagan

PROSPERITY is the opiate of the people in America of the fifties. Postwar wealth has dulled our sense of political conflicts, given us a new white collar class ill-equipped emotionally to survive an economic downturn, and brought us status anxieties which we attempt to relieve on the analyst's couch or, more recently, with drugs. We have created such widespread material well-being that it is not solvency that matters, but the "appearance of luxury—the command over the fruits of other people's labor." This, says Russell Lynes, is our *Surfeit of Honey*.

Paradoxically, he also suggests that the goal of financial success has been replaced among college youth and young executives by the ideal of "well-roundedness," a type of social adjustment similar to William H. Whyte's Social Ethic in *Organization Man*. Faith in money, Lynes holds, was destroyed by the depression and success now means leisure time: for husband and wife to

putter together, to play with the children, to have neighbors in and to participate in community activities approved by their peers. Hard work, outstanding achievement, risking one's position by espousing unpopular views, getting "burned up" over social issues—these are all to be avoided, for they endanger one's leisure time.

ONE would never guess from Mr. Lynes's comments that the prosperity and leisure he describes are less than universal. That the bottom fifth of the nation has not benefited from the widely discussed but largely unproven income redistribution of the New Deal, or that an apparently increasing number of wage earners is finding it must invest its "leisure" in a second job, are considerations that never come into his picture of the college bred, upper income level.

The most astonishing of Lynes's often acute and always entertaining observations is the assertion that the traditional class system has vanished. The evidence for this lies in the modern American's almost unanimous identification of himself with the middle class. But this makes sense only if one ignores all other indices of social class, such as the determination of voting patterns by income levels or the continuing hostility of high status college students toward labor unions. Lynes points out that, while Roosevelt was called a traitor to

HAVING denied the horizontal planes of society, Lynes proceeds to describe a new social class, the Upper Bohemians, whose members do get about from pyramid to pyramid. As in his famed essay, "Highbrow, Lowbrow and Middlebrow," he is at his amusing best when defining the tell-tale marks of the species (marks shared in large part by Spector's exurbanite). The Upper Bohemian is frequently in the communications industry, wears tweed jacket and slacks to the office, and sees things in the large. "A casual remark about a tomato is likely to end in a heated discussion of the comparative values of organic gardening." When he talks about his doctor, it is probably his psychiatrist rather than his physician.

His function is to flout convention for the purpose, "sometimes sincere and sometimes affected, of fostering new ideas and bringing about the destruction of sham and flummery." But the Upper Bohemian defines intellectual freedom, his supreme value, in such a way that he goes overboard about nothing; he, like the simply prosperous, is among the uncommitted. The books of Reisman, Whyte and now Lynes all point toward the same frightening prospect: stagnation through lack of commitment to any values not easily achieved as a by-product of leisure. Few social goals are attainable in this way. If this is the nature of the new upper middle class, then for the sake of society, thank God it is not the only class.

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Tale of a Union

UNION HOUSE, UNION BAR. By Matthew Josephson. Random House. \$5.

By Harvey O'Connor

THE AUTHOR of *Zola and His Time*, *Victor Hugo* and *The Robber Barons* first looked into unionism in *Sidney Hillman: Statesman of American Labor*. Perhaps it was then that Hugo Ernst, that dapper little dandy of a labor leader, born in Croatia of Jewish parents, a San Francisco waiter and, through no ambition of his own, president of the Hotel & Restaurant Employees International Alliance and Bartenders International League, decided that his union too needed a full-length biography. Ernst was an extraordinary labor man, and nothing shows it more than his inviting Matthew Josephson to take a long look into his union and report to the public. Official union histories are becoming common now, with the dirt swept under the rug and the organization brushed up neat and shining. But Ernst didn't want that kind of history. That little men with little ideas had filled big jobs, that racketeers had seized portions of the union, that craft jealousies had repeatedly blocked the union's growth, Ernst felt were all parts of the story. To him the big fact that would swallow up the little ones was that the culinary workers with 400,000 members, had grown to be the tenth largest union in the country, that dignity had been won by the men and women of the scullery, that the dishwasher and the chambermaid now strode with assurance among the other organized workers of the land.

As Josephson unfolds the story, it seems a miracle that this could have happened. Not that employers fought the union, for that is what unions thrive on. The wonder is that the union could have survived its own stupidities. In "the good old days," it was a pure and simple bartenders' union and not even a skilled chef was admitted to the select General Executive Board. A paragon of Gompers craftism, Secretary Jere L. Sullivan, ran the organization from a cubbyhole in Cincinnati, whence he emerged only to attend conventions. Whatever his faults, Sullivan was honest, and stubborn about maintaining the bare bones of an organization; but to him the hordes of immigrants, displac-

ing honest Irish and Germans from the culinary trades, were scum to be avoided. He wanted quality and not quantity in his union, and achieved it. After the disaster of Prohibition, there was little left; when Roosevelt entered the White House there were some 20,000 members.

AS Josephson traces the story, the union of today is indebted to President Edward Flore, the Buffalo bartender who knew that craftism was outdated and gently elbowed Jere Sullivan to one side; and to the "Western Movement," centered in San Francisco cooks' and waiters' unions under the leadership of Hugo Ernst, which developed cohesiveness among the crafts and then opened the doors to the scullerymen and the chambermaids. Also the union is indebted to the New York industrial unionists who came out of the left wing Amalgamated Food Workers and the Food Workers Industrial Union. These had risen because the exclusive HRE cooks' and waiters' unions in the metropolis disdained to organize cafeterias, chain hotels and like phenomena of the Twentieth Century.

The story is worth telling and Josephson tells it well. There are villains as well as heroes (the Chicago barkeep, for example, who became the tool of the Capone Syndicate, ruled the Midwest union and nearly took control of the International). For an official history, *Union House, Union Bar* is an amazingly frank and honest job.

Wear and Tear

THE STRESS OF LIFE. By Hans Selye. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$5.95.

By Ashley Montagu

FOR many years Dr. Hans Selye has been enriching the literature of physiological medicine with studies on the effects of stress upon the living organism. Apart from a few popular articles and lectures, he has not hitherto been concerned with the transmission of his theories and observations, and the conclusions to be drawn from them, to the layman. Since his views are not always correctly represented by his interpreters, and since his discoveries have led him to wish to be of help to all who may suffer from stress, a double motive caused him to prepare the present book. It is an extremely intense and personal book in which the personality of the writer is ever present—a most unusual style for a book written by a scientist, and all the more welcome for that reason. Dr. Selye, having been so much involved in the studies which he describes, takes

the reader into his confidence and shows him how a scientist gets interested in a problem, how he goes about tackling it, and how often in the depths of his most disappointing findings a small light shines through which may grow into the great beacon of a discovery.

What the reader will learn from this book, as he will learn from no other, is how the stresses and strains of contemporary living work upon the human organism. The experimental and observational data are put before the reader in such a manner as to enable him to draw his own conclusions. Finally, Dr. Selye gives the reader some well-tested pointers on how best to handle the problems of stress. The book is profoundly interesting and valuable, but it is not one to which the reader should go hoping to find peace of mind without the necessity of using his mind.

ASHLEY MONTAGU is an anthropologist and social biologist whose latest book is *The Bisocial Nature of Man*.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ADVANCE interest in *Edge of the City* has centered on the circumstance that it shows a genuine friendship between two young men, one of whom is a Negro. What makes this noteworthy is that there is no particular reason for the man to be a Negro—it just happens that he is. Until now, Negroes have appeared in American films as servants or they have appeared as Negroes; never before to the best of my knowledge have they appeared simply as people. It therefore seems a little strange, and exhilarating, to see the four principals of this picture, a white couple and a Negro couple, going about together in an atmosphere of matter-of-fact equality.

Edge of the City makes no point of this new attitude, but obviously it is as deliberate as was the hiring of Jackie Robinson to play for Brooklyn. Robert Aurthur, who wrote the picture, and M.G.M. are consciously breaking through another tacit barrier and doing it with a good taste that is admirable. For that reason alone, the picture is worth seeing.

And that reason, plus some efficient direction and attractive acting is, I'm afraid, the principal reason. The story is another of those psychological machines that have become almost the dominant gimmick in mass fiction. A crazy mixed-up kid is befriended by a simple, well-adjusted extrovert with an

HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of *The Empire of Oil*, was publicity director, Oil Workers International Union-CIO, 1945-48.

innate genius for psychiatry. This untutored, jive-talking Freudian institutes a therapy that might well be the envy of the most-successful Park Avenue practitioners, and his patient is soon on the way to sound mental health. But then a terrible blow falls and the only way the now-convalescent neurotic can save himself is by an act of violence so shattering that it could easily unhinge the soundest mind. It makes a fine-looking entertainment—half weeping confession and half drag-down, knock-out brutality—but it doesn't make much sense. The number of New York dock workers capable of handling an extreme neurosis must be exceedingly small, and the spectacle of a skinny, guilt-ridden little fellow strangling a brawling bully twice his weight and strength is inherently implausible. It is, in fact, precisely the sort of thing that neurotics always dream of doing.

John Cassavetes, a newcomer, plays the sorry young man with a quiet persuasiveness that is a fine change from the howling and pounding currently in style for this role; Sidney Poitier, his therapeutic friend, is one of the best of the young Negro actors and he performs here with an absorbing contrast of exuberance and watchfulness. Martin Ritt has directed a taut, economical film set effectively on the streets and waterfront of New York. Everything, in fact, is convincing and interesting except the central drama. Stories these days are blended, streamlined and homogenized according to tested marketing principles; they are not written.

THE PICTURE which has been made of the life of Albert Schweitzer is less a biography than a brochure. This is not said to denigrate Dr. Schweitzer, who gives his almost matchless talents to the world with almost matchless generosity.

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But I went to the picture feeling that way and came from it with my views in no degree changed or enriched. Re-enactments of Dr. Schweitzer's model childhood, a long series of still snapshots showing the youth growing into dedicated manhood, pictures of Dr. Schweitzer today being honored by neighbors in his native Alsatian village, playing the organ in the village church, returning to the African jungle hospital to be welcomed by his adoring staff and patients, reading mail from distant admirers, patting small animals and small children, retiring at night to his modest room—it is all exactly predictable (only the color photography is a good deal worse than one might expect).

Even "a day at the hospital" is curiously uninformative. One learns that whole families come and live there when one of their number is sick, that the natives are child-like and treated like children, that the simplest possible equipment is preferred as less likely to deteriorate in the tropics. But one is told nothing of the medical success of the hospital or of its effect upon the region it serves. And Dr. Schweitzer is shown as a fine musician, a devout Christian, a great healer—a missionary beyond compare. In short, a surpassingly good man; but what sort of man? The picture doesn't say.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

February 10 through 16

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, February 10

THE BOING-BOING SHOW (CBS). The enchanting Gerald is one of the very few champions on TV of delicacy, taste and gentle humanity. (Color).

THE LARK (NBC: HALLMARK HALL OF FAME). TV version of Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Anouilh's interpretation of the Joan of Arc legend. Julie Harris from the Broadway production, with Boris Karloff, Eli Wallach and Basil Rathbone. (Color).

LA GRANDE BRETECHE (NBC OPERA COMPANY). World premiere of an opera by Stanley Hollingsworth, American pupil of Menotti, commissioned by NBC. Based on a Balzac short story. (Color).

OMNIBUS (ABC). Entire program will be devoted to a preview of *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, a musical drama opening on Broadway next Fall. First time a major stage show has been so displayed. Libretto by the late John LaTouche, score by Douglas Moore, produced by Michael Myerberg.

Thursday, February 14

THE COMEDIAN (CBS: PLAYHOUSE 90). Acid closeup of the backstage operations of a top TV star (these *Great Man* exposés are becoming a habit). Adapted by Rod Serling from a novel by Ernest Lehman. Mickey Rooney in the title role.

Saturday, February 16

EMMY AWARDS NOMINATIONS (NBC). Network devotes 90 minutes to the selection of five nominees in each of twenty-nine categories for which awards are given by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The March elections will be similarly ballyhooed.

THE LONE RANGER (CBS). Anniversary program celebrating twenty-four years of the solitary cowboy's adventures with Tonto, Silver and the dreadful Butch Cavendish. A.W.L.

LETTER from ROME

William Weaver

IT MUST be admitted that the Italian capital is particularly overwhelming when seen under a tourist's blue sky, with flowers blooming in the parks, the fountains cooling the June air. But the winter Rome, the Rome of the Romans, has its merits, too. When the last party of college girls has gone back to the classrooms, when October's last sunshine has turned into November rain, the city's grey streets take on a different life, the Romans seem more numerous, as if they had been in hiding, and the season begins. It is nearly Christmas before you are really aware of it:

the Teatro dell'Opera opens its doors on December 26; the legitimate theatres, which in the fall are filled with brassy reviews and pseudo-American musicals, begin to present serious plays around the same time; and the annual mammoth art exhibits—some of which have originated in the provinces during the summer—move into the big galleries or the monster Palazzo delle Esposizioni in via Nazionale.

Naturally, the personality of each season is different, and the quality varies. The dominating art show last year was the jumbo Quadriennale, a

catch-all round-up of contemporary Italian painting, which people talked about for months. This year the accent in painting seems to be on the seventeenth century, a period which—as far as Italian painting is concerned—has not been very popular with gallery-goers for a couple of generations. But two important shows here indicate a shift in taste, at least in the taste of the art historians who arrange these big exhibits. The first, and smaller, of these was a Pietro da Cortona show, originally held last summer in the little town of Cortona. When it moved to Rome, the show filled a number of rooms in the Palazzo Barberini, including the great hall where Pietro painted on the ceiling his magnificent fresco: "The Triumph of Divine Providence." Pietro cannot exactly be called a neglected master, but this carefully-arranged and excellently-mounted display of his work and his influence has undoubtedly reminded this generation of art lovers that he was a great master.

THE Pietro da Cortona show served as a rich *antipasto* to the almost indigestible exhibit called "The 1600's in Europe". This is a vast and vivid cross-section of that century, placing side by side such varied artists as Ribera, Vermeer, Zurburan, Rembrandt, and Poussin. Star of the show, from the public's point of view, is obviously Caravaggio, whose "Decapitation of John the Baptist," brought from Malta and cleaned by Rome's Instituto del Restauro, was seen by many enthusiasts for the first time. Not every picture in this huge show was beautiful, and not every artist was important, but the lasting impression was of a brilliant, various, wonderful century, and it was fascinating to see so many schools and countries and styles brought together under one roof three centuries after they had worked, scattered over a divided, quarreling continent.

Rome in the winter is a small city, so small that you are always running into people you know. The coffee bar in the Palazzo delle Esposizioni is constantly being repaired to by friends who have just met by chance in front of the Magnasco or a Ruysdael. And Roman

theatres—especially on opening nights—are like small private clubs. Given the depressed state of Italian theatre, it is just as well that you can socialize a bit in the long entr'actes. Many plays have already come and gone this winter, but the only production of real interest is Luchino Visconti's version of Strindberg's *Miss Julie* (or *La Contessina Giulia*, as she has become here). Like all of Visconti's productions, this one is notable for its meticulous detail, its beautiful sets and costumes (designed by Visconti himself), and for the tense, exasperated atmosphere that this director always succeeds in generating, whether the play is *Uncle Vanya* or *Death of a Salesman*. It is also notable for the Julie of Lilla Brignone, one of Italy's leading actresses and one of the two or three good ones. Though Romans flock to the small Teatro delle Arti to see the play, they do not like it. Rome is still a provincial city and, what's more, a Papal one. Words like *merda* and *puttana* cause ladies to gasp and gentlemen to mutter; and the occasionally crude naturalism of the Strindberg text—especially the scene where Jean kills Julie's canary—causes every evening considerable outraged tittering and nervous giggles.

Of course, in nineteenth century opera anything is allowed, so when the Teatro dell' Opera began its season with Mascagni's *Iris*, whose second act is set in a brothel and whose third act takes place in a sewer, the public found nothing to criticize. For the past couple of years there has been an abortive movement afoot to create a Mascagni revival, inspired by the authentic revival

of interest in Bellini and in hitherto unknown works of Rossini. Unfortunately, the more Mascagni one hears, the more one is convinced that the composer should have left it at *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The *Iris* production was devotedly conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni, an excellent conductor not well known outside this country, and well sung by Clara Petrella, a young dramatic soprano. But despite their efforts, the result was an evening of ponderous, turgid music, the typically overblown product of a small talent forced beyond its capacity.

EVERY week or so the Rome Opera has an opening night, so fortunately they were able to redeem themselves after *Iris* with an excellent edition of *Simon Boccanegra*, which proved that even minor Verdi is greater than almost anybody else, especially when directed with the brilliance and clarity that Gavazzeni brought to this performance. Tito Gobbi—recently returned from the Metropolitan—was at the top of his form in the title role, and Boris Christoff, an excellent Bulgarian basso more famous in Europe than in America, was also first-rate as Simon's implacable antagonist.

The season still has months to go, and they look promising: Lilla Brignone will revive a Pirandello play when her run in *Miss Julie* ends; Victoria de los Angeles is coming to sing *Manon*, and Prokofieff's *Angel of Fire* will be performed in Rome for the first time; the Pekin circus is due any minute. Rome is a provincial city, true; but it is also a cross-roads.

The Colosseum

Winged walls, ah majesty! sailing, gathering above me
Dust of ages, heaven's huge antagonist, boulders
Tier above tier, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing:

The walls have no echo; here root in crannies of darkness
Appian violets; the deepest sockets look farthest.
The arena is blind, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing.

Thunders now the applause of a vanished multitude,
But the walls have no echo, the grille, the network of passages
No tread, no tongue, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing.

The walls are moving: only our footsteps are still.
This hulk is a fountain, a vision, a test of conscience
Arrested in stone, commemorating, forgetting
Nothing, and one thing.

To die there would be to see it, not now but then.
Now the thronged arches are empty, invaded by azure.
It is the cry of man I hear, and the stones of Stephen
Fallen about him.

Vernon Watkins

Coming February 23

WINTER BOOK NUMBER

Writers in San Francisco

by Kenneth Rexroth

Other essays, reviews, poetry,
departments.

B. H. Haggin

IGOR MARKEVITCH, making his first appearance in New York at a concert of the Symphony of the Air, played an unusual program in which he exhibited impressive intelligence and skill as a musician and remarkable technical efficiency as a conductor. He began with his own orchestration of parts of Bach's *Das musikalische Opfer*; continued with three early pieces by Verdi—the Introduction to *Joan of Arc*, the ballet music for the Paris production of the revised version of *Macbeth*, the Overture to *The Sicilian Vespers*; and ended with Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*. Except for the superb concluding fugue the contrapuntal exercises of *Das musikalische Opfer* have never been interesting to me as pieces of music; but Markevitch created some interest this time with his fastidious instrumental coloring of the lines of counterpoint, and with the beautiful string and woodwind sonorities he obtained from the approximately forty players. Verdi's power is evident in the early pieces that Markevitch played; and it was made exciting by the tension and controlled power with which they were shaped, the hair-raising eruptions of the full orchestra in which one now heard the additional magnificence of the brass. As for the performance of the *Sacre*, a specialty of Markevitch, it turned out to be not only a clear, coherent and effective statement of the work but an impressive demonstration of his remarkable technical equipment as a conductor: I cannot recall ever having seen a left arm operate with such independence from the right in the simultaneous beating of conflicting metres.

The concert left still to be demonstrated how Markevitch does with standard repertory; and concerning this I can report, on the one hand, that a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* with the Boston Symphony that I heard on the radio a year or two ago suffered from the traditional distortions; but, on the other hand, that Angel 35309 offers satisfying performances of Schubert's *Unfinished* and Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphonies with the National Orchestra of the French Radio. As against the robustness and intensity of Toscanini's treatment of the first and last movements of the Mendelssohn on RCA Victor LM-1851, Markevitch's has a greater lightness which is more suitable; but Toscanini's slower pacing is more effective in the second and third movements.

MORE beautiful playing by the Vienna Philharmonic under Schuricht is heard in another good performance of Schubert's *Unfinished* on London LL-1534. On the reverse side is Mozart's *Haffner* Symphony, its opening Allegro con spirito played without spirit and its final Presto a little sluggishly. The statement in the notes that this work is derived from the *Haffner* Serenade is incorrect.

The playing of the Berlin Philharmonic adds to one's pleasure from the leisurely and relaxed performance of Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony conducted by Cluytens on Angel 35350.

London LL-1506 offers a good performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 by Solti and the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra; but I prefer Fricisay's older one on Decca 9519, even though it is less well reproduced, for the finer playing by the Berlin Philharmonic, and in particular by its superb solo horn in the second movement.

Solti conducts the Paris orchestra also in a good performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 on London LL-1507. Some of Tchaikovsky's beautiful melodic writing is heard in the first movement, but in a context of sonata-allegro manipulation and hubbub that is uninteresting; and the engaging second and third movements are followed by a finale whose reiteration of its chief theme gets to be wearisome. This performance is superior to that by Winograd and the Hamburg Philharmonia on MGM E-3433. There is beautiful playing by the Vienna Philharmonic again in the performance of Brahms's Fourth conducted by Kubelik on London LL-1485; but I don't like the changes of tempo in the passacaglia finale and the unsteadiness in the earlier movements.

In his performance of Strauss's *Don Juan* with the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra on London LL-1478 Knappertsbusch's deliberate tempo, though it costs the work the *brío* that Strauss prescribes, is one in which the music can be played with good effect. But where Strauss calls for an acceleration to the faster pace he prescribes for the Allegro giocoso section, Knappertsbusch instead slows down to a tempo which is clearly too slow for the character and effect of the music.

Epic LC-3290 offers an excellent performance of Stravinsky's 1919 *Firebird* Suite by van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Kodaly's *Hary Janos* Suite is on the reverse side; and I recommend instead Ansermet's performance of the entire Stravinsky score on the two sides of London LL-1272, which gives one the fine passages omitted by the suite.

(Continued from inside front cover)

this religious element in the music. So do many white men, such as the jazz scholar Alvin Kershaw. The Reverend Mr. Kershaw's characterization of the music as "an act of worship . . . supporting whatever it says upon a faith in God," must surely be accepted as more authoritative than the opinions of stylish jazz reviewers on the subject.

In his fury over my emphasis on the religious element, Mr. Wilson neglects everything else: my treatment of the humor in the music; of its robust, earthy vitality; of the role played by Rousseaum in jazz criticism; of the effect of mass-man criteria on the development of jazz; of the parallel between the course of "serious" music and that of jazz; etc. As a consequence, Mr. Wilson gives a seriously distorted impression of the nature of the book.

WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN
New York City

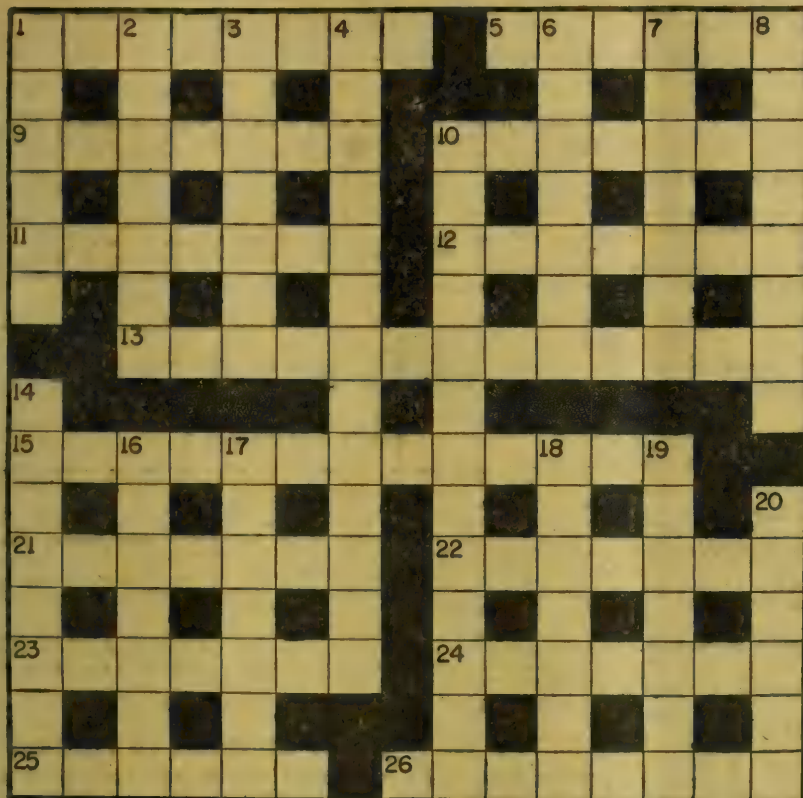
Dear Sirs: It is difficult to understand Mr. Grossman's annoyance at my emphasis on the religious element in his book. He calls the book *The Heart of Jazz* and, after stating that he plans to show that "New Orleans jazz contains Christian feeling and aspiration" (p. 43), offers it as his opinion that "the synthesis of this religious element with the music's robust vitality lies at the very heart of New Orleans jazz." From this, I assumed that he felt the religious element of primary importance.

As I pointed out in my review, there are important contributions by religion in jazz and if Mr. Grossman were not so determined to carry his thesis to a ridiculous and dogmatic extreme, I might have found myself in agreement with him much of the time. But who can take seriously someone who finds it "significant" that "the revival of traditional jazz and especially of New Orleans jazz in the forties coincided with an increase in religious interest and church attendance?" By the same reasoning, one might "prove" the religious nature of bop, which came to the surface and developed a fanatic following at precisely the same time. It is possible that the spiritual disturbances resulting from a world war might have had a great deal more to do with the increase in religious interest and church attendance at this time, but Mr. Grossman doesn't bother to mention this.

JOHN S. WILSON
Princeton, N. J.

Crossword Puzzle No. 710

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It goes both ways in the Occident, which is most clever! (8)
- 5 One of those we sometimes need to make a short day finish. (6)
- 9 Back up a small measure in one for the composer. (7)
- 10 The home of a Utah ace. (7)
- 11 He was responsible for more than one novel way of putting tools in it backwards. (7)
- 12 Causing a rumor? On the contrary, I warble. (7)
- 13 Mute or otherwise in articulative efforts when mere trappings. (13)
- 15 Noah's grandparents, perhaps. (13)
- 21 Prospers. (7)
- 22 Almost inept, with a French body. (7)
- 23 Honors for fighting among the Communists? (7)
- 24 Just picture something that is about gamin makeup. (7)
- 25 Acted to help most of 26, perhaps. (6)
- 26 Spent some time before practice could be held. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Rather in the American stag line! (Wait, and one sort of type will make it!) (6)
- 2 Looks like toast suggested by it? (2, 5)

- 3 Somewhat less than bright. (7)
- 4 One doubts that those they call on really give a rap whether they call or not. (13)
- 6 Doctrine is found in any domain. (7)
- 7 Periodical, especially when windy. (7)
- 8 Does he make up the narcotic summary? (8)
- 10 Climbing skill in the customary practice is a violation. (13)
- 14 Thrown over a tailor's goose, perhaps, but certainly not wrought. (4, 4)
- 16 Threw, or one who did? (7)
- 17 Multifarious. (7)
- 18 A very soft comfort, but perhaps not the right way to satisfy. (7)
- 19 Lizardlike. (7)
- 20 Protect what's between C and G at the finish. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 709

ACROSS: 1 LIVELIHOOD; 6 SCUM; 10 FORWARD; 11 BULL-PEN; 12 DISTRACT; 13 BRIEF; 15 ALONG; 17 GROWLINGS; 19 NOVITIATE; 21 NAIVE; 23 RENEW; 24 GAINSAID; 28 NIOBIUM; 29 RUSH; 30 WATER COLOR. DOWN: 1 LEFT; 2 VERTIGO; 3 LEAST; 4 HYDRANGEA; 5 ORBIT; 7 CAPTION; 8 MANIFESTED; 14 PAWNBROKER; 16 GATEWAYS; 18 OBE-DIENCE; 20 VANDALS; 22 INITIAL; 24 AND 9 GAMMA GLOBULIN; 25 STOIC; 26 AND 27 OMAR KHAYYAM.

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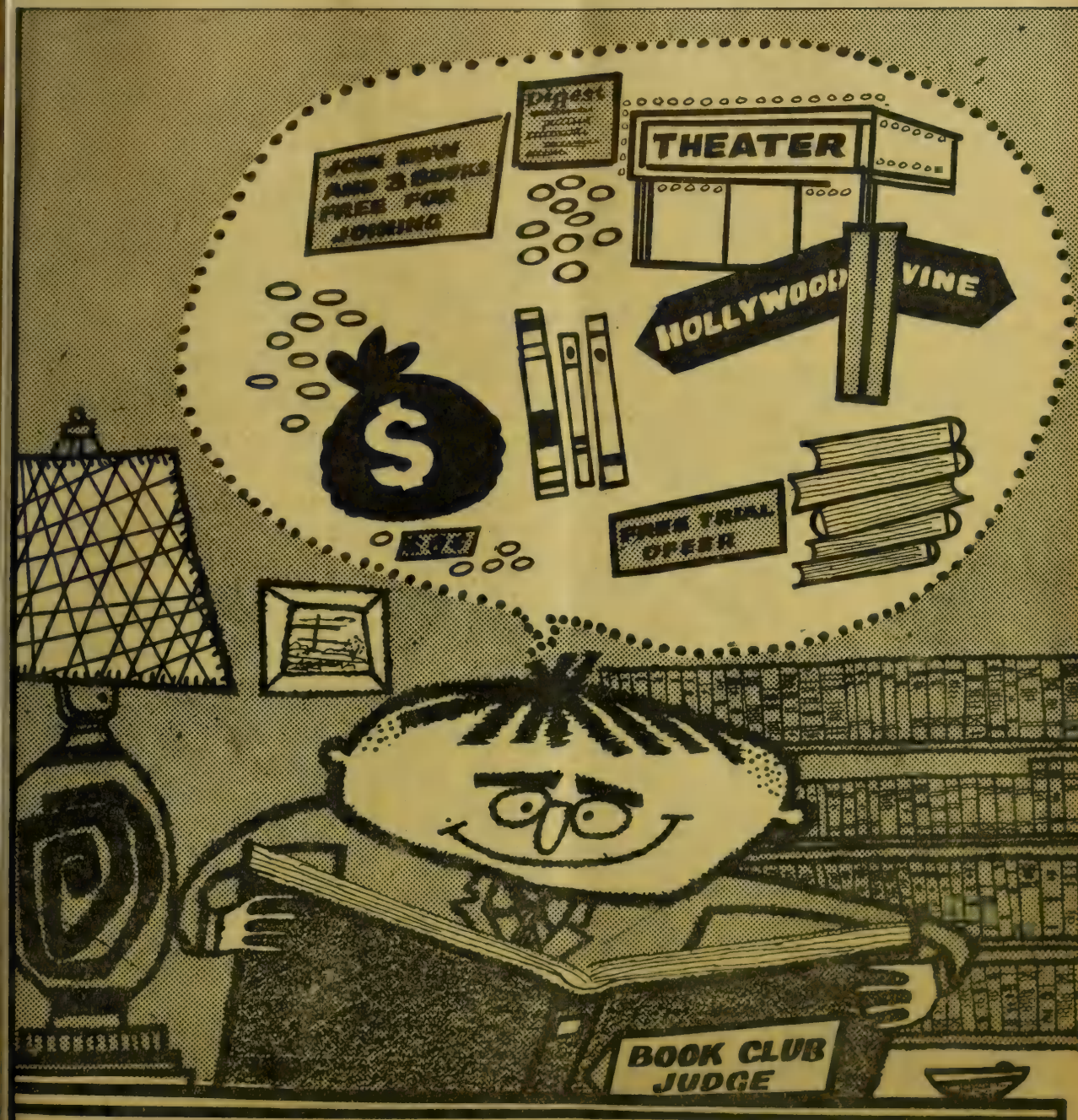
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CULTURE ONCE A MONTH . . . by David Cort

LETTERS

TV in the Classroom

Sirs: Horrors! What is it that Professor Buckler wants to do to undergraduate education? [*The Nation*, February 3.]

It appears to this reader that one of the lamentable traits of our larger universities—and some of the smaller ones—is their reliance upon authoritarian methods of instruction. The prevalent method seems to be that of a year-round lecture hall in which undergraduates by the thousand are delivered into the hands of sages who supplement prescribed readings (usually from text books) with statements of the correct line. This line, it is hoped, will be memorized by the students.

In the usual lecture hall, however, the student has some recourse. He can ask questions, perhaps stimulating a discussion. Even his yawns may result in a response of interest. If he falls asleep, someone may notice. I have even heard of professors who organize their classes in such a way that students may, at certain times, openly disagree with the instructor's views or with *The Text*.

But it's all a matter of economics. Or is it? At a time when the tuition rates at the better universities are approaching \$1,000 per year, when scads of money are being spent on athletic programs, when the university managers are demanding—and getting—more money from business groups, is it really necessary to treat students as feeble consumers who can "learn information" from 24-inch screens? More importantly, what is good about the idea? Surely not that "the same proportion of students earned A's and B's in both [TV and non-TV] groups, but the non-television students received more D's and fewer C's." If that phenomenon proves anything it is that exams are exams.

It is hard to believe that television techniques can do any more in courses such as English or Political Science or Philosophy than the written word and certainly no more than an illustrated book. In which case, why should students pay so much to a university? For the diploma? I suspect that what some advocates of classroom TV have in mind is the discipline, a feeling which is reinforced by Mr. Buckler's suggestion that we need not fear "the too-relaxed-for-any-good appearance of the students."

Of course, Mr. Buckler may be right about the facts of population and intellectual manpower (whatever that is). If he is, I apologize and suggest that we would be much better off if we aban-

doned the universities, or at least the undergraduate colleges, and simply shipped books and photographs to the students. It might also be possible to supply phonograph records of coughing, restless crowds and fraternity caps in order to establish the atmosphere. Exams might be graded by IBM machines or low-salaried skilled clerks. The immense amount of money saved could be diverted to the trade schools for engineers. Further information could be dispensed by telephone, utilizing the system which makes it possible to call a certain number and receive a recorded inspirational message.

PAUL BRESLOW

Perth Amboy, N. J.

Dear Sir: On many of the points mentioned by Mr. Breslow I do not feel qualified to comment, but on the subject of my article and my treatment of that subject I have, briefly, this to say: I would not pretend, at this early experimental stage, to advocate or deprecate the introduction of television as a medium of university instruction. I have reported the results of an experiment which has received considerable and even international attention and with which I have had daily contact; I have suggested, again from experience, how I think the television medium, if used at all, can be used with most effect; and I have outlined some factors which may encourage both administrators and teachers, in the face of specified alternatives, to use television as one medium of instruction. This is all, I think, that I can fairly be said to "want to do to undergraduate education."

WILLIAM E. BUCKLER

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: My association is vitally interested in the role that television may play in higher education. Mr. Buckler's article makes a real contribution to the public understanding of the pros and cons, the possibilities and limitations of the members of this association's Subcommittee on Television and to the many other persons in our membership who are interested in the developments in this area.

RICHARD E. LAWRENCE

Associate Secretary

The American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education

Oneota, New York

Darrow Centenary

Dear Sirs: The centenary of Clarence Darrow will be commemorated, in a day-long program, under the auspices of The Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago, on May 1. In this connection I am eager to secure the loan of letters,

briefs, manuscripts and legal material in general, books, pamphlets, circulars and printed material generally, photographs, cartoons, drawings and other pictorial material—in short, anything that will revitalize Darrow, his personality and his career. I would like to obtain material on such famous cases as those in-

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EDITORIALS

The Oil Industry's Gouge

In Sweden homes and offices are being kept at 50-degree temperature because there isn't enough heating oil. In London the Trades Union Council is conferring with the government about creeping unemployment in factories either closed or operating short time because of the lack of fuel oil. A paralysis spreads across Europe.

To meet this crisis, the U. S. government lifted the restraints of the Sherman anti-trust law to permit the oil industry to federate in furnishing Europe 500,000 barrels a day of crude from this country. And what has happened? In the last week reported, that of January 23, only 157,000 barrels of crude and residual oil were shipped from U. S. ports to Europe. To get that, Europe was forced to take 121,000 barrels a day of gasoline for which it has no need during the emergency. There's lots more money in gasoline than in crude.

National Petroleum News reports 123 million barrels of distillate fuel oil on hand in this country in January, against 86,000,000 for January of 1956; 43,000,000 barrels of residual fuel oil against 38,000,000 barrels a year ago; and 260,000,000 barrels of crude against 262,000,000 a year ago. Obviously there is plenty of the kind of oil here for which Europe is pleading, and plenty of tanker space to carry it.

The U. S. industry took advantage of the Suez crisis to raise the price of crude in the Western Hemisphere by 35c a barrel and of products (including fuel oil and gasoline) by 1c a gallon. This was on top of a 25c a barrel increase for heavy fuel oil, which Europe so desperately needs, imposed immediately after the closing of Suez. As a result Europe not only must pay in dollars for American oil instead of in sterling for the Near East product, but must pay nearly \$500,000 a day extra because of the price rises. And American consumers will pay an added \$1,250,000,000 this year to the oil corporations, which already enjoy the highest profits in history.

It seems downright ungrateful of the oil industry to use the Suez crisis as an excuse to gouge both this country and our transatlantic cousins. But with petroleum of all kinds almost bursting out of storage tanks, the industry doubts if the price increases can be made to stick once the crisis ends. So, get while the getting's good. And why increase domestic production now to meet a temporary situation when it might lead to

over-production after Suez is opened with a depressing result on the price-and-profit structure? And why should the international companies quit importing Near East crude, even if Europe needs it, when to do so might encourage independent domestic producers of crude to demand a permanent embargo on such imports?

The oil companies, it is apparent, will thank the government to keep out of the internal affairs of the industry. On the other hand, it expects the nation's manpower and financial resources to be mobilized to protect its external affairs in distant lands. A happy, and most profitable, division of labor.

Will the Administration meet this challenge?

The Legion In The Middle East

The American Legion is officially supporting the group of Senators who hope to eliminate economic aid from the President's Middle East plans—but are all in favor of U. S. military aid to that area. In hoping to strike out the economic help which is our main hope for preventing the need for military help, the Legion may well be forgetting its own "special interests." If the need comes for U. S. military action to halt Soviet intervention in the Middle East, the resulting war is not likely to be the type which will leave many veterans.

Labor and the Fifth

Trustees of other people's money should be willing at all times to explain, at least to its owners, exactly what is happening to the money. It is a sad commentary on the country's largest union, the Teamsters, that Mr. Beck, Mr. Brewster and Mr. Hoffa are so reluctant to publicize their union's fiscal affairs. But saying this does not mean that anyone—the AFL-CIO Executive Council or the public included—should proceed to kick the Bill of Rights in the head.

The Fifth Amendment was designed to protect the guilty as well as the innocent. If Beck, Hoffa and Brewster are criminals by reason of malfeasance or misfeasance in office, criminal prosecution should be instituted. We recognize the peculiar difficulty of securing grand jury indictments in cases of misuse of union funds because of the reluctance of witnesses to testify. But the answer to a breakdown in any one criminal procedure is not to throw out part of our Constitutional guarantees of freedom. It is to try another

procedure—what about income-tax evasion charges?—or to revamp the law so that it can cope with the new set of conditions.

It may well be that new legislation is required to assure that union dues and welfare funds are safeguarded for the maximum benefit of the membership. If so, the appropriate committees of Congress should act—and they could elicit plenty of voluntary testimony from the reputable leadership of the AFL-CIO in order to pass legislation which would safeguard union membership without, at the same time, informing over-inquisitive employers of union strength.

However admirable their motive, the AFL-CIO leaders do not serve labor by demanding penalties from men who claim the Fifth Amendment. The loss of this Constitutional right represents as great a threat to organized labor as does corruption.

What Price Radiation Safety?

Gene Marine's article last week on civil defense noted that "fallout has now made shelter, not evacuation, the preferred method of protection"; but he noted, too, that the federal civil-defense administrator "has never requested shelter funds, and has previously . . . described shelter as 'death traps' and 'burial grounds'." Elsewhere in his article, Mr. Marine recalled that the administrator, in December, 1956, "told the press that a meaningful shelter program would 'bankrupt' the country."

On the heels of the article comes testimony from a group of naval nuclear-defense experts who, according to the United Press, last week "laid before Congress . . . a shelter program which they said would give every American a 99 per cent chance to survive a major enemy attack" at an estimated cost of about \$60 per person for a radiation shelter. The experts said further that for \$300 each we could build shelters that would withstand anything but a direct hit.

The hearings of the House Government Operations Subcommittee continue. *The Nation* will continue to report its findings, and to measure them against current practice in civil defense.

Excuse Us, Your Majesty, We Didn't Mean to Rush You

Washington, Feb. 5.—King Saud of Saudi Arabia, one of the world's last absolute monarchs, foresees that "someday" even his remote kingdom may have a parliament or some form of popular representation.

In an interview in his office suite at Blair House, the king reacted with surprise when asked if his land might adopt some parliamentary institutions. But when it was made clear that it was a question of "eventually," he replied that some day a parliament might be possible.

—Margaret Higgins in the New York Herald Tribune.

ISRAEL IN ISOLATION . . . by Dan Wakefield

SEVERAL thousand men and women stood in Jerusalem's Menorah Square one drizzly night last spring and listened to Menachem Begin, leader of Israel's far-right-wing party, *Herut*, speak on Israel's failure to get defensive arms from America. The crowd broke out in cheers and applause as the fiery former terrorist, waving his arms beneath the arc-lights, exclaimed that "Dulles held all the cards, and our government chose to play poker with him."

The warm response of the crowd was some indication of the Israel public's growing skepticism of any policy of dependence on foreign powers. Today, that "skepticism"

must seem the most blatant sort of innocence to the Israelis who applauded Begin's poker-image. What Israel has learned since then is that it isn't really in the game at all. On October 29, Israel set out to grab some cards for itself—and, with the help of the British and French, succeeded. But the events of the past few months have proved that even when Israel has something in its hand—the Gaza strip, the control of the Gulf of Aqaba—it is hard put to do much poker bargaining. The trump cards in the Middle East are oil, the Suez Canal and the power potential of 40,000,000 people between East and West—and the Arabs hold them all.

As the world significance of these three factors has steadily grown in the past few years—accentuated

against the background of the U. S.-Soviet struggle—the power of Israel's position in foreign affairs has steadily declined. The twin disillusionment of Israel's diplomatic isolation in the world at large, as well as in the Middle East, has been solidifying ever since the Russian-sponsored Czech arms deal to Egypt and the refusal of the West to match it with defensive weapons for Israel. It has reached its most acute form in Israel's efforts to bargain in the U.N. for guarantees of permanent peace following the Sinai invasion.

When the armistice agreements of 1949 were signed with the Arab nations, the leaders of Israel were well aware of their new state's precarious position. Israel occupied 8,000 square miles of territory, mostly desert, surrounded by four hostile nations along

DAN WAKEFIELD, staff contributor to *The Nation*, spent several months in Israel last year.

a 594-mile border. It was shut off from economic and political relations with these neighboring countries, and had friendly relations with few nations in the entire Asian world. One of the great tasks that the new leaders of Israel saw as necessary for survival was the breaking down of barriers within its own Middle Eastern world: the establishment of permanent peace and normal relations with the Arab neighbors.

Few saw any easy road to peace, but the hope was that time and constant offers to make permanent settlements, coupled with the promise of great economic advantages to shaky-budgeted Arab lands, would eventually break down the barriers. Now, eight years later, not one Arab state has yet agreed to sit down in discussion with Israel, or, indeed, to cease pronouncing vows of Israel's eventual destruction. The Israelis hoped for a happier outcome, but felt from the beginning that even if the Arabs remained hostile, help from the outside world would insure the continued survival of their country. Isolation in both these spheres—the Middle East and the world beyond—was a tragedy that the most pessimistic of Israel's leaders were unprepared to imagine.

There has been a certain brash naivete in Israel's national attitude, which on the surface might seem incongruous for a people who were brought to a "national home" by such a convulsive heritage. But there is actually basis for a bit of idealism in the strange facts of Israel's modern creation. Both the official opening of the Palestine territory to large-scale Jewish settlement, and the birth of the state of Israel thirty-one years later, were aided profoundly by two of the rare "lapses" of great-power governments into something approaching idealistic action.

The 1917 Balfour declaration of the Lloyd George cabinet promised a "national home" for the Jews in Palestine in exchange for the vague aid of "Jewish sympathy" for the momentarily stalled cause of the Allies in World War I. In examining this unusual occurrence, Arthur Koestler has written:

The men responsible for it, such as Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, Presi-

dent Wilson, General Smuts, were Bible lovers. They were profoundly attracted by the Old Testamentarian echoes which the Zionist movement carried; and they had historic imagination. If one reads Lloyd George's evidence carefully, one is led to suspect that he deliberately overstates the opportunistic motivations of the Balfour Declaration—as if trying to cover up the romantic impulses behind it. Never in history has the British Empire committed itself to an action of similar grandeur "for propagandistic reasons."

In May of 1948, when the leaders of Jewish Palestine took time out from their battles with the Arabs to declare the birth of the new state of Israel, history was still heavy with the memory of Nazi atrocities to the Jews, and both the world's great power centers reacted sympathetically. Russia, largely motivated by its desire to chase the British out of the Middle East, tried with the United States to see who could be the first to recognize the new state.

IN THOSE early days of promise and illusion, Israelis generally divided into two main groups: those who felt that the nation's future welfare lay in closer relations with the United States and those who felt that it lay in closer relations with Russia. Since the founding of the state, those two camps have constantly been battered by the facts until they now have dwindled to a doctrinaire few on each side.

The pro-American supporters enjoyed their greatest moment of affirmation in President Truman's rapid and strong recognition of the new nation. That action was later recalled with a kind of nostalgic appreciation, and is largely responsible for the friendly feeling of Israelis toward the Democratic Party. Dulles was quite a different story. (It may be of interest to note in passing that Secretary Dulles once explained the Arab hatred for the Jews as part of a long hostility begun when the Jews killed Mohammed.) The cold shoulder of Dulles to Israeli pleas for arms to offset the Czech shipments to Nasser ended the holiday for American supporters in Israel.

The holiday has never been resumed. While turning away Israel's

plea for arms, the United States was making a shipment of eighteen tanks to Saudi Arabia—one of the nations officially dedicated to Israel's destruction. The indignation of Israelis was great—those were the days when it was possible still to have hope enough to be indignant. But the shipment of tanks now pales into insignificance beside the recent spectacle of King Saud, the world's largest slave-owner and feudal potentate of a kingdom pledged to the destruction of the only democratic nation in the Middle East, receiving from the President the most royal welcome of any foreign ruler in American history when he arrived in Washington for talks to find new ways to bolster the Cadillac economy of Saudi Arabia. If Israel Foreign Minister Golda Meir, in recent trips to the United States, was not invited to talk with the President, one might anyway conclude: Well, what's to talk about? Mrs. Meir has neither slaves, oil nor airbases.

As to any doubts about future U. S. intentions in the Middle East, the Eisenhower Doctrine has been interpreted as it relates to Israel by Mr. Dulles. The doctrine provides for American troops to fight at the request of any Middle East nation attacked by a Soviet-armed neighbor—any Middle East nation, that is, except Israel. The doctrine follows the Arab line on Israel—pretense that it isn't really there at all.

Once again, Dulles "holds all the cards" in dealing—or not dealing—with Israel. The main one this time is the one with the dollar sign. Approximately \$30 million in U. S. grants-in-aid and a \$75 million loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank were held up after the Israeli invasion of Egypt. In his press conference last week Dulles said he would give "serious consideration" to applying economic sanctions against Israel if the U. N. called for them—in other words, blocking the more than \$100 million in the United States intended for Israel. If this money is held up past April, it could seriously cripple Israel's economy. The country imports around 60 per cent of its food, and the money from America and German reparations keeps the treasury in working operation. AL-

ready financially isolated from the immediate Arab world around it, financial isolation from the world beyond would mean almost certain collapse for Israel.

With Saud beaming from the White House, and Dulles holding up vital financial resources for Israel, the Israelis who started out in 1948 with dreams of a secure lifeline from America are hard put to hold their original vision. Unlike the Arabs, who can vent their disillusion with the West by smiling at Russia, the Israelis have no smiles left. The hopes of support from the Soviet have turned out to be even more of a ghost for Israel than the hopes once fixed on America.

THE ISRAELIS who started out preaching salvation from the Soviet have run the most tortuous course of all. The Russian disillusionment even created an internal Israeli political split which resulted in the physical movement of hundreds of families who lost the faith. This was a political division in the pro-Soviet *Mapam* party of Israel, which gains much of its strength from the *kibbutzim* (collective settlements). When a new splinter party (*Achdut Avoda*), whose platform did not include specific endorsement of relations with Russia, split off from *Mapam*, the men and women on the *Mapam*-sponsored *kibbutzim* who joined the new party picked up their lives and moved to new homes.

The particular cause of this convulsion was the Prague trials of the winter of 1952 which "exposed" the "capitalist-Zionist plot" against socialism, sentenced fourteen Czech Communist leaders of Jewish origin, and imprisoned two Israeli citizens—one of whom, Mordecai Oren, a top *Mapam* leader, was returned to Israel only last summer. Moshe Sharett, then Israel Foreign Minister, denounced the trials as an "anti-Jewish incitement in the Nazi tradition." They were followed by the famous "doctors' plot" in January of 1953, which indicated possibilities of a wholesale Jewish purge in Stalinist Russia, and, in February, the temporary Russian severance of diplomatic relations with Israel.

Although official relations were re-

sumed again that summer, the faith in Israeli salvation from Russia was lost to all but the remaining doctrinaires of *Mapam* and an even smaller handful of Communists. By the time of the Czech arms deal to Egypt in 1955, it was painfully clear to Israelis that the Soviet Union was out to play hard in the Middle East, with its chips on the nascent nationalism of the Arab world. The earlier implications of the Communist line of Zionism as a "tool of Western imperialism" was hardening into a standard play for courting Arab favor.

Israelis might well wish that there were more truth than propaganda in the charge of their being a "tool" of the West: At least a tool can exercise a bit of leverage. In the October invasion of Egypt, the one real occasion when Israel might be considered to have acted as a tool of Western nations (Britain and France) in trying to topple Nasser, they at least got a few benefits that they hadn't been able to get through innumerable diplomatic dealings on their own. They captured from Egypt the modern arms that they were unable to buy from the United States; they brought their long-muted cases against the blockade of their merchant shipping through the Suez and the Gulf of Aqaba back to the forefront of the U. N. These were indeed few fruits to be had from a total military victory, but better than none at all.

The really fantastic aspect of Israel's failure to claim any more than it did from the Sinai victory lies in the nature of what it hoped to claim. In the talk of Israel's "demands" there has been a tendency to think of them as the traditional demands of invading nations for spoils and rich territories at the expense of the loser. But the "outrageous" demand of Israel has been quite simply the demand for permanent peace and guarantees to insure it. The requests that Israeli or U. N. forces occupy the Gaza strip, which has served as a feeder for Nasser's *fedayeen* attacks into Israel; the guarantees of passage through the Suez which has been denied to Israel ever since the establishment of the state; and an end to the Egyptian blockade of the

Gulf of Aqaba, which has bottled up Israeli shipping to the Far East ever since 1953, are matters which should have been settled long ago by the same United Nations, many members of which now look with high moral outrage at Israel's attempt to force them to a solution.

There is a surplus of irony in this display of moral indignation. It seems that at last the U. N.—with some notable exceptions among the Commonwealth delegations and in Western Europe—has found a whipping boy who has no diplomatic pressure to apply in return, and any representative with a pent-up sense of moral wrath (stymied by practical considerations from release elsewhere) may pretty safely release it on Israel. While the Russians were murdering workers in the streets of Budapest, the Soviet delegate in the U. N. was shedding bitter tears of indignation over Israel's capitalist-imperialist attack on the poor Russian-armed *fellaheen* of the Sinai Desert. More recently, while Nehru was proudly assuring his people that the U. N. troops would never be allowed on Indian (Kashmir) soil no matter what resolutions might be passed, the Indian delegates were busy framing declarations demanding Israel's unconditional withdrawal from the Gaza strip and strict obedience to U. N. decisions [See editorial on page 129—Ed.].

WITH the growth of the Afro-Asian bloc in the U. N. from twelve to twenty-seven members, it is unlikely that Israel's position in the world body will grow any stronger, no matter what it does or doesn't do in the future. The Afro-Asian group, combined with the Soviet bloc, controls almost half the membership now and can easily preevent any two-thirds majority on a question it regards as unfavorable. The rest of the nations, though many of them may sympathize with Israel, will be unlikely to exert much effort in behalf of a small country outside of any bloc and without any dependable allies—a country, in short, that is diplomatically isolated.

It is difficult to remember that there once was a time, as recently as 1954, when Israel was still something

of a bright new star in international relations. The immense creative energy of the new nation, and the large abilities of its foreign minister, Moshe Sharett, had earned it high respect in the world, and there was even a time when the name of Sharett was being mentioned as a possibility for Secretary-General of the United Nations. Last June, when Sharett was pressured into resignation as foreign minister, that recent past was recalled with a terrifying realization of how far Israel's star had dropped. Sharett's resignation was not caused by a loss of faith in his personal ability, but rather by a loss of faith in his approach, which subordinated Israel's immediate home-front security problems to the larger hope of salvation from the West and the United States in particular. When by mid-June he had still failed to get the defensive arms

to offset the Czech deal, he was forced to resign. Israel was officially admitting the failure of outside support and accepting what in many ways had already become the fact of isolation. In Ben-Gurion's speech to the Knesset after Sharett's resignation, the Prime Minister proclaimed that "We must strengthen ourselves in order to be able to say 'no' to the greatest powers in the world and to stick to it." But as the recent days are proving, Israel is desperately dependent on that outside support which it can no longer depend on.

THE cycle of Israel's rise of hope in world affairs from the time of Sharett's international prestige to the low point of disillusionment came full circle several weeks ago when that same Moshe Sharett, no longer foreign minister, returned from rep-

resenting Israel at a meeting of the Interparliamentary Union in Bangkok. He gravely told his colleagues at home: "An atmosphere of isolation such as I have never experienced at any international conference surrounded the Israeli delegation." That same week Ben-Gurion predicted to his countrymen that bitter political struggles lay ahead which would be fought not primarily with Israel's avowed enemies, but with "peoples who do not hate Israel."

As the power struggle mounts in the Middle East and the Arab world gains in favor and strength, the unallied country of the Jews is becoming a diplomatic untouchable to the rest of the nations in the world. The "atmosphere of isolation" described by Sharett is settling fast over Israel, and it is an atmosphere in which the country cannot indefinitely survive.

THE BOOK CLUBS

CULTURE ONCE A MONTH . . . *by David Cort*

A BOOK CLUB, as here referred to, is a mass-distribution cooperative which offers to save a potential reader the chore of reading all the reviews and making up his own mind. Thus it combines the separate functions of disinterested judgment and profitable promotion. In one act it claims to be a better judge than the reviewers and a better promoter than the publisher. Yet a judge who profits from his judgments is not a judge. Part of this claim is therefore likely to be false.

There can be no doubt that in the past twenty years, coinciding with the book-club careers, the writer in America has suffered a diminution. If he cannot or will not submit to the canons of hungry publishers and book clubs, he may presently stop selling at all. The rich writer, chosen by a book club, is also eminent; the much more eminent poor writer is also contemptible. In America, the area

left for honest, unambitious talent grows constantly smaller.

Must the book clubs share the blame for these developments? They have certainly promoted a lot of pleasure and instruction for the American reader. But have they also helped to corrupt the reader and to separate him from his only true friend, the writer? In lieu of that old unpredictable meeting of individual minds, the mass editor flirts massively with the mass reader. But as the mass society grows a little bored by the mass literature, one must begin to suppose that it is not quite exactly a mass society.

Book clubs fall into two kinds. One is the mass distributor averaging 500,000 members (the Book of the Month Club figure). The Literary Guild has hit 800,000; Dollar, 400,000, and the new Reader's Digest Condensed Club has 2,200,000 (distributed four times a year).

The second kind is the small, specialized club that limits itself to the arcane mysteries of a single clique, such as yachtsmen, horsemen,

farmers, art collectors or religious denominations. These are what bring the total of adult book clubs to ninety, besides twelve juvenile. Most have from three to ten thousand subscribers and have trouble keeping up office appearances. They tend to be absorbed by regular publishers: Doubleday has half a dozen, in addition to the Dollar and the Guild. In essence, they consist of a list of names of people who are probably interested in one special subject. Anybody who owns such a list can invent a new club tonight.

The only crime charged against the book clubs is that they have distributed 500,000,000 books in the thirty years since Harry Schermer started the Book of the Month Club. This works out, allowing for some population turnover, at two and a third books per living head.

The profits will only be applauded here. The motives, and the effects, are more interesting. As for the former, the purest idealism to be heard anywhere on earth issues from book-club proprietors; it reminded me of

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my childhood when I was given the beauty of universal education with breakfast. Harry Scherman, for example, sees a connection between his BOMC and the fact that "I doubt whether anywhere else in the world, or in any other era, has there been a society more open and wide-ranging in its curiosities . . ." That opinion does not march with my impressions.

The publishing fortunes that began in the twenties nearly always grew out of the astonished discovery that classics were not copyrighted (or else out of crossword puzzles). Harry Scherman was among the first with his Little Leather Library of Classics (forty million copies); Bennett Cerf, George Macy and others rushed through the breach. Several presently realized that royalties to living writers were not really very dear and led to a more lively social career than the works of Tennyson. Applying the classic aura to a chosen current book, the Book of the Month Club's first venture was the publication of *Lolly Willows*, by Sylvia Townsend Warner, in April, 1926.

The BOMC will serve as the prototype for the old-line book clubs. In thirty years it has grossed \$240 million cash and given away another \$192 million in retail values (call it \$50 million cash). Yet nearly half its 500,000 subscribers pass up the books offered in any given month.

THE MONTH'S No. 1 selection is made by five judges who cerebrate at the summit of a reading apparatus of five full-time literates and thirty-five part-time (some paid \$5 a reading) and a grading bureaucracy who camp A, B and C on the month's top. The judges pick only the first selection. The numerous alternates are chosen by Mr. Scherman and his executives after listening to the judges argue.

These No. 1 selections have come to just under 500 books since 1926. They seem to include nearly everything written by Margery Sharp, Estlin Forbes, T. H. White, Pearl Buck, C. S. Forester and Nevil Shute, not exactly the giants of our age. For the thirty years, the selections work out at nearly 75 per cent in favor of male authors against fe-

male and about 56 per cent in favor of Americans over non-Americans and fiction over non-fiction. The war raised the percentage on non-fiction, men and Americans. These seem to be still gaining.

The character of the judges has changed. They used to include such individualistic eccentrics as Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield and William Allen White. This type has long since been scrapped. The present judges, all estimable citizens, represent a neurotic mass-type frequently presented in the works of John Marquand: the brisk, slightly stammering egg-head who hides a wry self-consciousness, the Master of Arts who has learned to humor the Philistines. A delightful fellow—who so surly as to carp? In simple gratitude for inventing the type, the BOMC has made Mr. Marquand the last of the judges. Yet in passing we should note the importance of Mr. Marquand's invention in the current American culture. This is actually Big Brother.

The BOMC publicity makes much of the premise that they pick only what they like. In ordinary decency, let us dismiss this premise at once. The people they are picking for have expressed themselves; indeed, do it every month. An educated mass taste in books is much too difficult to analyze; but the BOMC audience has registered its taste in another area which is more easily assessed. It has voted on "the greatest artists of all time" and I list them in order, with the selections that seem out of their class in italics: Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, *Raphael*, *Gainsborough*, *Van Gogh*, *Whistler*, Titian, *Rubens*, *Picasso*, Botticelli, El Greco, Renoir, Cezanne and *Millet*. These wonderful people came up with another grading: "The Most Interesting Artists of All Time." The same names were re-arranged in an uninteresting way, except for the fact that *Grant Wood* was added!

But how are we to judge books? Published current criticism is simply of no use. There are in fact three true, absolute and initial tests of a book.

By far the best test is to wait 300 years. The BOMC cannot afford to do this; indeed it would throw Mr.

Scherman back into his Little Leather Classics (which were, however, first published at the time they were written). Furthermore, if all books had to be held for 300 years before reading, literature would die a sudden death, and there would be nothing to read for 300 years. Thus, we have to do the best we can at the moment with what is written at the moment.

The second best test is to ask oneself after a lapse of time whether the book has remained in the mind. And a third—or perhaps it should have been the second—is to re-read a book after twenty or thirty years.

There is a fourth, though somewhat ephemeral test: did the book influence your life and behavior? Re-viewing the BOMC list, some claim could be made for *Bambi* by Felix Salten, *Grischa* by Arnold Zweig, *Henry VIII* by Francis Hackett, *All Quiet* by Remarque, *Robber Barons* by Josephson, *The Road to War* by Walter Millis, *Ordeal* by Nevil Shute, *Verdun* by Jules Romains, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by Hemingway, *Darkness at Noon* by Koestler, *The Road to Survival* by Vogt, *The Disenchanted* by Schulberg, *Catcher in the Rye* by Salinger, *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers, and some Churchill. How any particular one of these influenced my life and behavior is a longer story.

WORKING backward to the third proposed test (re-reading), books that may have influenced me, though they were not BOMC choices: Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay* (I can name and describe every character); Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* (I was a little vaguer here); and Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall* (pretty cloudy). The first and last of these three, on re-reading a little while ago, merely embarrassed me for my youth; they were a bore. Hemingway's novel climbed back into my mind like the rising sun in the title; I had even forgotten the best parts, such as the fishing expedition. Demonstrably and unpredictably, this is a great book.

Still working back I applied my second proposed test (recollection) on ten literate people's memories of six BOMC selections. In practice, the

test ran into a fact of the American culture which quickly dominates and re-phrases the question. The question becomes instead: "Do you remember the book or the movie?" The answers to the revised question destroy a good many of the sincere pretensions of the Book of the Month Club. Their most famous books—and these are the only ones I am bothering with—were also famous movies. The question arises whether the judges did not pick them for the same reasons that one would pick a movie script.

The answers to the questions opened a locked room that explains a great deal about what the printed page can do, and usually doesn't do, and the nature of the inimitable vision of the first-class creator. Of inadequately created books, the ten people remembered the movie; they could see the actors in their mind's eye; the movie had usually displaced the vision, if any, created by the book. I submit that whenever this happens, it is a ruthless indictment of the writer's original work. (with the possible qualification that a marvelous job of acting can sometimes assume a life of its own quite equal to the original vision, though sometimes different from it.) For example, nearly everybody has a picture in his mind, that no movie could ever entirely displace, of faces and scenes in *Treasure Island*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Dracula*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Alice Adams*, *An American Tragedy*, etc. etc. The fact makes these good books, no matter what their style.

Let us apply the test to six of BOMC's proudest boasts: Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Buck's *The Good Earth*, Allen's *Anthony Adverse*, Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* (never a movie). My friends reviewed the books as follows—

All Quiet: Lew Ayres. Sometimes also Wolheim and Slim Summerville. More on this will be given later.

The Good Earth: Luise Rainer and Claude Rains.

Anthony Adverse: Fredric March and Olivia De Havilland.

Gone With the Wind: Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh.

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Koestler, not competing with a movie, is still clear as day to his readers; and Hemingway's characters entirely transcended and even successfully conflicted with the actors, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, who did not seem appropriate to a number of readers (they saw the girl clearly as dark and frail). *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is therefore to be defined as a good book, though not as good as *The Sun Also Rises*. The others have a heavy count against them.

Gone With the Wind gets a stay on appeal. It seems to have held the minds of a number of readers. Some have a picture of Rhett Butler that is quite different from Clark Gable; and this is a strong count for Miss Mitchell's creation. A very discerning reader pointed out that Hergesheimer did the spade-work much better in *Balisand*. Yet *Gone With the Wind* remains a truly created work.

The one BOMC selection I re-read was *All Quiet*. Some of the readers "remembered" the powerful love story: there is no love story. The clearest recollection was in the mind of a man who had read the book in the original German, unexpurgated. The appeal of *All Quiet* in 1929 was primarily journalistic and must have influenced a great many lives. It said emotionally two (then) surprising things: 1) war is bad; 2) Germans are not bad. What good these two lessons have done Americans in the intervening twenty-seven years I would not dare to say; but they certainly helped Hitler.

THE BOOK is an utterly honest series of vignettes about nineteen-year-olds plunged into war; the connective tissue is of group self-pity, comradeship, soldierly pride and revenge on the adults. "We are not beaten," says the hero. A clever man in 1920 could have created Adolf Hitler out of these elements. Indeed, even Mr. Remarque is not as anti-war as Hitler was, verbally; and Hitler may have learned this tactic from Remarque's book. Mr. Scherman certainly cannot be blamed for these results; nor can Remarque, a notable anti-Nazi. The book, then very readable though rather a chore today, would have been popular without the



BOMC stamp, because the Americans were ready for it, having overlooked Geoffrey Moss's development of the same theme in the early 1920s.

The really memorable books do not usually get published by BOMC. It did not pick the most original book of the past two years, Nigel Dennis' *Cards of Identity*, which I too neglected for a year because I had read that the author was a *Time*-writer. The BOMC will never pick such a book; indeed its apparatus is designed to eliminate such a monstrosity.

The major book clubs, not unlike the mass magazines, may be said to fatten on the garbage in the American public's mind. They profit by confirming what everybody already thinks he knows. But lately the old-line clubs have been threatened by the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club which condenses five books in a single average-size volume. The great, dead-serious new club is far hungrier for that garbage than the sleek black rats that have heretofore had it so cosy. One cannot help remembering the brown, short-tailed rats that invaded Europe in the early Eighteenth Century and wiped out the black (or Alexandrian) rats that until then had fed underneath Europe's table. The hungriest competitor will have the field; and the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club simplifies the battle for the reader's mind to its essence, or travesty.

The Digest pretense is that of

"condensation," as if a body of thought or fantasy were the same as milk or eggs. It removes the surplus water; the reader need only add water and it will be the whole thing again. The Digest books are not advertised as cut, expurgated, castrated or sophisticated; they are "condensed." Dewitt Wallace has the dream or delusion that life itself can be condensed. So it can. The truth when it is found a thousand years from now will be very simple, and five minutes later, very dull. The continuing entertainment in life, which keeps people sane, is that different things are all different, not that they are all the same.

Mr. Wallace is genuinely more interested in their sameness. It is estimated that his magazine keeps publishing the same hundred articles over and over again. It can safely be predicted that he will publish the same hundred—or perhaps only twenty—books over and over again. (This suggestion is worth a million dollars to Mr. Wallace, if he hasn't yet realized it. The check can be mailed in care of *The Nation*.)

The honor of opening Mr. Wallace's eyes to the possibilities in evaporating books goes to a gifted

book-condenser on the magazine, M. T. Ragsdale. The technique has now been mastered by half a dozen people on the Condensed Book Club.

I READ both the whole and evaporated versions of *Harry Black* in the summer of 1956: the first ran 110,000 words, the second under 50,000. The book revealed that the new club is already finding its base formulas. This one is the formula of the tired falcon, crying inside, who has sudden misgivings as he sweeps to his last kill. Hemingway invented the formula with his soldiers and matadors, but he generally broadens a story out of the formula. The author of *Harry Black* tried to do as much, but the evaporation reduced his book back to pure, stark formula, still quite enjoyable.

To read the condensation, especially comparing it line for line with the original, is to watch an autopsy. In the condensation, the whole quality of the first jungle part has been lost; a whole polo game has disappeared; developed characters are reduced to names; the techniques of prison escapes are dropped; and also there is an elimination of some embarrassing non-love-making and stiff upper lip.

But all this was what the author had to offer. And the author was not kidding; his name is (David) Harry Walker. One could show that two pages of effective writing come out as one paragraph of pasted-up bits. One quick example is that of evaporating "more real and sordidly simple and beautifully nightmarish" into just "more real." Wherever the author assumes any intelligence on the reader's part, the editors paint signposts all over the place. The elliptical is turned into the all-too obvious. Long brush-strokes are reduced to little pin-points of color, as in a Seurat painting.

The *Reader's Digest* has a defense. It is that its evaporated books reach a completely untouched market. Since nobody I know even knows anyone who subscribes to this new club, the claim seems to stand up. These new readers must be the same amiable people who think they are sailors because they have taken an airliner across the Atlantic Ocean, or think they know the Thousand Islands because they drove their Chevrolet across the International Bridge. If only life were that simple! But for Mr. Wallace that is just how simple it is.

SEDITION or PRESS FREEDOM? . . . by Gene Marine

LAST YEAR the Sedition Act of 1917, hardly used since the twenties, was revived to indict Mr. and Mrs. John W. Powell and Julian Schuman in connection with their activities between 1950 and 1953 as editors of the *China Monthly Review*, an English-language magazine published in Shanghai. Powell was editor and publisher of the periodical; Mrs. Powell and Schuman were associate editors. The latter two are charged in the indictment with "conspiring" with Powell in everything of which he is accused; no additional acts are charged against them.

During these years, of course, the

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United States was involved in the Korean conflict, and the general tone of the *China Monthly Review*, not unexpectedly, was very far from conforming with that maintained by the overwhelming majority of American publications of the time, or since. In 1953 Powell, his wife and Schuman returned to the United States; they were repeatedly summoned to appear before Congressional committees—this reporter recalls vividly the manner in which Senator Herman Welker, since defeated for office, hounded and badgered Sylvia Powell in San Francisco shortly after her return—but it was only in 1956, after repeated insistence by Senators Welker and Jenner, that they were indicted.

The indictment charges, in effect, that Powell published in his magazine certain statements, *knowing them to be false*, "with the intent to interfere with the success of the armed forces of the United States and to promote the success of its enemies," to "wilfully cause insubordination, disloyalty and mutiny" and to "wilfully obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States." But though the document cites several statements, nowhere in any of them does there appear any direct incitement to mutiny, nor any plea not to enlist. Powell never suggested, directly or indirectly, that any American refuse to serve. The indictment alleges that his criticisms of America and Ameri-

can policy were such that *they might be considered inciting*.

Nor is Powell charged with having brought about insubordination or mutiny, nor with obstructing recruitment, but only "with the intent to" interfere, cause, obstruct, etc. (emphasis added). The intent, in turn, is inferred by the government from the contents of the editorials which appeared in his magazine.

Many readers will ask: Who reads the *China Monthly Review*, anyway? Its circulation, of course, is almost entirely in the Far East. Far-reaching as is the Sedition Act, it doesn't cover publication in Asia. Therefore, the Powell case rests on the fact that a few copies were circulated in the United States. The indictment doesn't say how many were so distributed nor what percentage of the total circulation; it remains for the government to show that there were enough to "obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States."

WHAT, exactly, did Powell say to cause the United States to dredge up its rarely used sedition statute? In the indictment, the government cites two classes of statements, with specifics as follows:

1. Statements, *known by Powell to be false*, published with the intent of interfering with U. S. forces and to aid their enemies. These included statements that: (a) United States forces in Korea were engaged in aggressive acts; (b) the United States used Korea as a testing ground for gas weapons and germ warfare; (c) United States casualties were of a certain number (higher than official figures); and (d) United States negotiators deliberately stalled and "sabotaged" the Korean truce talks.

2. Statements intended to "cause insubordination, disloyalty and mutiny" and to obstruct recruiting and enlistment. These included criticism of the government of the United States and of Chiang Kai-shek, criticisms of U. S. foreign policy, defense of the governments of China and North Korea, and the statement that the North Koreans were merely defending their homelands.

This reporter holds no brief for the argument that America "aggrieved"

in Korea, nor for the germ-warfare charges against this country. But agreement or disagreement is not the point. A jury is asked, by the government's indictments to decide whether any American action in Korea was or was not *in fact* "aggressive," and then to decide whether Powell "knew" that the statement was "false." No question is raised as to what the Americans did—only whether what they did could be interpreted as having been "aggressive."

THIS reporter would not call the pattern of American action in Korea "aggressive"; probably you wouldn't either. But this reporter is not so enchanted with his infallibility as to construe his *opinion* as a "fact," the truth or falsity of which can be decided in the same manner as the truth or falsity of a statement such as "Americans occupied Wonsan on such-and-such a day." Whether this country was an "aggressor" is clearly a matter of opinion, and no one connected in any way with a magazine of opinion, whatever its bias, can look with equanimity on any attempt to suppress opinion by punishing its holder.

The same argument applies to Powell's statement that U. S. negotiators "stalled" the truce talks, and to all his criticism of "our side" and his defenses of the "enemy." These are all matters of opinion, of editorial interpretation. In addition, the jury is asked to rule that Powell made these statements of opinion *knowing them to be false*, a thesis very difficult to prove.

What, however, of the other charges—that America used gas and germ warfare in Korea, and that casualties were of a certain number? Superficially, at least, it would seem that these are matters of fact, rather than opinion. But on closer examination these charges, too, can be seen as a violation of an editor's right to editorialize. No one, reading an editorial citing certain casualty figures, would seriously believe that the writer had gone out into the field and personally counted the dead and injured. And in this case, no reader would necessarily assume—without indication to the contrary

—that Powell had himself been present in a gas or germ warfare attack, or that he intended people to believe that he had been. In effect, then, Powell's statements (taking germ warfare as an example) took this form: (a) charges of germ warfare have been made against the United States; (b) I have examined published evidence which is said to prove the truth of these charges as well as evidence said to demonstrate their falsity; (c) *in my opinion*, the evidence is sufficient to prove the charges true.

The first statement is accurate; we all know that the charges were made and that they did not originate with Powell. We know that both sides offered evidence. Whether you or I would reach the same conclusion as Powell from the same evidence is irrelevant (though in fairness, most of us have not had the opportunity to weigh the evidence). It is even irrelevant whether Powell was prejudiced in forming his opinion—a law that demands unprejudiced editors would soon stifle the press completely.

THESE, THEN, are the specific charges. The only "incitement" or "interference" with which Powell is charged is an attempt to influence, through a minuscule American circulation, American public opinion. The only statements cited are either matters of opinion, or matters of individual interpretation of evidence gathered in the colossal confusion of shooting war. If a jury, then, interprets this evidence differently from the defendants, or has different opinions regarding the semantics of such terms as "aggressive" or "stalled," Powell and his associates face twenty years of imprisonment.

The qualifying phrase in the indictment which insists that Powell "knew" the statements to be "false" hardly helps. Aside from the impossibility of determining the "falsity" of a statement of opinion, it isn't difficult to realize that a jury, finding a statement wildly implausible to *them*, may well conclude that it must have seemed equally implausible to the man who made it.

Even if it were possible to determine whether American acts were

"aggressive," this is, of course, hardly a matter that a criminal jury is equipped to decide—aside from the question of the type and volume of the evidence needed for reaching a decision.

The indictment appears to require that, under penalty of prosecution, the official American version of any event, or the official American position in any controversy, must be accepted. Most Americans do not believe the germ-warfare charges—but in most cases, their position is based on pure and simple faith. Now, it appears that to exercise skepticism or disbelief is to invite prosecution by the courts.

There is no doubt that the case is directed at Powell's interpretation of specific evidence. Last October, Federal Judge Louis E. Goodman authorized Powell's attorney, A. L. Wirin, to travel to Hong Kong at government expense to take testimony. Wirin thereupon applied for a passport to visit Communist China—and ran squarely into the State Department's ban on all American travel to the Chinese mainland. Wirin declared that he would file suit; but Judge Goodman authorized him, instead, to travel on a per diem allowance from the government as an officer of the court. Further, Goodman's order read that "neither the United States nor any person acting under its authority shall impose any penalty or punishment upon Wirin

solely by reason of his entry into or departure from China or North Korea for the purposes contemplated by this order."

The order specified that Wirin might interview witnesses in China, arrange for some of them to come to Hong Kong to make depositions, gather evidence and, if he can, persuade the witnesses themselves to come to America for the trial.

This order gives some indication of the difficulty Powell will have in procuring anything that can be called a fair trial. The information Wirin is seeking, if it exists, is beyond the court's subpoena power; and a really adequate defense would depend, also, on access to a good many secret government files—a thoroughly impractical idea, to say the least.

THERE ARE smaller legal issues, too. The portions of the Constitution involving equality before the law would seem to come into play, since statements similar to those which appeared in the *China Monthly Review* were made by publications in this country, without prosecution. The lapse of time, too, is strange: although the government certainly knew for years what was appearing in the *China Monthly Review*, no prosecution was undertaken until the Powells and Schuman had been back in this country for three years. There is also the question of whether or

not a state of war existed in Korea; if not, the sedition statute might be inapplicable. It is presumed that this legal question will be the first order of business for the defense when the trial begins.

Finally, the emotionalism surrounding the case makes a fair trial almost impossible. The matters dealt with include the Korean War, Nationalist vs. Communist China and the unspoken implication that Powell is that darkest of villains, a Communist. But most of all, they involve the germ-warfare charge. Universally, press reports have tended to reduce the complex indictment to the simple charge that the Powells and Schuman are accused of falsely publishing the germ-warfare allegations. Consequently, there is danger that any jury will feel that if it acquits Powell, it will by implication convict America of using germ warfare.

Yet certainly a proper concern for Powell's right as an editor to say that he believes the evidence to support the allegations printed in the *China Monthly Review* does not depend on whether the allegations are true. Their truth or falsity is irrelevant. But the form of the indictment is such that the jury is asked to pass, not on Powell's right to his opinion, or his right to express that opinion editorially, but on the truth or falsity of the germ-warfare charges against the United States.

BLOCKER FOR DIXIECRATS . . . by Charles R. Allen, Jr.

Easton, Pa.
"YES, the New Deal!" The erect white-haired man spoke enthusiastically. "The New Deal, my boy, saved our nation. I don't care what anybody tells you to the contrary. I was from start one of its most vigorous supporters. I am proud of those early days!"

No, this was not Rexford Guy Tugwell; it was Francis Eugene Walter,

Democratic Representative from Pennsylvania's Fifteenth Congressional District, co-author of the *Walter-McCarran Immigration Act* (as he prefers it to be called) and the chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

"Now you take *The Nation* and the so-called liberals," he continued. "They seem to forget that I was responsible for the law which saved many DPs in Europe. They forget my record in Congress was New Deal. They forget about my out-

spoken position on the Nazi and Japanese war criminals. They forget all these things and scream against me these days . . ." His brief anger trailed off behind a wave of the hand.

I suggested that perhaps his supporters and his detractors might profit from a candid discussion of his own career in politics, with emphasis placed on the role he plays within the Democratic Party nationally. The once severely handsome man, whose sharp features have been somewhat blurred by age, comfortably

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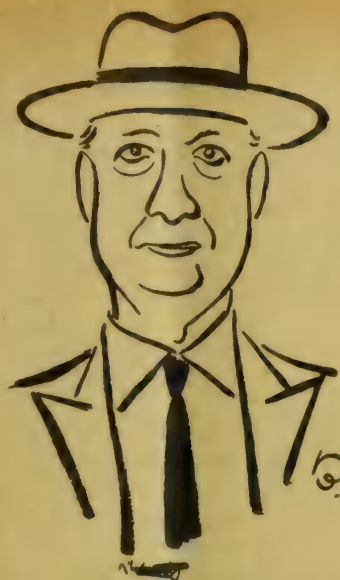
leaned back in a huge swivel chair and smiled: "Swell, that's just the way I want it." And so we began our lengthy interview in the Congressman's Washington office.

Tad Walter, as he is generally known to his constituents, was the son of a successful Easton obstetrician. The boy attended nearby Lehigh University and went on to George Washington University, where he "picked up" his bachelor's degree. These early days were recalled with a sly wink: "I had a hell of a good time."

Following combat service with the Navy air force in World War I, Walter, a Lutheran, returned to Georgetown University for a law degree. Apparently several of the priests on the faculty there aroused his first interest in political affairs. The late Father Edmund A. Walsh, for example, was his "great friend"; subsequently the two often consulted each other about what Congressman Walter now refers to as "this Red thing."

DURING the twenties, Walter established a successful practice in criminal law in Easton, a region devoted to iron, coal, steel, slate and cement. These resources, first developed by the native Anglo-Saxon stock, brought considerable numbers of Italian and Central European working class families into the area. The income from the young attorney's practice was supplemented by banking investments, and a \$100,000 legacy from his father was an additional help. Walter gained the undying gratitude of many of his present constituents when he purchased and brought to Easton a semi-professional baseball team. "We played some pretty fast clubs," he recalled in an easy flow of dugout vernacular. "The Cuban Stars, the Bushwicks. . . . It was a lot of fun."

"I entered politics seriously in 1932," he said. "I had been a delegate to a national convention and in 1932 became county solicitor. The depression really made the decision for me. We were at the bottom of the pit. Things were desperate: there was something ugly in the air; you could taste it, feel it. Here we were, the richest nation on earth



Representative Walter

with this cancerous poverty in our midst. I decided to run for Congress as a New Dealer, all down the line for labor and the little guy. I won on that program and the people of this district have returned me to Washington twelve consecutive times."

His pride and confidence were apparent. Particularly his confidence, for in the middle of the campaign last fall he took off a month to tour Europe in connection with an immigration survey. He won handily anyway.

I KNEW that the local affiliates of the A.F. of L., C.I.O. and the independents were loyal to him; the one important exception was the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Apparently the opposition of national labor leaders such as Walter Reuther and Emil Mazey have had little effect on Walter's own labor constituents. Even the unceasing campaign waged by the Association of Catholic Trade Unions against the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act seems to have failed; the Roman Catholic steel, cement and slate workers in the Bethlehem wards regularly turn out for Walter.

I repeated to the Congressman what an official of the independent United Electrical Workers had told me: "Walter supported the minimum wage. He voted against Taft-

Hartley, and no matter how many times his un-American committee goes after us, you couldn't get a better Congressman on local pork-chop issues." These observations, I remarked, did not come from one of his admirers. Would the Congressman care to discuss his relationship with organized labor?

Walter took up his glasses, pointing with them as a lecturer might. "When I went to Washington, labor immediately knew that I was one of its friends in Congress. Even before the C.I.O. was founded, I encouraged the formation of industrial unions. The A. F. of L. craft unions were all right, but more was needed. I sponsored one of the first wage-hour bills in the House. I also introduced a bill which required all corporations with government contracts to pay the prevailing minimum wage. This was a blow against a lot of sweatshops which until then had enjoyed in effect government protection. The law was passed. And labor liked it."

The Congressman arose. "Then there was the 'assumption of risk' doctrine and the railroads." He leaned forward over the desk and suddenly brought his hand down hard. "I got rid of that, too!" he fairly shouted. "The courts had this doctrine which in so many words said that once an employee worked in any area admittedly dangerous then it was perfectly proper for the company to assume that the worker knew the risk involved, thereby relieving the company of liability in event of injury or death. We got rid of that damn doctrine and the railroad brotherhoods know it and they remember it was my efforts that helped to do it." Walter grunted with satisfaction and returned to his chair.

Back in 1954, I reminded the Congressman, he had told the press he favored the "abolition" of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, suggesting that the unit be made subordinate to the venerable House Judiciary Committee where "there will not be such abuses of power." Would Mr. Walter care to comment?

"Yes, I did propose to do just that and I did speak of 'abuses of power.' I voted in 1945 against Ran-

kin's move to make the committee permanent and on occasion I have voted to cut the appropriation for it. I also pared its budget when I became chairman. I have never believed in permanent investigating committees of Congress. Still don't. If a subject requires probing, then a committee can be set up, if necessary, to do the job; once the job is done, the committee should be dissolved.

"I prefer working on Judiciary or on ICOM [the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, a multi-national organization to which Walter is the American delegate]. I certainly did not welcome the chairmanship of the un-American Activities Committee. But it's my duty and I discharge it as I see it." He then added: "Abuses. Yes, in the past. But I instituted



reforms of the committee's procedures so that now its hearings are conducted the way they should be."

I pointed out that a lot of people of clearly anti-Communist persuasion would have a difficult time accepting this assertion. Mr. Walter's recent critics, I reminded him, have included state bar associations, state supreme court justices, ranking Friends (Quakers), The Fund for the Republic, Robert Hutchins, Paul Grey Hoffman—to name a few. Did the Congressman believe that such critics were themselves carriers of the Red virus?

He smiled: a "You're damn right they are. You should see the reports and dossiers. Whether they know it or not, they are carrying out in effect the efforts of the conspiracy." (For whatever my reaction is worth, I note here my impression that Representative Walter was mouthing a formula he himself did not seem to believe). The Congressman took another tack:

"My own baby went to Sarah Lawrence College. So they invited this guy Gates from the *Daily Worker* to give a talk. The Legion tried to stop him from appearing. Damn fools. Let 'em come, I say. And Gates did come and he did speak. And he stunk. And they booed him out of the hall. Best thing that could have happened."

Would he subscribe to the Holmes dictum about the market place of free ideas? "Oh, yes," he smiled again. What, then, of the efforts to repeal the Smith Act? "Now that's something quite different." He shook his head. "That law protects us from a criminal conspiracy. What was it that man wrote? Oh, you know, can't think of his name," he snapped his fingers impatiently. "Anyway, something like *Controversy, Yes, Conspiracy, No*. That's my feeling on the matter."

He refused to comment on the upcoming probes of the committee but observed there was a "lot of unfinished business" to take care of. Like The Fund for the Republic and Robert Hutchins? He threw his head back and laughed: "I shouldn't be surprised!" Suddenly he became quite intent: "You know I really dislike the job as chairman. The press gives reams of space to the Reds. Anything favorable to the committee is usually a paragraph buried back in the paper. But if they think they can scare me from exposing this conspiracy—no matter where it reaches—they got another damned good think coming!"

I BROUGHT the conversation around to the McCarran-Walter Act. Walter abruptly broke in: "Some of these liberal critics forget that I am responsible for the law that saved the DPs in Europe. They forget that I was responsible for the provision [in the immigration law] admitting Asiatics. I've got a lovely silver box around here some place, a gift from the Japanese government in appreciation of that. The critics forget that, don't they?"

He did not feel the act was discriminatory, then? Of course not, he replied. However, he pointed out, he was not "wedded" to the controversial national-quota provision.

I expressed my surprise at having encountered little resentment among the Italians and Jews of his own district over remarks attributed to him during several fights over the immigration laws. (On Jan. 13, 1953, Walter had characterized some critics of the law as "professional Jews shedding crocodile tears for no reason whatsoever.") At the time of the Edward Corsi controversy, Walter was supposed to have used the terms "dagoes" and "wops"; Walter has denied this.) I went on to say that people in his district seemed to think that the numerous relief bills which Congressman Walter had introduced in behalf of voters' relatives largely explained the absence of widespread resentment against him.

At this point Mr. Walter sought to shift the discussion to the Inter-



governmental Committee for European Migration. "That's one thing I've never gotten enough credit for in this country," he said. "I recently returned from Europe and I tell you, Allen, that the praise and adulation heaped on me over there were positively embarrassing: premiers, high officials, Holy Sees. You might have thought I was a saint or something. I am very proud of ICOM." When I noted that some critics thought of ICOM as a device to channel immigrants to countries other than the United States, Mr. Walter answered: "I don't care to dignify such slander with an answer."

"But you know," he volunteered, "I'm in favor of an exchange program with the Commies. I'd open our doors wide and let Americans go see the 'workers' paradise' for themselves—their hovels and rubble in East Germany and Russia. I may

propose legislation at the next session to implement these ideas. Yes, by all means quote me on this."

We then moved on to talk about his role in the Democratic Party. I told Congressman Walter that I was much struck with his consistent alliance with the Southern bloc led by Speaker Sam Rayburn in the House and Lyndon Johnson in the Senate.

He nodded as I developed the point. "For example," I said, "during last year's campaign the Democratic candidate for the Senate from your state likened you and Eastland to the Democratic counterpart of McCarthy and Jenner on the issues of civil rights and civil liberties."

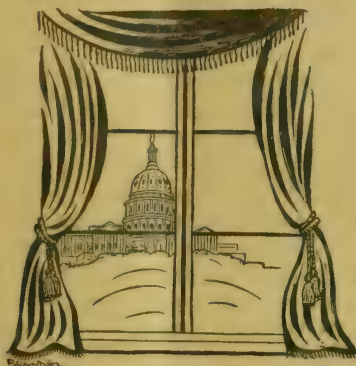
"Well," he responded, "if that's what Joe Clark thinks of me that's his privilege. I'm no McCarthy, however. Some of those people down in Philadelphia are burned up at me because I've helped expose some of their connections with this ungodly conspiracy which is menacing our way of life."

LET US take the economic side of this issue, I suggested. His early and extensive legislative campaigns in several celebrated insurance-rate and interstate-commerce issues certainly anticipated his later states-rights positions on tidelands oil, natural gas, rubber and atomic energy. Moreover, according to the Associated Press, Walter had agreed to sponsor the 1949 tidelands oil bill "at the request of Sam Rayburn." The obverse side of the same coin could be seen in Mr. Walter's steadfast support of TVA and rural electrification—anomalous in view of his stand on offshore oil, but nonetheless again consistent with the Southern position.

"Frankly," he answered after some thought, "there is no denying my close work with Southern colleagues on the Judiciary Committee. But let's take the question of states' rights. I had always agreed with the courts, which for seventy-five years clearly held that insurance was a concern of the states. Then suddenly, for no good reason, they hold that insurance business is interstate commerce and, therefore, liable to

the federal anti-trust laws! But the important thing is that I *started* with the assumption of a state's prerogative in this area. I did not simply join the Southerners for the sake of joining them or of antagonizing the North. The momentum of my original position carried me that far logically." The momentum must have built up quite a head of steam since Mr. Walter sponsored the legislation—which failed of passage—designed to controvert the high tribunal's ruling that insurance was interstate commerce.

How about the political side of his relationship with the Southerners in his party? The *Philadelphia Inquirer* as well as columnist John



O'Donnell had published as fact that Walter had finally accepted the chairmanship of the Un-American Activities Committee at the behest of Sam Rayburn. Every time reports spread of Speaker Sam Rayburn's retirement, Francis E. Walter, a Northerner, was usually mentioned as "acceptable" to the South. Also there were Mr. Walter's actions on behalf of the South in the 1948 regional educational compacts; the Walter-Logan bill which in part was inspired by Southern leaders; and the numerous Southern Democrat-Republican attempts to amend the electoral college provision of the Constitution.

"In 1948," the Congressman told me, "I was frequently mentioned for the Speaker's post. And if Sam had not continued, I would have been honored to accept it." He went on to say that he regarded himself as a "compromiser" of the varied interests, sectional and otherwise,

which make up the Democratic Party. "Ours is the only truly national party," he said. He was determined to keep it together.

Many organizations, including the NAACP, thought that the 1948 resolution approving a Southern compact to set up educational facilities for Negroes was a dodge to continue segregation in the schools. "No, it was not," Mr. Walter insisted. "It was the usual type of resolution Congress had adopted on numerous occasions." (Interestingly enough, the Congressman offered virtually the same defense in 1948.)

WE THEN discussed the Walter-Logan bill of 1939 which eventually became the Administrative Procedures Act of 1946. This act provided for judicial review of all administrative-agency rulings. In vetoing the original, President Roosevelt had commented: "I don't like it." Opponents of the bill called it "an attempt to make the New Deal unworkable." Its co-author, Senator Logan, was from Kentucky, and the act was supported from the start by the Dixiecrat-GOP coalition. To Francis Walter, the whole achievement was, in his own words, "my crowning achievement." He denied that it had been designed to hamstring the New Deal. Critics charged at the time that the measure would "destroy our democracy." Well, said Mr. Walter, "the law is ten years old now and no such thing has happened."

"Call my position 'states rights', if you wish," he said, indicating he would answer no more questions about his role as a sort of Northern downfield blocker for the South. "Call it what you want. I consider myself a traditionalist in matters regarding the Constitution."

The Congressman signaled that our interview was at an end. "Oh, just one thing more. Tell your liberal readers that Tad Walter had a lot more to say about what went on the statute books during the New Deal—a lot of what Ike calls 'Socialistic'." He paused. "'Socialistic'," he repeated with a grin. "I notice he damn well isn't changing any of that 'socialism,' is he?"

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Man Who Saved the Nation

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THE FOUNDING OF THE NATION. Edited by Richard B. Morris. The Dial Press. \$7.50.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION. By Louis M. Hacker. McGraw-Hill. \$4.75.

Keith Hutchison

ALTHOUGH we celebrate Alexander Hamilton's bicentennial this year, he was probably born in January 1755. Thus he was in his twentieth year when he launched himself into public life with a pamphlet supporting American freedom, extracts from which open Professor Morris' excellent compendium of Hamilton writings. It was a production that showed a grasp of affairs and a power of forceful expression quite astonishing for a youth, even in an epoch when men matured early.

No wonder that he was immediately taken up on terms of equality by men like Jay and Gouverneur Morris who were older than he and already high in the patriot councils. For the rest of his life he was to remain in the center of the American stage, proving himself a talented economist, a skilled administrator, a brilliant publicist and a disastrously poor politician with a very limited understanding of popular psychology. The samples of his voluminous writings, which Professor Morris has selected and edited with great skill, are proof that Hamilton was an authentic genius.

The question that worried his contemporaries, and has been debated ever since by historians, is whether his genius was good or evil. Did he, as the Jeffersonians contended, seek to confine the United

States in an aristocratic mold, to make its people the slaves of an autocratic government? Did he corrupt the purity of American life, cheat the poor farmers and the veterans of the Continental army in order to fatten the purses of rich merchants and speculators? Or was he, as the Federalists asserted, the man who saved the union from anarchy and established American credit on the firm basis that made possible its miracle of economic growth?

There is no doubt where Professor Hacker stands in this controversy. His admiration for his subject is almost unalloyed; even when criticism is unescapable, as in the case of Hamilton's treatment of John Adams, he makes it brief and soft. Nevertheless, his book—a study of ideas rather than a formal biography—must be commended for its restraint in treating the Hamilton-Jefferson battle. Hacker defends Hamilton from his enemies, old and new, without including a counter-attack on the great Virginian. Paraphrasing Jefferson's first inaugural, he writes: "We are all Jeffersonians, we are all Hamiltonians." And later, he remarks: "These two great men . . . should have complemented each other."

In fact, they did complement each other; their pulling and hauling in opposite directions was what kept the Republic on an even keel. If either one had achieved his aims in full, the consequences could have been disastrous. We honor Jefferson today as the founder of American democracy and the father of its civil liberties. But had he succeeded in limiting the scope of the federal government and stunting its ability for growth and adaptation by securing strict construction of the implied powers, he would certainly have ensured the later frustration of the popular will.

Hamilton sought an energetic, effective central government and a

restriction of the power of the common people to influence it. He succeeded in the first objective but was defeated in the second and, in time, the broad construction which he advocated became a means of democratic progress.

Thus, in a sense, Hamilton was the father of the Welfare State. Hacker thinks he would be horrified by his offspring and "if he were alive today, would accuse us of muddying the waters . . . when we introduce the idea of equalitarianism." But historians should avoid such projections of the thinking of men long dead about a world they could hardly have imagined. After all, could Hacker himself have predicted twenty-five years ago that by 1957 he would be an outstanding champion of free enterprise?

HACKER sees Hamilton as "the saviour of the Republic," both because of his part in securing the Constitution and because, almost single-handed, he established a tradition of fiscal integrity. It is, I think, possible to appreciate Hamilton's historic role without endorsing these claims in full. He deserves great credit for his efforts to obtain ratification of the Constitution, especially as it was far more liberal than he desired. But so do Madison and others, including the members of the Constitutional Convention who resisted his proposals. Hamilton suggested, for example, indirect election of the President and the Senate by voters with property qualifications. Moreover both Senators and President were to hold office "during good behaviour," and the President was to have an absolute veto over legislation. Many years later, in a letter to Timothy Pickering (printed in the Morris volume) Hamilton maintained that these were ideas merely thrown out for debate and said that he finally proposed a three-year Presidential term. But he does not appear to have retracted his views on a restricted suffrage which

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reflected a fear of "the mob" and a strongly held belief that the state would be undermined unless controlled by the "rich and well-born."

Probably Hamilton's greatest service to the United States was rendered as Secretary of the Treasury. His scheme for funding at full value the depreciated debts of both the Confederation and the several states was bitterly contested and morally its opponents had a strong case. Thousands of veterans, farmers and small merchants had long since been forced to part with their government paper at a few cents on the dollar. They were left uncompensated while canny speculators reaped fortunes. Yet the practical difficulties of Madison's proposals for discriminating between original and present holders of the certificates were probably insuperable.

HAMILTON does not seem to have been perturbed by the injustice of his scheme: it was, in his eyes, outweighed by the greater good of establishing American credit promptly and firmly. And it is hard now to dispute his reasoning. In 1790, a sound credit position was vital to the United States, an underdeveloped country with infinite resources and a serious shortage of capital.

"Hamilton's policies," writes Hacker, "met with immediate and amazing success. . . . Beginning with 1790 and continuing for a quarter of a century, the United States was launched on an extraordinary period of expansion and prosperity, its first and perhaps even its greatest."

No doubt Hamilton's credit policies contributed to this boom. But in his enthusiasm Hacker seems to have overlooked an even more important factor—American neutrality. For this was also the period of the great war between Britain and France that created a steady demand for American food and raw materials and still more for American shipping. Neutrality—supported by Hamilton and Jefferson alike although, as the Irish have it, the first was neutral "against" France, the second "against" England—pro-

vided an opportunity that Americans seized to their great advantage.

Writing in his epilogue of Hamilton's message to present-day underdeveloped countries, Hacker emphasizes the importance of maintaining

"fiscal integrity in a regime of law." It would, perhaps, have been unfashionable to add: "And guard your neutrality." But, no doubt, Mr. Nehru has studied early American history.

Science and Myth

PROUST. By J. M. Cocking. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

NOSTALGIA. A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust. By Milton L. Miller. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

Jacob Korg

THESE books offer contrasting approaches to Proust, Professor Cocking's being a particularly deft and distinguished essay in eclectic criticism, and Dr. Miller's a clinical study by a well-qualified practicing psychiatrist.

Professor Cocking describes Proust's development as a process in which he freed himself from the obsessions of his carnal attachments and social ambitions as a preliminary to using them as material for art. Proust's great novel dramatized the conflicts of love and social life with which he had once been occupied, and imposed an esthetic pattern upon the raw material of his experience through his discovery, involuntary memory. The peculiar genius of his

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work seems due to a number of contrapuntal elements pointed out by Professor Cocking. He had a child's awareness of the sensuous and an adult's ironic understanding of it. Believing that beauty originated in a transcendental realm, he nevertheless dissected its material manifestations with dispassionate exactness. Less interested in life itself than in the sensations that could be abstracted from it, he formed these into an art intended to satisfy both the most naive of sensuous appetites and the most discriminating intelligence. The result, as it is here perceptively described, is an art essentially amoral and inhuman that beautifully harmonizes the intuitive and the intellectual.

DR. MILLER'S study, though it shows much ingenuity in handling details, is predictable in its method and conclusions. Dr. Miller is unresponsive to the esthetic aspects of Proust's work, apart from a few words of homage. His aim is purely diagnostic. He examines all the available evidence for clues to Proust's subconscious, finding, among other things, that Proust clung to his mother

THE CHANCE

Chin in, I doubt the praying mantis prays.
His is an equally appropriate stance
For covering the back of his neck, or eyes,
Or for looking accidental to avoid accidents.

His name is one of those tedious unkillable
Incorrectnesses (ah, how significant
That even in this the gesture is possible)
We could rid our thinking of, and don't.

Enough (it's too much) that mantis means prophet,
Without cocking his elbows and wrists too.
Likelier it's for combat and discomfit,
Or all he knows really well how to do.

Still, there he was on the mailbox praying,
When I stopped to drop three important letters in,
Seeming to say about them what I was saying,
And wildly improbable, in my town.

No, life is sufficiently apparently absurd
To include this several-million-to-one chance.
It happens. It happened. One is not bored
In a world where everything happens at least once.

JOHN HOLMES

with unusual desperation, was profoundly troubled by her pregnancy, and sought to attract love by passive devices.

As an authoritative example of its kind, Dr. Miller's study sharply betrays the limitations of dedicated Freudian literary analysis. Arguing that a book is a vehicle for the expression of subconscious ideas, the Freudian critic treats his text as a cryptogram to be decoded into a tale of the nursery and its psychic hazards. Even in such knowing and responsible hands as Dr. Miller's the familiar psychoanalytic pastime of symbol-interpretation seems unsatisfactory. If we are to follow his lead in regarding rooms as intra-uterine symbols, for example, what novelist does not seem to seek a return to the womb? As Dr. Miller himself admits, psychological evidence drawn from a body of writing, even one as revelatory as Proust's, cannot be more than tentative.

The conjunction of these books gives a significant insight into the nature of the psychoanalytic contribution to the

study of literature. Oddly enough, it is Professor Cocking who demonstrates the scientific virtues of respect for evidence and methodical analysis, while Dr. Miller arrives at his conclusions through an entertaining play of fancy and speculation. The contrast suggests that Freudian criticism has mistaken its part in claiming to be scientific. If it were, it might be expected to develop reliable principles and a distinct body of knowledge. But its practitioners have been noticeably indifferent to work of this sort. Instead they have eagerly pursued a kind of collaboration with artists, adding dimensions to their work, opening new areas of awareness, giving everything a new resonance and suggestiveness. In its effect on literature, at least, psychoanalysis resembles romanticism, medieval Catholicism and the chivalric tradition in being a way of looking at things that answers the most pressing questions of a particular historical period. Its authority seems to arise, not from its validity as science, but from its power as a maker of myth.

strikes of the fall of 1948 only the heavy hand of the Cominform, despite the tragic decline of real wages, the insensitive *décrets* Lacoste, and M. Moch's brutal use of the CRS and the *gendarmerie* in the minefields. Even Moch himself admitted that the "plot theory" was at best "une hypothèse."

By implication rather than precise statement one can extract Dale's prescription for a sound French labor movement. It would be rooted, not in a philosophy of anti-capitalism, but rather in a wages-and-hours pragmatism; for he speaks admiringly of that most timid of labor congresses in 1876, which, while not even proclaiming the right to strike, appeals to him because it "did not attempt to reshape the economic system." Shorn of intellectual claptrap, such a movement would eschew politics; it would be, in fact, very much like the *Force Ouvrière*, for which Mr. Dale reserves his warmest praise. And beyond merely refusing all collaboration with Communists (whatever the concrete gains of the Popular Front may have been), it would encourage the state to outlaw the entire Communist movement. And if that be political, it is at least politics in the Meany mold.

Workers in France

MARXISM AND FRENCH LABOR.

By Leon A. Dale. Vantage Press. \$4.50.

Harvey Goldberg

INSOFAR as Leon Dale develops a central historical theme, it is that the French labor movement has been perverted and debilitated by pernicious radical theories, culminating in communism. As demonstration, he reviews the obstacles to a sound and properly functioning unionism which have emerged in French history since the Great Revolution of 1789. In the beginning, like Original Sin, there were ideals. Now one might feel that visions of a society rooted in liberty, equality and fraternity served the worker nobly as a counterpoint to his early industrial misery. But they strike Dale as vague and impractical, conditioning labor to fruitless utopianism and political radicalism.

Then came the purveyors of the dream, the radical intellectuals, who have rarely fared well in AFL theology. Dale singles out certain socialist-minded thinkers (St. Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Marx); makes a few random, often misleading, comments on their doctrines

(thus, St. Simon, who conceived of a planned, collective society, is credited with bringing "the economic policy of *laissez-faire* to its logical conclusion"); and implies, without proof, that they led the workers away from some better, alternate course.

Over that formative period from 1879 to 1920 the greatest barriers to labor's legitimate interests were political socialism and revolutionary syndicalism. Dale finds in the emergence of Jules Guesde at the Congress of Marseilles in 1879 "the first communist victory over French labor." From then on, the proposed road to liberation through a Socialist state was actually a tragic *cul de sac*, at the end of which there were neither free unions nor a fresh society, but only noisy Socialist politicians.

Since World War I the legacy of futile idealism and bankrupt anti-capitalism has been exploited by the Communists, who have dominated the labor movement, first through the CGTU and then the CGT. But now, Dale emphasizes, the dangers were infinitely compounded, since communism is a worldwide conspiracy against democracy. Thus actions by Communist unions never have inherent validity; rather they are merely projections of a grand design to turn France into a Soviet satrapy. All strikes called by the CGT become for Dale political and Russian-inspired. He can see in the famous mine

THE COMMUNISTS, whose dishonor or stupidity might have been clearly demonstrated on many issues, are accused by the author of incredible diabolism. Thus they are held responsible for the systematic disintegration of the French army, which "helps explain the disastrous collapse . . . in June, 1940." But the author should not have accepted so easily an opinion, of which Reynaud wrote recently: "Gamelin told me, when we were in Germany, that, in his opinion, Communist propaganda had not been an important factor in our defeat." Or again, the Communists, "seeking to eliminate all anti-communist opposition at the grass-roots level," are held guilty

Coming Next Week

WINTER BOOK NUMBER

Writers in San Francisco
by Kenneth Rexroth

The Doubts of Historians
by Abraham Edel

J. D. Salinger
by David L. Stevenson

Mr. Eliot Regrets . . .
by Oscar Cahill

Other essays, reviews, poetry,
departments

HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department at Ohio State University, has recently returned from France, where he compiled material for a forthcoming biography of Jaurès.

of engineering 320,000 post-Liberation executions. That is a far cry from the assessment by M. Brune, Pinay's Minister of the Interior, in the *Assemblée Nationale* (October 28, 1952), that "the summary executions of collaborators carried out in France amounted to about 10,000." In short, what Mr. Dale sadly lacks is a willingness to weigh and compare the evidence, without which gossip is dignified and hearsay enthroned.

IN mooring his treatise to a set of values derived from the American labor movement (early 1957 AFL variety), he has made those unqualified assumptions which are among the "pathetic fallacies" of our contemporary labor philosophy:

1) He assumes that the French movement has failed because it has almost always fallen prey to the political or revolutionary solution, whereas the bargaining tradition alone yields lasting benefits. But this is idle bombast. The weakness of French labor springs ultimately from the strength of its opposition. Dale castigates the radical intellectuals, but are they not an effect rather than a cause? American capitalism—expanding constantly in the West, in world markets, in war production—finally adjusted to the union mechanism. French capitalism gave its workers no such outlet. From Napoleon through Louis Philippe (as Balzac and Stendhal well knew) the *haute bourgeoisie* was formed of men who used the political lever to win economic power, and then used their great wealth to pin down their political influence. The Third Republic, a weary parade of Opportunists, Progressistes, Bloc National, and un-radical Radicals, combined continuity with integration—the continuity in government of the great financial dynasties (like the Casimir-Perier, the Guy La Cambre, the Chabaud-Latour, the Reille) with the integration into the system of the new Republican politicians. The Fourth Republic? Immobile witness to the decline in real wages and the progress of monopoly, it has hardly reversed the trend.

Against such a common front of economic and political power the choice for the French worker has been less than free. The radical intellectual appealed, after all, when the barriers to a decent life seemed insurmountable and only a leap to the future seemed promising.

2) All of which is tied to a second assumption—that the labor movement must be free of politics and shorn of the chimerical quest for state power. But the dictum is too rigid. (In fact, I ask once challenged Perlman on that very point: "The weakness in the approach of American labour to politics is the

vital one that it has taken its theory of the State from the employers and asked only for concessions and adjustments on the ground that the American government, as the agent of the State power, is a neutral and mediating force among the different elements in society.") To date, neither Socialists nor Communists nor revolutionary syndicalists have captured French society for labor; and their failure has too often been compounded by deceit. But that in itself cannot alter the reality—that so long as the opposition is unyielding, the greatest hope for French workers must lie with the forging of a sympathetic state.

3) And finally, there is an assumption about objective, which gears the labor movement, simply and totally, to the full dinner pail. Even if the Red menace were destroyed, Dale would still look askance at those working class movements guided by a broader social vision. The crucial importance of the wages-and-hours complex is axiomatic, but is it enough? Bednarik and Bell have both written that today's workers, bettered but shorn of idealism, drift in naked boredom or sink in endless materialism. True, man cannot live without bread; but he ought not to live by wage contracts alone.

Seven-Tenths Cloud

when the chrome clouds break
the moon masses
cracked purple
ruined white
upon black

the colors kaleidoscope
before an acid wind:

patched tableaux
staged in the mind
with a geometry of rain
that a retention
of the essential black
can only defy

that the remembered
shade of the sea's
stable geometry
when the light is gone
can never
after the clouds break
defeat

the neutral sea
is an awkward image
that the mind
inevitably forsakes
before the clouds close
it accepts whatever colors
the moon makes

HAROLD DICKER

The Real Picture

TO SEE THE DREAM. By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.95.

Dan Wakefield

HOLLYWOOD is a mythical city in the western part of the United States inhabited either by gods and goddesses or by a race of boorish demons who are out to destroy art, morality and the intelligence of their customers. The readers of *Modern Screen* magazine are likely to believe in the first concept; the readers of reports such as that made by Lillian Ross on the filming of *Red Badge of Courage* are likely to believe in the latter. Now the stranger to Hollywood may read *To See the Dream* and learn that it is a real place inhabited by live and fallible human beings who are often required by their craft to rise at dawn and spend a sweating day in the sun to get what may turn out to be two minutes worth of film.

To See The Dream is a journal kept by Jessamyn West during the time of her work in writing and advising on the movie adaptation of her novel, *The Friendly Persuasion*. We see actress Dorothy McGuire, nervous on the set after using the wrong lotion for sunburn and blistering her face; the stylish lady whose profession it is to "thatch" Gary Cooper's thinning hair for the camera; the eager young assistant to William Wyler who "Even on the phone . . . sounds face to face . . . putting grappling hooks of honesty, tactlessness, energy and egotism into your vitals." Toward the end of her journal, Miss West writes:

Mr. Wyler asked me the other day what I thought of movie making by now. He looked startled when I told him I thought movie making might be for the Twentieth Century what cathedral building was for the Middle Ages. I don't say that *The Bowery Boys* or *The John Phillip Sousa Story* are the equal of Burgos and Chartres and Canterbury; but the making of a movie is, as was the building of a cathedral, one activity in which many persons work together to produce a record of the lives of men and women. Miserable and flimsy and superficial as the film record may be, still it is such an attempt and the attempt bewitches me.

In the process of being bewitched, Miss West has written a bewitching book—a personal journal of observation that is honest and beautiful and thoroughly a pleasure to read.

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE AUDIENCE enjoys *Measure for Measure* at the Phoenix. It is Shakespeare made easy. It is played—some-what in the fashion of the Old Vic's *Troilus*—as a spoof in modern clothes—although in this case I could not identify the period.

Most of it seems like a musical comedy "book," the whole effect being mildly salty and pleasant. Though the play is something more than a lark—its humors are edged with considerable bite—one is not inclined to carp at this production. The cast—notably Nina Foch, Morris Carnovsky, Norman Lloyd, Hiram Sherman—play with charm and clarity. The speech is unusually intelligible, the visual aspect of the production fresh: all is agreeably brief and light. What is lacking is invention, leaps of the imagination and the boldness which distinguish Tyrone Guthrie's work when he improvises on Shakespeare.

THE HIDDEN RIVER is a melodrama by Ruth and Augustus Goetz based on a novel by Storm Jameson (Playhouse). There are several good actors in it (Lili Darvas to mention one) and it is competently written and produced. Yet it seems to me to be firing blanks, because while it purports to deal with the theme of responsibility (it is set in the France of 1950 among people who are still very much preoccupied with the conflict between collaborationists and resisters) the atmosphere and characters strike one as largely factitious. We do not feel we are anywhere but on the stage of a somewhat old-fashioned show—the kind of European problem melodrama of which movies were made in Hollywood during the war and in which the presence of a foreign actor or two did not help create a sense of authenticity.

GRAHAM GREENE'S *The Potting Shed* (Bijou) is also quite inauthentic—but for a different reason. Greene writes well—it is a pleasure to hear such good English!—and whatever he says seems highly intelligent—even when it is trite.

The play is constructed as a mystery thriller in which a psychological secret is at the bottom of a man's incapacity to feel or to love. In the second act we discover the man's secret: he attempted suicide at the age of fourteen—a fact that was never mentioned to him or discussed in any way after his "revival." The reason for the boy's initial unhappiness was the arid coldness of the athe-

ist environment he was brought up in—I really never heard of such an idiot as the scientist who is supposed to have been the boy's father—and the reason for the latter's silence is that the circumstances of his son's revival shook the foundations of the father's atheism. The boy presumed to be dead was restored to life through the prayer of his uncle—a priest who sacrificed what was most precious to him—his faith in God—to save the boy's life.

Greene's propagandistic method is clever (though no one calls such a play

as *The Potting Shed* propaganda, that is what it is) for he offends no one with it. He never insists that the boy who attempted suicide actually was dead, but he pointedly suggests the possibility of a miracle. He is tolerant and even sympathetic to the psychoanalyst—an agnostic no doubt—who appears in the play, for after all the analyst is also concerned with man's spiritual state and that is the focus of Greene's inquiry. Greene is rather blandly optimistic, humorously and humanely civilized about everything. There is a certain hypocrisy in all this—or, if you prefer, moral diplomacy. The cards are tricked. But, what is worse, the play is bogus, because the notion that the raising of the dead through prayer and self-sacrifice or, generally speaking, through Faith is

The Gazabos

I saw them dancing,
the gazabos, apes of joy, swains of
their pocket mirrors, to each a world:
a dancing, a gallumphing, a guzzling
of themselves.

They yapped, they cooed,
they flapped their feet and winked grimaces
into grins. They rapped their knuckles on
their teeth and bled and licked
the blood like honey.

Turning the corner
to my street, I spat on each
gazabo as he came. They loved it,
they could barely keep
from following.

I had to beat
them off with barbed wire switches
ripped from neighbors' fences on
the way. I escaped
only when

they paused to smear
their bodies with their tricky wounds,
streaming welted faces ogle-
laughing in the mirrors
sideways.

Why is it now,
safe in my lacquered room, cradled
in my black, spoon-shaped easy
chair, the whitest sheet
of paper on

my knees, I cannot
write a word? I read their eyes,
I taste their wounds. Do they live
because they simply
cannot die?

Friends, multi-
tudes, oh lifelong shadows: are
you my filth, my worn out longings,
my poems that dog me
till I die?

EDWIN HONIG

a possible basis for belief in God strikes me as essentially irreligious.

This does not mean that the play does not contain some effective scenes—particularly the one in which the priest denounces the faith he has apparently lost. It is a kind of shrewd shocker to win over the skeptical who might confuse religion with sanctimoniousness. Still if for a short while we have allowed ourselves to pay respectful attention to the play as a serious statement, we end with a sense of having been taken in by someone we assumed knows better.

The play has been excellently cast with Sybil Thorndike, Robert Flemyng, Leueen McGrath, Frank Conroy and a very pretty young girl, Carol Lynley, in the main roles. Their personalities rather make up for the fact that they seem to be acting almost entirely without benefit of a director.

LITTLE space is left me for a discussion of the first production of the Madeleine Renaud—Jean Barrault company season at the Winter Garden—*Christophe Co-*

lomb—by Paul Claudel. I am rather relieved that this is so, for though I am sure this production with its combination of the dramatic poem which is its text, an interesting score by Darius Milhaud, bits of film, choral singing, humorous commentary in contemporary vernacular, scraps of ballet and mime, odds and ends of scenic invention, has its ardent admirers, I found it artistically void, dilettante, jejune.

Barrault calls the production an example of "total theatre"—which is even more pretentious and nonsensical than the spectacle itself, because to begin with, all good theatre is "total," and what makes it that is not the accumulation of unrelated theatrical fragments but a central core of meaning, the total impact of an organic conception—in short, a Play. And, by the way, has Barrault never heard of Max Reinhardt?

Surely M. Barrault has brought us several more satisfying examples of his work and we hope to be able to make more extended and favorable comment on them on another occasion.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

FOR *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore*, the new ballet produced by the New York City Ballet, Menotti has once again written music which is best described by Virgil Thomson's statement about a piece by Howard Hanson: it was, said Thomson, a piece by a man who had written lots of music, which made him a composer; but the music was as standardized in expression as it was eclectic in style, which made him not a creator. Menotti's writing has been derivative and eclectic in a profusion of styles, but most of all in the style of Puccini, which he has used in works that have exhibited a Puccini-like gift for the production of theatrical and musical trash. In *The Unicorn* the trash is literary and musical—a "madrigal fable" for chorus and orchestra about a poet in a world that doesn't understand poets and their dreams; and what the chorus sings and the orchestra plays is acted out in no more distinguished mime and dance movement created by John Butler. On all this are wasted a beautiful production with scenery by Jean Rosenthal and costumes by Robert Fletcher; an excellent musical performance conducted by Thomas Schippers; the fine work of the dancers—especially Magallanes as the poet and Janet Reed as the Countess.

hand produces Musorgsky's original *Boris Godunov*, but on the other hand produces rubbish like Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*; who revives Gluck's *Alceste* for Flagstad, but revives Verdi's *Ernani* for Milanov. He would have been wrong to produce this early and musically uninteresting opera of Verdi even for the remarkable singer Milanov was years ago; and he produced it for someone capable nowadays only of the unlovely, wobbly singing she did at the performance I attended. With her were Del Monaco, his voice as usual unpleasantly rasping except for the occasional loud high notes that were clear; and Guarrera and Tozzi, who sang beautifully when they didn't drive their voices too hard. And Mitropoulos conducted, giving the performance the right power and tension. As for the production staged by Yannisopoulos, Esteban Frances contributed a superb set for the scene in the crypt of Charlemagne and a series of magnificent costumes for the King, but also a couple of sets with some ruined columns that would have been puzzling even if they hadn't been bright and shiny as though newly manufactured. And Zachary Solov devised some new bits of silliness on points.

After its not too successful venture into standard repertory with *Fidelio*, the American Opera Society returned to the unfamiliar with a repetition of Che-

rubini's *Medea*, its sensation of last year. And the same impressive effect was produced this time again by the beautiful and expressive dramatic melody and astonishing orchestral writing; the same overwhelming effect by the vocal beauty, the powerful shaping and subtle inflection, the sustained tension of Eileen Farrell's singing of the tremendous title role. The other principals in the excellent performance conducted by Arnold U. Gamson were Albert DaCosta, Eva Likova, Miroslav Cingalovic and Martha Lipton.

Thanks to NBC-TV Opera Theatre we have at last heard Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, which turns out to be a work of little value. In the scenes of personal drama concerned with Natasha and Prince Andrei one hears only the operation of a resourceful craftsmanship capable of turning out music in any quantity for any descriptive or expressive purpose; in the historical scenes this craftsmanship operates at times for the purpose of wartime patriotic exhortation: in this work written during the Nazi invasion of Russia an aria of Kutuzov begins with pretty music about the beloved Moscow he is sacrificing, changes to sinister music at the words "the treacherous foe invades our land," and rises to grandiloquent affirmation at the end. The musical performance conducted by Peter Herman Adler was good; the staging of some of the historical scenes increased their inherent absurdity.

Life, for Toscanini, meant a score to study, an orchestra with which to translate that score into living sound; for him, therefore, life in a real sense must have ended when he stopped conducting three years ago, and mere physical death must have been of no consequence. And so with the rest of us: we suffered our real loss when he retired, and his death now merely reminds us of it and tells us it is beyond recovery.

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MR. BING is a man who on the one
February 16, 1957

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THE NEW SHOW on CBS, *The Last Word* has caused quite a stir among viewers in its first four weeks. Enthusiasm runs high, mail count reaches into the thousands and host Bergen Evans and the network congratulate each other for having presented the English language as something novel. The program is touted as a "court of appeals" for all questions and arguments about the native tongue. Viewers send in questions, get a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica when they are used by Evans and his panel. "Which is correct—I'd just as leave or I'd just as soon?" "It's me—or it's I?" "Is 'ain't' permissible?" are a few that have made the grade. Accents were the topic of one program when the panel included Brooklyn humorist-teacher Sam Levenson and Commander Edward (Schweppervescence) Whitehead. Madison Avenue jargon was tackled with high good humor by critic John Crosby and Ilka Chase, and a week ago, as a major scoop, the show imported Lord Conessford from England, following his press attack on American speech.

If Dr. Evans and CBS were content to acknowledge this show for what it is, it would probably measure up as another in the slick family of panel shows, where viewers are treated to a taste of the ready wit of chic minds, the quotable wisecrack of the currently fashionable intellectual. *What's My Line?* is a perennially successful example. With *Down You Go*, Evans almost made it. He ought to make the big time with his current vehicle, which has all the earmarks of a "sleeper" coming up fast. But not content to accept success at this level the owners of *The Last Word* have injected a gimmick. The gimmick is education—*The Last Word* is good for you. Evans' semi-serious introduction, his bespectacled scrutiny of the letters, his classroom approach to the panel, his professorial dicta on the questions after discussion are all calculated to prove that the show has a mission. But, however skillful *The Last Word* may be as an electronic brain teaser, it is an educational sham.

BERGEN Evans himself is a real-life educator. He spends four days a week at Northwestern where he conducts classes in advanced composition and world literature. He has just returned from a two-year leave spent completing a dictionary of contemporary English usage with his sister Cornelia Goodhue.

His radio show, *Of Many Things*—a philosophic wandering—is about to be released on LP records. And he is in charge of choosing questions for the \$64,000 categories. A busy man. And an energetic, restless man who obviously finds classroom discipline too confining for expression of what he has to say to people. "A great teacher is a great showman," he told me. "There is really no such thing as teaching, only learning. And this happens because of an emotional relationship between pupil and teacher. When they want to please you, when they work for praise, they learn. "Do you think Einstein really had to look that way? He was something of a ham. I have a lot of the ham in me and I love it."

The fact is that he has so much ham in him that he is in danger of playing a parody of the type of histrionic professor (George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard was one of his idols) he so much admires. In a week or so he will present Gypsy Rose Lee as an authority on "wit, humor, satire and burlesque"—a perfectly good piece of showmanship, though not entirely novel, but an irritating pretense at scholarly investigation. And John Mason Brown, who is known and loved in every women's club in America, is a first-rate permanent expert for a panel show. If Bergen Evans would confine his teaching to Northwestern and devote his air time to being entertaining, he could scarcely miss. But the way it is going, *The Last Word* may easily get lost in its own pretensions.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

February 17 through 22

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, February 17

THE LAST WORD (CBS). See above.

YOU ASKED FOR IT (ABC). One of the sequences will take viewers to world-renowned Tracy Clinic in Los Angeles, where it will show how deaf children are taught to grow up in their silent world. MEDICAL HORIZONS (NBC). A re-

port on heart conditions from the Cleveland Clinic; Dr. Irwin Page and commentator Don Goddard. Viewers will learn how surgeons can now stop a patient's heart and will see inside the organ with the aid of an X-ray TV camera.

Thursday, February 21

THE LONG COUNT (CBS; Climax). Story of a prize fighter (a popular hero since *Requiem for a Heavyweight* won the decision) who couldn't rise above defeat. Viveca Lindfors, John Ericson, Jacques Bergerac and Paul Stewart in a play by John McGreevey.

ONE COAT OF WHITE (CBS; PLAYHOUSE 90). H. Allen Smith's romantic comedy adapted for TV with Claudette Colbert and Paul Henreid as the middle-aged lovers.

Friday, February 22

CHEVY SHOW (NBC). From the wild, wild Fat Stock Show and Rodeo in Houston comes a full hour of bronc riding, calf roping, bulldogging, etc. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans to make it official.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

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ELMER GERTZ

Chicago, Ill.

Service for Methodists

Dear Sirs: The more I have pondered the forthright, probing article of Mr. Dan Wakefield in the issue of January 19 (Slick-Paper Christianity), the more I wish that it could have a much wider circulation than your subscription list. It ought to be read, and re-read, by thoughtful Methodists everywhere.

EDWARD T. RAMSDELL

Garrett Biblical Institute
(Methodist)

Evanston, Ill.

Sauce for the Gander

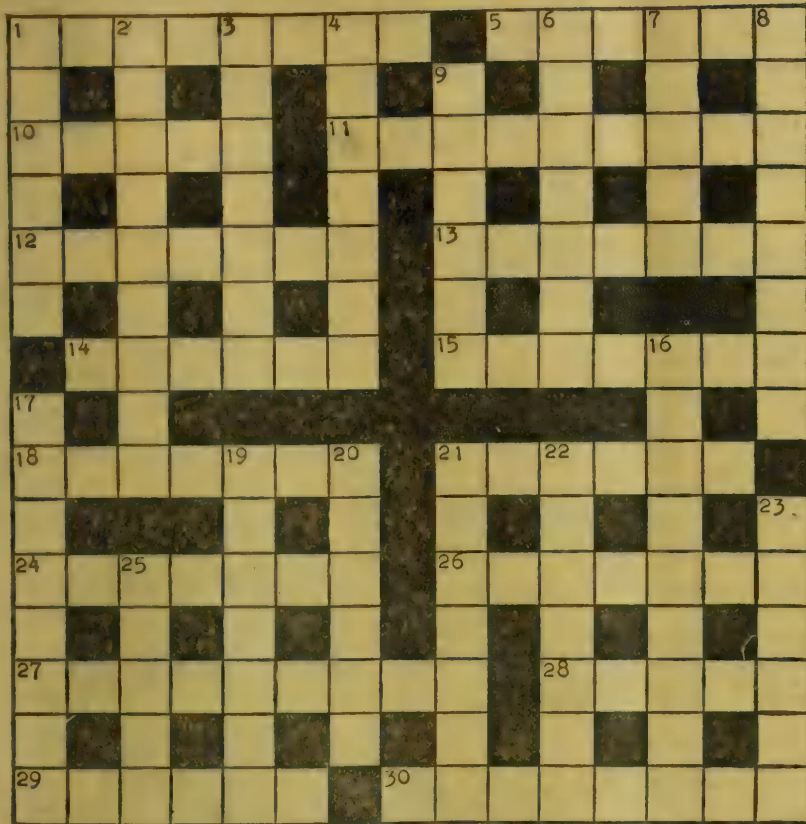
Dear Sirs: One question about Mr. Benjamin Solomon's otherwise excellent proposals in his letter to *The Nation* of January 12. If the nations of the Near East feel about their oil deposits the way the United States probably does about hers, how could we persuade them that their possessions should be taken over by the United Nations unless the United States and other countries agree to the same procedure? And if the United States will not consent to the internationalization of the Panama Canal, why should Egypt consent to the internationalization of Suez?

THEODORE WEBB

Canton, N. Y.

Crossword Puzzle No. 711

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Tenders. (8)
- 5 Confesses to possess drink. (4,2)
- 10 See 7 down
- 11 See 12 across
- 12, 11 and 13 across Present two spotless cads, and run away. (2,4,1,5,4,2,5)
- 14 and 28 across Made of wood by a mute living in strange circumstances. (6,5)
- 15 Tips over in the river, notwithstanding. (7)
- 18 A wind instrument, with some hesitation, plays a part. (7)
- 21 One who puts two and two together in time. (6)
- 24 Evidently master misses something. (7)
- 26 Perhaps they rustle on the screen, and are not in order. (7)
- 27 A long-suffering proclamation? Not very enduring! (9)
- 28 See 14 across
- 29 Catch most of the partner's return. (6)
- 30 Acts like Caesar did to Gaul? (8)

DOWN:

- 1 It goes in seeds for songbirds. (6)
- 2 A moving theme for a fraternity man or a football player! (9)
- 3 Hung up perhaps, but no longer so often. (7)

- 4 Reduce from ■ wild to ■ tame state (7)
- 6 Cranks beat most of the game. (7)
- 7 and 10 across Lean portions? (5,5)
- 8 Didn't live in an elflike little building. (8)
- 9 Look, a synonym for the first half of 5 might! (6)
- 16 It is clean, but such things might not snap back. (9)
- 17 A disorderly closet is the limit! (8)
- 19 A little sleep hath altered this, but it's no less volatile. (7)
- 20 Dit, dah, dit, dit—or a piece of it! (6)
- 21 One might be cleaner, if he doesn't look for the enemy in flight. (7)
- 22 It moves somewhat haphazardly in important phrases. (7)
- 23 In one case we evidently belong to her escorts. (6)
- 25 A bad pun in it produces energy. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 710

ACROSS: 1 WITTIEST; 5 FRIEND; 9 PUCINI; 10 CHATEAU; 11 TOLSTOI; 12 NOISING; 13 ACCOUTREMENTS; 15 ANTIDILUVIANS; 21 THRIVES; 22 NEPTUNE; 23 REWARDS; 24 IMAGINE; 25 NURSED; 26 INTERNED. DOWN: 1 WAPITI; 2 TO CELIA; 3 IDIOTIC; 4 SPIRITUALISTS; 6 REALISM; 7 ETESIAN; 8 DRUGGIST; 10 CONTRAVENTION; 14 CAST IRON; 16 THROWER; 17 DIVERSE; 18 APPEASE; 19 SAURIAN; 20 DEFEND.

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MIDDLE EAST

UN Condemns Israel

The UN Security Council unanimously adopted Jan. 19 the Western-sponsored resolution condemning the Israeli raid on Syria Dec. 11, 1955.

The measure adopted by the Council charged Israel with "a flagrant violation" of the Council's 1948 Palestine cease-fire resolution, the 1949 Syrian-Israeli armistice agreement and "Israel's obligations under the [UN] Charter." It called upon Israel "to comply with its obligations . . . in the future, in default of which the Council will have to consider what further action the Charter requires."

Denies Promise

The French Foreign Minister Jan. 20 the White Paper that demilitarized Sharm el-Sheikh to France for scrap were & re-exported, despite promises to Britain that it be done. "The importance of the material concealed, perfectly regularized in conditions which leave any doubts as to the continuation of the material," a French communiqué said. The British Foreign Office Jan. 20 its statement of assurances on re-exportation.

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THE MATURE BOHEMIANS . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

WINTER BOOKS: Essays, Reviews, Poetry

LETTER from VIENNA

By Helmut Bonheim

Vienna
TODAY, three months after the October revolution in Hungary, management of the refugee problem in Austria is less chaotic, but still difficult.

In a country of 8,000,000 where the average income is less than \$80 a month, the dollar required every day for the care of one Hungarian refugee is a considerable financial drain. Hardly an Austrian has not given generously in clothing, food, drugs and money to help his unfortunate neighbors. This despite the antipathy many Austrians have felt toward the Hungarians for generations, and despite the fact that no very concerted long-range drive for help (in the American sense) was made. On a single Sunday millions of shillings were collected in the Vienna streets. A few hours after the radio issued a call for gasoline cans and whole blood, collection centers for both commodities had far more volunteers than could be used. For weeks one had to wait in lines at the post-office to make a donation.

The Austrian penchant for organization was put to the test by the 100,000 and more refugees who were received, processed, fed and clothed and then sent on to the West. More than 75,000 people are still being cared for, their records filed, their mail forwarded, etc. Numerous small organizations and private individuals are at work. The Children's Friendship Fund alone dresses 500 people a week and feeds 3,000 people a day, all with volunteer labor.

Of course there are many who are disgruntled—among Hungarians as well as Austrians. For one thing, Hungarian refugees of World War II, some of whom have been sitting in camps for ten years are jealous of *nouveau-riche* compatriots who are being so quickly transported to America without cost. And many Austrians feel that the real heroes of the revolution are still in Hungary, that one's duty to fatherland is irreconcilable with emigration, that the Hungarians were always troublemakers. Of course, the Hungarians themselves assert that the situation was so desperate that they could serve their country best by leaving it. It is true that many, with an envious eye to present developments in Poland, regret the revolution took the violent form it did. The reports now

coming from Budapest of new suppression and tyranny and the continuing refusal of the West to give active support to the uprisings have rendered these reflections even more bitter.

The social problems created by the exodus are only now coming to light. A surprising number of refugees in Austria left their wives or husbands behind; and many are starting life virtually anew with new partners as well as new homes and occupations. Of course, the readjustments necessary add to the refugees' unsettled mood.

After arrival here, many refugees have nothing to do but wait. Many roam about Vienna, made conspicuous by their strange clothing, fur caps and language. Since it is irksome to see the people you have "saved" loiter about all day in your favorite beer-cellar or coffee-house, the Austrian's first splurge of self-sacrificing helpfulness has dwindled. Now some critics are beginning to attack the Austrian authorities as well as the behavior of Hungarians. It is said that the common man's neighborly self-sacrifice in October and November is being belittled by the manner of the government's pleas for more foreign help—pleas made on the basis of a more desperate situation than actually exists. Yet the situation is serious enough; plans for managing the thousands of Hungarians who will stay here are still indefinite.

CERTAINLY dollars alone are no solution. Austria, like other countries in Europe, is critically short on housing for its own people. The birth rate has taken a plunge partly because a child is more a curse than a blessing where twelve years of postwar reconstruction have not yet managed to obliterate all the rubble. No amount of money can create adequate housing for the immigrants.

In this situation, the Austrians (and this includes the Americans resident here), do not find American generosity very impressive. Most European nations have made a point of welcoming the aged and the sick with open heart; the American practice of screening refugees appeared ungenerous.

And the problem of sending Communists to the United States is ticklish, too. The Austrians argue that the best way to "de-Communist" the refugees is to send them to America, where they will have opportunity to "learn better." Of

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HELMUT BONHEIM, on leave from the faculty of the University of Washington, is in Austria on a fellowship.

EDITORIALS

"They Don't Mean What They Say"

It would be exhilarating to find Washington the winner, just once, in a propaganda exchange with Moscow. The consistency with which we set the stage for the Soviets' most successful propaganda coups is a source of national embarrassment. With great fanfare, the Administration announces a new "doctrine" for the Middle East and hastily concludes an understanding with King Saud in a glare of publicity. Once Washington is publicly and irreversibly committed to an arms program in the area, the Soviets invite us to participate in a policy of: (a) non-interference in the internal affairs of the countries of the Middle East and respect for their sovereignty; (b) rejection of attempts to involve the Middle Eastern countries in military blocs; (c) refusal to deliver arms to countries in the area; and (d) economic aid without "any political, military or other conditions." Then, as though to give the Soviets an added advantage, the Administration promptly dismisses this proposal as "self-serving," while various Senators profess to be "bored" by it. Only one Senator is heard to observe that it is never a good policy to reject an offer—any offer—out of hand.

That the Soviets make "self-serving" proposals might, one would think, be taken for granted; nations have a habit of acting in their own interest. Nor is there much point in rejecting proposals on the ground that the Russians don't mean what they say as long as we make it impossible to test their sincerity. Perhaps what is needed is a Washington Workshop on how *not* to collaborate with Soviet propagandists. Sessions might be devoted to such propositions as: Never reject a proposal before it is received and don't walk out of a conference before it is called; also, don't commit yourself to a rigid course of action which on its face is certain to be unpopular, thereby giving your opposition a chance to exploit its unpopularity without risking a farthing of prestige, power or position.

Mr. Quarles' Quandary

Mr. Donald A. Quarles, Secretary of the Air Force, appearing on a recent *Meet the Press* program, skilfully beat down all attempts to make him admit that the Air Force will be virtually impotent as a striking force

if it receives only the \$17,700,000,000 allowed in this year's budget rather than the \$21,000,000,000 he had originally requested. Mr. Quarles is an impressive TV witness—intelligent, frank, courteous—but he was painfully disconcerted by an off-the-subject question: what did he think of King Saud's insistence that no Americans of Jewish background should be stationed at the Dhahran base? Pressed for his personal view, he finally said that of course the policy was distasteful to him, but since it was part of the price demanded for the base, the Administration had no choice but to accept it. Query: would we have accepted any proviso, no matter how immoral it might be, as a condition to securing a renewal of the lease? Given the current fashion of subordinating moral and ethical considerations to "security" needs, it is hard to imagine a price that we would not have paid, provided the departure from the norms of American morality could be palmed off as the idiosyncrasy of some potentate with whom we were seeking to do business. As long as we adhere to the fallacy that moral and ethical considerations have no relevance to "security" questions—and just how much reliance can be placed in Saud as an ally?—the quandary that confronted Mr. Quarles will remain a source of national embarrassment.

Godsend

Critics of Mr. Dulles' latest explanation for the State Department's refusal to lift the ban on American newsmen apparently have failed to realize that the Chinese might have their own reasons for not releasing the ten Americans still held in Chinese prisons. If it is true, as Mr. Dulles suggests, that the department would be willing to take a "new look at the situation" if the American prisoners were to be released, why don't the Chinese release them? If the Chinese are so eager to entertain American newsmen or win entry into the U. N. or invite diplomatic recognition, as the Dulles hypothesis suggests, then Chou En-lai, by the scratch of a pen, might achieve an important objective.

Were the future of Sino-American relations actually dependent upon the release of the prisoners, Peking might well desire some more solid guarantee of performance than a casual promise to take "a new look at the situation." But the basic reason for Chou En-lai's

failure to stretch a point to mollify American opinion probably lies elsewhere. One of the main drives of modern Asian revolutions is nationalism; in its aggravated form, anti-foreignism. Since the turn of the century, China has continued to fight "foreign devils": Germans, British, Japanese, Russians. It is anti-Americanism, of course, that the country's present rulers have harnessed as a revolutionary dynamic. In the early years of their tenure, they used this particular emotional drive to consolidate their hold over the nation. In the international sphere, they now profitably manipulate their purported hopes for "peaceful co-existence" and our own bristling anti-Chinese policy in a double finesse: to drive us not only from the various Asian nations who oppose our waging a cold war in Asia, but even from countries like Canada and Britain, who see us as having blundered into a political *cul-de-sac*.

Mr. Dulles may pretend that Peking is holding ten Americans in order to force Washington to grant passports to newsmen for travel in China. But China's Asia policy must be presumed to have rather ampler horizons than this explanation suggests. As long ago as November, 1954, the *Statesman* of Calcutta offered a different rationale:

America's commitment in Formosa is morally the weakest point in her foreign policy and the strongest in Peking's. The American presence in Formosa has been a godsend. . . . Revolutions . . . have been traditionally dependent on threats from outside to provide those cohesive and energizing forces so necessary for their survival.

The "American threat to China" tends to rally the Chinese nation in support of the Communist regime, offers a major justification for the Sino-Soviet partnership and fosters division between the United States and pivotal countries such as India and Japan. Peking would not consider "godsend" too strong a term to describe such a contribution, and is probably less ardently desirous of our official esteem than is commonly believed.

Some Daughters Do Grow Up

At the Colorado Industrial School for Boys, in Golden, Colorado, the ladies of the Patriotic Education Committee of Denver's Daughters of the American Revolution were sponsoring a "patriotism pageant." All went well until the committee's presiding officer discovered that there were boys in the school who, although U. S.-born, were of Mexican descent, and that some of them might carry flags.

Not the American flag, said Mrs. Charlotte Rush. "I wouldn't want a Mexican to carry Old Glory—would you?"

But apparently some people would, for

... the school superintendent announced abruptly that the parade had been cancelled "by mutual consent";

... the Denver Post found its switchboard swamped with protests;

... Governor McNichols said his phone started to ring at 6 A.M. the day after the report; he wrote the Denver D.A.R. regent that he was "deeply disturbed";

... the Colorado House of Representatives approved a resolution asking McNichols to forbid the D.A.R. or other "discriminatory" groups to sponsor programs at state institutions;

... and, perhaps most important, the chairman was suddenly without a committee.

Mrs. Rush issued an apology for her remark, uttered—she explained—"in an ungarded moment." The D.A.R. regent, asked whether Mrs. Rush had resigned, said crisply, "The office was vacated."

Even the D.A.R., apparently, grows—however slowly.

Arms and the Budget

It's budget, and tax, time again and once more the land echoes to the familiar chant: "cut government spending." But this year, by all accounts, the protests have reached flood proportions; the precincts back home are full of angry men and women who are clamoring for cuts in the budget. A well-documented sample of these protests, which appeared recently in the *Wall Street Journal*, reveals some curious facts. The only specific complaint levelled against the President as budget author is that he is a "welfare-stater." But the rise in non-defense or civilian spending broadly reflects the growth of established programs set by law—old-age assistance, for example—and such relatively uncontrollable items as interest on the public debt. Not one of the quotes from this sample of protests suggests that cuts might be made in military appropriations. It is as though most taxpayers had come to accept the proposition that defense spending is not subject to civilian control, review or veto.

Yet military spending is certain to increase unless the public demands that it be curtailed. The new weapons are infinitely more costly than the old and the rate of their obsolescence is accelerating. It cost \$2,589,600,000 to construct the B-36 bombers which now, after eight years, are already obsolete; the new B-52s, costing twice as much, may be obsolete in four. With major arms cuts in the offing in Great Britain, is this country to become, literally, the "arsenal" of the Western world? If so, with what consequences in terms of future budgets?

The main reason why public protest is deflected from the military to the civilian side of the budget is of course, that the opposition political party wants even larger military appropriations. The majority report of the Senates' Armed Services subcommittee on the Air Force, with its recommendations for increased appropriations, is signed by Senators Symington, Jackson and Ervin, all Democrats; the mild minority report by Senator Saltonstall. As long as soaring arms appropriations are neglected as a political issue, the tax-

protesters will concentrate their fury on the civilian side of the budget. But it is not in this direction that opportunities for cuts may be found; national-security spending, at \$43.4 billion, makes up 60 per cent of all federal expenditures projected for fiscal 1958.

History Revisited

In Orwell's 1984 there is a frightening description of the official ministry which rewrites history, eliminating people and events that have become incompatible with the current line, inserting new ones when needed. It turns out that of all people, the compilers of *College*

Football and All-America Review have seen fit to employ this technique, and subversive halfbacks are no longer safe. In the publication of Walter Camp's 1918 All-America team, there is listed a college player named Paul Robeson. But in the latest edition of *College Football and All-America Review* by Christy Walsh, there is no such name on the 1918 Walter Camp All-America team. There are, in fact, only ten players listed on that year's team. Yet in the 1934 edition of the book, there is Robeson with name and picture.

There seems to be after all a dustbin of history—even for halfbacks.

STEELWORKERS at the POLLS . . by Dan Wakefield

Pittsburgh

OUT OF the furnace rooms of the Irvin steelworks in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and the nightmares of David J. McDonald, a \$6,500-a-year millhand has come with a rank-and-file protest movement that produced the first opposition candidate for president in the history of the United Steelworkers and piled up a remarkable vote of support. Donald C. Rarick, leader of a dues-protest campaign to unseat the 54-year-old professional union president, McDonald, came from the obscurity of four months past with a \$6,000 campaign for office financed by rank-and-file contributions and was polling over 30 per cent of the vote as returns were being totalled last week.

Union officials who had first predicted that Rarick wouldn't have enough support to get on the ballot were predicting on the eve of election that he "wouldn't get more than 10-15 per cent of the vote." To appreciate the feat of getting even that much it is necessary to realize that McDonald's organization had spent several million dollars to oppose the rebel, and exerted its gigantic pressures to the limit in attempting to stamp out the heresy.

It must also be understood that the votes are counted locally and sent to headquarters by men whose jobs depend on the outcome. In Chicago, district director Joe Ger-

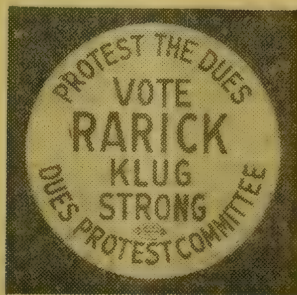
mano reported that McDonald had won by 34,544 to 1,468. In this district Rarick had gotten 600 signatures of support on a petition in one local alone. When Rarick saw the returns from the district, he said that "We have more committee people working there than the votes Germano credits us with." Running for office in the Steelworkers is not like running for president of the 4-H Clubs.

The protest movement was born after the U.S.W. convention in Los

stricken organization" (it has a treasury of \$21,000,000), it needed a \$50,000,000 treasury in order to enjoy "a true feeling of security in the immediate years ahead."

As things turned out, the increase created anything but security in the internal order of the union. Many delegates who were sent to the convention by their locals to protest a hike in dues went home with bad news and bad feelings. One of them was Donald C. "Rip" Rarick, thirty-seven, a furnace regulator at the Irvin steel works in McKeesport. Rarick told his fellow workers in Local 1227 that he thought the increase had been railroaded through by the international, and that the officers had denied his demand for a roll-call vote. He and his buddies met one night in the back room of Leonard's Café, a local McKeesport beer hall, and decided that the rank-and-file members were losing their rights to do something about it.

Along with the \$2 raise in dues, the convention had passed a \$10,000 salary increase for President McDonald, which put him alongside Dave Beck of the Teamsters as the highest-salaried union official in the country with \$50,000 a year. The workers who resented the dues increase resented McDonald's salary increase as well. It pushed him, at least financially, farther away from the men in the mill, and reinforced the image of all those pictures where he and Benjamin Fairless are standing together shaking hands in front



Angeles last September passed a resolution raising monthly dues of members from \$3 to \$5. Officers of the international had claimed that the growing union, which has added 350 locals since McDonald took presidential office in 1953 (for a present total of 2,750 locals and 1,200,000 men) needed the extra money to meet increasing costs of operation and the "ever-present danger of protracted strikes or lock-outs." Secretary-Treasurer I. W. Abel told the convention that although the Steelworkers was not a "poverty-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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of a rash of smokestacks, silently challenging the spectator to guess just which one is the labor leader and which one the magnate of industry. In a sense, McDonald has become the victim of his own publicity. By becoming indistinguishable from the company boss, he has brought on the suspicions of the workers and created the sentiment stirred by Rarick's slogan to "give the union back to the workers—away from the 'union aristocracy.'"

This latent sentiment was aroused in locals across the country when Rarick convened a meeting of fifty representatives of locals in the Pittsburgh-McKeesport area on October 19 to form the Dues Protest Committee. It was further enforced by the reaction of the international to the possibility of a slate of candidates running against the incumbents in a Steelworkers' national election. The protest movement was looked upon by the national officials in the way that the citizens of Appleton, Wisconsin, might view the formation of a Marxist cell in their city council. In a parody of the Old Days, when the enemy was clearly the company boss, a "union spy" was dispatched to infiltrate the protestant movement of the rank and file. The agent reported back to the international with photographs, notes and the following conclusion:

Leaders of the committee urged us to sell [its] program to what they called "the small worker." I am alarmed because I believe they are succeeding.

By late October the revolt was still growing, and had even been joined by Local 1272 of the Jones and Laughlin Southside Pittsburgh plant, where David J. McDonald holds his union membership. By late November McDonald gave up the outward pretense of ignoring the movement and announced he would "take off the gloves" and go forth into battle. The rebels were by then quite pure in their rank-and-file composition—for the international executives they had "drafted" to run against McDonald all refused, and protest chairman Rarick became the candidate for president.

Orders had gone out from U.S.W. headquarters to staff representatives

to keep Rarick off the ballot, and they in turn passed the word to local presidents, who, in many cases had a hard time doing the job. The hardest on record was that of John Donahoe, president of Local 1408 in McKeesport. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* reported that during the nominating meeting of Local 1408

... Donahoe said the meeting had already nominated David J. McDonald, president, and other incumbents for re-election. The rank and file, numbering more than 300, were at first unaware of the action, then stormed, realizing it must have been done while the microphone was turned off during the reading of the officers report. Members surged to the rostrum about Donahoe demanding the right to vote in a democratic way. Donahoe was knocked down twice and lost his glasses. Two chairs were tossed at him, and he was chased from the hall. Donahoe lost his shoe, and it was thrown at him. Shortly after that, in an undisclosed haven of safety, Donahoe phoned the *Post-Gazette* to say that his local had endorsed the McDonald ticket by "acclamation."

As the mid-December deadline neared for filing nominations, support had come in to Rarick from isolated locals from Saginaw, Michigan, to Homestead, Pa., including some of the union's biggest locals; the Monongahela Valley, where McDonald was supposed to have much of his backing, was aflame with the heresy.

SHORTLY after "taking off the gloves," McDonald had threatened on November 29 to expel the rebels from the union; on December 4 he spoke not of expulsion but merely said, "We can't lose—God bless America." Patriotism had in fact been appealed to earlier when McDonald called the protest leaders "Trotzkyites"; God was brought into the picture by the pro-McDonald president of a local in Ohio who wrote to a newspaper concerning the rebels: "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

But in spite of God, country and staff representatives, the heretics captured endorsement of ninety-one locals, fifty-one more than needed for a place on the ballot. What Ra-

rick claims was the next major move by McDonald added a new dimension of drama. Rarick reported that he was approached by Armand Carlomagno, an ex-convict, president of a taxi union local in Pittsburgh, who took him on December 31 to a secret meeting with Dave McDonald at Beal's Motel, outside of Pittsburgh, and there was offered a bribe of job and money if he would quit the race. McDonald answered this report with the charge that Rarick was a man of fantastic imagination and that the whole thing was "a plain, unmitigated lie." In the meantime, by election day, Carlomagno had not been found for comment.

IN JANUARY, McDonald set out on a series of U.S.W. "regional conferences" in six major cities whose total cost was estimated by the union at a million dollars. McDonald insisted that the conferences were not "political," though nothing like them had happened before in the history of the union, the national convention was not yet six months over and another national convention would be held before the union's current contract ran out. The theme of the conferences was: "Where Were We? Where Are We Now? Where Are We Going?" and the going looked better than ever before, with McDonald proposing an extended three-month vacation for steelworkers every five years to meet the challenge of automation.

The overall theme of McDonald's election publicity was "Twenty Years of Progress." But only three of those years have been with McDonald at the helm, and though he was secretary-treasurer behind Phil Murray the rest of the time, the attempt to incorporate the whole twenty years to his own credit was not only implausible, but did not go down well with many of the workers, among whom Murray is really The Man.

The weekend before the election, Rarick wound up his campaign with a series of speeches that took him to Ellwood City and Berwick, Pennsylvania, and then to Baltimore. As the campaign drew to a close, Rarick's charges against the U.S.W.

administration and his revelations of information from the meeting he claims to have had with McDonald grew increasingly greater. So did the anxiety of the international, despite the professions of calm.

Ellwood City is about forty miles north of Pittsburgh, and there are an estimated 4,000 steelworkers in the town and surrounding area. Rarick had been called there by the Dues Protest Committee of Local 2283, headed by John Wright, the local's president. As in nearly all of Rarick's appearances, the sponsoring Dues Protest Group paid for his trip. The meeting, in the Ellwood City V.F.W. hall, was open to any who wanted to come, and members from nearby locals in Sharon, Grove City and New Castle, swelled the audience—though many came to heckle rather than to listen.

A little before seven o'clock, when the meeting was scheduled to start, the first few men had gathered and Marty Kovach, a U.S.W. staff representative for the area, was standing at the door dispensing greetings and observing the allegiance of the entering audience—marked in some cases by the red-white-and-blue buttons inscribed with the hitherto superfluous message, "Re-elect McDonald, Abel, Hague," or blue-and-white "Rarick" buttons, or in non-buttoned instances, identified through the storehouse of political information which is part of the staff representative's necessary equipment. Marty Kovach, grinning and expansive, gestured with his yellow plastic cigar-holder and assured a visitor that the meeting would be "mostly McDonald men."

"They're coming down in buses," he said. "They're going to have some questions for Mr. Rarick."

BY THE time Mr. Rarick arrived, a half-hour late, the hall had a standing-room crowd of around 300 men, a good many of whom had their questions out before Rarick could get to the platform. "Why isn't this meeting in a union hall?" "You think you're good enough to wipe McDonald's shoes?" was heard from the floor as Rarick and a few friends came down the side aisle toward the stage. John Wright got

quickly to the mike and boomed above the noise that "We don't want any baloney here tonight—the cops have been alerted."

Rarick came to the mike without much further introduction. Standing six feet, four inches, and weighing 250 pounds, he did not look like a man to give way easily to "baloney," and he assured his audience of that above the din.

"John Wright was asked by a lot of people who were undecided on how to vote to have me come up here and give my side of things, and that's what I intend to do," Rarick said. "I've been in meetings like this before—I've been in meetings where McDonald stooges came in with blackjacks and guns—"

The crowd yelled and jeered disbelief, and Rarick said: "Right down at Steubenville they did. Maybe you goons can tell me why McDonald doesn't want any opposition—is he afraid somebody'll get a look at the books?"

THAT HAS become a rhetorical question for Rarick, and he attempted to bolster his answer that night by challenging McDonald to a lie-detector test on the question of whether McDonald offered him bribes to get out of the election.

"I was out at Beal's Motel for five hours with Dave McDonald," Rarick told the crowd. "I'm willing to take a lie-detector test with McDonald any time. If McDonald can say I'm a liar, let him prove it. I'll show who's lying."

The challenge momentarily stymied the hecklers, and left only the applause from Rarick's supporters. But the pro-McDonalds were soon back in voice, and Rarick had to wind up his words in the face of general confusion. He was called back for questions, though, and they came thick and fast. They demanded his credentials in running for office; what qualifications he had to run the massive union. One young crew-cut worker in the back of the hall voiced the question not only of outright McDonald supporters but also of men who claimed sympathy with Rarick's cause but doubted his experience and ability for the top job: "We got a booklet not long ago

from the International called 'Where Were We Then? Where Are We Now?' What I want to know is, Rarick, if you get elected president, where the hell are we going?"

Marty Kovach, bending back from his seat in the front row, told some McDonald supporters behind him to ask Rarick why he believed in the Open Shop, and one stood up and said "Why do you believe in the Open Shop, Mr. Rarick?"

"I never said I was in favor of Open Shop," he answered. "I said I was for a Union Shop—but I also said with proper representation and administration, people would knock down our doors to get in the union."

Four or five voices in the back began to sing "McDonald is our leader, he shall not be moved," and though the song didn't pick up, the confusion did, and Rarick finally stepped back in finale. Afterwards a crowd came up to question him, some to apologize for the way the meeting went, some to hand him contribution money: "Here's \$25 from our local up in Sharon—you've got some good support there."

One man asked Rarick what he really had in the way of proof for a Senate investigation. Rarick replied with how corrupt the U.S.W. had become, in general, and how *Steel Labor*, the U.S.W. newspaper, wouldn't allow him equal space to answer charges from Abel. In the pre-convention issue of the paper, there were two pictures and innumerable facts about David J. McDonald, and no mention of Rarick's name.

"Yeah, Mr. Rarick," the questioner said, "that's too bad, but for Christ sake it's nothing for an investigating committee."

NOR WAS anything else that Rarick offered as specific proof. His charges have mainly been against the internal undemocratic procedures of the union, the union expenditures for McDonald's own campaign (Rarick claimed that the whole thing, including regional conferences, full-page ads in newspapers throughout the country and recorded radio broadcasts which were on nineteen times the day before election in the Pittsburgh area alone, came close to

totalling \$5,000,000) and the suspicion that "if we ever got ahold of the books" all sorts of corruption would be uncovered. This vague but real distrust of the mighty McDonald, who looks with his pipe and distinguished grey hair so far removed from the smoke of the mills, was perhaps the heart of the sentiment Rarick touched upon in the rank and file. (The dues, after all, were raised three times without rebellion in the presidential tenure of Phil Murray.) The steel-like attempt at repression of the rebels made it seem all the more to the workers as if there were something dark and terrible hidden in the bowels of the international.

One thing definitely hidden was the right of a rank-and-file worker

to run against Dave McDonald for president without expulsion and accusations of treachery. Rarick pledged that win or lose, the protest movement would still continue; whatever its eventual fate may be, one thing is certain—the United Steelworkers of America, AFL-CIO, will never be the same as it was before the protest. Ferdinand Douthat, a member of U.S.W. local 1864 of Berwick, wrote to the *Berwick Enterprise* telling that his local had voted money to support Rarick but the local officers wouldn't release it; that members wrote personal checks to contribute to the protest campaign and that "These same members are fed up with being told that they must do this or that or else. When someone says you cannot run

for office in a supposedly democratic union it is time to do something about it."

The union's constitution has been discovered, and the professional union president is liable to be held to account in the future just as rigorously as the company boss. McDonald and Fairless have more problems in common, after all, than McDonald and Rarick or McDonald and Douthat. There are times in the life of each of those smiling men in front of the smokestacks when he is jolted back to the realization that all sorts of sweaty individuals are back there behind the scenery making the smoke. Fairless had his turn last year when the new union contracts were signed; perhaps the time has come for McDonald.

LOVE . . . a short story by Tibor Dery

Translated (from the French) by MINA CURTISS

Tibor Déry, novelist and short-story writer, was among the group of Hungarian intellectuals who played a decisive role in preparing the ground for the Hungarian revolt. Like many others in the group, he had himself been a Communist for many years; indeed, in the immediate postwar period, he had risen in party influence to the point where he had become a kind of "official institution." It was a role he neither welcomed nor deserved, for his more important work had always reflected a strong individualism. Coincident with the rise of Zhdanov as the arbiter of all art and literature in the Communist world, Déry's writings displayed an increasing nonconformism; and even his older works began to come under attack of the Zhdanovists. The Twentieth Congress threw him into open opposition to the Stalinist regime in Budapest, and shortly thereafter he was expelled from the party.

The Nation rarely prints fiction; in this instance, the excellence of the story, its subject matter and the special circumstances surrounding the author seemed to the editors to justify the exception. Love was penned after Déry's split with the party; it has appeared in *Les Lettres Nouvelles*, translated into French by L. Cara from the original Hungarian.

The door of the cell opened and the jailer tossed in a bundle. "Here," he said.

It was a bag with a number on it. It fell on the floor just at the prisoner's feet. B. got up, drew a deep breath and looked at his guard.

"It's your civilian clothes," the latter added. "Put them on. . . . Someone's coming to shave you."

The bag contained the clothes and shoes that B. was wearing seven years ago. The clothes were so crushed that there wasn't an inch of cloth unwrinkled. The shoes were

mildewed. B. unfolded his shirt; it was mildewed, too. He had just finished dressing when the barber, another prisoner, came to shave him.

An hour later he was led to the prison office. There were about ten prisoners in the corridor ready to leave. B. didn't have to wait in line; as soon as he came to the door they let him in. A sergeant was sitting at the desk in the office; another one was standing beside him. A captain strode slowly back and forth.

"Come here," said the sergeant

who was sitting down. "Your name? Your mother's name? . . . Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said B.

"What do you mean," asked the sergeant, "you don't know where you're going?"

The sergeant threw him a glum look. "You're not being taken anywhere," he snarled. "You can go and lunch with your wife. Tonight you can go to bed with her. You understand?"

The prisoner didn't answer.

"So where are you going?" the



sergeant repeated.

"17 Szilfa Utca."

"What district is that?"

"The second," B. said. "Why am I being set free?"

"What a question," the sergeant grumbled. "You're being set free. That's all there is to it. . . . Just be glad to get rid of us."

From the next room they brought B.'s valuables: a nickel wrist-watch, a fountain-pen and a worn greenish-grey wallet that B. had inherited from his father. The wallet was empty.

"Sign this," said the sergeant.

It was a receipt for the fountain-pen, the wallet and the wrist-watch.

"And this, too."

It was another receipt for 146 forints, a prisoner's wages. The sergeant counted out the money.

"Put it away," he said.

B. took out the wallet he had just put in his pocket and stuffed the money, bills and change into it. The wallet smelled of mildew, too. Last of all they gave him his certificate of dismissal from prison. The dotted line after "Cause for Arrest" was left blank.

B. lingered in the corridor for another fifteen minutes. Then, in the company of three other prisoners, he was led back to the main entrance of the prison. He had not yet stepped across the threshold when a sergeant came running and stopped them. He pointed out one of them and led him back into the prison building, flanked by two guards armed with tommy-guns. The man's freshly shaved face turned yellow, as though he had suddenly had a bilious attack. His eyes were glassy.

The three others proceeded as far as the door.

"There's where the streetcar stops," said the guard. "You can go there."

He had examined B.'s dismissal papers and had just returned them to him.

B. stayed standing there for a second to get his bearings.

"What are you waiting for?" the guard asked.

B. continued to stand still, looking at the ground.

"Get out of here," said the guard. "What are you waiting for?"

"I am going," B. replied. "Can I really go?"

The guard didn't answer. B. put his dismissal certificate in his pocket and crossed the threshold. After he had taken a few steps he was tempted to look back, but he controlled himself and went ahead. He pricked up his ears: no one was following him. Automatically he put his hand in his trouser pocket, but he found no handkerchief to wipe away the beads of sweat that formed on his brow. He got into a streetcar that had just come to a grinding stop. Meanwhile a prison guard got out of the trailer at the end of the car. As he came through the main section which B. had entered, the guard stared at him provocatively through little pig's eyes, sunk in his pock-marked face. The former prisoner did not speak to the guard. The streetcar started.

AT THAT very instant, just during that fraction of a second when he didn't speak to the guard, and when the streetcar started, the world was filled with sound. B. felt as though he were at the cinema when, because of a technical failure, the film runs for a minute without the soundtrack. Then, all of a sudden, in the middle of a word, the sound returns to the gaping mouths of the actors. The muted theatre, where the audience itself seems to have lost its third dimension, is suddenly filled to the rafters with sound, with music, with dialogue. Colors, too, started to burst around B. The streetcar coming from the opposite direction was yellower than any he had ever seen. It passed an aggressively grey one-storied house with such throbbing of the motor that B. thought they would never be able to bring it to a stop. On the other side of the street two horses, red as peonies, ran, drawing an empty wagon. The bed of the wagon rumbled so loud that the fleecy clouds, swimming in the sky, trembled. Behind it flowed a little bottle-green garden with two flamboyant glass balls and a big kitchen door open. On the sidewalks, thousands of human beings were walking, all dressed in different kinds of civilian clothes. There were some curiously small ones, some of

them barely reached to the knees of the other pedestrians and some of them were carried in their arms. And the women?

B. felt his eyes clouding with tears as he stepped inside the streetcar. The woman conductor had a soft, heady voice. B. bought a ticket and sat down at the end of the car on an isolated seat. He retired within himself. He was afraid that if he continued to look at things he would lose control. At that very moment, opposite him, through the window, on the sidewalk in front of a brewery, he caught sight of a man caressing the face of a young woman. B. again put his hand in his pocket, still without discovering a handkerchief to wipe his brow. A working-man had just sat down opposite him with half a dozen bottles of beer in his half-open bag.

"Haven't you got too much there?" the conductor asked, laughing.

"I have a family, comrade," said the working-man. "My wife likes to watch her husband drink."

The conductor laughed again.

"Just drink?"

"Certainly."

"Dark beer?"

"Yes, dark beer."

"But the blonde is nicer."

"The dark is what my wife likes to watch me drink."

The conductor laughed some more.

"You could at least give me a present of a bottle."

"Of the dark?"

"If that's all you have."

"What would you do with it?"

The conductor laughed louder.

"Take it to my husband."

"He doesn't need the dark since he prefers blondes," said the working-man.

Again laughter from the conductor. The car stopped. B. got out and took a taxi. The driver lowered the flag.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked after a moment or two while the passenger remained silent.

"To Buda," said B.

The driver turned around and examined the passenger.

"By what bridge?"

B. looked straight ahead of him.

"By what bridge?" the driver

repeated. "You don't know Budapest very well?"

"By the Marguerite bridge," B. replied.

The taxi started. B. sat up straight without leaning back against the seat. Through the open window penetrated the smell of gasoline and the dust of the sunny street, the sound of the streetcar gongs. The sun flooded the sidewalk on both sides of the street; on the pavement shadows fell crosswise against the shoes of the passers-by and seemed to multiply the traffic by two. Under the striped orange umbrella of a café a young woman was smoking, haloed in a scarlet light. Farther on, at the corner of the street, a young chestnut tree, already covered with green foliage, cast a shadow, hardly bigger than a hand, that fluttered from right to left in uncertain gleams.

"If you see a tobacco-shop. . . ." said B. to the driver.

Three buildings farther along the taxi stopped. B. looked out the door; he found himself before a shop, and in front of it rose a mountain of red radishes, another mountain of salad greens, and finally another of red apples. Next door, the narrow entrance to a tobacco-shop.

"Don't bother," said the driver. "I'll get them for you. What brand?"

B. looked at the red radishes; his hand trembled.

"Kossuth?"

"Yes," said B., "and a box of matches, too."

The driver got out.

"Don't bother," he said. "I'll add it to the fare. One pack?"

"Please," said B.

"You'll smoke one right away, won't you?" asked the driver when he came back. "My brother-in-law did two years, too. The first thing he did, too, was to go into a tobacco-shop. He smoked two *Kossuths* in succession and only after that did he go to join his family."

"You can see it on me?" B. asked after a moment.

"Yes, a little. My brother-in-law had the same sickly complexion. Of course you might be coming out of a hospital, but in a hospital they don't wrinkle the clothes so much. How long did you do?"

"Seven years," said B.

The driver let out a whistle.

"Political?"

"Yes. A year and a half in the death cell."

"And now they've let you go?"

"So it seems. Does it show very much on me?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders, then lowered them.

"Seven years," he repeated. "It's not surprising."

B. got out of the taxi at the cog-wheel railway station; he wanted to go the rest of the way on foot; he wanted to get used to moving freely before he found his wife.

The driver refused a tip. "You'll need money, comrade," he said. "Save everything you have to build yourself up: meat every day, a half-litre of wine and you will soon be like new."

"*Au revoir*," B. said.

A LITTLE farther along, on the opposite sidewalk, in the window of a novelty shop, there was a narrow mirror. He crossed to stand in front of it, stayed there for several minutes, then went on his way again. As the Avenue de Pasarée was jammed with people B. took a little road that led up the hill, along a tennis court. He then went into the Avenue Otto Herrmann. There was too much open space there, with the empty lots and the mountains in the background. B. was seized with a spell of dizziness and sat down on the grass. He said to himself that in any case his wife wasn't expecting him and he had time to spend half an hour sitting on the grass. Right across from him, behind a fence, there was an apple tree in bloom. B. looked at it for a minute, then got up and went close to the fence. The wax-colored flowers formed such a thick mass on the branches that one could hardly see the deep wavering blue of the sky that silhouetted them. Looking at the flowers one by one he could see the calix, at the narrow base of the petals, a sort of pink shadow as light as a breath of air, that lent to each corolla nuptial sweetness. Bees droned in the flowers, tracing golden threads that trembled on the white tissue of the petals; there were so many bees that the whole tree

seemed to sway like a sail in the wind. B., standing there, heard the tree speaking. Between two branches he discovered a large piece of sky where a frothy floating cloud gave him the sense of seeing another apple tree flowering in the inaccessible distance. He looked at both of them with such intensity—the one accessible and the other, beyond, inaccessible—that he became dizzy.

HE HAD forgotten to wind his wrist-watch and didn't know how much time had gone by since he left the taxi. He turned back and made his way towards his house. After a few steps he took refuge behind a bush and started to vomit. That relieved him. Finally, after half an hour of walking across little streets flooded with light, in the midst of the blossoming apple trees that studded the hill, he stopped in front of his house. His lodgings were on the second floor. In the garden, on either side of the entrance, there was a white lilac. B. climbed the steps.

When he rang the bell nobody answered. No sign on the door. B. went down to the basement where the janitress lived and rapped on the door.

"Good-day," he said to the woman who opened the door. She, too, seemed thinner, and she had aged.

"Who do you want to see?"

"I am B. Does my wife still live here?"

"Good heavens!" cried the janitress.

B. kept his eyes riveted to the ground.

"Good heavens!" repeated the janitress. "So here you are back, like this?"

"Yes, I am back," said B. "Does my wife still live here?"

The janitress undid the latch and leaned against the frame of the door. "So you are back," she said again. "Good heavens! Certainly she still lives here. She wasn't forewarned of your return? Merciful heavens! Certainly she lives here."

"And my son, too?" asked B.

The janitress understood. "He is well," she said. "He is all right, nothing has happened to him. He's a fine, strapping lad now. Good

heavens!"

B. was silent.

"Come into our house," said the woman in a trembling voice. "Come on in. I knew that you were innocent. I knew you would come back one day."

"Nobody opened the door," said B., "and I rang three times."

"Come on into our house," repeated the janitress. "There can't be anyone at home at your place. The co-tenants are out, too."

B. continued silent, his eyes still riveted to the ground.

"Your wife works and little Gyuri is still at school," the janitress continued. "Don't you want to come in? They will both be back in the afternoon."

"There are co-tenants in the apartment?" B. asked.

"They're very decent people," said the janitress. "Your wife gets on very well with them. My Lord, here you are back again!"

B. didn't reply.

"I have a key," the janitress said after a moment. "Do you want to go up and rest while you wait for your wife?"

Two keys hung from a nail on the wall. The janitress took one, then closed the door behind her.

"Come up and rest," she said.

"You're coming with me?" B.



asked without looking up.

"Certainly," said the janitress. "I'll show you the room where your wife lives."

"The room?"

"Well, you see, there are four co-tenants. They have been assigned the two main rooms. Your wife has taken up quarters with little Gyuri in the maid's room, but the kitchen and the bathroom are shared."

B. didn't answer.

"Do you want to go up," asked the janitress, "or would you rather

wait for your wife with us? You could lie down on the sofa and rest a little."

"The kitchen and the bathroom are shared?" B. asked.

"Yes, certainly."

B. raised his head and looked the woman in the eye. "So I have the right to take a bath?"

"Naturally," said the janitress, smiling, and she took B.'s elbow gently as though she wanted to support him. "Certainly you have the right to take a bath. The apartment belongs to you just as much as to the others and, I repeat, the kitchen and the bathroom are shared. I would be glad to heat a bath for you; we still have a little wood left over from last winter, but I think the co-tenants keep the bathroom locked during the day."

Silent, B. was again lost in contemplation of the ground.

"Shall we go up or will you come in to our place?" the janitress asked again. "I have something to do in the kitchen, I shan't disturb you; you will lie down on the sofa and perhaps you can sleep."

"Thank you," B. replied. "I prefer to go up."

THE WINDOW of the maid's small room gave on the north as maids' rooms in Budapest generally do. Opposite an oak tree spread out its foliage; to the left Mount Gugger was visible, all black with firs. The room took on a deep green color because of the closeness of the trees. Once B. found himself alone and had started breathing again, he recognized his wife's perfume. He sat down in front of the window and breathed deeply. He looked at the oak leaves, steeping himself wholly in the odor suddenly become familiar again. He drew long breaths. In this minuscule room the furniture consisted of a worn cupboard painted white, an iron bed, a table and a chair. To reach the bed, the chair had to be moved. B. did not stretch out on the bed; he stayed sitting up so as to breathe. The table was littered with all kind of objects piled one on the other—books, clothes, toys. There was also a little hand mirror. B. looked at himself in it; his reflection had not changed since

he stopped before the mirror in the shop-window near the cogwheel railway station. He put it back on the table, mirror-side down. He didn't look through his wife's things that were spread out there. In the ashtray was a ball with red dots. Above the table, too, floated his wife's perfume.

When B. had gone back to his place in front of the window the janitress came into the room carrying a big bowl of *café au lait* and two thick slices of *brioche*. B. ate and found himself alone again. A few minutes later the wife of the tenant on the first floor rang the bell; she, too, brought a bowl of coffee, some bread and butter, some sausage and an apple exactly like those B. had seen in the window of the green-grocer's shop. Her eyes filled with tears, she put the tray on the table and left almost at once. As soon as he was alone, B. swallowed all of it. He still hadn't wound his watch and didn't know how long he had sat there. The window gave on the garden behind the house where no one passed by. Between the pale green leaves, set in white, a little breeze blew from time to time, making the light quiver on the white-washed walls of the room.

When B. was so impregnated with his wife's perfume that he could no longer smell it he went down to the street and stationed himself in front of the garden gate. A little later he caught sight of his wife, who appeared at the corner of the street surrounded by four or five children. She approached the gate, slowed down, even stopped for a second. Then she began to run quickly. B. also started to run without realizing it. When they came very close to each other the young woman stopped short as if she weren't quite sure of what she saw; then she sprang forward. B. recognized the grey cardigan with black stripes he had bought at a store in town shortly before his arrest. His wife was a strange, unique mixture of flesh and air, like nothing else he had ever seen in his life. It surpassed all the memories he had stored up during seven years of prison.

When they freed themselves from each other's arms B. leaned against the fence. A few steps behind his wife stood four or five little boys, looking curious and astonished.

"Which is mine?" he asked.

At that moment his wife started to cry. "Let's go up," she said, sobbing. B. put his arm around her shoulders.

"Don't cry."

"Let's go up," said his wife, still in tears.

"Don't cry," said B. "Which is mine?"

THE WOMAN pushed open the garden gate, started to run towards the house, between the two white lilacs, and was lost to sight under the porch. She was just as slender as the day they had parted and she ran with the same long, supple strides as she did one day when, as a young girl, she had escaped from a cow, egged on by fear. When B. joined her on the landing of the first floor she was already calm, only her young girl's breasts rose under the grey cardigan with the black stripes. She was no longer crying, but even when she had wiped away her tears her eyes stayed moist.

"My darling!" she whispered, "my darling!"

Her whisper was so touching that he wanted to savor each syllable for a long time.

"Let's go in," said B.

"There are other tenants in the apartment."

"I know," said B. "Let's go in."

"You've already been upstairs?"

"Yes," said B. "Which is my son?"

Inside the room the woman kneeled before him, rested her head against his knees and started to cry. Some white hairs gave a strange lustre to her deep blonde head.

"My darling," she repeated. "I waited for you. My darling."

B. stroked her hair.

"Was it hard?"

"My darling," his wife murmured. B. continued to stroke her hair.

"Have I aged a lot?"

She hugged his knees and pressed against them.

"To me you are just as you were when we left each other."

"I've aged a lot," B. repeated.

"I'll love you all my life," she whispered again.

"You love me?" B. asked.

The young woman's back shook; she sobbed. B. took his hands from her head. "Could you get used to me? Would you be able to get used to me again?" he questioned.

"I never loved anyone but you," said the young woman. "I love you."

"You waited for me?"

"I lived with you," she said. "Not one day went by that I didn't think of you. I knew you would come back. If you hadn't come back I would have died alone. Your son—he was you again."

"You love me?" B. repeated.

"I have never loved anyone but you. You couldn't have changed so much that I would no longer love you."

"I've changed," said B., "and I've aged."

The young woman started crying again and pressed closer against her husband's legs. B. again stroked her hair.

"Can we still have another child?" she asked.

"Perhaps," said B. "If you love me. Get up." The young woman rose.

"Do you want me to call him?"

"Not yet," said B. "I would like to stay alone with you for a moment. He is still a stranger to me. Did he stay down in the garden?"

"I'll hurry down," said the woman, "I'll tell him to wait."

When she returned, B. was in front of the window, his back turned. His back seemed to have become narrower and more bowed. He didn't turn around. The young woman hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"I told him to pick some flowers for his father," she said in a voice hoarse with emotion. "In the empty lot next door there are lilacs in bloom; he will pick a big bunch."

"You love me?" asked B.

She ran to him, put her arms around his shoulders and pressed against him with her whole body. "My darling," she whispered.

"Could you get used to me?"

"I never loved anyone but you. I was with you day and night; every day I talked to your son about you."

B. turned around, clasped his wife in his arms and examined her face

closely. In the light of dusk that came through the window he observed with relief that she, too, had aged, although she was even more beautiful than the image he had evoked every day for seven years. Her eyes were closed, her mouth half-open, and the breath that escaped between her white teeth skimmed B.'s mouth. Her skin, in the shadow of her eyelashes, was damp and shone with a sombre light; she was the very picture of abandon. B. kissed her eyes, then pushed her gently away.

"Love our son, too," she murmured, her eyes still closed.

"Yes," said B. "I'll get used to him."

"I'll love him."

"He's your son."

"And yours."

She put her arms around his neck. "I'll clean you up."

"I need it."

B. undressed. His wife opened the bed and made him lie on it quite naked. She brought some hot water in a white enamel bowl, a piece of soap, two towels. She dipped one towel in the water, folded it and rubbed it on the soap. Then she washed her husband's body. She changed the water in the bowl twice. B.'s hand was still trembling, but his face had relaxed.

"Could you get used to me?" he asked.

"My darling," said the woman.

"You will sleep with me tonight?"

"Yes."

"And the child, where will he sleep?"

"I will fix a bed on the floor for him. He sleeps very soundly."

"You will stay with me all night?"

"Yes. Every night as long as we live."



MP

San Francisco's Mature Bohemians

Kenneth Rexroth

IT IS gradually getting around that a special kind of regional renaissance has been under way in San Francisco ever since the war. Back in 1947 there was a brief flurry of interest at its birthing. Journalists for the class magazines discovered that the city was the capital of what they called "the new anarchist bohemianism." In the past ten years the anarchists have become more anarchistic, the bohemians more bohemian, the city has come to play an even more capital role. People are always asking me, "Isn't this the sort of thing that exists in other cities? Every place has its coteries of poets, little magazines, little hand presses, little bohemian bars and jazz joints." Yes and no. It is true that all over the world a new kind of youth is growing up, with a new social outlook and new patterns of behavior. In France they used to call them existentialists; in Moscow they call them hooligans. In London they have yet to penetrate Bloomsbury and Chelsea, but hang out by the Elephant and are called Edwardians—"Teddy Boys." In Tokyo they make movies. In Budapest they have made history.

But something different is going on in San Francisco. What Lipton has called our underground culture isn't underground here. It is dominant—in fact almost all there is. This can be understood only if other than purely literary factors are taken into account.

First the setting. The mild climate makes living a lot easier than in New York or Chicago. Ocean, forests, mountains are all at hand. Although San Francisco is as super-saturated as New York, it is easy

to escape into any desired degree of wilderness. Even the air is kept clean by the sea breeze.

The social base of the city is made up of migratory agricultural workers, seamen, longshoremen, other categories with a high degree of mobility—independent and skeptical. Life is far less competitive than in most American cities. It is easy to get by. Even the poorest have a little of the debonair spirit, and maritime workers, harvest stiffs and lumberjacks are notoriously the bohemians of the working class. This has a special relevance. Most San Francisco poets are literally members of this working class, *not one is a professor*. Wages are high and it is easy to "beat the system." From British Columbia to San Diego the West Coast is sprinkled with canny flies who have learned to ride the fly wheel. Forest watchers, clam diggers, fruit pickers, fishermen in the summer, they make a pile and take it easy. It doesn't take the writer long to catch on. One trip to the Arctic Ocean and Allen Ginsberg had enough money to go to Mexico and Europe. It is self-evident that this will produce a literature considerably different from what is done on a job parsing the seven types of ambiguity to seminars of born idlers.

It also makes a political difference. All during the depression period of Communist influence in literature, many young San Francisco writers were, not "proletarian writers," but actual proletarians. They didn't argue in coffee shops about "contact with the masses," they didn't visit picket lines to write feature stories—they were on them because they worked at the job being struck. For this reason, when the great disillusionment came with the Moscow Trials and the Spanish Revolution, they simply walked away. Very few became professional

anti-Stalinists of the Astor Place variety. Important to intellectuals with no grip on their environment of actual physical work, the factionalism of decaying Bolshevism seemed like more of the same thing to the man on the job.

San Francisco has a larger Mediterranean population than most American cities. The whole feeling of the city is Mediterranean. Tradition is not something you learn in a course in "The English Tradition, 237A"; it is in the substance of a society like sap in the tree. The traditions of Britain and New England simply aren't here. Until the war the city supported both Italian and French stock companies, as well as three Chinese theatres. You couldn't see Shakespeare or Noel Coward except at rare intervals—but Racine or Mimi Agulia (whom Van Vechten once called America's greatest actress) were readily available. The attitude toward life is definitely *laissez faire*, if not *dolce far niente*. The best hotels have side entrances for your discreet female guests. The town is no longer wide open—the Army closed it up—but it is far from tight shut. It is not just that you can indulge in the minor vices undisturbed. Far more important to the writer is the consistently permissive social atmosphere. Nobody cares if you visit a brothel, and nobody cares if you write free verse.

A SOCIETY like this acts to a certain extent as its own selector. Henry Miller and Kenneth Patchen migrated out here, but I doubt that any of the Neoantireconstructionists of the Southron Metaphysical group would care to be found dead in the place. There have not been any racial conflicts in the city for fifty years. Political chauvinism gets scant shrift. Congressional witch hunters don't just meet with "un-cooperative witnesses." A few more decibels of un-cooperation and it would be accurate to say that they are run out of town.

The literary market place is far

KENNETH REXROTH has recently published 100 Chinese Poems and a collection of his own verse, *In Defense of the Earth*.

February 23, 1957

away in New York. Its cocktail parties and scalping expeditions and log rolling bees might as well be on the moon. Writers and artists here gain nothing by pushing each other around, and so, within the limits of personalities, they are all friends. Its very remoteness helps make the city cosmopolitan. London and Paris are as important and almost as accessible as New York. Oriental interests come naturally, with none of the unwholesomeness of the occult. Several young San Francisco writers read Chinese and Japanese, more are interested in Buddhism. In many cases they got that way "shipping out" to the Orient.

SO MUCH for background. There is also a special recent historical factor. Just as the city has filled up with ordinary people who came through on their way to and from war in the Pacific, liked what they saw and stayed, so the ranks of the intellectuals have filled up with conscientious objectors who were quartered in camps in nearby forests and mountains during the war. In the city disillusion with Stalinism had led to rejection of the State and all political action, rather than to conversion to some other Social Democratic sect. The anarcho-syndicalist heritage of the IWW, once so powerful on the West Coast, was reasserting itself. In the mountains, meanwhile, innocent Christians and followers of A. J. Muste were becoming disillusioned with their leaders and with the fraudulent trap which the CO camps turned out to be. Many—in fact most of my own friends—walked out and went voluntarily to prison. They were mostly quite young—with their mark still to make, in literature or anything else. But only in San Francisco did any writers who had already arrived in the radical *avant garde* become war resisters or conscientious objectors. When the war was over these two groups merged, to form a new intellectual climate.

For several years the city had a functioning anarchist group—the largest such group in the world—of young people of American ancestry. Two New Yorkers, representatives of the official "movement,"

arrived to take over, and in a matter of weeks the group withered away—a lot faster than Lenin's state. Today, if absolutely cornered, most young San Francisco writers would admit they were anarchists, but the general attitude seems to be that there isn't anything very anarchistic about calling yourself an anarchist and belonging to a "movement."

Anarchism, conscientious objection, war resistance, were more popular with young English writers than with the Americans, and there was considerable contact during and just after the war between San Francisco and London. Writers like Alex Comfort, D. S. Savage, George Woodcock, Herbert Read were widely read. The first magazines to publish the new San Francisco school were *Horizon*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Poetry Folios*. This has all died out, not because the Californians have changed, but because the British have. A kind of hopeless inertia—atomophobia—has settled upon the British *avant garde*.

In France are several groups with similar ideas. The *Tour de Feu* is one. But ideas are not enough. The level of artistic accomplishment is so low among postwar French writers that contact is not very fruitful. Several of us have contact of one sort or another with the better ones—Rousselot, Char, Frenaud, Seghers,

Cadou, Prevert, Queneau—but they could not be called very close ideologically. Artaud and Michaux would be more at home here, but one is dead and the other never writes to anybody. By and large we let Henry Miller represent West Coast culture to the French.

That brings up the question of personal influence. Miller, Kenneth Patchen and I are all living here. It would be hard to think of three people who write less alike. We may not even think alike, but however we have thought we have come to a number of common conclusions about life, society, art and politics. The popular picture of Henry Miller staring at his navel on a mountain top around the base of which slops a sea of long-haired men and dirty girls in orgone boxes is an invention of the professor-poets and the gutter press—but he has certainly had his influence.

Roger Caillois once wrote a book of literary controversy, *Babel*, without a proper name in it. I have not said anything about specific writers so far because I have wanted to give a clear picture of a social or cultural movement first. What these people have in common is what distinguishes them sharply from their contemporaries elsewhere. Edmund Wilson realized this when he wrote of an older generation of realistic California novelists—Steinbeck, Sa-

Rooks

In woods where many rivers run
among the unbent hills
and fields of our childhood
where ricks and rainbows mix in memory
although our 'fields' were streets
I see again those myriad mornings rise
when every living thing
cast its shadow in eternity
and all day long the light
like early morning
with its sharp shadows shadowing
a paradise
that I had hardly dreamed of
nor hardly knew to think
of this unshaved today
with its derisive rooks
that rise above dry trees
and caw and cry
and question every other
spring and thing

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

royan, Hans Otto Storm and the rest. His *The Boys in the Back Room* still has a certain relevance to the current scene, although most of his writers are dead or moved away.

There are only two writers of fiction who could be called part of the contemporary San Francisco group—Henry Miller, who stays to home in Big Sur, and Jack Kerouac, who lives here only occasionally. Kerouac is a lot like Miller, a lot like Celine of *Guignol's Band*, a little like Lawrence Durrell's *Black Book*, a little like Samuel Beckett, a little like Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side*—only a good deal more so. This is the literature of disengagement, but it is a wildly passionate disengagement. Kerouac calls himself a Buddhist, but he is certainly the most excited Buddhist I have ever heard of. Sometimes he lapses into pages of terrifying gibberish that sounds like a tape recording of a gang bang with everybody full of pod, juice and bennies all at once, Miles Davis or Perez Prade on the phonograph and crazy people beating on the floor. At its best his prose is what they call a smashing indictment. Kerouac may be a member of the "beat," but he is far from being a member of the "cool" generation. He is too frantic at times for even my middle-aged taste. Behind all the jive he is really an outraged Puritan, an angry Hebrew prophet, Elisha sickening on the bears.

MOST young San Francisco writers are poets. The bulk of this piece has been taken up in describing a community in which it is possible for poetry to have social effectiveness and widespread prestige. It may be difficult to believe, but I hope I have made it at least not incomprehensible. Poetry readings to large and enthusiastic audiences are at least weekly occurrences—in small galleries, city museums, community centers, church social halls, pads and joints, apartments and studios, and at the very active Poetry Center at San Francisco State College, which also imports leading poets. The role of poetry out here has been compared to that of jazz in Chicago of the twenties, or to the heroic age of

bop in New York. That is true, though jazz itself is a big factor in the literary life of San Francisco—another long story. Poetry out here, more than anywhere else, has a direct, patent, measurable, social effect, immediately grasped by both poet and audience. This is far more important to us than publication in book or magazine on the other side of the continent. Many local writers never think of such publication. Instead, reputations are built through readings, local magazine publication, eventually a book on a small hand press, often run by the poet himself. Such books sell at least as well as poetry issued by commercial publishers. I have published three books locally, one at fifteen dollars, one at seventy-five cents. I have made as much money out of them as I have from any one of ten others published in New York. In addition, I am in living contact with my audience.

It is impossible to do more than list most of the people out here writing good verse of one sort or another. I shall describe briefly a half dozen poets whom most of us would consider the best—leaving aside national reputations like Kenneth Patchen, who should be known to everybody.

When William Everson's *The Residual Years* was published by New Directions, he accused me of presenting him as "Honest Bill The Pome Splitter." Such a characterization would be unjust; still there's something to it. His work has a ruggedly honest unliterary quality that is engaging. It has the ultimate, agonized sincerity that makes for a great, truly personal style. When the book came out both James Laughlin and I hoped that we were launching a new leader for a badly-needed poetic revolution. The book got good, if somewhat puzzled, reviews and eventually sold out. But the revolution took place west of the Sierra Nevada. Most of those poems were written while Everson was an inmate of a CO camp in the Oregon woods. Since then he has become a Dominican friar and now writes, mostly for the *Catholic Worker*, under the name of Brother Antoninus. He has printed, on his own

press, two superlatively beautiful books, *A Privacy Of Speech* and *Triptych For The Living*. I make bold to say that he is, as a printer, the equal of Victor Hammer or Eric Gill, and he is one of the best religious poets of the century.

Robert Duncan has published quite a number of books, among them, *Heavenly City*, *Earthly City*, *Fragments of a Disordered Devotion*, *Caesar's Gate*. He is more typically a member of the international *avant garde* than most San Francisco writers and has been influenced by the development of that idiom, from Gertrude Stein to Henri Michaux. His work has been accused of rhetorical excess. I should say that it was rhetoric in the service of illumination, comparable to the work of the English poets, George Barker and David Gascoyne. Like them, he is concerned largely with the mystery and tragedy of love—a kind of Denis de Rougemont stood on his head.

Allen Ginsberg has slain, with one little book in the Pocket Poets Series, *Howl*, any number of stuffed Goliaths. San Francisco seems to have liberated Ginsberg. When he came here he was a rather conventional poet, torn between Morningside Heights and Times Square or MacDougal Alley. He met people who thought Henry James was pretentious snobbery, who dug Lennie Tristano's odd chords, but were so cool they not only didn't smoke marihuana, but were fathers of families. He cut loose with a spate of verse of unbelievable impact. It may be, from one point of view, "social," but it makes the past generation of proletarian poets look like ignorant bumbler. Technically it represents the first attempt since the early Carl Sandburg to handle the natural rhythms of American speech in a long strophic line. Ginsberg runs the danger of turning into a popular entertainer—he affects an audience much as Louis Armstrong affects French bobby soxers. Perhaps that's all right. It hasn't hurt Louis—much.

Philip Lamantia has published one book, *Erotic Poems* (the Divine Eros, presumably), but he has written a considerable amount of poetry

which, overly-strict in his standards, he has withheld from publication. A Catholic, he too was a CO during the war. A few years ago he was associated with the surrealists—he was an editor of *View*—but he seems to have outgrown them. His work has a fiery clarity and integrity that goes beyond most surrealist verse. Lawrence Ferlinghetti publishes the Pocket Poets Series, including his own *Pictures Of The Gone World*, biting ironic verse which somewhat resembles the work of Raymond Queneau. Michael McClure has recently published a small collection of poems, *Passage*.

As they say, the others are too numerous to do more than mention. James Broughton, Holly Beye, James Harmon, Madeleine Gleason, Paul Dreykus, Victor de Suvero, Leslie Hedley, Rosalie Moore, Richard Emerson, Sanders Russell have all published books, and there are others

as interesting who have not: Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen, Thomas Parkinson, Richard Moore, Eleanor Hesthal, Alice Paula, Jeanne McGahey, Murrey Hargrove, William Margolis, Jack Spicer, Christopher Maclaine, Eve Triem, George Leite—all of them better than most writers to be found in an average issue of the literary quarterlies. Of course there are local poets who do not fit into any sort of San Francisco group—especially Josephine Miles and Yvor Winters.

I suppose as long a list could be made up in any area of about a million population. The point is that these people are all a vital part of the community—a real leaven in the lump. In addition, they are singularly unlike the cautious, unmotivated, academic poets now so common elsewhere in the country—which is why, I guess, they are a potent social leaven in their community.

Poet of the New Violence

HOWL AND OTHER POEMS. By Allen Ginsberg. The City Lights Pocket Bookshop (San Francisco). 75c.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE TWO most striking pieces in Allen Ginsberg's pamphlet *Howl and Other Poems*—the long title-piece itself and "America"—are sustained shrieks of frantic defiance. The themes are struck off clearly in the opening lines of each:

I saw the best minds of my
generation destroyed
by madness, starving hysterical
naked...

and

America I've given you all and
now I'm nothing.

Isolated quotation, however, will not convey the real tone of these poems, though their drift is not hard to define. We have had smoking attacks on the civilization before, ironic or murderous or suicidal. We have not had this particular variety of anguished anathema-hurling in which the poet's revulsion is expressed with the single-minded frenzy of a raving madwoman.

Ginsberg hurls, not only curses, but everything—his own paranoid memories of a confused, squalid, humiliating existence in the "underground" of American life and culture, mock political and sexual "confessions" (together with the childish aggressive vocabulary of ob-

scenity which in this country is being increasingly substituted for anti-Semitism as the "socialism of fools"), literary allusions and echoes, and the folk-idiom of impatience and disgust. The "best minds" of his generation as Ginsberg, age 30, remembers them "howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts." They "scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish."

Would you inquire? discuss? rebuke? "I don't feel good don't bother me."

That is to say, this poetry is not "rational discourse," such as we find in almost all other American literature of dissidence. Nor is it that flaccid sort of negation, too easy and too glib, that so often reduces the charge in the writing of Patchen and others, though it does occasionally lapse into mere rant and scabrous exhibitionism. It is the fury of the soul-injured lover or child, and its dynamic lies in the way it spews up undigested the elementary need for freedom of sympathy, for generous exploration of thought, for the open response of man to man so long repressed by the smooth machinery of intellectual distortion. It is further evidence, the most telling yet, perhaps, of the Céline-ization of nonconformist attitudes in America, or should we say their Metesky-ization? Homogenize the domi-

nant culture enough, destroy the channels of communication blandly enough, and you will have little Mad Bombers everywhere.

THOUGH his style is effectively, sometimes brilliantly, his own, Ginsberg shows the impact of such poets as Whitman, Williams and Fearing in his adaptations of cadence to rhetorical and colloquial rhythms; once in a while he falls entirely into the cadence and voice of one or another of these writers, on occasion—as in "A Supermarket in California"—deliberately. But he does break through as these poets, who are among the men who have most earnestly sought to be true native voices in their several ways, have prepared him to do. Is Ginsberg of the same calibre? Despite his many faults and despite the danger that he will screech himself mute any moment now, is he the real thing?

What we can say, I think, is that he has brought a terrible psychological reality to the surface with enough originality to blast American verse a hair's-breadth forward in the process. And he has sent up a rocket-flare to locate for his readers the particular inferno of his "lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon," all of them "yacketayacking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospital jails and wars."

And very simply, this is poetry of genuine suffering. The "early" pieces at the back of the little book have a heavy Yiddish melancholy—

The weight of the world
is love.
Under the burden
of solitude
under the burden
of dissatisfaction
the weight
the weight we carry
is love.

The more recent poems, as Williams writes, present "our own country, our own fondest purlious," as a "Golgotha," a "charnel house, similar in every way to that of the Jews in the past war." Seen from above the water, Ginsberg may be wrong; his writing may certainly have many false notes and postures. For the sake of self-respect and of hope let us take the position that this is all too destructive and therefore mistaken, and that a total assault may be even worse than mere acquiescence. But that is all beside the point. The agony, in any case, is real; so are the threats for the future that it signals.

SIRVENTE

From the Provençal of Bertran de Born, twelfth-century troubador and warrior whom Dante, writes Ezra Pound, put in Hell "for that he was a stirrer up of strife." Papiols is his jongleur (minstrel). Pound's "Sestina: Altaforte" is in the main adapted from the same poem.

Be.m platz lo gais temps de pascor

Spring is a juice, a rejoicing, forcing
leaves out, flowers up.
I like the noise of birds who make their
singing ring among the woods,
and see tents
on the meadows raised,
and pavilions raised,
and a very hellish delight to see
armored horses and armed knights ranging
down the field.

And on the roads I have delight to see
the rabble and their goods in flight
pressed by skirmishes, and behind
outriders,
the army crowding in.
And it pleases me in my heart to see
strong castles at siege,
ramparts broke and riven, and
an army on the fosse-brink, gudgeoned
in
between the palisade and a ditch,
with the stakes close-set.

And I love beyond all measure, that
lord who horsed, armed and beyond fear is
forehead and spearhead in the attack, and there
emboldens his men with exploits. When
stour proches and comes to quarters
may each man pay his quit-rent firmly,
follow his lord with joy, willingly,
for no man's proved his worth a stiver until
many the blows
he's taken and given.

Maces smashing painted helms,
glaive-strokes descending, bucklers riven:
his to be seen at stour's starting!
And many valorous vassals pierced and piercing
striking together!
And nickering, wandering lost, through
the battle's thick,
blood outbrast at the broken harness,
horses of deadmen and wounded.

And having once sallied into the stour
no boy with a brassard may think of aught, but
the swapping of heads, the hacking of arms,
for here, a man is worth more dead
than shott-free and caught.

I tell you I have no such savour of eating
soft food and sleeping, and tasting hot wines,
as hearing the cries from each side coming,

"AT THEM!"
and see
waiting under the trees
horses whicker and strain,
to hear the shout

"A rescue! TO A-I-I-D!"

and see fall in the fosse and on the green earth
the mighty and mean, and

"A gaily conducted
tour of an intellectual
rogues' gallery."

—SATURDAY REVIEW

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see in the flanks of the fallen the broken
butt-end of lances, their banners flaming!

Pawn your castles, lords,
pawn your towns and cities.
Before you're beat to the draw
unsheath those swords!

Papiols, rejoice and go
with all haste to Oc-e-No
and say to him we've got too much
damned peace down here.

PAUL BLACKBURN

Truth, Fate and the Historians

DEBATES WITH HISTORIANS,
By Pieter Geyl. Philosophical Library. \$7.50.

HISTORICAL INEVITABILITY.
By Isaiah Berlin. Oxford University Press. \$2.

Abraham Edel

In recent times historians have shown themselves increasingly self-conscious about their craft and what it is up to. Witness the repeated inquiries: Is history really "scientific?" Is it "objective?" Or is it an art, and its product a touched-up portrait of an epoch, a glamorized version of a hero or villain? Is its aim to yield scientific "laws" of man's movement through time, or moral judgments oriented to the future? Is the historian, in Santayana's phrase, like a man looking over a crowd to recognize his friends? The tone of this increasingly voluminous self-criticism is one of bewilderment, often even of pessimism. This may be a reaction to the over-free imaginative syntheses of a Spengler or a Toynbee, or simply part of the current revolt against the influence of science in human affairs. In any case, just at the moment when history is being made in the sense that the world is undergoing a vast upheaval, there seems to be something approximating a failure of nerve among historians and theorists about history. They have no hope of guiding men and are suspicious of those who try.

This phenomenon appears in two

ABRAHAM EDEL is the author of *The Theory and Practice of Philosophy and Ethical Judgment: The Use of Science in Ethics*.

influential recent works, one by a historian, the other by a philosopher. Pieter Geyl's *Debates With Historians* (Philosophical Library) shows us a critical historical spirit probing the theoretical assumptions of fellow-craftsmen, rejecting any hope of definitive history, reaching a negative outcome just when one would expect a constructive conclusion. Isaiah Berlin's *Historical Inevitability* (Oxford University Press) launches an all-out assault on the notion of determinism in history; but it is not a philosophical advance which undercuts or refines or develops the problem so much as a definite retreat from beginning to end with no sign where to call a halt.

GEYL is a master in the art of probing for presuppositions. He exposes in order to understand, appreciate, evaluate, only occasionally to scorn. "In every historical account," he warns us, "truth is served up to us with the admixture of a personal element." Every historian selects and adds himself to his materials. What this adding process consists in, how it is tracked down, how a value perspective permeates selection, Geyl shows us in a series of case studies. But does he believe that what has been added can thereafter be subtracted to leave an objective residue? That he never quite faces.

Each of Geyl's debates scores its theoretical point and adds its warning to the historian. He begins with Ranke, the great nineteenth century German historian who aimed merely to describe "what had really happened." Geyl reveals that Ranke's objectivity is really a passive reverence for the historical spectacle on a con-

servative assumption that God is discernible in the whole of history. Macaulay, on the other hand, wants to know in order to judge; and Geyl shows how this historical confidence comes from a belief in progress culminating in his own time. Michelet, caught up in the conception of a people shaping its own history, writes the story of the French Revolution as if it were the account of Rousseau's General Will in action. Treatments of the French Revolution subsequent to Michelet's are held up for their value contrast. (For example, of Taine: "Hatred runs through his book like a poison, hatred for the proletariat, the monster, which had shown its true face once more in 1871.") Toynbee is found so centered in the idea of Christianity that the last few centuries of European history mean nothing to him but the irremediable decay of faith. Geyl's four essays on Toynbee are impressive for their detailed dissection and analysis; his verdict is a stern one, finding the system useless chiefly because Toynbee is deceiving himself into thinking it is empirical study. And so on, through individual studies of other historians, and the comparison of opposing views on a number of special topics.

But how is all this to be interpreted? Because Ranke's pseudo-objectivity presupposes a conservative historicism, is *any* search for objectivity exposed as self-deceiving? Does the arbitrariness of Macaulay's standard of progress mean that *every* standard will be arbitrary? It is important to underscore Geyl's ambivalence because it is so typical of much sensitive reflection about historical method. Geyl would like historians to have both a feeling for relativity and a feeling for reality, and on top of this he wants the sharp distinction between right and wrong. On what terms can he have all these?

Sometimes Geyl's relativism is dominant to the extent of becoming ultimate. He is even ready at one point in his debate with Toynbee to write off their fundamental difference about European history with the remark, "Both are matters of subjective conviction." He declares it will always be beyond the powers

of the intellect to judge a civilization or a particular stage as a whole.

On the other side stand the results of his analysis. He does pass judgment, dig out factors that lead astray, push aside loose methods that substitute the a priori or the subjective for the empirical. He recognizes that sometimes a "recollection of the way in which things actually come to pass" is enough to brush fallacies aside "as so many cobwebs." He does believe that history makes us wiser though not providing immediately applicable lessons, and he rejects the point of view that any perspective is as good as any other. For example, his evaluation of the various ways in which Carlyle has been treated by other writers is an excellent case study on how to discount discovered biases that influence contrasting accounts and how to reach a balanced view.

GEYL seems to leave the historian who would seriously apply the lessons of his analysis in a dilemma: "He should constantly watch himself, he should try to get away from his point of view, even though he must return and be faithful to it if he wants to produce something that will hang together." This is a wavering between treating relativity as ultimate and treating reality as ultimate. But these two ultimates always jostle each other; there is no room for both. The two demands can be reconciled only if relativity refers to present knowledge, and reality points to a direction of increasing knowledge. The historian can come to regard his own perspective as an hypothesis and remain as keen in looking for contradicting evidence as for supporting evidence. He may regard other perspectives as alternative hypotheses and do his best to look through their eyes, hoping that undiscerned biases will be whittled down by subsequent writers, that methods and approaches and organizing concepts will be increasingly rendered explicit and stabilized.

And what of the desire for sharp ethical judgment? Is that, too, to be taken as a subjective desire in a particular partial perspective? Perhaps so, but it scarcely sounds like

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it when Geyl refers in Michelet to "that impotence of the judgment in the face of emotion and sentiment, that muddled mixture of the two, that sentimentality, those specious pleadings in order to talk wrong into right." Perhaps the only way out of Geyl's dilemma here would be to modify his relativity and allow that historical knowledge can help achieve *some* ethical generalizations, and can, in spite of the difference in the value perspectives of historians, help warrant *some* elements in the conception of a good historian!

BERLIN'S central concern is to rescue individual responsibility from the interpretations of history that have menaced it. He is speaking in the name of men's "normal moral or political convictions" against a devastating relativism and an impersonal determinism. The major attack is, as the title of the book indicates, against the latter. It does not matter what form it takes. It

may be a determinism of ultimate purposes working their metaphysical way through history, or a mechanism of inexorable scientific law. Whatever the form of appeal, if it removes responsibility from men, if it leads the historian to refrain from moral judgment on the actions of historical figures—if to blame Hitler is like addressing a sermon to a tree—it is a destructive fallacy.

Berlin does not say that determinism is false, "only that we neither speak nor think as if it could be true, and that it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to conceive what our picture of the world would be if we seriously believed it." "If social and psychological determinism were established as an accepted truth," he says in a climactic denunciation, "our world would be transformed far more radically than was the teleological world of the classical and middle ages by the triumphs of mechanistic principles or those of natural selection. Our words—our modes of speech and thought—would be transformed in literally unimaginable ways; the notions of choice, of voluntary action, of responsibility, freedom, are so deeply embedded in our outlook, that our new life, as creatures in a world genuinely lacking these concepts, can, I should maintain, literally not be conceived by us." And so with the vehemence of an ancient prophet we are called back from the folly of determinism to the intellectual status quo.

The historical vicissitudes of the determinist concept would be a story in themselves. In the beginning, of course, there was the plan of the gods—whether Homeric or Hebraic—working out in the lives of men. The strength of the notion in modern times, as Berlin recognizes, comes from science. However, Berlin does not come to grips with the way the notion of determinism itself and its human implications have been changing with the progress of the sciences. When the eighteenth century philosophers viewed man as a machine, they felt free of original sin and capable of reconstructing society. For a time in the nineteenth century and later, man's thinking was considered simply an efferves-

cent effect of bodily processes with no significance or force. The Darwinian revolution gave many a sense of being submerged in animality, while Marxian theory gave others a sense of being overshadowed by historical trends; whereas Freudian theory pushed into prominence the inner mechanisms below the level of awareness.

But it is equally true that evolutionary determinisms often saw the progress of human values and achievement. Marxian theory stressed the growing stature of human planning, and Freudian theory was associated with a therapy that hoped to broaden the area of the ego. And on the physical side, twentieth century concern with electrical energies restored respect for the power of minute energy changes; so that even an extreme cybernetic theory of man, sounding in its talk of thinking-machines like a revived eighteenth century materialism, cannot avoid respect for consciousness as an active phenomenon.

It is true that as science advances, the incorporation of man into the order of nature threatens to be completed, and this naturally precipitates a crisis. Need arises for reconsideration of traditional conceptions and refinement of linguistic usage; this happens in every sizable advance in human knowledge. The problems are far from solved, and Berlin's emphasis on the need for maintaining responsibility points to one of the very central issues. But it will not do to come to grips with the issues in a kind of wholesale fashion. If the analytic revolution of the past decades has taught us anything, it is that the questions have to be reconsidered and reformulated rather than argued in the old terms. Berlin deals out the cards with charm, but he plays the old game with the old deck.

The meaning of science, of inevitability, of determinism, as well as of freedom and responsibility requires re-analysis. It is futile to debate whether history can be a science without referring to an explicit concept of science. Science is now more often seen in varied lights. It is a vast enterprise with a critical

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method, aiming at the discovery of whatever order it can find. It is not bound to the specific form of a rigid universal law, if such there be.

Similarly, the concept of a complete or thorough-going determinism has undergone all sorts of differentiation. For example, philosophers who want to take seriously the occurrence of novel qualities in the world and to recognize the emergence in evolution of forms that are unpredictable need not surrender the determinism concept. It may be refined as a general principle specifying that causes or laws can always be found for any given phenomenon *after* it has occurred for the first time, not necessarily asserting that it was predictable in advance. This would stress the open nature of the changing world. Now men may very well have an exposed position on this world frontier, and a concept of freedom and responsibility is quite conceivable which would show the momentousness of choice within the historical process.

Berlin has not come to grips with the theory of the self and its place

in nature and the possibilities of other interpretations of responsibility. Thus there is a danger that instead of clearing the ground for a more critical advance of the knowledge of man, with more refined attention to the phenomena of assessing responsibility, his approach serves to throw eloquent fuel on the fires of an irrationalism that regards every theoretical crisis as an occasion for calling us back to the good old days.

The present impasse of historical theory confronts historians not merely with practical problems of specialization versus broad vista, but with fundamental philosophical decisions.

To reject simplified versions of the concepts of objectivity and determinism is one thing. But to revolt against the concepts as such is to deny history a more systematic and conscious affiliation with the growing body of scientific knowledge of man. And this is not merely to impoverish history, but to impoverish the sciences of man by depriving them of the historical arena in which their theories may be tested, refined and developed.

trayals; so that unless a novel is critically locked with the most pressing ideas of its time it can seldom cope with modern experience. Lacking an understanding of contemporary political and moral tensions, a novel is limited in relevance.

Since the publication of *All The King's Men*, except for a small group of "negative" war novels which seemed to announce a literary renaissance at the time, the serious novel in this country has been primarily a novel of the private sensibility—of loneliness, sexual unhappiness and failure of communication. In the work of McCullers, Vidal, Salinger, Bowles, Styron and Capote, the approach to the contemporary crisis is indirect, through a narrow subject matter and a parochial view. Richness of texture compensates in their novels for lack of interest in public questions. The revolt of these writers against the age of conformity is at heart an aesthetic one, rooted in a commitment to stylistic intensity

The American Novel in the Age of Conformity

Lewis Dabney

FEW WILL dispute the proposition that today in America, in the age of technology and other-direction, creative literature is undergoing a prolonged crisis, in the form of a partial loss of audience and a general weakening of public relevance. It is not just poetry that suffers; the serious novel goes unread as well. The fatalistic explanation is obvious enough: the novel has lost its function as a source of entertainment and education to television, the movies and the books on how to succeed. This may be the ultimate historical answer. The critic however, must go beyond clichés and inquire into the condition of the novel itself, on the chance that it has developed its own limitations, which may possibly be remedied. The mid-

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February 23, 1951

dlebrew critics claim that our novels are "unhealthy," therefore the public will not read them; but this is not borne out by the popularity of their favorite targets, books like *From Here To Eternity* and *The Naked and The Dead*. The public evidently does not shrink from bitterness and what is called "negation" if the novel's subject is a cogent one. A novel will be read if it speaks to our condition.

The last truly popular American novel which in critical opinion was also a novel of stature was Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men*. *All the King's Men* is a many-faceted book, a *bildungsroman* and a social novel; above all, however, it is a serious novel of moral and political ideas. In modern society, as Irving Howe once put it, ideas raise enormous charges of emotion, they involve us in our most feverish commitments and lead us to our fearful be-



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THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

by Henriette Rosenberg

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and purity and to the claims of the emotional life, but lacking intellectual dimension and perspective. Serious fiction of limited significance, appealing primarily to coteries, abandons the novel of general interest to the Herman Wouks and Sloan Wilsons.

Behind the scarcity of serious novels of ideas lies a decrease in basic controversy, a blurring of the conflict of radical and conservative during the last decade. American intellectuals as a whole seem wary of deep and passionate commitment, the sort of involvement of the emotions which a novelist can dramatize. This is to be expected of the self-proclaimed conservatives, who rationalize the status quo under the banner of Original Sin. Surprisingly enough, it is also true of the academic liberals, who have been unable to crystallize their opposition to the conformist atmosphere. The liberal has lost his targets, he is no longer fired by his moral convictions; his paralysis in the face of the tabloids

and the tranquillizers and what they say about American life fits in with the conservative's disposition to ignore them. Today the liberal's official spokesmen are apostles of manners and sophistication, of an end to innocence and radical excess, of the good taste which makes a separate peace respectable. The novel of ideas cannot exist in such a context. Even when the novelist himself is a conservative, as for example Dostoevski was, or Conrad, or Mann, the vital impulse in his novels is a corrosive and radically critical one, which constantly subverts the order he himself sets up to control it. In this sense the privatization of the novel and its resulting loss of audience are in large part effects of the weakening in America of the radical tradition.

IF THE public relevance of the novel has been lost with the loss of its intellectual and critical dimension, it is unlikely that it will be regained except as part of a larger process, the end of the age of conformity and the vitalization of American culture. There are, however, among recent novels, exceptions to the retreat from the contemporary and the controversial; a few books have been published over the last ten years which indicate a dissenting tradition. It is not a tradition of very much depth, nor has it produced a novel like *Ain't the King's Men*, but it offers future writers something to build on. This tradition begins with the disillusioned novels of World War II, though its roots are in the fiction of the first world war and the thirties. The novels of the second world war were moral and political in implication, involving as they did a protest against war ideology and suffering. *The Naked and The Dead*, *From Here to Eternity*, and Vance Bourjaily's *The End of My Life*, the most bitter army novels and among the best, were all three written from a radical perspective. *The Naked and The Dead*, which attempts to crystallize the evils of war within a philosophical framework, is representative of those novels in its strengths and limitations. Its strengths are those of emotional integrity, the brutal integrity

of Mailer's description of the horrors of war, his vision of the military ideology. Its limitation is the nihilism imposed on the meaning of the novel by the army scene itself. In our society the problem of integrity is more complex than this image of life-in-the-army allows.

In short, the novelists of World War II developed a moral and political credo limited by their subject matter. Their books were read because they were faithful to the experience of a generation, but their radicalism had little impact on the views of readers; it did not succeed in breaking down the post-war hysteria or challenging the increasing pressure to conform. When, as the cold-war pressure increased, most of the novelists abandoned ideology in favor of the private sensibility, it was left to a few dissenting critics to speak for a literature of moral cogency. Though their work is not equal in quality and they approach the subject from different directions, Lawrence Lipton, John W. Aldridge, Albert Guerard and Irving Howe deserve the gratitude of all those committed to the idea of a novel which speaks for our time. Mr. Lipton, who is the most optimistic, seems to make a virtue of necessity, suggesting that the alienation of the serious writer will help him tell the truth about American life, the life that exists "behind the billboards." Mr. Aldridge, on the other hand, compares the situation of the would-be dissenting novelists unfavorably with that of the writers of the twenties and thirties; our generation, he says, has nothing to rebel against, so its protest loses its coherence and meaning. Mr. Howe proposes a coherent dissent from capitalism and the conformist values it enforces. He and Mr. Guerard agree that the great novelist is "naturally subversive" of slogans and easy affirmations. His job, Mr. Howe suggests, is to explore the relation between theory and life, ideology and emotion. His method in the age of conformity, according to Mr. Guerard, should be to abandon a limited documentary realism for a stylized, symbolically accurate vision of America.

The views of these dissenting critics may suffer from the shrillness

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of intellectual isolation, but their work has not been futile. It has confirmed for the novelists themselves the possibility of moral rebellion, and thus has reinforced their stature in a day when dissenting opinions are all too easily reduced to neuroses.

The alternative which these critics have offered to the quietism of most American intellectuals makes possible a creative relationship between themselves and the serious writers. There is evidence that this relationship may have begun to have effect; the fiction of the last few years has shown a more mature awareness of the problem of integrity in our society as a whole. Books like *The Man With the Golden Arm* and *The Adventures of Augie March* have confirmed the varied possibilities of a literary dissent from conformist values. One of these novels is classic naturalism, the other a modern version of the picaresque, yet both register a sharp dissatisfaction with current American society without offending the sense of reality and thus excluding the reader from their meaning. Neither Algren nor Bellow has attacked the moral and political problems posed by the age of conformity head on. But Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and Vance Bourjaily's *The Hound of Earth* do just this; without themselves having completely solved the problem of involving the reader, they suggest in their striking similarities a new school of articulate dissenting fiction.

A History

She sat red distances away
That night, fled lamplight and my eyes
For wind in rolling elm and rain.
While thunder muttered in the bay
She smoked her dream and drank the wine.
My words were Bantu barrel code
In her storm's hairy purposing.
I heard familiar, muscled wings.
At last she rose and flung a scarf
Around her throat, wordless, went.
She stayed away three brackish hours
Where sea-wed sailors haunted bars
When she returned she sang my songs
And spoke of a timeless lotus land
And, sleepily, played with my hair
And kissed my trembling hands.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

The central theme of these two novels is that of the outsider standing against society, isolated and driven into hiding. The setting of both novels is a nightmare vision of conformist America—in Ellison's case an America twisted by racial hatred, where the Negro is caught between Uncle Tom and communism; in Bourjaily's the America of puritan smut and the F. B. I., the commercialized Christmas spirit and the H-bomb. The heroes are defeated idealists who have maintained their integrity by cutting themselves off from society. The despair expressed in these books seems just as absolute as the despair of the World War II novels; but there has been a crucial change, a symbolic extension of the meaning of the hero's suffering. In the war books he suffered for himself; now it is for mankind as well. The heroes of these novels have rejected a part in society and chosen the anonymity of conscience, one because of the plight of the Negro, the other because of the atom bomb. Dissent and negation become for them the vehicle of moral affirmation, though the heroes themselves are conscious only of guilt and bitterness. *Invisible Man* and *The Hound of Earth* are morally engaged; rooted in the protest of the war novels and the rebellion of the critics, they are novels of coherent dissent stated in symbolic terms.

THE tradition of the radical novel offers, in contrast to the novel of the private sensibility, an opportunity for our literature to recover its intellectual and moral relevance. But the dissenting novel is not without its limitations, both aesthetic and conceptual, which must be overcome before serious fiction can regain its readers and its stature in our culture. If the novel of the private sensibility sacrifices the public to the personal, *Invisible Man* and *The Hound of Earth* do the reverse. Because of the isolation of the hero, dramatic relationships in these novels are cut to a minimum; the hero's values are moral and metaphysical rather than personal and social. His life is infinitely removed from that of most readers, hence its emotional impact

is lessened. The hero's absolute break with society has already been accomplished when each of the novels opens; thus the problem of decision is evaded. The limitations of these books seem to proceed from the central weakness that they do not fully explore their subject, the problem of how to live with integrity in contemporary American society. The authors "solve" this problem definitely enough, in favor of an absolute nonconformity. But this solution is aesthetically as limiting as it is unworkable in human terms.

The novel of ideas in America must build on the tradition these books exemplify but it must not imitate their narrowness, if the serious novel is to regain its audience. It is not that the writer cannot set the individual and society at odds; it is simply that his separation must never be absolute or final. He must know how to challenge radical impulse with responsible perspective, the claims of the idea with the claims of being human.

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Mr. Eliot Regrets . . .

Oscar Cargill

BY RAILING at "our sympathy for the underdog" during the great depression Robert Frost did himself a permanent harm, and all of Ernest Hemingway's sportsmanship is called into question by his having twitted Sinclair Lewis on his fiery complexion when the man was dying of skin-cancer. Yet with an immunity unequalled, perhaps, in any time or place, Mr. T. S. Eliot has abused and insulted whole peoples and races. Indeed, the general critical evasion of his early bigotry raises the question if his numerous adulators have not, consciously or unconsciously, shared in it. That question is seriously pointed up when Eliot himself, though he has suffered no real public reproof, flinches from approval of things in his early poetry which have begun to fill him with distaste, if not contrition.

Unfortunately the passage in which the poet braces himself against the silly adulation he has received has been more completely ignored, even, than his early offenses. In "Little Gidding," in the role of a fire warden during a bombing raid, which makes his spot in wartime England resemble the purgatory of Dante, he meets a prophetic ghost, reminiscent of Arnaut Daniel, who describes the three-fold chastisement which will come to him with age. He will know the bafflement of dulling sense (always an important matter to Eliot), the futility of railing at folly, and, presumably the worst of punishments—

. . . the shame

Of motives late revealed, and the awareness

Of things ill-done and done to others' harm

Which once you took for exercise of virtue.

Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.

There is no difficulty at all with

this passage if one assumes that it applies to Eliot's creative work, for in a comparatively inactive life there is little else that he has done to solicit anyone's judgment. As an "exercise of virtue" his church activities are not the ones here indicated since they could hardly have done others harm and since they are still an enduring commitment. If the reference to "things ill-done and done to others' harm" is looked for in the poetry, however, Eliot's meaning is abundantly clear: he refers to the abusive verses in which the most bestial and vulgar Irish, Jews and Cockneys are made symbolic of their kind.

The more difficult line to understand is the one in which Eliot refers to these offensive verses as once regarded as an "exercise of virtue." That difficulty may be dissipated if we will but consider the relations the poet had with the despised and reprobated people in his impressionable youth. If it were only humorous contempt that Eliot had expressed, the Keith circuit, and vaudeville generally, of which Eliot was fond, could be blamed for his attitudes; there the Irish, the Jew and the Cockney were commonly ridiculed, the actors themselves often being pandaring representatives of their kind, but still wonderfully good entertainers.

A Harvard man of the class of '10, however, had little reason to be amused by the Irish off the stage—a feud existed between the young toughs of Boston and the undergraduates of Cambridge which made it unwise for a college boy to venture across the Charles after dark unless he went with a band of his fellows and carried a stick. In Eliot's Harvard experience, therefore, there might have been grounds for dislike of some Irishmen, though certainly not grounds for a virulent hatred of the whole race.

But shortly an already-prejudiced Eliot was given stronger reasons for hating the Irish. He had transferred his person and his loyalties to Eng-

land in a deeply emotional way. Eighteen months after he had established himself there and while the British were struggling for survival on the Continent against the superior weight of the Kaiser's divisions, the Irish Rebellion broke out, aided and abetted by some slight, but then exaggerated, German help. To a young Anglophile, contemplating the bloody Easter riots and later outrages, it was only the expression of virtuous indignation to repudiate Emerson's definition of history as "the lengthened shadow of a man" with the awful figure of Sweeney straddling in the morning sun. The motivation seems as obvious as the symbolism, and perhaps the unforgivable thing is not so much the writing of the pieces as the keeping of them alive in edition after edition.

It is almost axiomatic that a man who wins support for his prejudices intensifies and broadens their scope. The earliest Sweeney poem was published in 1918; "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar," the first of the anti-Semitic poems, appeared in the summer of 1919; and the following year Eliot chose to lead off the British edition of his collected poems *Ara Vos Prec* with it and with "Gerontion"—which make the "Jews" and international bankers responsible for the decline of Western culture. It is hard to say whether Eliot came directly to this Spenglerian idea or whether he was led to it by Ezra Pound, who became a more violent, if less vivid expounder of it. One is inclined to suspect Eliot as the initiator because of his better knowledge of German and his visit to that country, as well as because of his growth and employment in what is too commonly the atmosphere of prejudice—his father was a businessman in St. Louis, where the German Jew has for a long time been eminently successful, and Eliot himself had been unhappily employed in a London bank in which the Rothschilds had been hated for a century. But the direction is, after all, of relatively little moment; Pound and Eliot were sunk in a common depravity while achieving a common brilliance and a very wide reputation.

OSCAR CARGILL is chairman of the department of English at New York University.

Disapprobation of the Cockney brought up the train in *The Waste Land* with its derisive portraits of Lil, her false friend Lou, Albert, Bill, Mrs. Porter and her daughter. Contempt of the vulgar always has the appearance of virtue, yet Eliot seems to display a gross appetite for it. If one's purpose were Freudian, one could make a pretty thesis out of the obvious attraction and repulsion to the poet of some of the sharpest details in the poems exhibiting his prejudices.

ABOUT 1920, when he was still engrossed in making capital out of those prejudices, Eliot became interested in religion. Poems like "A Cooking Egg" and "The Hippopotamus" had previously displayed ■ scarcely reverent approach to sacred matters. Possibly when Eliot chose to consider how much of a "traditionalist" he was, he had to take some account of that most traditional of all subjects, religion. At any rate, it is in "Whispers of Immortality," which contrasts the traditional attitude towards death of Dr. John Donne with the allurements of the flesh, as represented by Grishkin, that Eliot discovers how little energy his generation has "to keep our metaphysics warm." It is but a step, though ■ positive one, to what I take to be the theme of *The Waste Land*—that, since the true religion cannot be achieved in our time, it would be well to adopt the humanist code of "give, sympathize, and control."

"Gerontion" though published first, was written after *The Waste Land* was fully conceived. It differs religiously from the longer work in that it is a sectarian poem. But sectarianism, generally looked upon as divisive by the modern mind, is a sturdy crutch for those who, desiring faith, need help beyond themselves: it provides formulas and examples. So far as his poetry is concerned, the "Ariel Poems" and *Ash Wednesday* express the relief Eliot felt in reaching for this particular crutch.

Even in poems that may be designated sectarian there is a note of humility, painful self-abnegation,

February 23, 1957

Books Of, By and For the Bill of Rights

NATIONAL SECURITY AND INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM, by John Lord O'Brian. (Harvard University Press, 84 pgs., \$2.)

For more than 40 years John Lord O'Brian has been arguing cases before the Supreme Court, for much of the time as an eminent member of the Washington bar. What he has to say about the federal security program therefore is worth serious attention and in essence it is this: that there is "a consistent trend in governmental policy which is in conflict with our traditional standards of justice and also with the fundamental principles of American fair play." This analysis of "security at any price" was presented at the Godkin lectures at Harvard last year.

THE BIRTH OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS: 1776-1791, by Robert Allen Rutland. (University of North Carolina Press, 243 pgs., \$5.)

It is no accident that we have our Bill of Rights, as Robert Allen Rutland makes so clear in this narrative of how we secured our liberties in the Constitution. It took a fight and the battle was won largely because James Madison was wise enough to work out the plan whereby the Constitution was adopted on the condition that the first 10 amendments would comprise a statement of the citizen's rights. The book, published for the Institute of Early American History at Williamsburg, also summarizes the vital role of the Bill of Rights in American history.

LOYALTY IN AMERICA, by John H. Schaar. (University of California Press, 217 pgs., \$3.50.)

John H. Schaar presents the view that the threat to loyalty in this country comes not from the small number of "actively disloyal persons," but from the "millions in modern mass society who are without loyalty." He sees no value in "ritual professions of loyalty," which are no substitute for "the grand confidence" that once characterized the people. The real enemy, he holds, is apathy since "men without loyalty may turn to a totalitarian demagogue."

THE FREEDOM READER, edited by Edwin S. Newman. (Oceana Publications, 256 pgs., Cloth \$3.50, Paper \$1.)

This is a paper-backed book that no official need worry about corrupting youth. But it will cause any reader to do a lot of thinking for himself. Edwin Newman, member of the New York bar, has selected materials on civil rights and liberties, including "excerpts from Supreme Court decisions, commentary of eminent lawyers, government officials, political scientists and opinion moulders." A volume in the Docket Series, it begins with a statement on the quest for freedom by the great Judge Learned Hand which says that liberty must live—if it is to live—in the hearts of citizens.

FREEDOM IS AS FREEDOM DOES: CIVIL LIBERTIES TODAY, by Corliss Lamont. (Horizon Press, 340 pp., \$3.95.)

BERTRAND RUSSELL the Western World's greatest living philosopher has written a special foreword to the latest printing.

Philosopher, writer, teacher, Corliss Lamont in 1953 challenged the McCarthy Committee on jurisdictional and First Amendment grounds. (A U. S. Court of Appeals sustained his motion that the committee had no legal authority for its inquiry.) Dr. Lamont relates the episode in this book, which is also the first comprehensive account of a whole decade of attacks on individual and group freedoms since World War II. He scrutinizes loyalty-security measures, repressive legislation, assaults on freedom in education, business and the arts, and the role of the FBI. He makes a cogent plea for complete freedom of expression and civil liberties. Absorbing, informative.

FREEDOM IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY, by Samuel Eliot Morison. (Little, Brown & Co., 156 pgs., \$3.50.)

Political freedom is, in the view of Samuel Eliot Morison, professor emeritus of history at Harvard, "the most important and inclusive" of our freedoms. And so he places it first in his presentation of the Dunning lectures at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. But "economic freedom" is also a practical test of freedom and so he finds that if it survives in substantial measure in the second half of the twentieth century it will be owing largely to "our character and our wisdom" as much as to "any external or material influence such as war, technology and the exploitation of natural resources." He also presents academic freedom as a new arrival in the freedom ranks and as an appendix includes the famous Magna Carta of academic freedom, established by the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin.

THE FIFTH AMENDMENT TODAY, by Erwin N. Griswold. (Harvard University Press, 82 pgs., \$2.)

It is a sad commentary on the state of public information about our historic liberties that the head of the Harvard University Law School should need to tell the citizen why he enjoys the Fifth Amendment's protection against forcing a person to give testimony against himself. Yet that is just what Dean Griswold does in this collection of three strong addresses which stand unhesitatingly for the constitutional guarantee against self-incrimination. This statement of the facts ought to convince all but unreconstructed McCarthyites.

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and self-scrutiny, which indicates the poet's concern with more than the formulas of religion. The personal examination suggested by *Ash Wednesday* must have led Eliot to the conclusion that bigotry is a very troublesome baggage for one seeking a more elevated spiritual ground. The first fruit of this discovery was the abandoning of work upon, and suppression of the unpublished parts of, *Sweeney Agonistes*, that "Aristophanic melodrama," which, despite its bias, is one of the most brilliantly conceived projects of the poetic renaissance. We know that more of this play once existed than the two fragments which have been published, for the poet supplied Hallie Flanagan with a short concluding scene for her production of the sequence under the title, "Now I Know Love," in the Vassar Experimental Theatre in 1933. Since here is proof that the poet had the play outlined in his mind, that it has not been published or completed can only be a matter of deliberate choice. It would seem that the poet refused to carry further the maligning of a people however much the work would rebound to his credit on another score.

BUT unfortunately this evidence is not conclusive, save to those who feel the sincerity of the poet's profession of Christian submission in *Ash Wednesday*. If one were hostile to Eliot, however, one might argue that the poet abandoned work on *Sweeney Agonistes* because he thought it inexpedient to complete it; by the thirties the popular temper had changed and Eliot might have feared the general indignation which has not come. As late as 1941 quite a case could have been strung together to support this point of view, But it would have had to be based on old and unrepudiated things, not on new creations.

"Little Gidding" was published in *The New English Weekly* on October 15, 1942, and appeared in book form early in December of that year. The passage cited in this essay, however it may be evaluated as an act of contrition, is at least an expression of regret for injury done to others and of distaste for what-

ever approval the offending lines and poems have been given. It must be accepted, however vague and indefinite, as a public confession of error. Under no obligation to accept it on the terms of the faith to which Mr. Eliot subscribes, we may evaluate it: (1) in terms of what it cost its author, (2) in relation to the context in which it appears, and (3) in terms of the justice which it does to those whom Eliot had injured. It should be strictly noted that Eliot himself indicates a desire for an evaluation by his contempt for "fools' approval"—which hits a good many living critics.

"Bow, stubborn knees," the King prays in *Hamlet* and one might fancy Eliot uttering the King's adjuration, for retraction has never been easy for him. Having condemned another poet early in his career, he does not say, "I was mistaken about him," but merely sets forth later another opinion.

Declaring in *The Sacred Wood* (1920) that Coleridge's metaphysical interest was "an affair of the emotions," Eliot dogmatically asserted, "But a literary critic should have no emotions except those immediately provoked by a work of art." However in the Preface to the *unrevised* 1928 edition, he says that his own interest is now in "the relation of poetry to the spiritual and social life of its times and other times," and adds "This book is logically and chronologically the beginning" of that interest—which

most obviously it isn't. Retraction is almost impossible for Eliot; hence more weight should be put upon his lines of regret, perhaps, than upon the easy *mea culpa* of another.

The lines appear, importantly, in the most mystical and devout poem of that religious group which makes up *Four Quartets*. "Little Gidding" is devoted to the subject of Spiritual Love, here symbolized by fire—fire which may weave a purgatorial garment of flame. Hence the passage has not merely the character of an expression of regret but it also has the severe intention of high atonement. His medium considered, Eliot could not be more specific about his sins or more contrite in his confession of them. The tone and level of the composition forbid it. In their context, they are perfect.

But, the reader may fairly ask, is not the choice of context a deliberate evasion of the duty of specific and open public retraction? And one must answer reluctantly, yes. "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar" and "Sweeney Erect" were unveiled affronts, specific in their language and vicious in their intent. Retraction of them should be in unmistakable terms, as categorical and complete as those of the original injury. Religion, and in particular Mr. Eliot's accepted faith, may not require this (I do not know and am indifferent), but the very code which Mr. Eliot invokes demands it. "Honour," now "stained," demands it.

Farmboy's Renaissance

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Gerald Sykes

ANYONE who has read *The Green Child* or *The Innocent Eye* is sure to be disposed in Sir Herbert Read's favor. The former is an excellent novel, genuinely strange and poetic, and the latter is a singularly appealing autobiography.

It tells the story of a poor North of England farmboy who lost his father in his ninth year, was put into a Dickensian orphanage-school in 1904, went early to work in a bank, managed to get an education at a provincial university, fought bravely in World War I, won a good government job which he later sacrificed for a poorer one in a museum, so that he might have more time to write. It is an upstream story, told without dramatization, and it has led to one of the truly admirable careers of our time, a Renaissance all-roundness. This man has written ably about art, politics, science, education and industry; he has

also written fiction and poetry. He has been an important editor and publisher and lecturer, and he has brought up a family. He must be a stimulating father; in *This Way, Delight*, his anthology of "poetry for the young," appears a likable poem by one of his own children.

THE essays in *The Nature of Literature* have been taken from earlier volumes that were published at least twenty years ago, and they show Read at his best. They deal with "the nature of poetry" and "the nature of criticism," as well as Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Vauvenargues, Smollett, Sterne, Hawthorne, the Brontës, Bagehot, Patmore, Hopkins and Henry James. He is one of the few literary critics to have made a systematic study of the modern psychologists and to use Freud, Jung, Adler and others intelligently in analysis of poetry and fiction. It might be said that they were as important in his development as Marx was in Edmund Wilson's, though he too has given much time to socialist thought. This, however, is a pattern with which we have been made accustomed in recent years by the careers of several other critics. Read's distinction lies in using the psychologists more impartially than, say, Lionel Trilling, who seems to be committed to the Freudian school alone. In fact, the chief impression that emerges from Read's book is a readiness to be influenced from all directions, to quote the best writers on whatever subject he discusses. His essays are full of first-rate quotations, and not only from psychologists but from almost every source. He seems to be primarily interested in collecting insights, with especial emphasis on those of others, so that when he relinquishes a subject the reader as well as himself feel that it has really been "treated."

This gives solidity to his work, and comparative freedom from bias. It could also lead to academism, if his point of view were not a steadfast and

resourceful championship of the modern and heretical as opposed to their opposites. In time perhaps, when his values are generally accepted—they already are in certain circles—his writing will become academic, because thoroughness does not wear as well as passion; but now he still has an unquestioned relevance for any serious reader. A poor boy's determined quest of culture (he has learned several languages *en route*), aided by a remarkably acute ear for authentic voices, has flowered splendidly; he is one of the outstanding æsthetic educators of our day, and his work shows a refreshing freedom from snobishness.

In this country he is known chiefly as an art critic, rather than as a literary critic, even though he is considerably better as the latter. The level of thought and writing in *The Art of Sculpture* is not quite comparable to that in his literary essays. The reason may be that it was given originally as lectures and rehashed earlier writing on art. But I looked at some of his earlier writings on art, and have found some but not much of the keenness that I find in his studies of poets. Once again the quotations are superb, but the cement that holds them together sometimes crumbles rather fast. To take one example, in *The Art of Sculpture* he has laid his judgment—and usual freedom from bias—open to doubt by giving clear preference to the work of Henry Moore over the work of Brancusi. To an outsider it seems obvious that here, as often in his other art books, he has acted as a mere propagandist for British art, rather than as a serious critic. Moore is demonstrably second-hand; Brancusi is a real beginning. Still more important, the latter part of the book never quite brings off the definitive exploration of the art of sculpture that the early part explicitly promises. This is a shame, because the illustrations have a richness of texture that one encounters rarely today. It is a book one wants to like.

HOWEVER, the danger of all-roundness has always been occasional slip-ups of this nature, and not too much should be made of them. The ideal that Read has set himself is surely better than that of one-sided intensity, which today, with so many new avenues recently opened up in our world-city and so many ancient hiding places offering themselves, is certain (specialization having become as treacherous psychologically as it is still sound economically) to be neurotic. He has not "refined his peculiarities," he has sought classic fulfillment. He has gone after it with a simplicity of faith that will be despised only by those who

Lyric

surely the slash of birds
across the eye
congested such mimicry
from the heart
that anywhere a quiver
slept
it dreamed of welts
of flight,
that I might let
the wings all go
bloodless into that remote
blue infancy
of the sky.

GIL ORLOVITZ

February 23, 1957

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have lost all hope of coming out on the alkaline side. If the farmboy has ended up a trifle too much the public man, if his thoroughness has not won through to intensity (as it did in Valéry's case), that is a human enough defeat. His goal of completeness is one that even the most one-track specialists can afford no longer

to scorn, in a time when so many complex new demands are made on our energies that we must expand or expire.

GERALD SYKES, novelist and critic, is the author of *The Nice American*, *The Center of the Stage* and *The Children of Light*.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

GORE VIDAL's *A Visit to a Small Planet* is not fantasy exactly but bears a resemblance to science fiction as presented in television by clowns. It has a touch of satire and sophisticated joking. It is a grab-bag of materials from the whole range of popular entertainment—with no music but divers sound effects. It boasts the presence of that caricaturist of the American middle-class, Eddie Mayehoff, as well as the ubiquitous, genial and expert performer and director Cyril Ritchard—who plays a visitor from another planet who toys with, pokes fun at and admires the vagaries of the earth's inhabitants.

All this should be enough for anyone's money. Yet as I left the play—having laughed at several scenes with everyone else in the happy audience—I found myself slightly let down. I am very fond of comedy—high and low; Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr are among my favorites. I suspect the reason for my reaction is that comedy to be infectious must emerge from a real personality or point of view, and *A Visit to a Small Planet* is chiefly a product of show business cleverness.

THE best thing in Barrault's *Volpone*—the second production of his Winter Garden season is Barrault's own performance in the comparatively small part of Corbaccio. Barrault, whose face is sad, sensitive, alert, is best in extreme characterizations in which mask-like makeup, physical mobility or deformity and vocal or elocutional eccentricity are combined to create a striking impression.

The hawk-like, usurious, wheezing old puppet he plays in *Volpone* is high-class burlesque appropriate to the occasion.

Pierre Bertin who is excellent in French comedy—particularly in Molière—is a fairly conventional Volpone and Jules Dessailly, a handsome *jeune premier* with admirable speech, is a tame Mosca. The rest of the cast is routine.

I do not mean to be harsh to the Renaud-Barrault company. I enjoyed their *Fourberies de Scapin*—directed by Jouvet and designed by Christian Bérard; the company's production of Feydeau's farce *Occupe-toi d'Amélie* was a treat. As the company's guide and director Barrault performed a notable service in the post-war theatre of France. He formed and maintained one of the few new permanent companies in Paris committed to the production of provocative plays in handsome style. He accepted plays by Camus, Ghelderode, Salacrou, Anouilh, Giraudoux, which were not run of the mill. He encouraged such painters as Balthus and André Masson to design sets. He induced Gide to dramatize Kafka and to translate *Hamlet*. He staged attractive revivals of Molière, Marivaux, etc. All this without subsidy.

Still Barrault's work in the classics is not as complete as the best of the Comédie Française and in modern plays it is less original, coherent or authoritative than were any of the true masters of the contemporary theatre from Reinhardt, Stanislavsky, Meyerhold, Copeau to Brecht. Barrault's aesthetic vision is not rooted in any deeply personal talent—except perhaps for his penchant for mime—and he is by no means a great actor.

In the present enfeebled state of the French theatre, Barrault remains far superior to the average. But he is more popular today outside France than at home because we are all hungry for something more elegantly traditional, less commonplace, than what we are ordinarily fed.

LETTERS

Sophisticated Comment

Dear Sirs: In his article *Sophistication in America*, [issue of February 2], David Cort says, "Each [sophisticated magazine] has a fixed attitude, a formula, a style from which nothing in the magazine can vary." Just what is a fixed attitude in magazine journalism? It is—as I understand Mr. Cort—the quality of absolute predictability. It creates the sense of knowing what you're going to read before you open the pages of your favorite magazine. "What all the sophisticated magazines need," continues Mr. Cort, "is something unexpected, something not in the prospectus."

Too, too true. But how can Mr. Cort then accuse *Gentry* magazine of this same malignancy of the Fixed Attitude one short breath after he has observed that *Gentry* runs "almost anything one wouldn't normally come across" and only one brief pause after he has noted that, in terms of its emphasis on oddities, "*Gentry* is in constant danger of leaving the planet . . . ?"

I am baffled by Mr. Cort's line, "A fixed attitude exposed to life does not know how to survive." How does this pertain to the modern American magazine? Isn't it clear by now that the fixed-attitude editors of the *New Yorker*, *Playboy*, *Esquire*, etc., etc., know a hell of a lot more about the complicated process of survival than the mentors of the late, loudly lamented *Collier's*—which never did find an attitude?

SIDNEY CARROLL
Editor, *Gentry*

New York City

Dear Sirs: The take-out on magazines is, I think, the best of the fine series by David Cort. It seemed to me and my colleagues (all in the field of journalism) to get right to the core of the *New Yorker* particularly.

I flipped over the description of one of those Del Pezzo, Red Devil or Amalfi lunches, munched and imbibed in stony silence. Too, too true. [The Italian names are tripe restaurants.—Ed.]

(NAME WITHHELD)

New York City

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, *Sophistication in America*, was read by many of my friends, several of whom have called to discuss his views and a few to ask me what he meant by "...most sophisticated and most indifferent maga-

zine of them all, *Town & Country*," which I edit. All appear to accept "most sophisticated" but question "indifferent." For clarification, I wrote to David Cort. Here is his answer: "I suppose I meant indifferent in the dictionary sense of neutral, unpolarized: thus neither conformist nor nonconformist, apparently open-minded, anxious neither to be liked nor hated."

I certainly will be the last to deny that.

HENRY B. SELL

New York City

The Indeterminate Sentence

Dear Sirs: Relative to Derrick Sington's article, *Redeeming the Murderer*, in your issue of February 9, it should be stated that for the past twenty years such a program as he describes as operating at Utrecht, Holland, has been functioning with modifications at the prison-hospital at Herstedvester (Copenhagen), Denmark, under the able direction of Dr. Georg Stüürup, a noted psychiatrist. Both Holland and Denmark are fortunate in having legislation that permits "recidivists" or "psychopaths" or those who are no longer amenable to "punishment" in traditional penal establishments, to be certified for treatment in a psychiatrically-oriented establishment on an indeterminate basis. The experience in Denmark indicates that it is the *indeterminate aspect of the sentence*, quite as much as the psychiatrically-oriented type of treatment, that results in what success is recorded.

Sington points out quite correctly that per-capita costs in such an institution as he describes are high, yet well worth the expense. But the problem is more profound. It is simply impossible to turn out enough psychiatrists in this country to staff correctional institutions or, for that matter, to staff our mental hospitals. Private practice holds out more attractive lures for the trained psychiatrist who has spent many years and thousands of dollars on his training.

Modern penologists are convinced that it is the fixed or "time" sentence that frustrates what therapy is promising in our more progressive prisons. The professional staffs embracing social workers, guidance counsellors, clinical psychologists and chaplains could do much more if it were possible to "certify" recidivists and habitual criminals to an indeterminate sentence.

NEGLEY K. TEETERS
Professor of Criminology
Temple University

Philadelphia, Pa.

Letter from Vienna

(Continued from inside cover)

course, Communists are no more popular here than they are in America, especially since the Russian occupation. The old Grand Hotel is still a hollow ruin on the Ring, useless since the Russians abandoned it two years ago. Many of the once fashionable streets in the third district, which was in the Russian zone, now look like dreary slums. No wonder many Viennese are not too happy when young and skilled workers are carted off to America and Germany, while aging Communists are left here. But in this respect the Austrians themselves may be at fault for not inducing the most talented and skilled of the refugees to stay.

To absorb into the economy those refugees who must remain here is now the chief planning problem. At the moment the efforts to keep the refugees busy have had only minor success. It is demoralizing to lie in a two- or three-tier bunk bed in a camp with nothing to do. Since most Hungarians arrive in a state of shock, the lack of activity is the more serious. Local newspapers

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carry columns of announcements for the
benefit of job-seeking Hungarians; Aus-
trians do their best to hire as many as
possible, and efforts are now being made
to start a modest handicrafts industry
for them. But in the long run perhaps
the greatest hope lies in the example set
by the glass industry, which is run by
Czechoslovakians.

Indeed, it may be that Austria's
emergency, properly managed, can yet
yield this country some recompense for
its current troubles. If this country
is to build up its army to a force of
30,000 men, how is the resulting deficit
in the labor force to be met? The coun-
try lacks America's buffer of young peo-
ple "warehoused" in colleges and uni-
versities for future use. Young people
generally are scarcer than they are in
America. As a matter of fact, a third of
today's Austrians are over fifty years
old, and the birthrate in Vienna (seven
per thousand) is one of the lowest in
the world. No wonder that some people
see an agreeable side to the present in-
flux of young people. For one thing,
Austria has had to contend with a sur-
plus of 200,000 women since the war.

IN THE meantime more Hungarians
arrive and the daily tragedies at the
border continue. Recently a man who
had paid a guide to bring him and his
daughter to the border was led to a
Hungarian patrol instead. The two were
robbed of their last possessions and the
daughter shot. Although he no longer
had any reason to leave Hungary, the
father was forced to desert his daughter's
corpse and was chased across the border
into a country which had been all his
hope an hour earlier. Many other refu-
gees arrive in a state in which it is
difficult to envy them their salvation.
It is now quite normal for refugees to
arrive with severe frostbite, the women
having had to wade through waist-high
snow drifts in stockings and low shoes.
Those who are dragged along by friends
or relatives are not always alive when
they reach this side.

In the midst of all this, the border-
smugglers and money-changers do a
brisk business. Hungarian pork and
poultry are traded for paprika, appar-
ently in short supply in Hungary, and
Hungarian forints are exchanged for
Austrian shillings at very poor rates and
then smuggled back to Budapest—most-
ly for profit, in some cases perhaps to
buy more lives a way through gendar-
merie and border patrols. All this is an
exciting and absorbing drama, and to
observers here an unbelievable saga of
cruelty and fathomless inhumanity.

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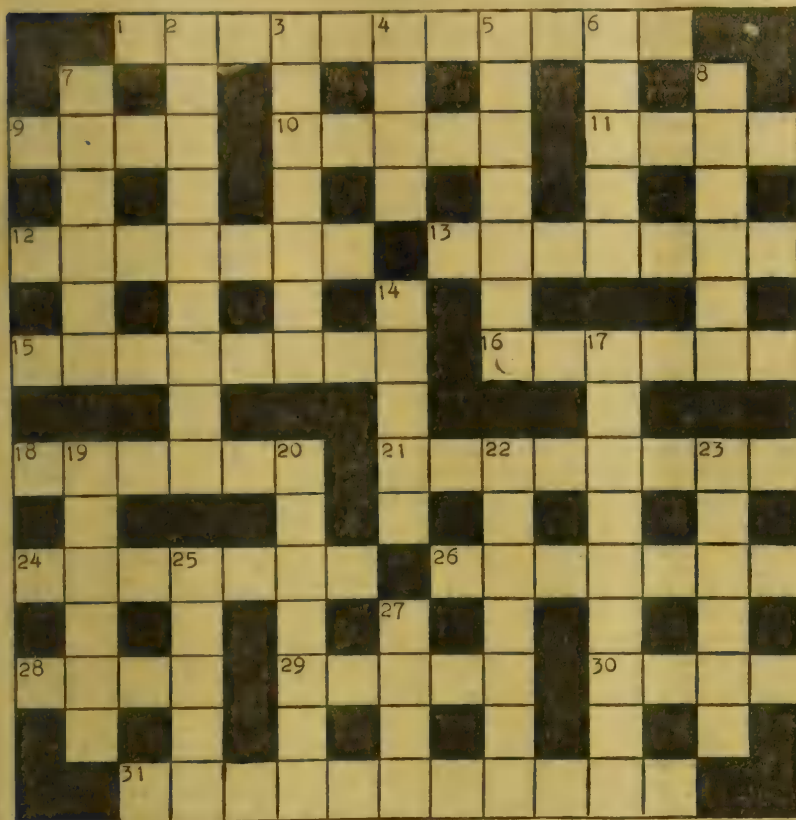
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The NATION

333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
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Crossword Puzzle No. 712

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Perhaps the Eiffel Tower, if you miss Paris. (5,6)
- 9 See 10 across
- 10 and 9 This bird is a hard thing to talk with. (9)
- 11 Fits poorly, but fine results if you do. (4)
- 12 His attachment to a ship might be powerful. (7)
- 13 Obviously a Hudson boat wouldn't be full! (3,4)
- 15 His is certainly the bounding main, but he doesn't disguise his malicious speech. (8)
- 16 Desire to live. (6)
- 18 and 28 across Keen and well, unfortunately. (10)
- 21 Looses an explosion of the sun about the wrong proportions. (8)
- 24 Offers a chance to snatch a suitcase. (7)
- 26 One wouldn't expect to find enmity a civil act. (7)
- 28 See 18 across
- 29 and 23 down This art photo is, I find, the ordinary white sort. (5,6)
- 30 Obviously there's plenty of land for sale! (4)
- 31 What do they call a flower at a football game? Sh! (4,3,4)

DOWN:

- 2 Get up after going in the last rank to unify it. (9)

- 3 A bus wreck, with a member of the crew about to see the mate. (7)
- 4 Certainly not Down Under. (4)
- 5 Den-mother? (3-4)
- 6 You might keep some salt therein. (5)
- 7 Plans to convert starch, perhaps. (6)
- 8 Sounds like a car to spare! (6)
- 14 King John's Constance said grief is. (5)
- 17 His art certainly doesn't allow for much inspiration. (9)
- 19 Sort of an organism or a bee. (6)
- 20 Asks for a favor when the members are about to help, in a way. (7)
- 22 A broken home to scatter about, one way or another! (7)
- 23 See 29 across
- 25 Might sound as though you're responsible for the water! (5)
- 27 The noisy part of 1. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 711

ACROSS: 1 PROFFERS; 5 OWNS UP; 12, 11 AND 13 TO SHOW A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS; 14 AND 28 LIGNUM VITAE; 15 DESPITE; 18 ORGANUM; 21 SUMMER; 24 SKIPPER; 26 OUTLAWS; 27 IMPATIENT; 29 ENTRAP; 30 TRISECTS. DOWN: 1 PIPITS; 2 ONRUSHING; 3 FES-TOON; 4 RECLAIM; 6 WINCHES; 7 AND 10 ACROSS SPARE PARTS; 8 PERISHED; 9 BEHOLD; 16 INELASTIC; 17 SOLSTICE; 19 NAPHTHA; 20 MORSEL; 21 SPOTTER; 22 MOTIVES; 23 USHERS; 25 INPUT.

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About the Authors of "A Marriage Manual"

DR. HANNAH STONE and Dr. Abraham Stone founded the first Marriage Consultation Center in America. Dr. Abraham Stone is now the Medical Director of the Marriage Consultation Center of the Community Church and of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau.

In 1947 he was given the Lasker Award for his contribution to marriage counseling and Planned Parenthood. He is on the faculty of the New York University College of Medicine.

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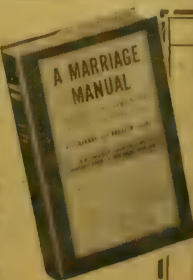
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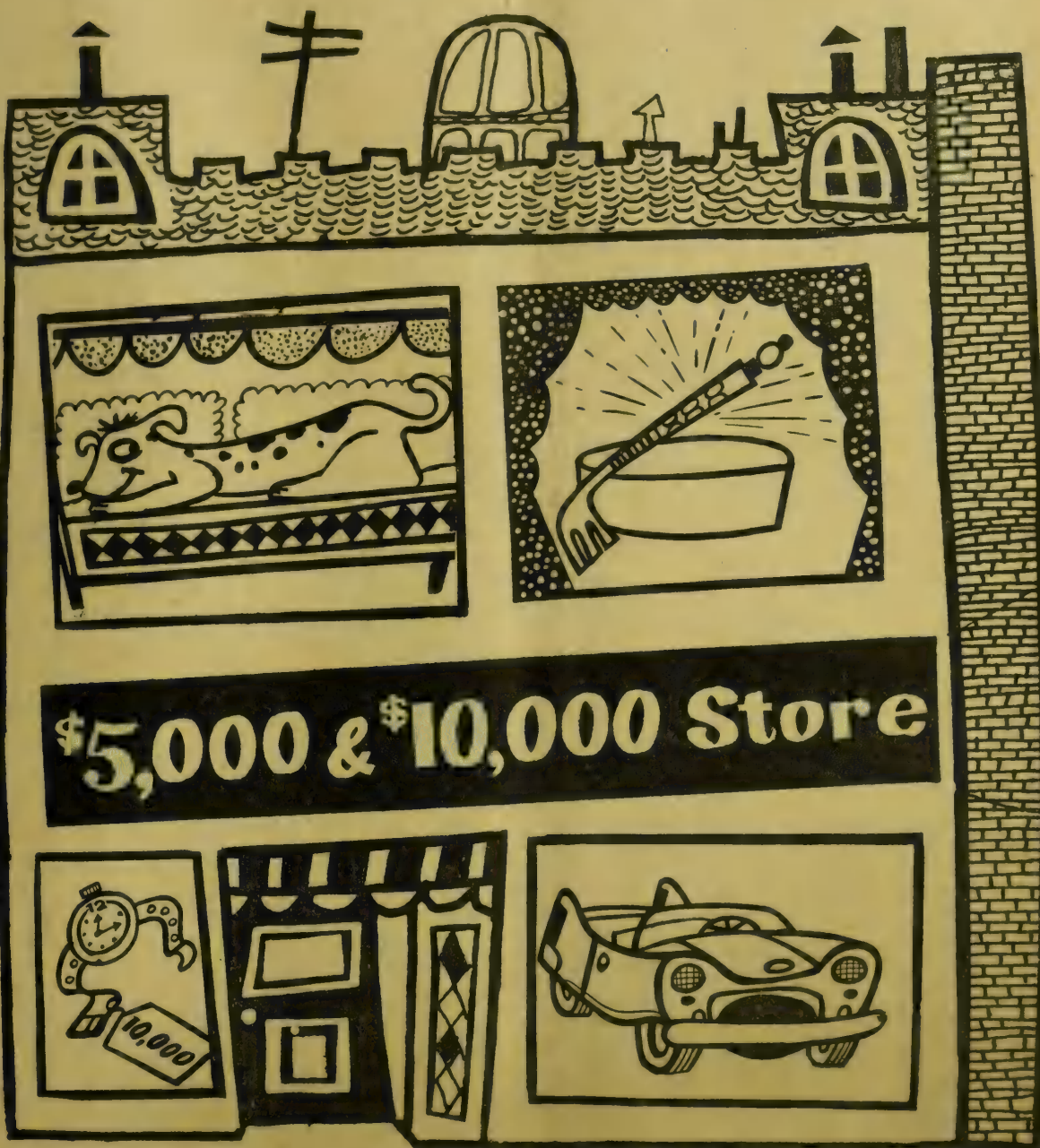
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THE NATION

MARCH 2, 1957 . . 25c



CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION: 1957

by A. Kent MacDougall

LETTER from WARSAW

Alexander Werth

Warsaw

"WE WOULD rather live dangerously than conform," a Polish friend said to me the day I landed in Warsaw. But he added: "Dangerously — but not recklessly or irresponsibly. We don't want to find ourselves again in the position of 1939 when, just to show what grand guys we were, we attacked Hitler's tanks with cavalry."

A few days later, Wladyslaw Gomulka won an overwhelming election victory. The significance of this election was obvious to everybody: it was less an election than a referendum in favor of "Poland's sovereignty and independence."

The Russians know, of course, that the Poles are temperamentally anti-Russian; but they also know, as do the Poles, that the maintenance of the Oder-Niesse frontier depends entirely on the Kremlin's goodwill. As a result, the Russians like to think that the Poles will not dare go "too far," while the Poles know that the Russian alliance is, for them, an inevitable evil.

It will be one of Gomulka's tasks, in the months ahead, to try to limit the anti-Russian currents in Poland. What worries the Russians most is not the inarticulate Russophobia of the Polish peasant or the old-fashioned anti-Russian nationalism among the survivors of the "old colonels" caste, but the anti-Russian revolt of the Polish intellectual élite—including many who only a short while ago were stalwart Stalinists. Herein lies Gomulka's chief problem. Russia has to be humored; it has to be appeased and reassured. And to achieve this—according to many Poles to whom I have talked—the Polish Premier may have to get tough with his intellectual compatriots.

In Hungary, the Russians looked upon the intellectuals as their No. 1 enemy. It is the same here. Even before the elections, Gomulka had some stormy sessions with the editorial board of *Po Prostu*, which with its half-million readers is by far the most influential Polish weekly. I met its editor, Eligiusz Lasota, a frail-looking youth of twenty-seven, now a deputy in Parliament. Like the rest of the *Po Prostu* staff, he

is a disillusioned Stalinist. His and his co-workers' reaction against Russia and in favor of Polish independence is so violent that, on one occasion, Gomulka argued with them through the night until four in the morning. Finally the Premier slammed the door, shouting that if the staff imagined he was going to restore bourgeois democracy in Poland it was very much mistaken.

To appease the Russians, Gomulka may have to fight not only *Po Prostu*, but *Przegląd Kulturalny* and *Nowa Kultura*, two other weeklies of overwhelming importance in the country. He will certainly refuse Lasota's demand that government press censorship be abolished. The censorship may, if anything, get tougher, for up till now it has certainly given these papers extraordinary latitude. In November, Woroszyński, editor of *Nowa Kultura*, published the most detailed and terrifying accounts of events in Hungary which had devastatingly anti-Russian effects all over Poland. And in *Przegląd Kulturalny* the well-known writer Słonimski, president of the Writer's Union, put forward the heretical idea that it was just as immoral to treat one generation as "manure" for the next as it would be to treat the Greeks, say, as "manure" for the Turks: the only difference was that one dealt in terms of time, the other in terms of space.

MEANTIME Gomulka plans to reorganize Poland along new lines. Sure, Poland is to remain Socialist. But collectivization, with few exceptions, has been a failure, and most of the collective farms are to be dissolved. Already Nowak and others are screaming that the Polish village is "returning to capitalism." Even from the intellectuals there has come some severe criticism of Gomulka's church policy; by making religious education optional in elementary schools, he has in fact made it compulsory so far as the small towns are concerned. For there a minor "terror" has been unleashed by the "clerical" children against the minority of "anti-clerical" youngsters.

Poland's primary worry for this year is, I think, this: Will the Russians decide that, on balance, it is better to have a reluctant Poland as an ally than to make it an open enemy by setting up a Kadar government in Warsaw? I wish I could say that I am a hundred per cent certain that the Russians will

leave Poland in peace. I cannot be certain, and the doubt is agonizing. For Poland's young generation is admirable in its search for truth and justice. Their Students' Theatre has coined a beautiful anti-Stalinist slogan: "There is a colossal future in thinking"—the kind of thinking (as is so often remarked here) which, in Russia, still ranks as a black-market commodity.

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ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's Paris correspondent, has had extensive journalistic experience in Eastern Europe.

EDITORIALS

The American Interest

In his address to the nation on the Middle Eastern crisis, President Eisenhower has defined the essential American interest in the immediate issue. Three power gambits have shaped the issue. One is the effort of the Arab nations to isolate Israel. Another is the effort of the USSR and its bloc to force the United States to back Israel in a manner that will forfeit its influence with many of the so-called uncommitted nations. These moves in turn have created a situation in which both Democratic and Republican leaders seek personal and partisan political advantage in the President's dilemma. The immediate problem does not turn on the opening of the Suez Canal; Egypt's interests alone insure that the canal will be opened. It does not turn on the security of Israel; the United States and its allies stand firmly committed to Israel's protection. It relates to the insistence by the U.N. that Israel pull back its forces within the Armistice lines.

The pendency of other vital issues before the U.N. cannot be permitted to obscure this immediate issue on which the future of the world organization may well turn. The U.N. cannot be put in the position of simultaneously considering and resolving all pending problems as a precondition to the resolution of the immediate one. If this were possible, a case might be made for such a policy; but practically speaking it is not. For better or worse, the immediate issue turns on the withdrawal of Israeli forces and it was with this that the President was forced to deal. His task was made more difficult by reason of the premature talk about sanctions and the proposal to test the right of "innocent passage" in the Gulf of Aqaba—and for both difficulties he may thank Mr. Dulles. Nor was his burden lightened by reason of the fact that Mr. Dulles is now distrusted in the Senate, by the leaders of both parties, to almost the same degree that he is distrusted at the U.N. and in most capitals.

The President's statement has not prejudged, as we read it, the issue of sanctions. This is an issue in itself. Numerous alternatives are involved, some of which might well be coupled with additional specific assurances to Israel, or might be made to turn on carefully timed, reciprocal actions. The history of sanctions at the League of Nations provides the most cogent argument for proceeding with the utmost care and caution in this

direction. But as this is written (the morning after the President's speech), we do not understand that Mr. Eisenhower has committed American support to any proposal on sanctions.

In any case this is not today's—this hour's—problem. The urgency of the issue with which the President was forced to deal relates to the U.N.'s prior insistence, backed by a heavy vote, on the withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces. A preponderant U.N. opinion is insistent on this point. In pondering the American position, the President concluded that preservation of the United Nations was the overriding consideration. He is fully aware of Senator Knowland's determination, by unabashed demagoguery, to use the crisis to turn the U.N. into an anti-Soviet alliance or to destroy it. In electing to back the world body, the President has safeguarded the long term Israeli as well as the American interest. To establish a clear moral and principled position on the basis of which it can demand, and will have earned, the U.N.'s and this country's unqualified backing, thereby escaping from its present defensive isolation, Israel should withdraw its forces. In this respect, its basic interest, like that of the United States, is in a strengthened United Nations.

McDonald's Nightmare

The dimensions of David J. McDonald's nightmare—the rank-and-file Protest movement which sought to unseat him as president of the United Steelworkers—are growing as each day passes. As of last week, unofficial returns gave McDonald 163,580 votes to 84,403 for Donald C. Rarick, cutting the president's lead below a 2-1 majority. In District 15, just outside of Pittsburgh, the Protest candidate for district director has soundly thumped McDonald's man, John Sullivan, by 14,000 to 6,500, with thirty-five of the forty-seven locals reporting, including all of the big locals. There have already been rumors that McDonald's administration may try to alter the outcome there to re-seat Sullivan, and the Protest leaders have announced they will take the matter to court if any move is made to deny their man the victory.

No matter what happens in that particular district, Rarick, the rebel who opposed McDonald on the Dues Protest ticket, is planning to go to court to contest the voting reports in several Midwest districts. Rarick

and his attorney last week visited the Chicago-Gary area, where McDonald's cohort, Joe Germano, reported a 35-1 majority for the president. They came up with charges of fraud in some of the ballot counting. Rarick's attorney, James A. Ashton, says he has sworn evidence that one local of 1,100 members had its vote sent in for McDonald without an open election being held; he alleged that the local president called a meeting of only thirty members who voted support for McDonald.

Many of the locals had still not turned in their voting reports last week, and Rarick's forces have declared they will look upon failure to submit results as fraud. The deadline for turning in local results to the international headquarters for official tabulation was last Friday. The international tellers, according to the union constitution, do not have to announce the official final results until May 1. Once the results are submitted to headquarters, the counting is under the supervision of the Honest Ballot Association, but the association has no control over what happened in the 2,750 locals throughout the country—how their reports were turned in, or whether they were turned in at all.

The confusion and conflict over the first presidential race in the history of the Steelworkers will obviously be going on for a long time to come. One thing is clear, and its details will sharpen in the weeks ahead: David McDonald, the \$50,000-a-year union president, has a nightmare surge of opposition on his hands, and it is one that won't be easily dispelled.

Barricades Are Obsolete

Machine guns, tanks and tear gas were supposed to have made it impossible for unarmed citizens to successfully defy, much less overthrow, a modern police state. But in Barcelona nearly a million and a half people have discovered a means of resistance that has Franco & Company thoroughly baffled. On January 14 a boycott of buses began when fares were increased from sixty to eighty *centimos*. The boycotters have carefully avoided violence. Large police details stand idly at major intersections as heavily guarded but conspicuously empty buses roll down the streets. In South Africa, 60,000 Africans have launched a bus boycott in Johannesburg and Pretoria in protest against an increase of twopence a day in fares. The South African authorities are making the capital mistake of invoking violence to crush a non-violent protest movement, thereby converting an economic issue into a major political struggle. Thus non-violence, which Gandhi first used as a technique while working for Indian immigration in South Africa and later carried with him to India, has now returned to Africa by way of Montgomery, Alabama, and Tallahassee, Florida, and is proving its effectiveness in Spain.

The bus boycott has obvious advantages as a non-violent tactic. It can be quickly organized by word-of-

mouth; mass meetings, leaflets and organization are not necessary. It imposes hardships but minimizes risk. The leadership is not conspicuous. It challenges authority obliquely on a specific issue—segregated seating, a rise in fare or the like—which usually has a strong appeal in itself. It can paralyze a city. It is dramatic. It gives people a sense of power and, at the same time, builds unity and discipline. And it cannot be crushed by force. The tyranny of the modern police state may be invulnerable to direct attack, but the bus boycotts are demonstrating that it can be circumvented by the inventive application of non-violent tactics.

The Non-Secret Spy

The children of Pearl River, N.Y., are now monitored in study hall by a television camera fixed in a corner of the room, the receiving screen being on a table in the principal's office. This installation, which frees a teacher for other duties, is an adaptation, says the *New York Times*, of the anti-shoplifter cameras now replacing plainclothes cops in department stores.

Children should not throw spitballs during study periods, adults should not lift small, likely objects from show counters, and electronic eyes are probably at least as good as human eyes for discouraging these practices. Nevertheless this camera supervision is all wrong. Free people instinctively, and properly, resent being watched by someone who is himself invisible; we call it being spied on and recognize it as a kind of invasion of privacy that takes place right out in public. Electronic engineers and the even newer engineers of human behaviour can think of hundreds of ingenious uses for the snooping camera, and before long we shall be watched through a TV keyhole from morning to night and from the cradle to the grave. It is not only wrong, it is sneaky and very probably un-American, and the time to stop it is right at the start. Put the teachers back at their desks and the flatfeet back in the store aisles, and let us not trade any more of our dignity for mass-age efficiency.

Mien vs. Meaning

Since most Americans do not purport to understand Soviet foreign policy we are constantly apprehensive about its direction. This in turn creates a pre-disposition to read extravagant meaning into headlines which emanate from Moscow. In the inter-war period, dark secrets became the stock-in-trade of correspondents who specialized in the art of interpreting such esoteric data as the nods, winks and smiles of diplomats. But nowadays character-reading, necromancy and graphology have been brought into service as auxiliary journalistic skills to aid in interpreting equivocal developments in the USSR. For example: Is the post-Geneva "thaw" to be succeeded by a "refreeze"? Is the cold war to be resumed? Answers to

these questions were being sought last week not in a general analysis of developments but in frenzied attempts to understand the meaning of Dmitri Shepilov's replacement as Soviet Foreign Minister by Andrei A. Gromyko. Much of this speculation is fascinating, but do the Soviets operate their diplomacy on football's two-platoon system, substituting "offensive" for "defensive" squads with each shift in policy? If so, then their diplomacy is less enigmatic than we had imagined. For us to operate on such a hypothesis is to give the Soviets the power to practice unconscionable psychological warfare by merely shifting personnel in the foreign office. It may be that the appointment of Gromkyo heralds the onset of a new ice age, but if it does the Russians are acting strangely in other respects. The changes associated with the designation of Mikhail Peruvkhin as head of the State Planning Commission—a scaling down in production goals, cutbacks in industrial production, a greater emphasis on retail trade—hardly indicate that new aggressive designs of a military character are being hatched in Moscow. On the contrary, these developments suggest that the Russians, not unlike the British, and not unlike quite a number of Senators and Representatives in Washington, are beginning to have serious misgivings about the constantly increasing burden of arms expenditures. It

might be more profitable, therefore, to concentrate on the meaning of the Peruvkhin innovations than to ferret out the dread implications of Mr. Gromkyo's "frozen mien."

Brains Socko in Show Biz

Stark, naked brain power is beginning to pay off in the United States. On the East Coast, the popular hero of the hour is Charles Van Doren, a \$4,000-a-year college professor who has manipulated an almost grotesque command of scattered information into a television prize already worth more than \$100,000 and at this writing still on the rise. And from Las Vegas the Flamingo Hotel has sent out a call for comely girls (slight knowledge of dancing desirable) who hold doctorate degrees to appear in a floor show called the Hi Phi Betas. The Flamingo has already hired six of these intelligent beauties, but needs ten more.

There is an odor of commercialism about this enthusiasm for higher cerebration, but we don't spurn progress because it is tinged with bunkum. Mr. Van Doren's encyclopedism is surely a more appetizing example for the young than the sinuosity of Mr. Presley, and old sports may ogle a silken limb with less self-reproach when the can-can kicks are controlled by a mind of Ph.D. calibre. If brains are selling high in show business, they may be due for a rise on the Hill.

LABOR RACKETS, INC. . . by Sidney Lens

It would be nice if the McClellan committee would expose every labor racketeer in the country and toss him, head over boots, clear into perdition.

It would be nice, but it won't happen.

It won't happen because labor racketeering is part of a large social cancer—the national crime syndicate. And no one—not even Kefauver—has as yet really investigated the syndicate and its fantastic interconnections with influential politicians and affluent business men.

The popular image of a labor racketeer is a slap-happy pug, pistol bulging from his holster, who terrorizes hapless entrepreneurs to extort bribes. There are, of course, such gentlemen among the genus

"labor racketeer," but their number is minute and their mortality rate exceedingly high. The more practiced labor racketeer is not a pug—he has "connections." He is no pariah, he has friends—real friends among the high and mighty. Testifying on behalf of a suspended unionist a few weeks ago was a top management attorney who represents the largest chain of department stores in his city, and who has a long anti-labor record. The owner of the department store was himself co-chairman last year of a testimonial dinner for Jimmy Hoffa. Another favorable witness for the alleged racketeer was the head of an employers' association.

The labor racketeer wines and dines and takes Miami vacations with the most respected politicians. His lawyers are at the top of the list: one is the brother of a prominent judge, another is among the

first ten in the Democratic Party hierarchy in his city, and so on. Behind him, too, are leaders in the business world. For instance, the man behind the waterfront racket in New York is a wealthy entrepreneur with the strongest political "clout." The men who gave sustenance to the movie racketeers, Bioff and Browne, were the heads of great motion-picture concerns, some of whom testified that they had had regular social relationships with the defendants, visiting each other's homes and going to parties together. In at least one instance they admitted paying a \$150,000 bribe to the racketeers to break a strike.

"Connections" make the labor racketeer. Take the case of Johnny Dio. One of the men who gave him his first charters in the Allied Industrial Workers Union was its president, a decent union leader named Lester Washburn. But Washburn

SIDNEY LENS, author of *A World in Revolution*, is a Chicago union official.

was under pressure from Dio's friends high up in the union; he tolerated the situation for some years, complained to George Meany, and then quit. When Dio finally had to leave the A.I.W., he was able to get charters in the Teamsters union. There are innumerable good and clean Teamsters unions around the country; but there are also opportunistic elements who will pave the way for a Johnny Dio. These are his "connections" and his power.

Looking at the labor racketeer as an isolated phenomenon is a useless exercise. That is why all racketeer investigations up to now have ended in complete failure: a few of the exposed men quit their posts or are hauled off to the bastille, but the syndicate itself, which develops the racketeers, is not even dented. It always finds replacements.

THE CRIME syndicate looms as something hazy, perhaps only a mirage invented by sensational newspapers. Until some undercover agent can reach the top of its pyramid—as FBI agents, for instance, have penetrated close to the top of the Communist Party—the inner operations of this potent force in our society remain nebulous. Yet in the absence of exact knowledge, a few strong hints have been dropped over the years which do lend some insight. The syndicate works pretty much like a political party or a giant corporation. It is a loose federation, highly centralized in some respects (such as dealing out "justice" to its traitors), but decentralized in execution of business ventures. It recruits carefully the individual who shows promise but who is outside its ranks; and it infiltrates into key organizations which it needs to round out its power. The fact that the distillery union, for instance, is on the verge of being suspended from AFL-CIO for corruption should come as no surprise: the syndicate uses such unions as a means of forcing employers to purchase beer and liquor produced by ex-bootleggers who since prohibition ended have turned into respectable business men.

The syndicate is departmentalized, like any good business or political machine. It has an official in charge

of gambling, another in charge of prostitution, a third in charge of legitimate businesses, another in charge of relations with police and politicians, another who handles night clubs and sports, and still another in charge of labor activity. Each of these branches is expected to help the other. The syndicate man who handles politics opens some doors for the one who handles labor; and the department head who deals with legitimate business has "connections" for those who are on the



illegal side, such as gambling.

The syndicate is usually thought of as a muscled monster; but most of its activity requires tact and finesse rather than muscle. The syndicate is always trying to do something for important people, building up its great store of friendships. The mayor of a large Midwestern city told me how he was approached by a certain nationality group—behind which lurked the syndicate—and asked if he would attend a big testimonial for himself. No strings attached, no cost to him. Of course, after two or three such functions and marks of friendship, the mayor would be approached for a minor favor—and then the great interlinking of crime and politics would begin. The head of a good-sized international union which had jurisdiction in two fields, one of which was completely unorganized, told me recently how he was approached by a few suave emissaries of the syndicate who promised to organize the whole jur-

isdiction without a penny cost to the international.

Both these offers were declined, but there are some people not so squeamish who are easily compromised. That is how the labor racketeer wheedles into the movement in the first place. The syndicate has a friend somewhere, who has another friend (or a lawyer), who can get him a charter from an international union. Usually he has not a single member organized at the time and probably has difficulty securing the first seven signatures for the charter application. But the "connections" come through, despite such obstacles. Sometimes the racketeer sets up house in an established union. The syndicate does a few favors for a legitimate unionist, over-eager to make money and presto, before he knows it, he is "partner" with an emissary sent in by the syndicate. Another technique is to recruit unaffiliated "promising" unionists. A unionist who shows he can terrorize employers or has some other useful talent is approached and coddled by the organized racket. He is introduced around, helped to get a few contracts, and soon he is making no move without getting someone's permission.

ALL OF WHICH suggests something of the true nature of the crime syndicate. Though it has its inner circle of muscle-men and leading departmental figures, it is certainly not a membership organization. It is more of a loosely-knit force with tens of thousands of "fellow-travellers." The man who owns a cigar-stand in your building and who books horses through the syndicate (he can't do it otherwise) is not a member of the crime group. But he is a "fellow-traveller"; and it is the thousands of such fellow-travellers who give the syndicate its real power. They are not only the bookies and the pimps, but the lawyers, police, judges, politicians, union officials, and—above all—business men who comprise this milieu.

It may be true that once a man becomes enmeshed in the inner circle of the syndicate he is never permitted to leave it—though there is some evidence to the contrary

here, too. But thousands of the "fellow travellers" work in and with the syndicate on a purely *ad hoc* basis, cutting the relationship for long periods and re-establishing it again when a mutual profit can be made.

It follows that some of the people who get involved in the syndicate are quite decent, with no illegal or criminal motives whatsoever. A saloon-keeper I know was having trouble getting his license renewed. He tried for months without avail, until one day he struck up a deal with the juke-box agent. In return for putting in an additional juke-box, his difficulties came to an end. The juke-box man, tied in with the syndicate, knew how to mobilize the political "clout" and the saloon-keeper took advantage of it rather than go out of business.

The politician who fixes things for you is the same fellow who fronts for the numbers racket, and who fixes many other crimes as part of his syndicate operation. The amazing interlinkings explain in part why it is so difficult to prosecute labor racketeers. Most of the "victims" of racketeering are really its allies, and have no desire to uproot it. The labor racketeer, if he is worth his illicit salt, performs a service for business men and makes some kind of payment, direct or indirect, to police and politicians. Such services and alliances are possible only because of the far-flung power of the syndicate.

"Tips" for buying something on the illegal side or something legal which is illegally withheld, are normal features of our social system.

THE SYNDICATE is rooted in human frailty, whether it be gambling, prostitution or the desire for profit. Modern man is beset by all manner of legal restrictions that go against his grain, such as the prohibition on gambling. Result: an illegal industry, bookmaking, opens its doors to the tens of millions of law-abiding citizens who will not abide by this one law. And byproduct: a corrupted judiciary, police system and political machine.

Similarly in the sphere of industry. Employers frequently seek a profit

through means that are not exactly legal. In such ventures they must secure the aid of the crime syndicate. The syndicate is a specialized agency that combines violence with highly purchased political protection; and in the sphere of labor-management relations offers a service to entrepreneurs that can be accurately measured in dollars and cents. Suppose, for instance, that the employers are in a decentralized industry which suffers from bitter price-cutting. The syndicate enters the picture to organize the business men into an association. Price standards are then set, and any employer rash enough to cut prices faces a strike by a syndicate-controlled union.

A few years ago three men were involved in such a racket in the Dock Street produce section of Philadelphia. Two were union officials, the third headed two employer associations. Fred Schlein of the employer groups testified before Congress that his associations fought in every instance against the issuance by the public-utility commission of certificates to new haulers. Competition was to be restricted to as small a group as possible. The associations also enforced a rule against "kick-backs." They introduced rules on "package limits" and various other trade practices designed to bring stability to the industry and to raise profits. They also raised prices, and in a number of instances—helped along by "tips"—resolved wage disputes at favorable terms to employers. Enforcement, of course, was in the hands of union officials who called strikes against those employers who wouldn't join the association and abide by its rules. Employers who preferred competition to stability were driven out of the industry. Business was not an innocent bystander, but an integral part of the racket.

A "service" of a different kind is performed by the racket for entrepreneurs in the garment industry. Here a minority of employers in a highly competitive field seek the profits to be made from non-union low-wage workers in so-called "run-away" shops. Ordinarily the powerful International Ladies Garment

Workers Union could frustrate these efforts by putting a picket line around those primary shops in New York which do the cutting for the "runaway" plants. With truck-drivers in legitimate unions respecting such picket lines, the low-wage scheme is defeated. But if the Teamster group is headed by a racketeer and the trucking firm is similarly enmeshed in the racket, the traditional solidarity sought by the ILGWU to defend its wage scales is jettisoned. The racket saves blobs of money for the entrepreneur who is willing to pay the price for its "service."

THE LABOR racketeer helps business men keep wages below what they would be with a legitimate union, or he breaks strikes, or he restricts competition. He helps the politician with votes (garnered by the syndicate through a special department) and he "pays off." His own ill-gotten gains come from raiding health and welfare funds (which employers permit him to handle unmolested), or accepting direct bribes (an uncouth rarity), or in forming lucrative business partnerships with employers he is supposed to be "fighting." Thus the labor racketeer owns a piece of an insurance firm, or a hauling firm, or stock in a corporation, all kindly contributed to him by allied employers at a very normal price. The racket is a cozy, local, three-way arrangement which usually defies federal interference and has a few "connections" in Washington "just in case."

Not all racketeering performs a real service for management. A construction firm pays graft to a union leader and in turn is assured what it is entitled to anyway: a supply of labor and labor peace so long as it abides by the contract. Similarly the electrical contractor who must buy certain items from firms owned by a union agent or his son is being mulcted for fictitious rather than real "services." Still a third fraudulent "service" is one where a so-called unionist forces a small employer—say a drug-store owner—to pay the dues and initiation fees for his clerks on penalty of facing a picket line, and then leaves him

alone to pay whatever wages he sees fit.

Such types of racketeering, I believe, are in the minority. They exist because the employer is terrorized and refuses to testify. They exist also because the district attorney, or some other political wheel, is allied with the racket and won't prosecute. Business men soon learn that complaints about such extortions to legal authorities yield nothing except a bland request to "get some proof that will stand up in court." They know of men beaten up or murdered who dared look for proof. A good many local law-enforcement agents harass the victims instead of the racketeers. Either way you look at it, therefore, whether it is a real service performed by the racketeer or a fictitious one, it is the syndicate's connections which keep the racketeer from prosecution. The labor racketeer uses something which doesn't belong to him—the economic power of the labor movement—in order to make profits for himself, his friends and his syndicate. But since he has allies in politics (and business) he can get away with it.

THE McClellan committee, armed with \$350,000 and a capable young investigator, Robert Kennedy, now proposes to dig into racketeering over an extended period. Senator McClellan will no doubt get headlines as he asks Dave Beck why he permitted his union to buy him a \$160,000 home and lavish furnishings; or as he asks other Teamsters about their wealth and business investments. The headlines will raise hope that "at least someone is doing something about labor racketeering." But the syndicate won't worry any more than it worries over the raid of a few houses of ill-repute or the arrest of a few bookies. For what will be investigated is not the great alliance of crime, business and politics which stretches through the whole breath of a profit-hungry society, but a few unfortunate individuals whom the syndicate is quite prepared to yield as sacrificial scapegoats.

The obvious question at this point is: why doesn't labor clean its

own house? Unfortunately, the labor movement adheres all too closely to the ethics of the business community. Until the merger of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. in December 1955, the A.F. of L. was so dominated by conservative business unionists that it was little disposed to move against the racketeer. Too many unionists looked on the movement merely as a means to make a buck to want to stir up trouble. President David Dubinsky of the Garment Workers raised the issue periodically, but his pleadings fell on deaf ears. The late William Green was too weak a leader to do anything. Under the fiction of international union "autonomy," precious little was done to check the infiltration of unsavory elements. When George Meany took over, he showed greater vigor by expelling the racket-ridden longshoremen. But with the relationship of forces what it was in the A.F. of L., he did not proceed any further.

SINCE the merger of the two federations there has occurred a realignment on the question of corruption. The old C.I.O., whatever its faults, was almost entirely free of racketeering. Now, with allies such as Dubinsky, Al Hayes of the 900,000-strong machinists union, and a few others of the old A.F. of L., the ex-C.I.O. people have been able to mobilize a strong force to attack corruption. For fourteen months they served a sort of "probationary period," refusing to be provoked into controversy. But now, with Meany as their momentary ally, they have opened their fire and have succeeded in purging three small international unions—laundry, distillery and the Allied Industrial Workers; two small federal unions (local groups under the direct jurisdiction of Meany); and a number of local unions in

chemical, ladies' garments and elsewhere. They pushed through a code of ethics at the recent council meeting of the AFL-CIO in Miami which, despite shortcomings (such as the position on the Fifth Amendment) and significant omissions (such as the failure to rebuke back-door contracts and bureaucracy), is a fair foundation for proceeding further. Following the council meeting, Meany issued a statement calling on rank-and-file unionists to come to him with information on racketeering and pledging direct AFL-CIO help to them.

The situation, therefore, is not entirely bleak.

BUT the real fight is yet to come. Suspending or expelling the laundry or distillery unions is hardly more than an opening gun. (The Allied Industrial Workers will probably not be purged, now that Tony Doria has resigned his secretary-treasury post and his membership.) The strength of these two groups stems from alliances with local Teamster unions; so long as they are reasonably sure that truck-drivers will respect their picket lines, their power remains intact. That is the case, for instance, with the longshoremen who can still depend on Teamster support even though they are now expelled from AFL-CIO. The big struggle is between the Reuther-Meany alliance on the one hand and the Teamsters on the other. If Beck should refuse to purge some of the unsavory elements in his ranks—as seems indicated—it can lead to a conflict of mammoth proportions, and perhaps even a split.

At the moment Beck is attempting to consolidate behind him all the old A.F. of L. unions, especially the building trades. He is capitalizing on their fear that craft unionism will be bypassed in new organizational ventures and he is signing pacts for mutual help with many international unions that circumvent the AFL-CIO structure. The merged federation can hardly be considered unified; it is still boiling with all the old conflicts.

Racketeers can be thrown out of the labor movement if aggrieved



rank-and-file workers have enough strength of their own, or enough outside support, to do the job. By way of example: some years ago a group of track-layers threw out their union officials, after twenty-four years of trying to break the local bureaucracy, merely by signing petitions reading them out of office. As a follow-up, they called 800 of their ranks to a meeting, set up an adequate "defense squad" of some 350 men to ward off physical attack, and then served notice on their company to recognize them or face a strike. The strategy worked—and quickly. If they hadn't been able to defend themselves, however, and if the company had refused to

recognize them, they would have been in difficulties. Most aggrieved unionists are not in this fortunate position, particularly women workers or workers in small plants that employ only a few dozen people. They would have to rely on outsiders for defense, for financial support, for organizers. They would need more than just lip service, but real and substantive help from the whole AFL-CIO.

Is organized labor ready to go this far? Only time will tell.

Time will also help legitimate labor in another fashion. With each passing day the foundations for craft unionism continue to crumble. The prospect is that many homes

now being built by craftsmen will increasingly be prefabricated in mass-industry factories, and that many small firms with a few employees will be consolidated into larger ones. Since labor racketeering sustains itself in small, decentralized industry, the growth of mass and large industry helps to undercut it.

The pre-conditions for a war against racketeering are thus being laid within the labor movement itself and in the structure of industry. The government or Congressional committees can help this effort along only if they are willing to attack the whole sub-surface of racketeering, the crime syndicate and its alliances in every field.

In Memoriam: TWO AMERICAN LIBERALS

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and Jerome Frank, both distinguished lawyers who have made valuable contributions to the American liberal tradition, died recently within a few days of each other.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr. (1885-1957)

by Mark DeWolf Howe

Many Americans who had never met Zechariah Chafee knew, when they heard of his death, that they had lost a great and stalwart friend. He had so often and so effectively spoken up on behalf of others, had so committed his generous energies to the preservation of civil liberty, that innumerable people throughout the land were in his debt.

It is far easier to feel gratitude for a man's achievement than to learn lessons from his accomplishment. From some of the vivid qualities in Professor Chafee's spirit no serviceable lessons, unfortunately, can be learned, for they bespoke the inimi-

table elements of his temperament rather than the persuasive force of his conviction. His zest for life, his resilient hopefulness, and his imaginative sympathy for persons who had suffered injury unlike any he had personally known, have shown us all how productive such blessings of temperament may be. We are grateful for his dedication of those qualities to our welfare. We cannot hope, however, to sustain in ourselves the contagion of his spirit; all that we can do is express our thanks that we have been its beneficiaries.

To say this, however, is not enough, for there were important aspects of Professor Chafee's accomplishments which derived from his intellectual rather than his temperamental gifts. His triumphant spirit was buttressed and sustained by profound learning. His cultivation in the world of letters taught many law students to see why their chosen occupation is a profession: to appreciate the truth of the Seventeenth Century's pronouncement that "the sparks of all the sciences in the world are raked up in the ashes of the law." More significantly, perhaps, Professor Chafee's extensive learning in areas of the law far removed from those on which civil

liberties are dependent gave special strength to his efforts as lawyer and scholar to provide the safeguards of law for inquiring minds and expressive tongues. He realized as too few enthusiasts do that those who serve the cause of liberty must bring to the struggle not only stout hearts but abundant learning. No single piece of writing did more than Chafee's *Freedom of Speech* to define the nature of personal liberty and to measure the scope of governmental power to restrict its exercise. His defining and measuring became authoritative not because of his enthusiasm but because of the learning which sustained the enthusiasm.

If one were to select that field of discerning and extensive knowledge which Professor Chafee put to most effective use, he would be forced, I believe, to the conclusion that it was history. One would admit, of course, that had Chafee not been a master of equity jurisprudence, both in its substantive and procedural aspects, his contributions to constitutional law would have been less notable than they were. Yet in the last analysis Professor Chafee's greatest achievement was his imaginative use of history for progressive, even for creative, purposes. The familiar ten-

MARK DeWOLFE HOWE, who taught with Professor Chafee on the faculty of Harvard Law School, is the editor of The Holmes-Laski Letters and other books.

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dency of those who know the story of man's past with thoroughness, to stand in the ancient ways, never infected him with the temptation to let well enough alone. Sharing Maitland's capacity to hear the voices of the dead as communications to the living, he translated the words and the warnings of earlier generations into the language of our own times. The translation was never literal yet always accurate. As a consequence, we were made to see that those who have gone before us were at once ancestors and friends, progenitors and enemies. To emphasize this special quality in Professor Chafee's use of history is, perhaps, to do little more than say that he was deeply loyal to the traditions of the common law. Those traditions, as he interpreted them for us, included more than achievements and failures. They embraced aspiration as well. In the last as in the first years of his career, Professor Chafee gave the energies of his shining spirit and the learning of his vivid intelligence to the securing through law of our highest hopes. No lawyer of our times did more to shape the nation's conscience than Zechariah Chafee. No scholar of our day has done more to shape our constitutional law.

Jerome Frank

(1889-1957)

by Fred Rodell

Nothing is harder than to write, suddenly in the past tense, of someone you loved. When Jerome Frank died a few weeks ago—just as he wanted to die, with no lingering, no invalidism, with a full ten hours of work done the day before—the newspapers trotted out the customary obituaries and editorials about his contributions to the New Deal, to legal scholarship, to the federal court on which he served for the last sixteen years of his electric life. But to those of us who were lucky enough to have known him

FRED RODELL, professor of law at Yale University (where Judge Frank also taught) is the author of Woe Unto You, Lawyers! and other books.

long and well, these tributes might have been chipped in cuneiform on stone, so little did they or could they catch the warmth and depth and gaiety of the man we knew.

Jerome Frank was indeed one of the New Deal's brightest lights. As counsel for the AAA, he stood staunch for the small farmers until Henry Wallace, shamefully and ashamedly, fired him. As member and then chairman of the SEC, he first followed and then carried farther the financial clean-up crusade of his close friend, Bill Douglas.

Jerome Frank was indeed one name high on the small list of those who have brought fresh insight to legal thinking. His *Law and the Modern Man*, most brilliant of his many books, will still shock readers and stir disputes a century hence. Even the least of his ubiquitous bits and chunks of writing—a book note here, ten footnotes there (and how he loved those proliferating footnotes)—always mirrored the sparkle of his mind.

And Jerome Frank was indeed a churning, challenging influence on the court that, over the years, has been perhaps the country's best and surely its busiest—the Court of Appeals for the second federal circuit. More adventurous than the legendary Learned Hand, who looked on him almost as a son, more mindful of his masters on the Supreme Court than his contemporary, Charles E. Clark, he struck a balance between the two and formed with them a judicial trio unmatched from Holmes-and-Brandies-and-Stone until Black-and-Douglas-and-Warren. Many of his opinions are already part of the literature of our law.

BUT TO SAY all this is merely to fill out the flat abbreviations of the conventional "Who's Who" account. Jerome Frank was so much more than the sum of his public technical claims to fame.

For one thing, he came as close as anyone I have ever known to being a modern counterpart of the "complete man" of Renaissance times. The breadth of his curiosity and learning, the scope of his reading and recollection, were fabulous. He could quote and cite, by chapter

and verse, from a dozen quite disparate fields of knowledge ranging from music to physics and mathematics, from psychology and philosophy to all the rest of what he called the "social so-called sciences."

I heard him one evening casually take on one of the nation's top anthropologists and correct the expert's references to obscure anthropological tomes, translated from the German. This friendly debate happened to center around determinism against free-will, with Frank—who could not conceivably have been elsewhere—on the free-will side. At the end, he grinned and said: "Well, you can't ever prove you're right and I can't ever prove I'm right. But I'm right for me, because I know I'm happier believing that, within limits, I make my own choices and run my own life with my own mind."

And Jerome Frank was, despite those moments of doubt that come to all men, a contagiously happy man. Exuberant, gregarious, almost incapable of dislike for, or disinterest in, any human being, he lifted every class or meeting or cocktail party he entered with his eager questions, his quick responses, his "Say, there's an idea; now why don't you write an article . . .?" He had a spontaneous yen to participate in the lives and thoughts of others—and there was none he touched but was enriched and inspired by his kindly magic.

I have a hunch he was happiest teaching his classes (like all good teachers, he taught Jerome Frank, not the formal name of the course) and talking with students at the Yale Law School, to which he gave so much of himself during his last ten years. Young in mind despite all his wisdom, he felt a special empathy—and "empathy" was his favorite word—for those not-quite-grown-up kids with their perplexing personal problems, their intellectual enthusiasms, their looking ahead to life—as he did always.

There is not much more to say. I can only add that, like hundreds upon hundreds of others, my own home, my office, and my life will be the emptier because Jerry Frank will not be around again.

Conspicuous Consumption: 1957 . . by A. K. MacDougall

HALF A CENTURY ago a familiar figure on the campus of the University of Chicago was a rumpled-suited professor who mumbled in his beard, insulted his students, plagued the university trustees and was constantly thinking up new theories. The professor was Thorstein Veblen, coiner of the phrase "conspicuous consumption," a phrase that has become as integral a part of the compleat intellectual's verbal baggage as, say, Freud's "Oedipus complex."

America has changed since the hansom-cab days of Veblen. Yet much truth still attaches to the professor's idea, expressed in his 1899 classic, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, that people spend money, time and effort quite uselessly in the pleasurable business of inflating their egos; that people spend simply to show they *can* spend. The theory is double-barreled. Rich people lord it over their pecuniary inferiors by wasteful expenditures, while the inferiors copy the practice to improve their own status.

The unparalleled level of postwar installment buying has enabled the wage-earning American, far more than in Veblen's time, to gratify his bent for wasteful luxury in imitation of the idle rich. By the end of 1956, pay-later Americans owed a record \$31,552,000,000 in easy payment debts representing millions of automobiles, refrigerators, garbage disposals, storm windows and cruises to Bermuda. One need not swallow Veblen whole as a fundamentalist swallows the Scriptures. Many people do not engage in conspicuous consumption at all. But many do. And much that appears to be conspicuous consumption may be explained in other ways. But much can't.

Not so long ago a Beverly Hills furrier advertised mink bras and panties in thirty different mutations at \$2,500 a set. Simultaneously, a

New York store marketed a spray gun, coated with gilt and trimmed with bees and flowers, which sold for \$7.98. A hardware-store gun cost only 69 cents.

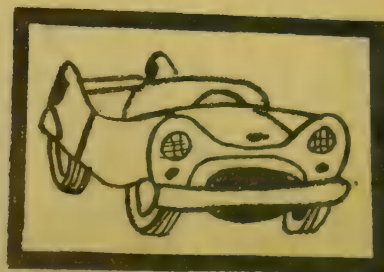
Veblen warned that people are prone to disguise wasteful spending by spending it on objects which appear to have some use: "Even in articles which appear at first glance to serve for pure ostentation only, it is always possible to detect the presence of some, at least ostensible, useful purpose. . . ." To elaborate this thesis, a look at an advertisement running currently in *The New York Times* and some of the more fashionable magazines is instructive. The advertisement says: "Ah! The Luxury of a GOLDEN TOOTH-PICK For the Woman Who Has Everything 14 K Gold 'Toothpique' Beautifully Engraved and Set With a Ruby \$15 For the Man Who Has Everything 14 K Gold Unadorned \$7.50 Each With a Leather Case." Quite clearly, the woman who has everything is twice as expensive as the man who has everything.

WASTE, Veblen said, shows up in needless expenditure of time as well as money. Illustrative of this point and reminiscent of the Great Gatsby twenties is this item from the March 29, 1954, issue of *Time*:

On Sunset Island No. 1 in Miami's yacht-clogged Biscayne Bay, Marianne Reynolds, who got \$2,000,000 and a divorce in 1952 from Tobacco Heir Richard J. Reynolds, Jr., sang a \$35,000 swan song. Soon off to luxuriate in California, Marianne said farewell to Florida in the style to which Reynolds had accustomed her. Under the bleak gaze of ten gate-guarding cops, 160 servants, two firemen and some fifteen dinner-jacketed plainclothesmen who mingled but did not fraternize, about 300 guests jammed for warmth (evening temperature: 48°) into two satin-draped tents pitched on Marianne's lawn. They guzzled 200 bottles of pink champagne (price: \$11 a fifth) and torrents of other beverages, ate their way through flocks of guinea hens and a whole salmon

(length: 1 yd.), gaped at one buffet display featuring a woolly lamb surrounded by genuine lamb chops. The swan-song theme was carried out by a dozen huge swans, carved from ice, which graced the tables, plus flocks of smaller black-metal swans dangling from trellises in the yard. While a dance band (Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's), a rhumba outfit and an eight-woman string ensemble blared and sawed away, Marianne, all in pink with a diamond tiara, held court in a bower of pink flowers. Said she, as the new day dawned and the icy swans began to melt a bit: "If I had known it was going to be so cold, I would have had the tents draped with pink mink."

The professor found that a society has to progress beyond the chronic scarcity stage before any of its citizens can drape a tent with pink mink or in any way waste time and goods. The United States in 1957 is beyond the scarcity stage. Life is abundant for most, so a few can stop work, clip coupons and consume conspicuously. With profits at all-time highs, big-business executives, casting about for ways to spend their money and influence their friends, are offered a variety of high-class, high-priced goods. Effete gifts advertised last Christmas season for tycoons included a pair of



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musical cuff links containing "the world's tiniest music box, formerly available only to Royalty at fantastic prices" marked down to \$100; a tiny scale-model steam engine for the executive who is a "frustrated engineer" at \$195; and an 18-karat gold shaving bowl for \$2,250. For the well-clad executive with aspirations above the gray flannel suit, *Esquire* this spring is advertising a \$595 sport shirt made of Vicuna wool; the buttons are gold with sapphire inserts. Other rarities for the mogul: a Vicuna wool dressing-gown tagged at \$750; a jigsaw puzzle for \$350; a black pearl shirt stud at \$3,500; a fountain pen in a gold case with a sapphire on the top, \$390; a set of cuff links with "modest-sized" emeralds less modestly priced at \$590; a pocket watch which tells the day of the week, phase of the moon, date of the month and year, and strikes the quarter hours in pretty chimes, at \$12,000.

MUCH prestige attaches nowadays to the man who earns his bread by using his "head" instead of his hands. Mechanization is converting more and more soiled-shirted wage workers into fresh-suited and white-collared salary earners. The \$70-a-week office clerk emulates the \$7,000-a-year junior executive who, in turn, emulates the \$50,000-a-year firm president. Status, prestige and success emerge as the new Holy Trinity.

Women join men in the emulative chase. They can buy \$40 elk-skin shorts and can scratch their backs with a \$6.95 gilt, pearl and sea shell-encrusted back scratcher adapted from the standard 39-cent Chinese model. To emulate Fifth Avenue women who can pay for high-tone items, millions of others spend more than they should for up-to-date apparel. Brides, in particular, tend toward "formal and expensive finery," according to a February 4, 1957, article in *The New York Times*. The article predicts that

... The career girls who marry this year will spend an average of \$200 to dress themselves for the ceremony—from underpinnings to veil. In some cases it is well beyond what a

realistic budget would allow, but the girls accept the expense with pleasure. "More often than you would think, the girl who lives in a cold-water flat is the most extravagant bride," said one bridal consultant.

The extravagant bridal costume allows a working-class woman to act like an upper-class debutante, if only for the duration of the ceremony. As Veblen observed: "It is true of dress in even a higher degree than of most other items of consumption, that people will undergo a very considerable degree of privation in the comforts or the necessities of life in order to afford what is considered a decent amount of wasteful consumption. . . ."

The girl who lives in a cold-water flat is more fortunate than was her counterpart in Veblen's time. Fashions, once high-priced and exclusively for the rich, are now widely copied, mass-produced and sold at prices within tip-toe reach of the working girl. The tight-skirted, smartly-hatted, high-heeled (and presumably well-heeled) woman one sees in the morning subway rush may well be a tenement girl on her way to a box factory. Until she gets there she is a lady whose clothes are so confining that they suggest she could do no manual labor even if she chose. When she arrives at the box factory, she changes her dress for a frock, her high heels for pumps, her hat for a kerchief, her pride for practicality. At lunch she may do with a jelly sandwich instead of ham to save toward the purchase of additional ladylike clothes. In the summer the cold-water flat girl can take a vacation to an expensive resort, a swank hotel, a first-class cruise—places where she can buy, if only for a week or two, the feeling of leisure-class status.

Conspicuous consumption is not always vulgar display. Often it is subtle and almost always it is rationalized as "necessary" expenditure. For instance, the shutter bug can get an imported Swedish Hasselblad miniature camera outfit that retails for \$1,850.55. The golfer is offered a set of four mink mitts to protect the heads of his golf clubs, at \$135 a set. The dog owner can get his poodle a solid oak, brass-

bound brandy keg with a leather harness for the animal's neck, at \$10; a terry-cloth bathrobe for "a dog who shivers after his bath," \$7.50; a dog raincoat, \$9.95; or, for a dog's proper sleep, a maple-furnished four-poster bed and mattress, both for \$39.50. The gracious hostess can adorn her dinner table with a \$125 asparagus server, prepare highballs with the aid of ice buckets which start at one store at \$65. The "art lover" can impress visitors with a fifteen-inch, \$295 statue of General Ulysses S. Grant which can smoke cigars.

But without doubt, the single most woeful example of incredible waste is the automobile. The 1957 model is longer, wider and gaudier. Its enormous hulk is propelled by a hot-blooded engine of 300 horses. Its rear fenders are upswept, backswept, high-flying jet fins—ocular insults and absolutely useless. It is laden with a smorgasbord of accessories; vent ports that don't vent, three-tone needlepoint-plastic upholstery, triple-tone finishes, pounds of ornamental chromium. Motorists love to say they wish the auto companies would not put so much junk on the cars, yet they continue to buy the "de luxe" or chrome-trimmed line at higher prices.

FASHION in cars has become like fashion in women's dresses. Get a new one each year or you're plunk out of style. Daily, the auto manufacturers preach the gospel of trading in last year's model for this year's. Admits Paul Garrett, vice president in charge of public relations for General Motors: "The automobile industry's pattern of antiquating old things by creating new reflects the dynamics of our country's growth better than anything I know."

The magnates who make Cadillacs are obvious in their appeal to blatant snobbery. Says an advertising blurb beneath a drawing of a Cadillac parked at the side of a columned mansion:

Pride of the Neighborhood!

It is a happy occasion indeed when a new Cadillac car first appears in the driveway of its proud and happy owner. . . .

In fact, the car invariably becomes a source of genuine pride and satisfaction throughout the entire neighborhood in which it resides.

The neighborhood understandably delights in having a beautiful new Cadillac to grace its streets . . . and takes great pleasure in knowing that one of its own has been able to realize the dream that lives in the hearts of so many.

As *Life* magazine observed in an article on cars in its January 18, 1954, issue: "In American culture the automobile has not merely replaced the horse; it has in some degree replaced the home, at least as the most important cachet of social and economic position. (Groups of

small wage-earners have been known to pool their resources and buy one new big car, each driving it one day a week, rather than buy the used cars they could afford on their own.)"

The *Life* article recalled a survey which Ford made some years ago. The test consisted of two parts. In the first part, "hundreds of motorists were asked simply what they wanted most in an automobile. The commonest answers were 'dependability' and 'safety.' Exterior appearance was far down on the list in eighth place. Now the pollsters asked a second, similar group the same question but in another way:

"What, in your opinion, does *your neighbor* most want in a car?" This time the answer 'flashy appearance' moved into second place. The public was an accurate judge of the public; it was only when each individual was asked what he himself wanted that he substituted how he thought he *should* feel for how he *really* felt." (Emphasis is *Life's*.)

Americans don't like to admit that many of them are mixed up in the emulative chase, that they waste time and money to impress others. Until they do, and do something about it, the ghost of the old Chicago professor will continue to rattle his chains across the land.

THE LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

MIDDLE EAST: End of a Road . . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

This is the second article of a series appraising America's "arms" diplomacy in various regions.

NOWHERE in the world are the alternatives confronting United States political strategy today more clearly defined than in the Middle East. The decision, after Suez, to intervene in the Middle East—a decision which the Eisenhower Doctrine made specific—was a continuation of the policy which Washington has pursued, in one sphere after another, ever since 1947. On the other hand, there are specific factors in the Middle East situation which differentiate it sharply from those with which the United States has coped since the inception of the cold war. It is this interplay between continuity and discontinuity, this combination of old and new, that has made the Middle East the testing-ground of American diplomacy.

The situation may be defined, in a preliminary way, by saying that Suez has carried the United States

to the end of the road along which Indo-China marked the half-way house. There are no exact parallels in postwar policy to what is happening in the Middle East. In the first place, the United States is intervening for the first time (Indo-China was a borderline case) in an area in which its interests are not *directly* involved. This in itself is a departure from precedent which requires justification. Secondly, it is throwing itself into an upsurge of aggressive nationalisms, far more powerful and far more unpredictable than anything it encountered in Southeast Asia. In view of the United States' refusal to join the Baghdad Pact, its aloofness from Middle East quarrels (apart from oil diplomacy, which we would do best to ignore), and its attempts to isolate the area, there is something ironic about the twist of events which has resulted in this outcome; and a good deal of the very natural irritation of Washington with London and Paris is due to the feeling that their inept diplomacy has landed the United States with an unnecessary and unwelcome complication. But if we look deeper this picture is not quite convincing. The Middle East situation is not simply the re-

sult of an Anglo-French blunder. It is also in the logic of American policy as it has evolved since 1945.

THIS policy, like that of the proverbial dog which rode the floods with Noah, is to stop up one by one the leaks sprung in the ark of Western democracy, as it is buffeted by world-wide seas of hostility and indifference. When the collapse of Germany and of Japan left yawning voids in Europe and in the Western Pacific, the United States ran to the rescue. When Britain was no longer able to stave up Greece and Turkey, America filled the gap. When France failed in Indo-China, the United States was at hand. What more natural, it would seem, than to continue the process and fill the vacuum left by the collapse of British power in the Middle East? But the situation is not so simple, and the danger is precisely that Washington is viewing it in these simple terms, and assuming that what once paid off in Formosa or in Europe will pay off automatically in the Middle East. There is no doubt that a policy based on arms and military deterrence succeeded in Europe in 1947 and 1948, in Korea in 1950 and in Formosa in 1955—at any rate, in

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Dotted areas indicate countries which, under one circumstance or another, the U.S. is committed to defend.

terms of its immediate objectives. The point is that conditions in the Middle East in 1957 are radically different.

When the United States intervened in Europe at the time of the Truman Doctrine and Marshall Aid and the blockade of Berlin, it had (apart from insignificant groups of fellow-travellers) the wholehearted backing of both the governments and the peoples concerned, who were at one in their determination to resist communism. In the Middle East that is not the case. First of all, no one on the spot believes in the lurid Russian bogey which is (apparently) so real for the State Department; and the Eisenhower plan, with its insistence on the danger of overt Communist aggression as the principal threat to the Middle East, has consequently little relation to Arab realities as viewed by Arab eyes. Secondly, for example in Iraq, governments and peoples are often at loggerheads, and support for unrepresentative governments almost automatically means incurring the enmity of national movements. Finally, the governments themselves (though not, perhaps, the peoples) are bitterly divided; the perennial rivalry between Cairo and Baghdad indicates plainly enough the way intervention on behalf of one group is bound to stir up the hostile reactions of its opponents. The conclu-

sion I would draw from all this is that the preconditions for the successful implementation of an arms diplomacy do not exist in the Middle East.

There are signs, in the vast cloud of words with which the Eisenhower Doctrine has been shrouded, that the Administration is not unaware that in the Middle East a military policy is not enough. Mr. Dulles has said, for example, that he attaches as much importance to the economic as to the military aspects of the plan; more specifically, he has denounced a policy of military pacts as tending to accentuate differences instead of trying to assuage them. Perhaps—in spite of other statements pointing in a contrary direction—there is here an inkling of the fact that the real issue between the United States and the Communist world is no longer, as in the time of Korea, defense against armed attack, but how to proceed in a campaign of political and economic attrition. It is perfectly true that conditions in the Middle East, the juxtaposition of great natural wealth and degrading poverty, shameful social inequalities and a legacy of exploitation, render it a peculiarly sensitive spot; and it is not unreasonable to argue that, without positive American action, it is likely to be easy ground for Communist propaganda. But when we come down

to the proposals actually made, we find that three out of the four specific proposals are couched in terms of "military assistance," "employment of the armed forces of the United States" and "economic and defensive military purposes." And the fourth, which promises United States co-operation "in the development of economic strength dedicated to the maintenance of national independence," is perhaps not so innocuous as it looks; for Mr. Dulles has defined "national independence" as meaning "dedicated to fighting against international communism"; and he has made it plain that aid could not be expected on other terms. Economic aid is, in fact, still conceived of as a para-military weapon; and the whole plan follows the traditional pattern of cold-war diplomacy.

Such a policy cannot succeed. First of all, it is out of tune, as already indicated, with world conditions in 1957, in which military preparedness is no longer the first consideration. More directly important, it is out of touch with Middle East realities. With all respect to Mr. Dulles, the Soviet "threat" is not the essence of the Middle East problem; nor, as Mr. Dulles' opponents often insist, is the question of Israel. The central factors are Arab nationalism, Arab resentment against the West and social revolution in

the Arab world. If neither Russia nor Israel existed, these problems would still produce a potentially explosive situation; and it is not one which can be dealt with by an arms diplomacy. No doubt the question of Israel and Russian intervention are exacerbating factors. But the fact remains that Russia's best chance is to profit by Western blunders, and that the State Department is in the process of committing the very blunders which, long before Suez, made the British position in the Middle East untenable. In spite of its refusal to join the Baghdad Pact, it is, in fact, placing itself at the head of a military alliance which is only distinguishable from the pact in its careful avoidance of that odious name. Syria has been written off; Egypt is in cold storage; we are back again to the strange alliance of Nuri-es-Said, the Shah of Persia, and King Saud. It is not a combination which breeds confidence or has the appearance of a sound basis for policy. Meanwhile the United States deftly sidesteps the immediate Middle Eastern issue—the definition of the Israeli-Egyptian frontiers—fearing lest a clearly defined policy will give Russia an opening for counter-attack, and tacitly underwrites British imperialism in Aden and in Cyprus. It is a case of a policy of alleged military necessity, narrowly conceived, over-ruling common sense and defeating the lasting objectives of American policy.

BUT LITTLE would be gained if the idea were to take hold that the deficiencies of arms diplomacy can be made good by the simple expedient of switching to dollar diplomacy. There are many indications that this notion is gaining popularity. In the last few months "economic aid without political strings" has become a popular slogan, the assumption being that it is bound to further American interests if the underdeveloped countries, in the Middle East and elsewhere, are stabilized. No doubt this argument marks an advance on crude arms diplomacy; but it rests on two doubtful postulates. The one is that by feeding men's stomachs, you will automatically win their

hearts. The other is that stability is what the Middle East requires. Neither is self-evidently true. The Arab countries are well aware of their need for aid; but they are intensively sensitive to any limitation on their independence, by which they understand not merely political independence but freedom to choose their own way of life. Any calculation that the advantages accruing from American aid will automatically bring adherence to Western ideas and ideologies ignores the moral factors which motivate the newly awakened Arab peoples. Furthermore, the whole Arab world at the present time is in ferment—a genuine, indigenous ferment coming from below, and not a simulated ferment aroused by "subversion" from without. To try to "stabilize" this world, in the hope of using it as a base for an anti-Russian policy, is equivalent to clamping tight the top on a boiler with no safety-valve.

The stark fact is that the situation in the Middle East is not one which easily lends itself to manipulation by American diplomacy, either the old-fashioned arms kind or the new-fangled one of economic aid. Either way, the intention in Arab eyes is to fill from outside the "vacuum" which is supposed to have been left by the Anglo-French defeat. As the Arabs deny the existence of this alleged "vacuum," any direct American intervention, either military or economic, is bound to arouse hostile reaction. If the United States is genuinely and disinterestedly wishful of improving social and economic conditions in the Middle East, the Arabs argue, the United Nations offers ample opportunities for setting up appropriate agencies which could work out an overall economic plan for the area without suspicion of ulterior motives. And conversely, if the United States chooses other methods, it must be because it has objectives in view which are not the objectives of the Arab peoples. It is not easy, at any rate to Arab ears, to deny the cogency of these arguments.

It is because United States policy in the Middle East is built on the theory of the "power-vacuum" that it is so liable to backfire. Nothing is

easier, having once embarked on it, than to continue a policy of stepping in to fill the gap, whenever a "power-vacuum" occurs; but where is it to stop, short of over-extension and exhaustion, particularly against an enemy operating with the advantage of interior lines? Already, as we have seen, it has carried the United States into an area where (apart from the pressures of the oil interests) it has no direct national stake. Equally significant is the fact that, for the first time, America is assuming an unlimited commitment. In Korea, in Indo-China, even in Europe, a line was drawn; but what is the line in the Middle East? Furthermore, it is allowing itself to be entangled in virulent nationalisms which are none of its concern.

HISTORICAL analogies, no doubt, are dangerous and deceptive; but is it fanciful to suggest that the United States in the Middle East is embarking, on a global plane, on the course which wrecked Napoleon's system in Europe? May we not use a parallel between Bonaparte's feverish attempts to seal off England and American attempts to seal off Russia? As each new gap opened, Napoleon poured in more forces; but as a consequence his position was weakened, not fortified. In Spain he came face to face with rising nationalism, and the result was a "running sore" which sapped his strength and afforded the English a foothold on the continent. The parallel with the Middle East today is too obvious to be ignored. But above all else, Napoleon's "continental system" over-extended his resources until in the snows of Moscow he reached the limit. Policy-makers in Washington would do well to ponder this story, for it reveals the inescapable predicament of a strategy of "containment." The issues involved are, indeed, global and occur at every point of contact between the American and the Soviet *blocs*; but it is in the Middle East, because of its special conditions, that the predicament presents itself most clearly and the need for a new appraisal is most urgent. Here in the Middle East, beyond all doubt, United States policy has come to the end of the road.

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Year of James Joyce

JOYCE: THE MAN, THE WORK, THE REPUTATION. By Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. N.Y. University Press. \$5.

DUBLIN'S JOYCE. By Hugh Kenner. Indiana University Press. \$5.75.

A CENSUS OF FINNEGANS WAKE. By Adaline Glasheen. Northwestern University Press. \$5.

THE EARLY JOYCE: THE BOOK REVIEWS. 1902-1903. The Malmalujo Press. \$1.50.

STEPHEN HERO. By James Joyce. New Directions. \$4.

THE ULYSSES THEME. By W. B. Stanford. Blackwell. (Distributed by Macmillan.) \$6.

Nathan Halper

EXPLAINING Joyce is a growing industry. The pay is poor, yet each year's activity exceeds that of the year before. Things have reached the point where we now have a book dealing with all these books and articles that explain the books of Joyce.

Messrs. Kain and Magalaner are like a clipping bureau. Whenever anyone makes a comment about Joyce or Joyce's work, no matter what its nature, they put it into their volume. The jacket cites their "extended evaluation," their "striking evaluation." But, when they give out grades, their own manner is so bland, they are so unincisive, that a reader comes to feel that one opinion is as meaningful as another. Since it is so all-inclusive, this makes a good book of reference. For the non-initiate, however, its value is questionable. So many foolish and ignorant things have been written about Joyce that a little ruthlessness is called for. The reader wants a path. Here he gets a maze: a wilderness composed of paths.

NATHAN HALPER is completing a book on the themes in *Finnegans Wake*.

If Magalaner and Kain are too quiet, Hugh Kenner is too assertive. Add that his essays are padded and poorly organized; that his style, a marriage of Academic and Little Mag, shows the sad effect of so incestuous a union—and you see why some reviewers have been unkind. Yet, in hitting at these all too obvious faults, such reviewers have overlooked, on the one hand, his merit, on the other hand, a flaw that is much more serious.

Mr. Kenner has read widely. Also, he apparently remembers everything that he has read. So that, when he meets a phrase in *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*, he can tell you where Joyce got it. He is likewise in his element when it comes to spotting symbols or matching a set of parallels. There is more than that to Joyce. Yet Joyce's manner is an aspect of his matter. And, as long

as Mr. Kenner locates facts about the former, he also, indirectly tells something about the latter.

But he gives us more than facts. Mr. Kenner issues dicta, and there, alas, he fails us. He believes that Joyce is language; Joyce is symbols, sources, parallels. Where Joyce's Stephen feels that to be an artist is to recreate life out of life, Kenner's Joyce is a technician who makes words out of words.

MRS. GLASHEEN has tried to identify all the names that are mentioned in *Finnegans Wake*. This approach could be fruitful. E.g., at one point, Joyce's dreamer sees his wife as "Queen of Eire." This conceals the name of Guinevere. It tells us that the dreamer suspects his wife has not been faithful.

It is too easy, however, to miss the names that are hidden. It is also much too easy to see names that are not there. Richard Ellmann, in his foreword, thinks that her efforts

Uncle Cal

Calvin Jones, by marriage my mother's kin,
Old stumper and thumper, rough on sin
As ever your namesake; heavy father,
Lover of food, cigars, and beer; pillar
Of the First Dutch Reformed of Paterson,
Prompt giver, but a hard man on a bargain.
Who hate the English, but hate even worse
That Babylon of nakedness and whores,
Hollywood, and of the movies would swear
That if ever you saw a preacher go in there
You would not respect that man ever after,
Scaling it with your one oath, "Mighty Caesar"—
I hear you have suffered the first seizure
Of the mortal heart's ultimate frailty,
And for what my prayers may be worth, I pray
That you will be spared whole a long while yet,
And that I will hear you again heave and beat
And bawl hymns over your stricken violin;
If not, I truly pray you go to heaven.
But there a weakness infests my prayers,
Whose God is less patent and sharp than yours;
And I fear you would not be comforted
To know that my best piety is haunted
By an incorrigible dream that when
We die and the last decent convention
Has wiped its eyes and gone, then our hot faults
Will come at last into their own, the vaults
Closing round all we were correct and cold in,
While the flesh mounts to Babylon the Golden.

W. S. MERWIN

are definitive. Mrs. Glasheen, in her preface, fears her book has many errors and that it is only the rough draft of what such a book should be. Her opinion is the more accurate.

The Mamalujo Press has published Joyce's early book reviews. (Mamalujo is a word that is found in *Finnegans Wake*. It is formed by combining Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. It is also Gaelic—i.e., Joyce's Gaelic—for "the foolish fellows.") The reviews are dull.

New Directions has made available a few additional pages of the early *Stephen Hero*. These additions are disappointing. Undistinguished in its own right (Joyce tried to burn the manuscript), *Stephen Hero* is important because of its later uses. In the main, it is a sketch for *A Portrait of the Artist*. In it, also, there are notes which were picked up and developed in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. These new pages—they deal with a visit that Stephen paid to Mullingar—have little, if any, relevance to the later, greater volumes.

I HAVE saved the best for last. The entire year, in other ways so mediocre, is redeemed by Mr. Stanford. *The Ulysses Theme* is the finest book on Joyce to appear in a good while. (I say this even though it is basically not a Joyce book.)

Mr. Stanford is concerned with how different writers have dealt with the man Ulysses. He gives only half a chapter to the modern Irish version. Yet, willy-nilly, Bloom is always present. As Mr. Stanford traces how, since the time of Homer, philosophers have judged Ulysses and poets have portrayed him, we learn a good deal more about Bloom and his creator than we do from the majority of works exclusively devoted to their affairs.

When we look at Joyce's novel, it is hard to see Ulysses. But when Mr. Stanford takes us into Homer's poem, we do see Bloom. Ulysses keeps reminding us of that prudent little bourgeois whom we got to meet in Dublin on June 16, 1904.

Coming back to the novel, we see that it is called *Ulysses*, and Bloom's adventures are an Odyssey, not because Joyce has constructed a number of far-fetched parallels. The

kinship is of character. Because he is like Ulysses, his days will contain these parallels. In one way or another Bloom will always hear the Sirens. He will always meet a Cyclops. He will go back to Penelope.

Joyce has used not only Homer. Thus, to take a few examples, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, Ulysses is a Christ-like figure: suffering and all-enduring. He is a buffoon in Aeschylus; in Shakespeare's *Troilus*, he is a compassionate humanist acting like a father to a young man not his son. Homer's sailor was complex. As a rule, the others show only some single one of his aspects. They have broken him down into his component parts. Now, after three thousand years, Joyce has put him back together. But, in doing this, he has made use of their insights. Mr. Bloom includes their findings. He is a compendium of all versions of Ulysses.

Those who write about Joyce are usually so impressed by the way in which his work differs from the work of others that they never get to say that there also are similarities. They

treat *Ulysses*—or *Finnegans Wake*—as if it were an Irish bull: a sacred cow: a two-headed calf.

Now, his books were written by a human being. They were also written for—and about—human beings. All of these are simple facts. Yet the ones who write of Joyce have somehow lost sight of them.

There are a few exceptions. One of these is Mr. Stanford. When he looks at Joyce's novel, he sees Homer, he sees Shakespeare. But, over and beyond them, what he sees is a man and the way in which he faces and faces up to his environment.

We cannot always tell what Joyce is saying of his characters unless we look at his parallels. Yet, conversely, when we do look at the parallels, we must go back to his characters. They act as the control. When Joyce uses Homer, Shakespeare, Vico, Bruno, Dante, Irish legend or the Bible we must ask: what is he saying about Bloom? Molly? Stephen? about H. C. Earwicker?

About you? about me? about the writer, Joyce himself?

The Empire of Theodore Roosevelt

THE IMPERIAL YEARS. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$5.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE RISE OF AMERICA IN WORLD POWER. By Howard K. Beale. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$6.

William A. Williams

THESE studies of America's vigorous diplomacy at the turn of the century offer the reader two styles of diplomatic history. The contrasting methodologies and interpretations give us almost as much insight into our own time as does the history *per se*.

Professor Dulles presents a facile narrative and a firm admonishment in the great tradition of Empire History. It misses being great Empire History, however, because the moral and the call to duty are delivered in the style of a man relaxing in a campaign chair on the patio rather than in the rhetoric of the

leader who would build a new civilization.

Dulles warns us that we missed, because of our hesitance and irresponsibility, our first great opportunity to lead the world to peace and prosperity. But we can (and should) learn from that failure and assert our present power, in collective action with a few well-chosen friends, to resolve the current crisis and bring peace, justice, freedom and prosperity to mankind. His presentation of this argument is neither strained nor crude for the reason that this ideology of the American Imperium is both his hypothesis and his interpretation. The facts of American power and American idealism combine with the *a priori* desirability of peace and freedom to make it perfectly clear that nothing save ir-resolute action and irresponsible opposition prevent the ideal from becoming the real.

Hence Theodore Roosevelt is presented as the model to be emulated by our present and future leaders. True, he was not perfect: he was a bit too blatantly nationalistic, and so now and again of-

fended a useful ally; and he overestimated the strength of the isolationists, which unnecessarily limited his action. But Dulles concludes that these were minor faults, and that all would have been much better if Good Old Teddie had just pushed on with his basic ideas and policies.

This is the sophisticated Democratic-Republican internationalist's version of the sledgehammer Republican-Democratic nationalist's argument that we "lost" China and sundry other places and people. The only essential differences consist in casting the so-called isolationist as the villain in place of the left-wing subversive, and of saying that we need some help in tidying-things-up instead of asserting that we can do it all by ourselves. And, in its own way, all this is very comforting on a cold winter's night in 1957 when we are told that nothing but a Democratic Congress stands between another Dulles and another brink.

HOWEVER one may choose to describe it, Professor Beale's ideology offered him no such reassuring pattern by which to plot his survey of the same phase of our foreign affairs. Hence all he offers is the best history yet written of the origins and the character of the Square Deal, New Freedom, New Deal, Fair Deal tradition in our diplomacy.

Far from asserting that all we now need is more of the same, he leaves us with an uneasy feeling that we may have been marching down a path which leads away from our objective. Some readers may even wonder if Beale is not one of those naive and irresponsible isolationists who have, in Dulles' view, caused so much trouble during the last seventy-five years. The trouble with dismissing Beale in this fashion is that both professors come from the same upper class background, both benefit from an extensive familiarity with the world at large, and both share the ideals of peace, freedom and prosperity. According to the experts, isolationists are Midwest Populists who do not understand that history has passed them by. And Professor Beale simply cannot be jammed into that category.

The reader may tinker with that puzzler after grappling with the fundamental questions raised by Beale's study of Roosevelt. His procedure is deceptively simple. He digs out all the facts he can find concerning Roosevelt and his diplomacy, unravels the record in detail and then summarizes it, and finally reports on the consequences of the outlook and the action. The result is that

Roosevelt, speaking for himself, makes it clear that his concept of American leadership never wandered very far from the idea of American superiority and supremacy; while the record of events suggests that this approach created more problems than it solved.

Thus Beale implicitly raises all sorts of provocative questions, two of which may be emphasized. His probing review of Roosevelt's conception of man and the world leads one to wonder just how the current American attitude toward "backward" areas differs in essentials from Roosevelt's Anglo-Saxon *noblesse oblige*. Is not the present objective to civilize the world in our image? There is disagreement over technique and timing, no doubt, but how much basic conflict over the goal itself? This consideration forces one to examine the central concept of *noblesse oblige*. And while it was no doubt the most redeeming feature of feudalism, it does not appear to have much value when proposed as the cornerstone for a twentieth century diplomacy. Even that old hobgoblin Economic Man is apt to produce more viable results.

Thus Beale's second question is equally pertinent. If the objective remains the same, with its irrelevance unimpaired, does it make any difference how sophisticated the means? Beale puts it very neatly: "Roosevelt probably had as much ability and handled foreign policy as well as any other statesman of his day. The trouble lay not in his abilities, but in his values and in the setting in which he worked, whether from choice or from necessity."

It may be, of course, that the central assumption shared by Dulles and Roosevelt is both viable and profound. Bismarck gave it the classic expression. "If there is to be a revolution, we would rather make it than suffer it." But before one concludes that such is not only smart and desirable, but also just and possible (and hence wise), he should read Beale's volume with care and contemplation. It will not be wasted time, even if it serves only to convince one of the validity of Roosevelt's outlook. For the reader will have sharpened his argument on a hard, hard stone; and he will have read the best history of the year.

How To Read Kafka

KAFKA'S CASTLE. By Ronald Gray. Cambridge University Press. \$2.75.

Katherine Hoskins

THE LATEST to bear witness to the way Kafka moves in on one is Ronald Gray, Lecturer in German at Cambridge University. And though in dealing with Kafka I am as ready as the next to cry, "Yes, that is all very well, but—"; with Mr. Gray, I find myself simply following along.

A strict man—one wonders what his classes are like—he warns us:

I do not in fact want to offer a complete commentary on Kafka's work, believing that literary criticism in general is already too voluminous. [His own book is brief to admiration.] But I do want to indicate a possible way of reading Kafka; readers who find this way acceptable will be able to apply it for themselves to other works of his they read.

And we do a small act of contrition for all the criticism we have read in the attitude of Br'er Rabbit to Sis Cow, "You do de pullin' en I'll do de gruntin'."

KATHERINE HOSKINS has just received a grant from Brandeis University, awarded to her for a book of poems, *Villa Narcisse*, published last year.

But, good teacher, Mr. Gray is equally strict with himself. After examining the Procrustes beds of allegorical interpretation of Kafka, as well as the gentler deformations effected by old friends, he states his duty as he sees it. Speaking of those who write "As though Kafka were a priest or psychologist who mistook his vocation," he says:

This attitude ignores the possibility that Kafka worked as a literary artist, not inventing complex equivalents for a system of beliefs already held, but exploring the possibilities of an image which presented itself to his imagination, in this case the image of a castle and of a man trying to reach it. . . . The task of the literary critic is to explore that account . . . and in so far as he is thinking in literary terms, his task stops when he has described his experience of the work fully. He is not called upon . . . to decide between the claims of rival schools of religious thought.

There then follows a loophole of which he has most imaginatively availed himself: "At the same time, he [the critic] is not required to suspend judgment indefinitely on this vital matter."

Earlier critics disposed of, Mr. Gray also—after appropriate tribute—disposes of the Muirs as translators. Ignorant of German myself, I would say that while the Muirs' English sentence

structure is preferable, the present author's single words are livelier and of more interpretive force. Literary and linguistic sensibility aside, creative and critical concentration on semantics for the past twenty-six years could account for this added intensity; as, through those same years, experience of the irrational and ambiguous in our front yards could free us of the need to soften them by a fairy story atmosphere.

I insist on these rather pedagogical matters because they are the Ariadne thread to which the interpretive critic especially must hold in his exploration of the labyrinth. Though clearly there cannot ever be a Theseus to grapple hand to hand with the monster and bring out a definitive statement; a few, and Mr. Gray is among them, get near enough to have their thought beat with that of him they are tracking down and, equally important, manage to get out again with their former selves intact.

IT IS then a technique of reading that Mr. Gray offers primarily. He emphasizes the use of *Vexierbild* (puzzle-picture), rhymes of action and all the demonstrable devices that Kafka used. And he comes up with—or his reader makes out for himself—an interpretation not so radical or startling, as very delicately balanced, very sinuous. As reader, I report that so far as I could go with him textually in my 1930 edition, I desired only to ask more questions, not to cavil at answers suggested. When he proceeded into a last chapter and a half, not available in English until 1953, I wondered if I hadn't really read but forgotten. It is not surprising then that I accepted, with no feeling of impertinence, etc., the possible ending that he adumbrates. It is an ending of considerable tranquillity. And though it does not deny what Brod reported as Kafka's intention, it enriches it in a poetical and worthy fashion. And seems certainly to have been prepared for very early.

Mr. Gray finds *The Castle* "the description of a metamorphosis of the kind attributed by Christians to the action of grace." Myself, and under his tutelage, I go on a little from this and find it a description also of how such a metamorphosis may take place, to a certain extent, on the seeker's terms.

Next Week

Who are the Menckens and the O'Neills of the present undergraduate generation?

A national symposium by sixteen leading teachers of literature and creative writing.

Reflections In a Slum

A lot of the old folk here—all that's left
Of them after a lifetime's infernal thrall
Remind me of a Bolshie the "whites" buried alive
Up to his nose, just able to breathe, that's all.

Watch them. You'll see what I mean. When found
His eyes had lost their former gay twinkle.
Ants had eaten *that* away; but there was still
Some life in him . . . his forehead *would* wrinkle!

And I remember Gide telling
Of Valéry and himself:
"It was a long time ago. We were young.
We had mingled with idlers
Who formed a circle
Round a troupe of wretched mountebanks.
It was on a raised strip of pavement
In the boulevard Saint-Germain,
In front of the statue of Broca.
They were admiring a poor woman,
Thin and gaunt, in pink tights, despite the cold.
Her team-mate had tied her, trussed her up,
Skilfully from head to foot,
With a rope that went round her
I don't know how many times,
And from which, by a sort of wriggling,
She was to manage to free herself.
Sorry image of the fate of the masses!
But no one thought of the symbol.
The audience merely contemplated
In stupid bliss the patient's efforts.
She twisted, she writhed, slowly freed one arm,
Then the other, and when at last
The final cord fell from her
Valéry took me by the arm:
"Let's go now! She has ceased suffering!"

Oh, if only ceasing to suffer
They were able to become men!
Alas! how many owe their dignity,
Their claim on our sympathy,
Merely to their misfortune.
Likewise, so long as a plant has not blossomed
One can hope that its flowering will be beautiful.
What a mirage surrounds what has not yet blossomed!
What a disappointment when one can no longer
Blame the abjection on the deficiency!

It is good that the voice of the indigent,
Too long stifled, should manage
To make itself heard.
But I cannot consent to listen
To nothing but that voice.
Man does not cease to interest me
When he ceases to be miserable.
Quite the contrary!
That it is important to aid him
In the beginning goes without saying,
Like a plant it is essential
To water at first,
But this is in order to get it to flower
And I am concerned with the blossom.

HUGH MacDIARMID

The Revolution of William Blake

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Macmillan. \$10.

Kenneth Rexroth

IN THE splendor of his innocence and irascibility, Blake sits naked under the arbor in his backyard, discoursing to his wife, Kate, of Powers and Emanations. Before him pass the ghosts of St. Just, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Hébert, to be judged by his integrity. He was really all the French Revolution that England ever had. In fact, except for Shelley and a brief flurry in the adolescence of the country house and UNESCO set, he is just about all the revolutionary poet England ever had, of any kind. It was John Wesley who gave symbolic form to middle class revolt in England. Methodism was England's Jacobinism. Blake's revolution might be called the shadow side of the one across the Channel. The French enthroned the Goddess Reason. Blake hypostatized the non-rational forces of the soul. They looked forward to a Utopia of contractual relations and delegated authority. He spoke for the integral person, the pure act, the vital relationship which Buber was to call "I and thou."

Following the ill-informed snobbery of T. S. Eliot a lot of nonsense has been written about Blake's lack of tradition, about how he made up his system as he went along. It has been dutifully repeated in most reviews of this book. Nothing could be less true. Mr. Eliot's tradition goes back to Aquinas as interpreted in the pages of *L'Action Française*. Blake's goes back to *The Memphite Theology* and *The Pyramid Texts*. It is the tradition of organized heterodoxy. It is all there, from the millenia-old Doctrine of Emanations to the current fantasies of the Neo-Druids. True, the heterodox have always thought of themselves as possessed of a kind of factual knowledge. They called themselves Gnostics. Actually, Blake or Hermes Trismegistus, this is the art of providing the heart with images of its alienation. If the individual or society can project the dilemmas which reason cannot cope with, they can be controlled if not mastered. This was Blake's function. He saw the oncoming Business Civilization and prepared a refuge, a symbolic fortress and haven. The *dramatis personae* of his *Prophetic Books* are of relatively little importance. Fundamentally he ac-

complished his mission by being a certain kind of person. And he did succeed. Shorn of its paraphernalia of myth, we call it Romanticism. Blake was really the first mythographer of Romanticism. It is no accident that the German philosophic fathers of the movement were to look back to the very similar Jacob Boehme. And Blake's judgment stands unaltered, whether in Baudelaire's wounded soldier unable to budge under the heap of the dead, or Dickens with his pure Blakean outraged innocence caught in the dark Satanic mills.

Because Blake is above all else the kind of person he is, his letters are of primary importance. Like most letters by most poets they are mostly taken

up with efforts to get money. Exceptionally amongst British poets, Blake was genuinely poor, not very poor, but poor enough. The poverty of the British Romantic poets is seen from the point of view of the caste of literary gentlemen—the rectory, The Radical Club, the halls of Balliol. Keats was not really poor, but most unlearned people are under the impression that even Shelley was. Blake needed money all the time, just to live, and had to work to get it, at a trade. It is this independence from the caste patterns of his day that preserves his innocence and hence his rage and hence the validity of his judgment. What Blake's letters give you is the anatomy of uninvolvedness. They should, and never will, be taught in schools, but they are pondered, I hope, in a school not built with human hands.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ALTHOUGH plays often open on the butler tidying the den or on two village worthies exchanging current gossip, these preliminary feints are not necessary. On the stage you can begin right in the middle of things—"Nay, but this dotage of our general's o'erflows the measure" is how Philo gets matters started—and in half a dozen lines your narrative will be at full gallop. But a movie has no stage and a movie is not only a fiction but the picture of a fiction; so it takes longer to orient the audience to place and mood.

For this reason it has seemed to me that attempts to use an equivalent of the one act play on the screen—to offer three or four independent tales under some unifying title—have provided less than they promised. Even when their material is good and well-presented, these packages have a disconcerting stop-and-start quality and too much time is lost priming the narratives.

The problem exists in de Sica's *The Gold of Naples*, but for a combination of reasons it is reduced to a minimum. The four episodes share a single general locale, so that the scene has to be identified only once, the stories (from a book of the same name by Giuseppe Marotta) are superbly photographic, and de Sica has maneuvered a cast of expressive actors with an ingenuity and economy that make you want to break into applause. De Sica has that gift of all great directors—the camera seems to be his instinctive mode of speech.

The stories are also akin in mood. They are what I believe are called vig-

nettes—very neat as to plot, relying rather on a cuteness of circumstances than on any serious investigation into character and motive. Three of the four are farcical, or at least merry-humored, and the fourth is more bizarre than tragic. But there is a slightly bitter taste to all of them—despite the laughter and general buoyancy, each tale contains a victim. The temperament of Naples, which is the overall theme of the picture, appears to be a great appetite for living combined with a resigned knowledge that the experience is bound, at least occasionally, to be sharply painful.

De Sica, who can extract exciting and balanced performances from such varied and unequal talents as Sophia Loren, Silvana Mangano and the great comedian, Toto, should I think stay off the screen himself. He is, as always, an intelligent and communicative actor, but a little stiff, a little to one side of the role, as though not giving a performance but showing how it should be given. Except for that, *The Gold of Naples* is a rare treat for the public and an object lesson for the makers of our huge, loose and windy spectacles.

A SCREEN newcomer, the operatic Salvatore Baccaloni, has stolen *Full of Life* from Judy Holliday, but it is not a theft she will feel keenly. The picture is maudlin, contrived, animated by a refined bad taste. The title, which refers to the fact that the heroine is pregnant, should be fair warning.

Signor Baccaloni plays an interfering father-in-law (this being a twist on the

KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent book is *In Defense of the Earth, a volume of poems*.

great American joke about mothers-in-law). He is a large man who is here made to fling himself about in alternate paroxysms of rage and sentiment, muttering the names of the saints under his breath, prescribing wine for all ills and crises, adding a final "a" to his English monosyllables. Miss Holliday and Richard Conte, as her husband (he writes books in the garage), endure this dreary

stereotype for the two months before their first child is born.

Full of Life subscribes to that most destructive theory that people are cunning. It would never have risen above the Ma and Pa Kettle circuit without Miss Holliday. She is a wit (which is irrelevant in this case) and a sensible, responsible actress, and she works hard to inject some honesty into the story.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

NOBODY yet has been able to invent a satisfactory format for television news programs, and the lack of it is becoming increasingly bothersome. The existing programs are a favorite target for critics, and emotion runs high in response. TV news, as one of its producers put it, is "strictly a personality business" and newscasters take criticism as a charge of personal failure. In other areas—entertainment, sports, drama, true adventure—where the goals can be easily defined, the medium is learning its strengths and limitations, and is beginning to develop new forms. But news has been unable either to mimic newspapers, magazines or radio with any success, or to work out a technique of its own.

News-in-depth studies of a particular story, such as "Assignment India" or the *See It Now* series, have split off into a special division—the documentary—which has achieved a form specific to its purpose. So has the press conference interview, although that is really an attempt to make news rather than to transmit it. But the non-specialized news show is still groping. The pattern is roughly the same on all three networks. There's the daily 15-minute "hard news" show where the commentator reads his dispatches as adroitly as Martyn Green delivering Gilbert and Sullivan patter. Swivelling deftly to the studio walls, he brings in film of places and people supplied by distant colleagues or illustrates with slides or maps, and wraps up his package of assorted information with closing words of good cheer. The local news show subtracts some of the national and international stories to make room for local items, uses the same type of visual aids, the same happy "Good night." The Sunday news round-up is an expansion of the daily coverage, longer, more elaborate, more comprehensive. Each network has a new weekend entry this year: on *Open Hearing* the ABC newsstaff discusses one particular

news story, Chet Huntley's *Outlook* (NBC) and Eric Sevareid's *World News Round-up* (CBS) combine film stories from their correspondents with their discussion of the news and tie it all together with commentary. Even with the first teams in action, none of these programs has achieved any distinction.

TV news attempts to do everything that other news mediums do, and succeeds in doing nothing well. A daily paper brings its readers the widest possible coverage of events; a 15-minute telecast can touch only the headlines, and of those only ones that can be told clearly in pictures and for which film can be provided by air time. The pictorial magazine, notably *Life* and *Look*, offers a skilfully selected, coherent set of photographs which the reader can study at his own pace. TV pictures move, it is true, but only for a fleeting moment. Radio newscasts are a highly-developed skill, but no way has been found to improve them with pictures. TV, in fact, is a distraction to good radio news.

It is perhaps for these reasons that the top men in news broadcasting are less than eager to appear on TV. Edward R. Murrow is content with his daily radio news bit, and ventures into camera range only for special stories and for his extra-news documentary studies. Edward P. Morgan, whose nightly radio analysis of world events is remarkably succinct and informative, is equally reluctant, contributes to his network's weekly TV news show with some diffidence. "TV news doesn't inform," he has said. "It fills fifteen minutes with clutter which diverts, distracts, excites and entertains but it doesn't inform, and information is my business." Eric Sevareid continues with daily radio news and seems somewhat uneasy about his weekly TV assignment. "My radio audience understands, after these many years, what I'm talking about. I can communicate ideas with words. In TV, I must illustrate ideas with pictures." Murrow used

almost identical language in a recent *TV Guide* interview: "Most news consists of ideas, not happenings. It's tough enough to translate an idea into words. It's almost impossible to translate it into pictures."

Because of the overall character of television, the public expects (or at least the producers think it expects) that even news should be cheerful and entertaining. But this contradicts the very meaning of journalism and sends the news shows straight up a blind alley. Sevareid described the impasse clearly, if somewhat bitterly, when his new Sunday show was called dull. "Sunday is notably a slow news' day and that Sunday was particularly vapid. But when I read my paper I wouldn't accuse it of doing a bad job, I would simply say that the news was dull. This is not true for a TV news show. It is expected to be entertaining, regardless of available material." Of course, some newspapers are consistently more interesting, if not more entertaining, than others, and the proof of Mr. Sevareid's show will not rest on any one Sunday. Still the difference of public attitude does seem real.

The effectiveness of TV newsmen is limited by a medium which requires them to deliver lyrics for the score. Not only must they be content with this function, but they must perform well in front of the camera. The face behind the littered desk makes as much impression on the viewer as the words he hears. Although John Daly, Doug Edwards or Chet Huntley may be well-informed and serious reporters, they must dilute what they know and think with enough charm to make the show entertaining. It would be ridiculous to conclude that no serious journalist can be a TV journalist. But I do believe it is valid to say that under present conditions serious television journalism is impossible.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 3 through 6

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 3

HERBERT HOOVER REPORTS (CBS). Special broadcast of a conversation-interview between Mr. Hoover and his long-time friend, Lowell Thomas. Talk will cover major aspects of Hoover Commission work.

Monday, March 4

THE DEFENDER: Part II (CBS; Studio One). First original TV drama to be presented in two parts is by Reginald Rose and stars Ralph Bellamy. This experiment may have considerable influence on future of TV theatre.

ROMEO AND JULIET (NBC; Producers' Showcase). Old Vic production with Claire Bloom, John Neville, Paul Rogers. Color.

THE ENEMY (NBC; Robert Montgomery Presents). Pearl Buck's second TV play concerns a young Japanese professional couple during World War II. With Shirley Yamaguchi. Color.

Tuesday, March 5

MONGANGA (NBC; March of Medicine). Repeat of a most impressive documentary of a Congo medical mission station. A more interesting and more

beautiful film than the widely acclaimed picture on Albert Schweitzer. Color.

PANIC (NBC). Premiere of a dramatic series. Producer Al Simon will attempt a formula whereby the audience will be given all necessary facts about characters and situation in the first 90 seconds, the play then building suspense from that base.

Wednesday, March 6

THE DUEL (NBC; Goodyear Playhouse). Dramatization of Aaron Burr-Alexander Hamilton rivalry by Leslie Stevens, author of *Bullfight* and *The Champagne Complex*. Color.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

ANYONE who is led by the loveliness of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's voice on records to hear her in recital discovers that the volume and lustre it has at the close range of the microphone are lessened in the large space of the concert hall. The voice sounds small even in Town Hall; and in Carnegie Hall, recently, it not only was reduced still more in volume but was deprived of all lustre. As for her employment of it in the music, this ranged as usual from the exquisite sustained singing in some of the songs by Mozart, Schubert, Strauss and Wolf, to the coy, hammed-up and even vulgar performances in some of the others.

In striking contrast to all this was the lovely and musically flawless singing by Adele Addison at her recent Town Hall recital. Her voice is delicate, clear and bright, but capable of expansion to considerable and exciting power when this is needed; she has it under control at all times and throughout its range; and this enabled her—in music by Alessandro Scarlatti, Schubert and Schumann—to spin it out in incredibly long phrases, which were subtly inflected and

colored for expressive purposes with superb and unfailing musical taste.

But the greatest singing one can hear today continues to be done by Flagstad—not in the concert hall but on records, and specifically in her *Wagner Recital* on London LL-1533 with the Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch. The upper range of the voice no longer has the thrilling lustrous beauty which the lower range still retains; and one hears an occasional thin or shrill or edged high note; but the production and use of the voice in the phrases of the five Wesendonck songs is unique. And the orchestra's playing is marvelously sensitive and beautiful and is richly reproduced. On the reverse side are passages from *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal* and *Die Walküre*.

In her performances of arias from Mozart's *Figaro*, *The Magic Flute*, *Così fan Tutte* and *Idomeneo* on London DTL-93075 Teresa Stich-Randall exhibits a soprano voice which is clear and agreeable but no longer has the loveliness it had when she first sang here in Toscanini's *Falstaff* broadcast; and she uses it with musical taste but in small-scale singing in which there is an insufficiency of vital energy. The playing by L'Orchestre du théâtre des Champs-Élysées under André Jouve is graceless.

The *Liederkreis* Op. 24 of Schumann sung by Souzay on London LL-1476 is less familiar than Op. 39, and offers several more interesting songs—*Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen*, *Lieb' Liebchen leg's Händchen*, *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden*, *Berg' und Burgen* and *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen*. On the reverse side are a group of fine Mörike songs by Wolf. Souzay's voice is a little drier than it was, but still pleasant, and is used with excellent musical and ex-

pressive effect. And Danton Baldwin creates exciting contexts for the singing with his piano-playing.

London LL-1405 offers several good unfamiliar songs by Schubert—*Der Strom*, *Auf der Donau*, *Totengräber's Heimweh*, *Der zürnende Barde* and *Der Wanderer* (1819), of which the last is quite unusual—in addition to the familiar *Fischerweise* and *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*. They are sung very effectively by Heinz Rehfuß with excellent piano accompaniments by Frank Martin, whose *Six Monologues from 'Jedermann'* is on the reverse side.

The pieces on Vanguard BG-557, *William Byrd and His Age*, range from pleasant to very fine, and are sung and played beautifully by the counter-tenor Alfred Deller and the Wenzinger Consort of Viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis.

A new company, Expériences Anonymes, begins a series called *Music of the Middle Ages* with EA-0012, *Troubadour and Trouvère Songs (XII & XIII Centuries)*. Those who find the music more interesting than I do will want to know that it is sung superbly by the counter-tenor Russell Oberlin with Seymour Barab, viol.

Purcell's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* (1692), on Vanguard BG-559, is a fine piece, characteristic in the boldness of its harmony and florid vocal writing, and is performed admirably by a group of excellent soloists that includes Alfred Deller and by the Ambrosian Singers and the Kalmar Chamber Orchestra under Michael Tippett's direction.

Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, with its many superb choral passages, is performed well on Angel 3550 by Sargent with the Huddersfield Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic and an excellent solo group comprising Elsie Morison, soprano, Monica Sinclair, contralto, and Richard Lewis, tenor.

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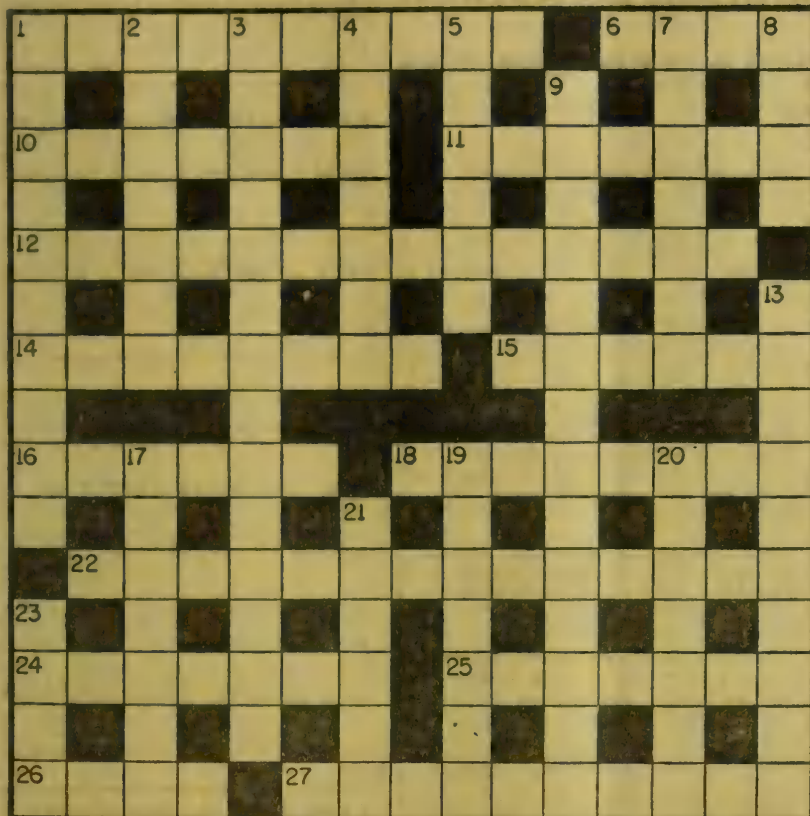
Miss O. LePach

THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N.Y.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 713

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 When such sort of dates cross, they should be going out. (5, 5)
- 6 See 5 down
- 10 Probably foreign if found at home, but may be different around a boat. (7).
- 11 Forceful way of breaking up a catle disorder. (7)
- 12 Matching letters, evidently. (14)
- 14 A single case in position. (8)
- 15 Might be listed as part of the tennis match. (6)
- 16 If you have a burning ambition, you must have an entry. (6)
- 18 To do as Service did like a slave is a lot of fun for others. (8)
- 22 One simply can't get through with this. (Rather devilish, like a black cape!) (14)
- 24 A poor one might have trouble with 18. (7)
- 25 Drink to your better half! (The poor fish!) (7)
- 26 No sure way of getting 23, but a tempting suggestion. (4)
- 27 A stoppage of such things as a term's rent. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Those who get soaked may not like them. (10)
- 2 Measures around the outside of a tree (with leaves, of course!) (7)
- 3 My silly cat eats this in a very

thoroughgoing way. (14)

- 4 Such games are different from 18, and are much older. (7)
- 5 and 6 across More appealing than kleptomaniac tendencies. (6, 4)
- 7 Perhaps one of those of War, Confederacy, or Faith. (7)
- 8 But after this, it's old and windy. (Might have been all right with toast, however.) (4)
- 9 Subscription, no doubt, but hardly over-drawn. (14)
- 13 Be agreeable about a mess that seems to be a real one! (10)
- 17 Mimes. (7)
- 19 Storied kingly company, but comparatively mundane (like a shot in bars). (7)
- 20 A row of buzzers, with direct implications? (3-4)
- 21 He might have a lot of interest in 23 getting around town. (6)
- 23 26's employer. (4)

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THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN
Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers

LETTER from BELGRADE

John O'Kearney

Belgrade
GRANT THE PARADOX that the basic difference between Russia and Yugoslavia is their basic similarity, *independence*, and you will be close to the hub of today's crisis in Eastern Europe, a crisis which in its implications goes far beyond the question of whether Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia may again find herself "isolated" as she was after her break with the Cominform in 1948. She could not again be isolated in just that way, since she is no longer as vulnerable to economic blockade. And even more important, the idea of Titoism has infiltrated deep behind the lines of the orthodox Communist opposition aligned against her.

It is a fact that the whole left-wing world, every Communist state and party, ganged up on Tito in 1948 and steadfastly refused until long after the death of Stalin in 1953 to undertake any dispassionate re-study of events. In the gibberish of dogma, Tito was a "revisionist"; but what had he revised?

From 1941 to '45, fighting against Italians, Germans and the quisling forces of Mihailovic, Yugoslavia lost nearly two million men. Not until the last phases of the war did she get any appreciable help from the Allies—and none from Russia until the last moments. Yet from her geographic-ethnic point of view, the part the West had played in defeating Hitler seemed far less than Russia's. There was too the bond of Communist to Communist, including much Stalin iconolatry. But even Yugoslavs who were far from caring about communism turned in time towards the East as the whole Russian bloc reacted to the Truman Doctrine and Anglo-American support of Peter of Yugoslavia and Paul of Greece.

Even in 1946, however, Yugoslavia was beginning to suspect that the Russians were bad medicine, too.

JOHN O'KEARNEY, for many years a foreign correspondent, is a roving reporter for *The Nation*.

As Tito later put it: "Stalin coolly and systematically prepared to subjugate us." The program of subjugation was begun on a cultural plane. Russian films, newspaper articles, books, came in a vast flood. And when it came to the more practical matters of rebuilding the country and putting it to work, the Russians proposed joint-stock companies. Oil deposits were to be exploited first, both nations sharing the venture—but the inherent value of the fields was not to be reckoned on in determining Yugoslavia's share of the profits, nor would there be any rent charges. How so? Why, because it is clear from Marx that such resources are natural wealth, without social value!

BY THE YEAR 1948 great strains had developed: Yugoslavia had been exploring in other directions. She and Bulgaria, long close friends because of their language and cultural ties, started talks about federation. Moscow was kept informed. But when Dimitroff issued a press conference statement about it, Stalin professed ignorance and used the occasion to summon the Yugoslavs to Moscow for a dressing down. Shortly after, the Kremlin called for a trade meeting between the two countries. Further moves followed swiftly. Moscow stirred up the Cominform to a campaign of accusations: "We possess information that Tito is an imperialist spy." The Cominform condemned the Marshal and issued an appeal to the people of Yugoslavia to overthrow their government. Tito threw the ball right back. He ordered the appeal to his people to be published in *Borba*, the Communist Party paper. He then called a Party Congress at which, the papers reported, the applause for Tito's action was thunderous.

By 1950, as the Truman-Dulles mentality pervaded American foreign affairs, Yugoslavia found the cold war providential. She was taken

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EDITORIALS

The Shock of Recognition

There is about the symposium in this issue (page 199), the shock of recognition that always comes with the discovery of a new cultural reality. The reality of course, never quite resembles the first anticipations. Much has been written, for example, about "the silent generation," the new collegiate conservatism and the revival of religious interests on campus. But there is an immense gap between these preliminary generalizations and the sensitive, perceptive appraisals which make up this issue. On close, sympathetic inspection this "silent," conforming generation turns out to be not quite as silent or conforming as we had imagined. It is a generation which has, somehow, baffled its preceptors. Yet aren't these private-seekers, these goal-keepers, these company men—many of them born since 1939, children of the strange historical interregnum in which we live—just about what we would expect them to be if we were to look, with complete frankness, at their antecedents, parental, historical, social?

Let's face it: isn't it true that what bothers most of us about this generation is that their youth was not like our youth? To us, they seem prematurely aged, old beyond their years, lacking in gaiety and a sense of life. But, on reflection, would we want them to be *more* opinionated? By and large, they are better students than we were, less excitable, less naive, more critical. Conservative, maybe, but not credulous. Cautious but not uncritical. Conforming but less naive. These youngsters don't admire *gurus*. They are not enamored of ideologies. It is charged that theirs is a generation without banners—without memories or passions or convictions—but what banners have we offered them? Have we bequeathed to them a set of useable social values? Aren't we pleased that they are critical and eclectic and cautious? Would we like them better if they were more addicted to rebellion and reform? The editors can only hope that the readers of *The Nation* will share with them the pleasure and excitement to be derived from these informal reports on today's undergraduates—the generation that, within two decades, will be directing the destiny of America.

On Buying Time

The Israeli-Egyptian issue has held the spotlight of world attention for so many dramatic hours that too

little attention has been paid to other major issues at the U.N. The public hardly noticed, for example, when: (1) the General Assembly's Political Committee, by a vote of 76 to 0 with two abstentions, adopted a compromise resolution on the Cyprus issue; (2) the Security Council, by a 10 to 0 vote with the Soviet Union abstaining, adopted a resolution to send the president of the Council to India and Pakistan to seek a settlement of the Kashmir issue; (3) the Assembly by unanimous vote adopted a let's-hope-for-the-best resolution on the Algerian question. The point of special interest about these actions is the general feeling of relief which their adoption aroused in all U.N. quarters; in each instance mutual congratulations echoed in the corridors. Yet none of the resolutions settled anything. Why, therefore, did their adoption create such an unmistakable aura of general satisfaction?

Essentially the feeling stemmed from a realization that none of these issues was immediately soluble either in or out of the U.N. Once this feeling won general acceptance, the obvious immediate "solution" was simply to use the organization's machinery to buy a year's time in the hope that the prospects for settlement might improve. Far from indicating that the U.N. is weak, bankrupt or futile, the resolutions represent a triumph of mediation. If an issue in mediation is postponed at the insistence of one party and over the objection of the other, the mediator has no cause to be pleased. But when the immediate parties to the dispute and all those indirectly involved agree to a postponement, the stage has been set for subsequent sessions which may yield better results.

In this sense, the mediation of the U.N. has also been successful in the Israeli-Egyptian issue. For if agreement is reached on the withdrawal of Israeli forces, as seemed likely at this writing, the Suez Canal issue will be the next major item on the agenda. World pressure for a settlement will then shift from Israel to Egypt, where some pressure is needed at the moment. In the meantime, further efforts can be made in less conspicuous settings to work out settlements of the basic issues.

What is to be applauded about this session of the General Assembly, therefore, is not so much the actions taken as the proof which these actions constitute of a growing political maturity of the world body. The work of this session offers, indeed, striking evidence of its effectiveness as a mediation agency.

A Society of Wise Guys

In Seattle, officials of Dave Beck's Teamsters Union think nothing of tapping union funds to make large, unsecured loans to gamblers and former college chums of Beck II to enable them to open taverns where favored brands of beer can be pushed and where baseball and football "pools" can be organized, all in the interest of union officials and their political allies.

In Newark, the sales and advertising managers for General Electric Supply Company think nothing of engaging prostitutes, blondes preferred, to entertain customers at conventions.

In neither instance did the private scruples of union and company officials collide with organizational imperatives. But, in this era of comfort and conveniences, will the general public be more fastidious? The revelations about beer salesmen and bingo-pushers who masquerade as trade-union officials will lift few eyebrows in Seattle. Mr. Beck is one of Seattle's outstanding civic leaders. It was Mr. Beck who, as a regent, maintained internal security at the University of Washington by insisting on the ouster of two left-wing professors, both with long and honorable tenure, one a cripple.

As for the prostitutes, there is more interest in the colorful copy about them, studded as it is with references to "babes and business" and "sexcessful salesmen," than in the fact that they doubled as sales girls for electrical appliances. Fashions have changed and cynicism is now the mode. To be indignant about such matters is to run the risk of being regarded, in today's society of wise guys, as lacking in knowingness and savvy, like a country boy who has just arrived in the big city. In this sense, today's cynicism is a reaction to yesterday's shrill moral indignation, which was often ludicrous. But wise guys can be as hateful, in their own way, as prigs. Perhaps what is needed is a new fashion in censure which would avoid "moral" judgments. Without feeling self-conscious we could then maintain that the wages of prostitutes should not be added to the retail price of electrical appliances and that Dave Beck is obnoxious because he takes business away from the bankers. If to remain fashionable we must be cynical rather than indignant, then let's make the new code of behavior hinge on prices and profits. Whatever the expedient, some way should be found to circumvent the blocks that currently inhibit the expression of social judgments.

Revised Estimate

General Curtis Le May, in a dramatic appearance before a Senate committee last year, managed to secure for the Air Force a larger appropriation than the Defense Department had requested. (See Matthew Josephson's article, *The Nation*, May 26, 1956). Nearly a year later, on February 23, the Defense Department concedes that the General's request was based on in-

telligence reports that "greatly overestimated" the Soviet Union's heavy jet-bomber air strength. It is comforting to know that the intelligence services are not underestimating Soviet air power. But it would be unfortunate if the public gained the impression that estimates of "the enemy's" potentialities invariably rose as budget time approached, only to be revised once a budget had been approved. In the long run, the public will support Air Force requests, we suspect, to the degree that confidence has been established in the accuracy and realism of the reports and appraisals on which they are based. For this reason the acknowledgment of error in this instance is to be welcomed even if the Pentagon's department of amplification and correction appears to have been in no hurry to issue it.

Moley et Veritas

Raymond Moley, former brain-truster for the Roosevelt Administration and current truth-seeker for *Newsweek*, has written a column for that magazine with the history-heavy title of "Oppenheimer at Harvard." Professor Oppenheimer has been invited to deliver the William James lectures at Harvard in 1957, and Mr. Moley doesn't like it. He reports that about a year ago a Harvard alumnus named Kenneth D. Robertson, Jr., protested the invitation by saying that Oppenheimer is an atomic scientist with no established reputation in philosophy and ethics and is therefore not qualified for the task. But the real complaint is more frankly stated by Moley:

... The University has chosen a man who was, as one alumnus wrote, "Ignominiously wrong about the major political issue of our time." Oppenheimer as a citizen displayed egregiously fatal judgment in the selection of the causes he supported and the propagandists with whom he advised and associated. In addition, his devotion to the truth was by his own confession utterly compromised. If this be serving "Veritas," Harvard should be more explicit in explaining its watchword.

Mistakes in other men's political judgments seem to disqualify them from later searches for the truth. If that law were applied to Mr. Moley, who has moved pretty far across the political spectrum since his days as a *New Deal* official, it would seem that his readers could place little hope for the truth in his current "Perspective" column for *Newsweek*. But he is justly entitled to his new view of "Veritas," just as Professor Oppenheimer is, and we hope that neither of them will be disqualified from the future by opinions they may have held in the past.

"Oppenheimer at Harvard" may indeed be a historically significant event. If so, it will be by merit of what Professor Oppenheimer has to say there. Before he has said it, it seems a bit premature to be labeling it as a travesty of "Veritas."

THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN

Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers

Today's generation of undergraduates—the generation which in two decades will provide the country's political, cultural and industrial leadership—has been variously called “lost,” “found” or merely “baffling.” In an attempt to find a better answer, The NATION turned to the men who know the students best—their teachers. Sixteen distinguished educators (most of them additionally distinguished as creative workers in fiction, poetry or literary criticism) in as many colleges were asked the following question: “Who are the leading intellectual, artistic and ethical influences on the present generation of students? Who, in other words, are the successors in the undergraduate court of ultimate appeal to H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, George Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, etc.?”

The underlying unity which characterizes the resultant symposium is the more remarkable because (1) the campuses represented are well distributed both geographically and in terms of large and small institutions, and (2) each teacher who contributed to it was quite unaware, of course, of what his colleagues were writing.

Princeton



By Carlos Baker

Chairman, Department of English,
Princeton University

THE MOST striking characteristic of the present generation of undergraduates, so far as I know them, is that there are relatively few new gods in their respective pantheons. If I had to invent a name for this age in the light of undergraduate attitudes, it would be the Age of Consolidation. They are too busy reading and thinking about older thinkers and writers to pay extensive heed to the newest ones. They are much less impressed, say, by a man like Colin Wilson than certain people in the older generations. One of them called him a “gabby guy” who happened to strike it lucky with a first effort. Their attitude to all such pan-flashers is “wait and see.”

The word *conservative* has emotional overtones which causes most of them to reject it as a designation for themselves. Yet it is true that, politically speaking, they are probably much more conservative than a comparable group would have been twenty-five years ago. They are not

push-overs for propaganda. They distrust most forms of extremism. They are essentially *via media* men whose eyes, nonetheless, are constantly scanning the contiguous scenery for signs of life and action. Novelty does not, as such, greatly impress them. They don't go dashing off into the scrub pines after every new voice. But they work and they listen.

If there is a paradox in their attitude it is that they regard themselves as individualists and independents while maintaining the intellectual attitude I have tried to describe above. If they can find a genuine seeker-after-truth, and if they become convinced that he is firm and fearless in his wish to discover and describe truth, no matter into what labelled camp the pursuit may lead him, they are ready to listen to him, hear what he has to say, and make up their minds on a sufficiency of evidence. If the new truth differs from a widely accepted view, so much the better; if it confirms a widely held view, nothing is lost. Basically, they want to understand, and when they understand, they will decide. They are sensitive to the accusation that they are conformists; but I think they would revise Emerson's famous statement to read, “A foolish nonconformity is the hobgoblin of little minds.” They are serious, but not solemn. They can hoot Elvis Presley and other happy hotdogs with pleasure; their wit is as sharp as their wits; they

are as good as ever with the ingenuities of gaiety; and they can still get into plenty of trouble, like the world they inhabit. But man for man I think they are better off in good sense and balance than my generation was at their age.

More than we used to do, they pay attention these days to the wise old men. They name Freud (“too influential to avoid”) and Jung (“helps us uncover the human personality”). They revere Robert Frost (“one of the few men I wish sometimes I could have been”) and Shaw (“patient revolutionary”) and Sean O'Casey (“really with it”). They think of Einstein (“wise in his field—remember that face”) and Gandhi (“we need another now”) and Churchill (“bulldog with a golden pen”) and Eisenhower (“the prototype of the good American”) and Reinhold Niebuhr (“has answered many questions of mine”).

THERE IS still, as there has been for years, a cult of Thomas Wolfe. They have all read J. D. Salinger, Wolfe's closest current competitor. A few name D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and Dylan Thomas, and one can see in this group what one would always expect, namely that writers who write well about young men growing up are likely to be read by young men growing up. They work away at Faulkner, whom they respect, and they still read Hemingway (“complexity and frustration of modern world given simply and readably”). One says he read Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* while working as a “gandy dancer on the Rock Island Railroad” and that Steinbeck “really hits the nail on the head.” William Sansom and Jean Stafford claim some admirers among young writers who are tackling short stories. They also enjoy satire and wish we had more of it: they name Orwell, Huxley and, among current writers, Peter De Vries and Angus Wilson. On apparently the same grounds P. G. Wodehouse and Og-

den Nash each got a vote; and one spoke of Ray Bradbury as "one of the most aware writers of our time."

Around here, at any rate, the strongest cult is that of Albert Camus. If you ask why, the answer often is that he sums up in some way "the myth of the modern man," or that his fiction embodies a sense of the "present-day predicament" or that "he's a good nightmare man." One senior grouped him with Sartre, Heidegger, Marcel and Jasper as showing that "metaphysics can be a meaningful enterprise." A junior named André Malraux as the type of the true modern man—"extremist but thought-provoking." Among theatre men, Lorca is often named. Another called Picasso "the untraditional king of art." Sometimes you begin to wonder whether the center of gravitational pull hasn't shifted to Europe, with a new period of "expatriatism" in prospect.

But one doesn't want to force a pattern where none is. There are clots of interest but no headlong rush to any special banner. The boys down here work and listen and keep their eyes open. They haven't really declared a universal allegiance in any one sector. Maybe this is the Age of Consolidation.



By Stanley Kunitz

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I MUST POSE a question in reply. Are we talking about the Many or the Few? What every teacher knows, though he may be reluctant to proclaim it, is that the mass of college students lead lives of quiet enervation. Since World War II, with the conspicuous broadening of the base of admissions, the Many have been so much with us as to effect a quali-

tative change in our higher educational system, a revolution we are not yet equipped to face. Most students do not come to college in pursuit of the true, the beautiful, or the good; they come because a degree increases earning power and enhances social prestige. It must be affirmed, at the risk of sounding superciliously un-American or of seeming to yearn nostalgically for the good old days (which couldn't have been so good, after all, in view of the historic consequences), that the influx of a new student population, in part barely literate, in the main holding no concepts of value distinguishable from those of our society at large, has resulted in a serious deterioration of the intellectual climate.

THE SITUATION is not without its ironies. Here we have our student communities suffering this general dilution of mind, while at the same time our faculties, armed to the teeth with their ineluctable Ph.D's, grow more and more specialized in their accumulations of knowledge. Even the downiest young instructors appear to have sprung full-blown from the Jovian forehead as an Authority in his Field, knee-deep in research, bristling with quotations and footnotes, altogether too formidable in his scholarship to be subject to challenge, particularly by students whose last best hope is to get by. The free exercise of taste, born of the humanistic tradition, tends increasingly to yield to documentation; or, as in the case of the New Critics, to methodology—the scholastic means, or apparatus, having become more important than the critical end. In all fairness, however, I must add that when a liberal and speculative voice is heard in the classroom, it is more likely than not to be the professor's, despite whatever caution the years may have taught him. As for the students, they matriculate cautious, wanting above all—so well-conditioned are they by the prevailing social climate—to buy security for themselves in the full knowledge that the price is conformity. "Why should we go out on a limb about anything?" one of them remarked in class. "We

know what happened to those who did." Another expressed a measure of gratitude to Senator McCarthy for having taught his generation a valuable lesson: to keep its mouth shut.

Am I quibbling when I contend that most of the culture-gods and heroes of this generation do not really belong to it, for it has not fought to win them: it has merely borrowed them from its instructors? Freud, Jung, Mann, Joyce, James, Kafka, Yeats and Eliot would certainly seem to belong to this category—which is not to deny them the survival of their power to excite the best minds of a generation. The much-bruited religious revival, I would hazard, represents one of the several expressions of the return to orthodoxy on the part of the Many, rather than a significant conversion. My impression, from work with English majors and writing students on both sides of the continent, is that Auden is admired, but from a cool distance. Dylan Thomas's influence seems already to be waning. Papers get written on Faulkner, but Hemingway is easier to imitate. D. H. Lawrence gains readers and advocates, though he is found somewhat disturbing. Orwell and Koestler say something about politics that this generation is tuned to hear. Allusions to existentialism are not uncommon, but actual knowledge of the work of Sartre or Camus or Kierkegaard runs fairly shallow. The only young novelist I have heard praised vociferously is J. D. Salinger, for his discovery of childhood.

IF THIS list of influences appears somewhat random in character, my defense must be that a more systematic arrangement would be a falsification. I am aware of the existence of a small but articulate fraction of the young who glory in their non-adjustment; who prefer, given the difficulty of maintaining a loyal opposition within the framework of our society, to dramatize themselves as outlaws; whose triad of predilections consists of homosexuality, dope and jazz; whose preference is for a literature based on the anti-literary; and who model their improvisations on the writings of

Rimbaud, Céline, Whitman, Pound and William Carlos Williams—but most of this group are a few years out of college.

"What we all lack who are under thirty," writes one of my students of last year, Dorothy Kosobud Doe, in the University of Washington periodical *Assay*, "is some guiding passion, some *moral vision*, if you will." And she continues, eloquently:

We are unable to wind the loose threads of our experience into some larger pattern, and we know it. We write to please this authority or that professor while the universe skids about under our feet. We profess to disbelieve everything partially because, at heart, we do not yet believe in ourselves. What we are facing is a process of re-education, of self-discovery—a painful process, but without it no human being has understood the reason for his short walk across eternity. And to attain self-discovery we must dissent, disaffiliate ourselves from all the clichéd and stereotyped burdens the educated and the non-educated would impose; dissent from the dogma of the politician, the business man, the critic and the truck driver. If our "revolt" appears mild, it is because we have not found anything to promote; deep in the dream of ourselves and our relation to others, we realize with Yeats that there's more enterprise in walking naked.

WE OWE it to the young, I feel, to encourage such scrupulous self-examination—we owe it to ourselves as well if we want to live in a world that is worth occupying. But what should one have said to the twenty-year-old who announced in class how much he admired Wallace Stevens for having proved there was no real conflict between American business and art? One could quote, and did, that fine poet's edged observation that "the fury of poetry always comes from the presence of a madman or two . . . but at the moment all the madmen are politicians." At this point a senior, a novelist-in-the-making, responded that he felt fairly hopeful about the literary fate of his generation: "When the madman turns up, we'll be around to follow him." One is not encouraging lunacy, but oh that it had occurred to him to imagine himself as that madman!

Stanford



By Wallace Stegner

Director of the Writing Program at
Stanford University

I WOULD NOT pretend to know or understand "the American undergraduate." But I have worked quite closely with a certain number of undergraduates for a good many years. If what I think I know of them does not constitute a generalization, it may perhaps contribute to one.

One is asked, Who are their heroes? Who among poets, politicians, thinkers, novelists, give them their intellectual and emotional stance? What minds are their sources of light and heat? Who has replaced the opinion-makers and the literary messiahs of the twenties and thirties? But as far as one can see there is no agreement on any such leaders, there is no figure or school to which large numbers give belief or the compliment of imitation.

It is not impossible to find out whom undergraduates read and admire. Contrary to some opinion, many of them do read and some of them admire. But they do not admire in pack; it would be hard to be more eclectic than the undergraduates I know.

Sartre? Camus? Kierkegaard? A glimmer of interest, nothing significant. For what the note is worth, Camus seems more admired than Sartre. Marx? Hardly. Freud? Though the influence is pervasive and persistent, and never clearer than when Freud is being attacked, there is little of the delighted sense of discovery apparent in the undergraduate view; it seems pretty blase, really. Jung? I have known it to happen that a dedicated Jungian, his lips touched with a live coal and his mind rearranged into a mandala, arises within the undergraduate body. But his greeting is something between incredulity and scorn. It

would seem that though Jung can inspire disciples among undergraduates, he has hardly brought forth a new church.

Of contemporary poets, only Eliot seems to arouse enthusiasm in students I know, and he as much for his criticism as for his poems. Wallace Stevens has followers, but not enough of them to take a city. In these West Coast parts I do not hear much talk of the Agrarians or their descendants. And one is as likely to find an admirer of pragmatic reasonableness—of Jacques Barzun, let us say—as of any of the Cains or Christs of literature. Where Hemingway was once imitated by one out of every two college sophomores, one now hears scornful comment on the unseemly elements in the Hemingway myth; and Joyce, who once bred fierce devotees, breeds them no longer: the Lucifer pose is rather bad taste.

OF ALL contemporary writers, Faulkner is the only one who among the students I know has a real following, something of a cult. Yet the followers do not emulate him as I and my fellows aped Joyce or Hemingway in the twenties. They are not so naive as we were, by a long way, and can see at once the dangers of imitating a style so personal and with so many excesses. The Faulkner cult read Faulkner, I think, for his "myths," for his symbolic and allegorical underlayers. They play the guessing-games and solve the puzzles he sets them, and in this they seem to me to echo the times, and to have more actually in common with Faulkner's proliferating critics than with Faulkner.

Occasionally a student, generally a superior one, admits some intellectual *guru*. One I know is devoted to Ortega y Gasset, and quotes two sentences which he says he keeps pasted up in his mind. One says, "Every life has to be dedicated to something, to enterprise great or small." The other says, "The great discovery of Romanticism was that life is, primarily and above all else, its own internal problem."

This student seems to me unlike many of his fellows: he not only has a dedication, but he admits it.

But he is absolutely at one with the majority in insisting that the internal problem is the essential one.

For if many undergraduates acknowledge no heroes, profess only lukewarm admirations, shun causes, are suspicious of joinings and flinch from commitments, I do not think they act either from cynicism or frivolity. Pressed to name writers who have influenced them, they will name, with a grin, Shakespeare and Dostoevsky, Conrad and Henry James, Chekov and Mark Twain—all distant and safe. This is not cynicism and not dullness, but the most alert caution. Something in the climate of opinion and action within which these young people have grown up has made many of them what I can only call "goal-keepers." They lie at the mouths of their private burrows, watchful and suspicious, and they warn potential intruders away from their privacy. Perhaps Riesman is right, and they grow more and more other-directed; and yet I have found them often with an irritable, even exacerbated, independence.

They are hard to smoke out. Sometimes a professor is baited into protest by the rows and circles of their closed, watchful, apparently apathetic faces, and says in effect, "My God, *feel* something! Get enthusiastic about something, plunge, go boom, look alive!" The response may vary: anger (controlled) at the professorial intrusion, embarrassment at the crude expression of a violent feeling, or perhaps sarcastic comments on the delightful results of enthusiasm under Hitler, or the fine product of commitment to Marx or any of the other causes and shibboleths of their parents' time.

ONE DOES NOT generalize, except with a caution one could learn from the undergraduate, but the watchfulness I have described is common enough to be easily verified. The rather frequent undergraduate who shuns causes, heroes, joinings, commitments—and most forms of public notice—acts like a man who has been hurt and wants not to be hurt more. As he does not follow heroes, he would not be one if he could. His problem is within, and he will solve

it himself. He seems to me very lonely, and he has learned loneliness, as he learned caution, from his *Zeitgeist*. The *Zeitgeist* is all he listens to—seldom to heroes—and what he guards is his own goal. He may not score but he is certain, while he plays the game this way, not to be scored on.

And if I am inclined, as I sometimes am, to disparage this attitude as dull, faint-hearted and unproductive, I am reminded that it is also self-reliant and sane. And I am reminded that many periods of the world's history have demonstrated the same caution and taken for their motto some variant of the *nil admirari* of Augustan England. It is one way of playing the game, and it has its own moral basis, which comes less from single leaders than from the *Zeitgeist*.



By Charles A. Fenton

*Assistant Professor of English at
Yale University*

THE EVIDENCE on which your question has to be answered is itself elusive and contradictory and not always susceptible to national generalization. I think the first positive element of a statement, however, would be that undergraduates are currently skeptical of, or indifferent to, almost every spokesman you have named. In many cases this skepticism is an inevitable reflection of the tastes of their instructors. It has been some time, for example, since Cabell was consistently included among the reading assignments of the typical undergraduate course in contemporary American literature. His place was never very firm in the syllabus, and the more recent anthologies tend to exclude him altogether. I suspect myself that if given the opportunity today's undergraduates might enjoy

and value Cabell. Desirable as this would be, they're not likely to get the opportunity.

Both Shaw and O'Neill, of course, continue to be taught in the drama courses. Both have recently been the beneficiaries of revivals and, in the case of O'Neill, of publication and production of new work as well. It is still difficult to fit O'Neill into the typical undergraduate survey course in American literature, however, and I doubt if the majority of today's college students are really responsive to either Shaw or O'Neill in any substantial way. I think it would be accurate to say of both playwrights that the typical undergraduate attitude toward them is one of passive respect.

There is nothing passive, however, in the response to the rest of the older writers whom you mention. Mencken, who is far too insufficiently taught, is regarded with considerable suspicion by most undergraduates. The solemnity with which most of them approach life in general, and the reverence with which some of them approach American life in particular, automatically create a genuine mistrust when confronted by an invective and an indictment as sweeping as Mencken's. The reaction to Sinclair Lewis is more friendly — or, to be accurate, less unfriendly — but on the whole they are doubtful of his contemporary relevance. They are also significantly anxious to classify such episodes as the final ones of *Babbitt* as evidence that Lewis had after all discovered affirmative qualities in American life.

AFFIRMATION, in fact, is the primary quality which most of them seek in literature. The brief Fitzgerald revival has therefore dissolved, though they will concede him certain limited stylistic virtues. "Slick, though," they say dubiously. "Very slick." Much of Hemingway's work makes them similarly uneasy, particularly the early stories and novels. I suspect myself that in this case their morality is sometimes offended, though of course no American, undergraduate or otherwise, is ever going to admit that sex has shocked him. "Nihilistic," picked up from

the jargon of humanistic commentators, is unfortunately their favorite word for Hemingway.

I suppose the unhappy truth is that affirmation, at least of the sort currently being sought, has rarely been a major characteristic of serious American artists and intellectuals. I think this accounts for the very high regard in which today's undergraduates hold Faulkner. In his fiction and in his public pronouncements, they find a canon of recognizable virtues and an assurance of human survival, enunciated by an artist of genuine quality.

The proletarian writers of the thirties impress them not at all. The present campus indifference to either politics or reform or rebellion is monumental. They welcome the concept of brotherhood as met in Steinbeck, but it would be an exaggeration to cast him in an influential role. Wolfe is frequently an exciting discovery, but most have been so intimidated by the New Criticism's distaste for him that the response becomes partial and furtive. They are merely bored by the writers of World War II, though they're interested in and sensitive to the historical sequence of techniques and attitude in Mailer and Jones.

SO FAR AS fiction is concerned at least, I think this may in fact be the crucial point. The persuasive fluency of contemporary literary scholarship and instruction has bred a generation of undergraduate critics more concerned — like their instructors — with form than with statement. Insofar as they will tolerate a statement at all, it must be positive rather than negative. Pessimism and even despair are acceptable (since this is a well-informed and realistic generation), but not cynicism. No matter how bleak the general thesis of the artist, it should be climaxed by at least the promise of moral regeneration.

Today's undergraduates, on the other hand, are too discriminating and too perceptive to accept as spokesmen the kind of writers who generally make such a statement. My own conclusion is that, with the notable exception of Faulkner, they haven't yet discovered their "intel-

lectual, artistic and ethical influences," at least so far as contemporary literary artists are concerned. This is a talented undergraduate generation, industrious and attractive, and a pleasure to teach, but most of them are company men. And why not? Who can blame them? They've been signed up almost since birth, after all, in what Neibuhr has described as "a paradise of domestic security and growing justice suspended in a hell of international insecurity."

Minnesota



By Leo Marx

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at the University of Minnesota*

I WOULD BE suspicious of any cocksure answer to your question. Today's students do not seem to belong to a "generation" in quite the way we like to think that the students of the twenties and thirties did. Either they share fewer ideas and beliefs, or they are less articulate. In any event, the comparison to prewar generations ought not to be made, as it so often is, an invidious comparison. It is a reflection of history. The temper of today's student body is compounded of many things, but especially the sense, seldom spoken but very deep, of the strange historical interregnum in which we live. Many of this year's freshmen were born in 1939. All that they know is of the war and since, and this makes for a curious amalgam of confidence and doubt. They have reason to be confident, for example, of their immediate prospects. No college generation has been more sure of its chances for jobs, leisure and security. As for the larger prospect, it is so dim and mysterious that we seldom discuss it. This state of affairs is altogether different from that of the thirties, for instance, when we assumed that a terrible war was imminent, but

when many of us also held high hopes for what might follow. At that time we talked and read with certain certainties, specious as they may now seem, in mind. The times lent an air of coherence to our ideas and prejudices, and we tended to read the writers who also did.

Who influences today's students? The answer, I think, is no one in particular. It is a generation of private seekers, and the teacher can never be sure where he may strike sparks. George Orwell comes to mind, though not necessarily because he is widely read. Students often sound as if they have been reading him even when they haven't. They share many of his deepest instincts, his skepticism, his anarchism. He confirms their wariness of slogans, enthusiasms, passionate convictions, and perhaps even passion itself. By the same token, it is difficult to get them to see anything in writers who make strong statements—Walt Whitman, say. They like only exceptional Whitman poems, the more inward and strained lyrics. One might suspect it is the fervor that puts them off, but then the student who finds nothing in Whitman turns out to be an admirer of Dylan Thomas. Apparently it is Whitman's public commitments that seem embarrassingly naive.

TODAY'S students do not expect a new revelation, hence they are less responsive to fashion and more receptive to the past. They do not insist so much upon the immediate and superficial relevance of what they read. All told, they are probably better students than the prewar generations. They are less opinionated, less excitable, not so eager to score points. To be sure, they seem less animated — but is it necessarily a good thing to be more excited about Clifford Odets than Shakespeare? Today's students sit and listen, and they seem to reserve judgment. Perhaps their own attitudes are best revealed by the evocations of ambiguity that seem to interest them. They are attracted by writers like Hawthorne, Melville, James, Conrad and Kafka. Sometimes one gets the impression that their admiration is called forth less

by the work itself than by a certain image of the writer who stands behind it. What they like is the way he proceeds, like some latter-day critic, to make a detached, stoical and infinitely subtle analysis of motive and cause.

Like a critic! Perhaps the mark of the serious students of today is this appetite for criticism. They relish a careful analysis of a work of art, one that begins with a lucid statement of premises and follows through to firm evaluations. We often hear this penchant for criticism deplored nowadays. Yet it is wrong to charge today's students with reading criticism out of fad-dishness or laziness. The truth is that the critics they admire are by no means easy to read. They like the New Critics, who, following Eliot and Richards, have made an elaborate ritual out of criticism. They enjoy reading criticism, and they turn to it spontaneously, as students in other ages read philosophy or poetry. Any teacher of literature will tell of the virtuoso performances of criticism he has unexpectedly turned up among his student essays. When he inquires, he usually finds that the writer has been reading the work of men like Brooks, Warren, Ransom, Tate, Trilling or Wilson. These critics have a strong influence upon today's students, including many who are not primarily students of literature.

THIS TASTE for criticism is important and revealing. It characterizes a student generation that is skeptical of ready-made opinion, but is eager to see how opinions are made. And it is the critic, perhaps more than most intellectuals nowadays, who truly opens a window upon his mind. In the end there is nothing he can hold back. All his ideas are exposed and, what is more, tested against a problem of some complexity. The whole exacting procedure is available to the student, who in turn can test the critic and so exercise his own powers of discrimination. If the critic is a hero to the present generation it is because he endures this exposure, and he triumphs in making up his mind. He is read not so much as an expert

literary technician than as a kind of oblique moral philosopher, a sifter of meanings and values. Clearly he is read in order to be emulated. It is folly to deplore this tendency. I only wish I were talking about a truly significant number of today's students, instead of the tiny fraction that is subject to intellectual influences of any kind.



By J. A. Bryant, Jr.

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THERE ARE no real successors to the people you mention. Hemingway, Fitzgerald and to a lesser extent Shaw are still popular with undergraduates, though hardly for the same reasons as thirty years ago. The others are read, if at all, in courses in contemporary American literature; but they no longer excite students as they once did and they have no effective counterparts today.

One reason is that today most young people no longer feel the need of such figures. The rebellious attitude that characterized "flaming youth" of the mid-twenties (Irving Babbitt called it an "insurrectional attitude") was actually something that the young people had inherited from their elders, who, as young people themselves, had begun revolting against arbitrary values and decadent conventions a couple of decades earlier and then, perhaps in reaction to the shock of World War I, abruptly abandoned their revolt and threw up a new wall of prohibitions. Against the dull surface of this new, hastily improvised conservatism, the easy wit and natural high spirits of youth found a golden chance to shine brightly and made the most of it. Writers by the score provided formulations for youth's new position; and youth, flaming

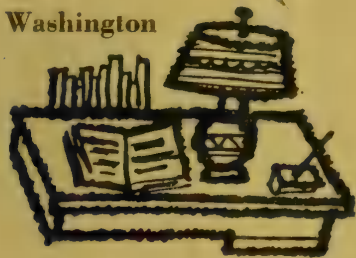
ahead, achieved a kind of emancipation that seemed, during the early thirties at least, a genuine emancipation of the spirit. What it really achieved was an emancipation of youth itself.

Today the conception of youth as a generation on probation seems to have weakened considerably. Accent on youth, which followed the earlier suspicion of youth, has given way to a sentimental identification with youth, so that instead of restraining the younger generation, one finds it difficult to avoid being like it. Thus the American undergraduate ranges freely in a world that has come a long way toward meeting his terms. His college courses still frequently point the way to a fuller awareness of himself and his problems, but he retires from the classroom to find reassurances on every hand that he is, after all, just as good and just as sophisticated as he conceives himself to be and that his problems, such as they are, are for the most part alien to his society in one way or another. The sea of troubles against which he must take arms contains unbuilt bridges, bacteria, subversives, international malcontents and perhaps the men from Mars; if he takes arms against himself at all, it is to beat his own score at golf, to catch a bigger fish, to fly higher, to drive faster—in short, to be bigger and better and younger than he is. It is interesting that the Hemingway who survives as an influence among undergraduates is not Hemingway the expatriate, but a Hemingway who symbolizes the virility and essential goodness of the American male and is identifiable with the warrior, the athlete and the big-game hunter.

The real influences on our present generation of students, however, tend to be anonymous or nearly so. They are the makers and sponsors of such mass media as television and the weekly "slicks," with their vaudeville, their entertaining capsules of culture, their easy digests of opinion and world affairs, their advertising. The extent to which such things as these are prevalent among us is virtually without precedent. This much is sure: the presentation of values in

them—political, economic, religious and ethical—is too often accommodated to please healthy, good-natured adolescents of all ages, and to confirm what most citizens of Gopher Prairie have always believed, that American ingenuity can make all things easy and painless and that standardized commodities, including standardized food for the mind, are proof of a flourishing democracy in the land. It therefore becomes increasingly difficult for the novelist or poet or critic who would confront squarely the complexity of such values and explore conflicts deep within us to find a substantial audience. Perhaps that is why many of those who might have become successors to the social critics of the twenties have chosen to take temporary refuge in our colleges and universities and address their serious critiques mostly to one another.

Washington



By Malcolm Brown

Associate Professor of English,
University of Washington

STRONG INTELLECTUAL or aesthetic allegiances scarcely exist among the present college generation here.

The first interest of competent students today is to get on with their technical training. Since most of them are seriously retarded in what the educationists call "reading achievement," all the time that they can spare for extraneous things must be spent in trying to raise themselves to the elementary level—in learning who Talleyrand and Neville Chamberlain were, for example, or in discovering such basic writers as Mark Twain, Dickens or Tolstoi, and lucky they are to do that. Beyond that point they are not anxious to adventure, partly no doubt because of the conformism and tim-

idity of our times; but partly also because of the failure of present-day writers to compel the attention of their contemporaries. The newer poets, novelists and playwrights (except perhaps Arthur Miller) simply do not reach the rank and file of students.

I PASS then to the saving remnant, the adolescent intellectuals, literature majors, graduate students and the like. Here too, though much energy has been consumed in past years, the results of it all are rather flat.

In the first postwar years students were reading *Hiroshima* and *The Naked and the Dead*, and the liberalism that had caught up every generation of young intellectuals since 1920 lingered on briefly into the new age. Then suddenly it collapsed. The cold war, the 1948 elections and prosperity brought all to a stop, subjecting the talents and impulses of the earlier time to total eclipse.

The fresh crop of students had no time to waste on nostalgic yearning to recapture the emotions of 1936, which they only vaguely remembered. They were drawn to Criticism with a capital "C" and busied themselves cheerfully with destroying their intellectual predecessors. Young men calling themselves "those of us who follow T. S. Eliot" now became sensitive to certain heresies of their elders, who were found to have been positivistic, rationalistic, "progressivist" and suffering an acute case of post-Renaissance dissociation of sensibility. The new outlook by contrast embraced symbol and myth, "the sovereignty of the Word," the ubiquity of evil and, above all, irony, paradox, ambiguity and tension—catch-words so compulsive that if their use had been proscribed all adolescent literary discourse must have halted.

Stanley Edgar Hyman had the good luck to catch the crest of this wave with perfect timing in his guidebook to the new "field," whose breeziness and large sales gave some pain to the more brilliantly theoretical-minded. Students here would be found reading *The Armed Vision* at coffee, or perhaps with Brooks' *Well-Wrought Urn*, or a volume of essays

by Eliot, Tate or even Pound (the hero of the moment, thought by all to be a St. Stephen martyred by Robert Hillyer's squib on the Bollingen scandal). These enthusiasms cooled rapidly in the past few years and do not, I believe, intoxicate anybody now. Eliot's essays are still read, as are the other critical pundits, Winters, Ransom, Brooks, Leavis, *et al.*, and not without respect, though students seem less attracted to their profundities than to their recantations and their savage guerilla sorties upon one another. Kenneth Burke is perhaps the most admired critic just now, partly no doubt because his manner of analysis of symbolic action lends itself to imitation and suggests to young intellectuals how they, too, may write a book on "Symbol and Myth in"—shall we say—"Warren's *Bands of Angels*."

THE CRITICAL movement brought a radical shift in the taste of the younger literary generation here, leaving it sharper, more agile, more astringent, more professional and less prone to some of the follies of the past. But other aspects of the age of Eliot did not fix such a lasting grip on new students. The poems and the ideology they were asked to admire (after the work of demolition was completed) themselves seemed, except to a little band of those who had "earned their vision," less rewarding than had been promised. *Little Gidding*, for example, or Herbert and Donne, or Yeat's apocalyptic lyrics, though hard and dry, paradoxical, provided with objective correlative and the rest of it, seemed to many to be rather too fragile to bear the weight of importance put upon them. It was hard to dissociate them from Eliot's nasal liturgical phonograph readings. So, while students here are certainly finished with Steinbeck, they are also apt to cast a cold eye "about the center of the silent Word," repelled perhaps by the mystique, the *soi-disant* patrician tone (which is especially offensive to West Coast traditions) and by the sour countenances of Spengler, de Maistre and John Calvin only half-hidden underneath the charming surface candor.

Dylan Thomas made his first visit to this campus in 1951 to deliver the most exciting public lectures heard here since Laski's sensational visit in the thirties. Thomas' youthful Welsh Methodist emotionalism relieved the air of the close odor of Baudelaire and Anglo-Catholicism. He captivated everybody, was lionized, memorized, imitated and assigned to freshmen. He returned the next year with less success, repeating the same "spontaneous" quips he had used the year before, pitifully fatigued and disoriented, and as we can see in retrospect, already half-destroyed by his tragic flaw. Afterwards his influence waned slowly, though even yet it is not altogether obliterated.

THOMAS' place here has never been filled. Hemingway and Faulkner are old men, classics who are "taught," like Dryden, to mildly interested and courteous captive audiences. The *Hudson, Kenyon and Sewanee Reviews* are followed, mainly to see if anything is cooking. The bookshops sell a few copies of the *Partisan* every year. The *New Yorker* is read haphazardly. There has been a bit of a flurry in Camus, Silone, Orwell and Henry Miller, indicating perhaps an incipient anarcho-existentialist phase, but if so, the nucleus is still quite feeble. The intellectual event of the past year was Robert Graves's common-grave interment of Eliot, Yeats, Pound, Auden, Spender and Thomas. Our young intellectuals liked that, proving that they, too, like the Middle East, suffer in a vacuum, at the still point of the turning wheel, biding their time and waiting for something to happen.

Meanwhile the amateur poets, students of Theodore Roethke's, are busy all about the place, producing publishable work of some promise. In philosophy the Wittgensteinians are fighting the existentialists at this moment. Amateur painters are busiest of all; hundreds of them are at work in the state, and they are abstractionist to the last paint brush. There is least sign of life in the novel. Here, as elsewhere, novelists are either somnolent or seem bewitched by the grave confusions of the day.

Michigan



By Allan Seager

University of Michigan

TODAY'S UNDERGRADUATE, so far as I am acquainted with him, is untouched by the work of any writers whose influence can be clearly defined, whom all acknowledge. There is no contemporary Mencken and Hemingway is dead as a model of behavior. No one occupies their seats, nor those of Anderson, Dos Passos or Lewis, and Shaw has become merely quaint. I have sensed a vague hankering for the color and romantic irresponsibility of the twenties.

The junior who has heard of Scott Fitzgerald might like to make a series of brilliant social gestures but he does not know how to go about it. He is, quite unconsciously, deterred by history. The Depression and the War made him look away from himself. College has ceased to be a brightly-lighted stage where he discovers who he is. It is rather a processing-chamber where, with touching submissiveness, he accepts the remarks of lecturers and the hard sentences of textbooks as directives that will lead him to a job.

There are, I think, reasons for this. First of all, your undergraduate is a member of a generation which believes that the boom since 1940 is the American way of life. He cannot remember anything but prosperity. The Depression which frightened his father reaches him through his father's urgent warnings to get himself settled into a good job, which he wants to do anyway because he has been conditioned to believe that he has a right to the "good things" of life. These turn out to be, of course, the big cars and the cashmere overcoats of the advertisers. Thrift, which his father would have heard of, has been replaced by *carpe diem*; and this is not an expression of an Epi-

curcan philosophy, but only the Madison Avenue sales pitch. Few at the age of twenty are sound critics of the society they live in and the others reach for the images of life that are most insistently offered them. Today these are images of luxury.

He is also in a big hurry. Military service will, he believes, waste two years of his youth. (I have yet to see any student who thinks he will benefit by his training in the armed forces.) This would be enough to keep him from dawdling, from going to Europe on a cattle-boat or sampling one job after another as people did in the twenties. But added to this is fear. He seems to take this fear so much for granted that it is hard for him to be articulate about it. "War" and "the bomb" are the words that eventually come out of any discussion and he says he wants to get some living done before anything happens.

It is extremely interesting, perhaps encouraging, that the living he wants to do is not self-indulgent. He is eager to break into the accepted social pattern of marriage and a career. Since these are the accepted patterns, he naturally believes they are the right ones and he can be awfully pompous about his future. I have seen many undergraduate marriages go on the rocks because they were begun too early.

FURTHER, like most of the high-school graduates of the last twenty-five years, he has been submitted to Progressive Education in one of its many strengths or dilutions. Without discussing its intentions or its methods, I can say that the majority of these graduates arrive in college with hardly any background in literature, history or philosophy and many of them find simple prose almost illegible. Television and the comic book probably add to the difficulty. Now the old *American Mercury* was discovered by the undergraduate; professors did not then teach Mencken. If a similar magazine were to appear, edited by a man with Mencken's bounce and ire (an unlikely apparition, now, considering the general conformity), I doubt if the undergraduate would take it

up because, first, it would be too hard to read; and, second, because he would not feel he could spare the time for intellectual pursuit that did not clearly make him ready for his economic niche.

Statistically, college students are our intellectual elite. In twenty years they will run the most powerful nation on earth. For this they will have been trained but not educated; they will have inherited our native Puritanism; they will have the manners taught in their Life Adjustments class and modified by the members of their corporate group; they will work hard and have large families. They will be earnest but dull. There are worse types, and now, before they buckle on the clamps of the career, their youth and vitality make them very attractive.

Louisville



By Harvey Curtis Webster

Professor of English, University
of Louisville

THIS POST (or pre) war generation of students is notable, first of all, for what it doesn't read. Gone is the urge to read proletarian fiction, Marxist or Catholic or liberal philosophy, books about society (such as *Middletown*), books about politics, economics, international affairs. They don't know Mencken; have never heard of Cabell; read Lewis as though they'd read him before; realize *USA* is supposed to be good, know it is very long and concerns as era they're dimly curious about; connect Dewey with the dullest education courses; believe O'Neill only stageable; think Gide, Malraux, Huxley, Sholokoff, Bennett mere candidates for a sometime reading list. Naturally I am talking of the students I know and admire out of class and of the book no professor makes them read or advises them off of (under compulsion, a few dis-

cover some of these—like Shakespeare, Plato, Chaucer and Dickens—less dull than they expected).

The kind of books the most alert read are usually those they hope will confirm the universality of their individual quandaries or help them out of them. Though they read Auden's poems with pleasure and frequent approval, none of them need him to tell them that this is an age of anxiety. Draft boards and headlines and radio and TV made them aware of that before they reached college. They don't, like the NYA students of the thirties, go to left-wing writers for *The Way Out*. For democracy, like E. M. Forster, they can muster only two cheers. Though their vote is for love, the beloved kingdom, they are as fearful as the non-Utopian writers that the good may not prevail. Though they worked for and voted for Stevenson, they were not surprised at his defeat. They feel as tiny and as important as the little magazine they publish, hope for individual peace and endurance, act as if the contemporary mess may change into international order, concentrate on the corner where they know they will be for some time, cultivate their friends and, from a distance, love their enemies.

FEELING so (and I think their feeling is conditioned mainly by what happened before they entered college and by what they discover off campus), they still have an extra-curricular liking for some older writers. Fitzgerald, especially in *Tender Is the Night*, seems a relevant clarifier of their own anxieties. Dreiser confirms their distaste for commercialism (in a way he did not intend), their belief in and pity for the individual overwhelmed by "forces." Anderson, in *Winesburg*, shows them what they believe their neighbors are, while *A Story-Tellers Story* suggests a way of rebellion they wish could be theirs. Hemingway they read and imitate, but it is significant that their favorites are *The Sun Also Rises*, *Farewell to Arms* and *The Old Man and the Sea*—not *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Existentialism, Christian or Sartreian, is the philosophy they trust most.

Freud, especially as he is modified by Horney, Fromm and Sullivan, is the psychologist—a guide to adjustment that is not mere acquiescence.

Confused, hoping for hope, sensitive, their taste in more recent fiction, poetry and criticism is eclectic, highly individualized, difficult to generalize. Nearly all have read, agreed with, and dismissed as obvious the war novels of Mailer, Jones and Irwin Shaw. Nearly all have been delighted by *The Adventures of Augie March*, have admired Eliot's later style and early substance, have envied Pound's persistent idiosyncrasy, have imitated Cummings' vivid alternation between delight and disgust, have agreed with Faulkner's Nobel oration and, not over-hopefully, wished his wish to put the clock back and right. Their new novelists (some of them old) they consider stimulators rather than legislators: Warren, Salinger, Styron, Orwell, Wright Morris, William March, Ralph Ellison, Joyce Cary, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh (they rarely follow the last two's theology) and Thomas Mann, the only European who still seems very important: "the chief problem is to become adjusted to not being adjusted." The poets—apart from Cummings, Eliot, Auden and Pound—are Marianne Moore, Rothke, Thomas and some lesser others they read in *New World Writing*, *Campus Writing* and their own magazine, *Views*. Their short-story writers are J. F. Powers, Salinger, March, Hemingway, Faulkner, Porter, Welty, Bowen, Dan Curley, Angus Wilson. Their critics are Trilling and Edmund Wilson, the former much more enthusiastically than the latter.

I HOPE I do not give too dismal or too inaccurate a view—useful generalizing is false. Personally I wish more of them would go back, as a few do, to Waldo Frank and the early Dos Passos, for I am inclined to agree with C. P. Snow (whom my students should and don't read) and with Malcolm Cowley and Granville Hicks (whom they read too infrequently) that we should get back to the literature that stresses inter-personal, societal relations. Still, as deep as it goes, the ground my

students stand on its firm. Like Marianne Moore, they recognize the enemy within, the hatred that disguises itself as universal benevolence; like Ralph Ellison, they deplore the invisibility of the steam-rolled man; like Dylan Thomas and E. M. Forster (strange conjunction) they know that the source of life's values is the recognition of the inevitability of death. They have no baseless prejudices against color, creed, nation or class. They know that all men should be the brothers they are not.



By Karl Shapiro

*Department of English,
University of Nebraska*

WHEN I READ your question, a phrase popped into my mind: the Brain-Washed Generation. But I dismissed it immediately, although it keeps coming back. It has been common talk among teachers in universities for a good many years that students have become increasingly bland in every way. Passivity is the last word we expect to use in connection with a generation of students, but it's the only word that applies to the American university student of the past few years. Nor is there any way of "placing the blame." Nothing is the cause, as the Russian said. As a teacher, however, I worry about the condition of youth, and I think of the causes. There are three at least: loss of political idealism, the contemporaneity of cultural values, and prosperity.

The generation of students that fought the Korean War was deeply embittered by it; I think this applies whether the students soldiered in Korea or stayed home. To them it was an abstract war in which real blood was shed. They fought under

an abstract banner over imaginary boundaries; when they "won" the war they suddenly lost it in an abstract retreat. (Was it not on this issue that Stevenson was defeated the first time?) Only political experts could comprehend the necessity of that war; I am convinced that political idealism was shattered or paralyzed in the minds of our Korean generation. The vague but comforting symbol of Eisenhower has seeped into the vacuum of this generation's mind.

There is a significant difference between the Eisenhower prosperity and the frenetic prosperity of the twenties; Fitzgerald would be without subject matter in the fifties. Prosperity is considered by our young to be the normal state of affairs, and the only reason we have not actually achieved the bourgeois millenium is that one can look forward to four cars per family instead of two, etc. Chamber of Commerce morality is flourishing as never before; the caricatures of Sinclair Lewis are today's cabinet ministers; and who was the King who appointed Prime Minister Eisenhower? Was it not Henry R. Luce? The Ultras are back in the saddle, religious amulets and all.

Nor is there any evidence of Conservatism, which is a positive force, among the students themselves; there is only indifference. For this, at least, we can thank God. There is no philosophy of smugness among the young; they are politically comatose but not yet committed. And they are rationalist enough to avoid the smelly evangelism of the mass magazines. Our young somnambulists, whether they are cruising down the highway at eighty miles an hour in their hard-top convertibles or sitting in class with sealed lips, are listeners. Are they really listening? Their minds are as quiet as mice.

The other cause I mentioned I called (in the mangled English of our time) the contemporaneity of cultural values. This generation has no place to incubate. Writers and artists have become professors, and young people of talent meet with the creative spirit in an academic world. For the writers or artists, nothing could be better. For the

young talent there is a clear and present danger of turning analytical before the blood runs cold. Colonies of Bohemia, of course, are old hat and can survive only in California, where the cultural lag takes on the character of a literary renaissance. I wish I could find a student who yells that he hates T. S. Eliot. Instead I have to listen to youngsters (sometimes Jews) who argue quietly why they like Ezra Pound. May I permit myself one dogmatic remark about books of this generation? It is that one of the most important works of the twentieth century is the textbook called *Understanding Poetry*. It is the book that took poetry off the street and put it in the laboratory. It has not only revolutionized the teaching of literature; it has practically put a stop to genius. Every composition text and anthology shows its influence; the brainless and beautiful poetry of our leading verse magazines derives from *Understanding Poetry*. The objectivity of such teaching tools prevents the young writer from creating standards of his own; the result is no standard at all.

I am sorry for the intellectually godless. For them the mysteries are dead. I pity them: they will have no memories.



By George R. Stewart

*Professor of English at the University
of California*

THE PRESENT generation has no gods and heroes of its own. Intellectual and literary-minded undergraduates now seem to be reading the writers who flourished in the twenties. These are not the same writers who were admired by the undergraduates-in-revolt of that time, as you list them. Mencken, Lewis, Cabell, Anderson, Dos Passos, O'Neill are either completely out-

moded or somewhat old-hat. Hemingway and Fitzgerald are admired. In addition, the undergraduates now seem to admire other writers of the twenties, such as Joyce, Faulkner and that good gray poet, T. S. Eliot. This is very discouraging. I would take it as meaning one of two things, or both: first, we are still living off the fat of the twenties, and new and young voices are not managing to make themselves heard; or else the present generation of undergraduates is timid, unadventurous and conforming, and so takes what its professors tell it. There is, of course, a third possibility—that my appraisal is incorrect.

So far I have considered the situation with respect to individual writers. As regards ideas and movements, there is perhaps more change to be noted, but again we find the undergraduates tending to accept the opinions of their professors. Thus, there has been a growth of what has been called "the revolt against reason." This shows in the increased admiration accorded Joyce and certain of Faulkner's works, and in a very general attitude toward poetry. Gertrude Stein, who was considered something of a joke in the twenties, is now taken rather seriously. (Like the others, however, she cannot be considered a writer of the present generation.) One student informed me that there is among undergraduates a tendency toward a "revolt against the revolt against reason." This is the only connection in which my investigation of student thinking caused me to hear the word "revolt."

THERE IS also a tremendous interest in criticism, and sometimes this seems to be an interest in the subject itself, not in the light it may shed upon literature. As with the writers admired, however, the admired critics are also those of the older generation, such as Eliot and the New Critics, who seem to maintain a kind of perpetual youth because of their associated adjective, even though they are, individually, gray-haired. This undergraduate interest and criticism goes as far, I sometimes think, as to make them want to be critics instead of—as in

the twenties—novelists or poets.

In short, as far as I can sense the situation, there is far too little sense of excitement, of contemporaneousness, of eager and rebellious youth. Someone should let loose a literary bomb that would blow the whole situation to pieces and put us into a state of flux again. If something of the sort doesn't happen soon, the undergraduate generation following this one may well never escape from childhood involvement with the blandishments of TV and the other mass media.

Denver



By Alan Swallow

Publisher; formerly taught at the University of Denver.

IF ONE HAD visited the campuses in the twenties, I am sure that he would have found the pervading atmosphere one of clichés—apathy to intellectual currents, much concern with the "normal" life of fraternities, football and fornication. Yet this was a decade of seething ferment under the guidance of Mencken, the Chicago writers, the expatriates. Likewise, in the thirties, when I went to college, the "normal" campus life was hardly intellectual at all. Yet that decade, also, was one of ferment, of awakened social consciousness, debate over political parties and philosophies.

Similarly, the ordinary campus of today will seem a little dull; on the surface, even more dull than in those former decades. The reasons are that the "normal" campus life remains still caught up in activities of little meaning, and that the lives of those caught up in intellectual debate are somehow more scattered, less overtly intense, than in those decades remembered, I'm afraid, with a sad nostalgia.

But the impact of ideas is still there on the campus; I should judge that proportionately it is greater

than before. Those of us who have taught have seen it: the student being hit hard in the guts with some ideas that disturb him and force him to do some thinking; the student who is afire with an idea which has expanded his life.

I do not think, however, that there is a dominant source of these ideas for the student today—no Mencken, none of the muckrakers, no Marx, no single spokesman for art, literature and culture in the inanity of bourgeois America; in other words, little of the conscious, directed revolt of the two former decades.

Instead, I think the largest number of the intellectuals on the campus are liberals; yet after the follies of the liberals in recent years, they might be described as "skeptical liberals." They tend to be a bit world-weary, a bit knowledgeable, a bit unwilling to jump madly off the deep end because an idea has them in tow. This is not the "lost generation" feeling of the twenties; it lacks the scenery of that melodrama, but is much more abiding and deep. I think that the young intellectual of today, insofar as he may be described by a common denominator, is very strongly rooted in skepticism of all "pronouncements." In this he seems more mature to me than the young intellectual of the twenties and thirties, though he lacks the colorful and driving enthusiasm which was part of the former glories.

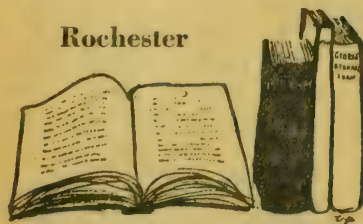
In the field of literature, which I know best, it is very clear that one of the truly revolutionary books of our times is *Understanding Poetry*, by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. It has a host of imitators, in both poetry and prose concerns (indeed, Brooks and Warren wrote one of the imitations in their *Understanding Fiction*), but none has been so good or so influential as the original. Why has the book been revolutionary? Because it has been the single most important influence upon a whole generation of teachers in college English departments; it has changed the teaching of literature in our colleges.

This influence, I think, has been mostly to the good. It has bright-

ened up the college English courses in many respects; it has provoked the student to some thought he otherwise might not have had; it has made him "see" literature more carefully than did his counterpart.

However, there have been some bad results, also. As the young teachers "fell in line," a new kind of academic unimaginativeness has been created. And the second generation has been, on the whole, pretty poor.

One of the unremarked but truly pervasive influences upon the young literary intellectuals has been that of Yvor Winters. I think without doubt that his *In Defense of Reason* will go down as the most significant book of literary criticism of the times; and over a generation, it will outsell all but the very "popular" volumes of so-called criticism. He is much maligned in print, popularly chided in polite conversation, but read by the young. For here is something of an anomaly suitable to the kind of searching they seem to be doing: a liberal in politics, a "reactionary" in esthetic matters, an intransigent believer that truth may be found and stated; in addition, he speaks his mind forcefully, clearly and with no quarter given.



Rochester

by R. J. Kaufmann

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of Rochester

THE FIRST THING that distinguishes this generation of students is the way they whisper their hopes. For them the intellectual life approaches at its worst a private vice to be gratified in intense, confidential sessions with their mentors or better initiated friends—and by the conspiratorial act of reading. For the best of the students, reading a serious book — say Camus' *The Rebel*, Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, or even, to name a book which has complex-

ly aroused nearly all of them, *The Catcher in the Rye*—is so little a passive act that the best language they can discover to describe their feelings constantly draws, unwittingly one supposes, on the imagery of sexual dalliance. Not only does this suggest how potent fiction provokes the strong emotional responses which students are so prudently and craftily unwilling to make to the external world generally, but it also suggests how sub-institutional this whole generation is.

Today's undergraduates don't like politics as such. For them, I think, programmatic socialism has about the same vaguely attractive but still thoroughly antiquated quaintness that the more courtly but manly apologists for the genteel tradition had for us in the 30s — something pleasant but irrelevant, or better something generous but rather sillily oblivious to the nature of power. I should say, too, that quite contrary to the advertised statistics, they don't much like institutionalized religion, though they will practice an unblinking "occasional conformity" with the demands of a society which says: "Go to church and rise in the world." They don't respect authority as such, just because they concede its superficial rights too readily; unless middle-age post-liberals realize this simple fact they will constantly misconstrue motive in, and misdirect their appeals to, the oncoming generation. I think there is no question that the vital core of this generation is engaged in a spiritual and intellectual temporizing action, essentially and broadly skeptical; it operates behind a mask of attentive compliance in order to preserve the pleasures it understands. It lives in a medium of low-pressure doubt which would be intolerable to anyone who had ever experienced the exhilaration of conviction.

So, though today's students dislike religion and politics in matured form — as institutions, as statutory things—they are endlessly curious about their genesis in the roots of religious belief, in the origins of common bonds in society, in the derivation of words, and above all in the psychogenesis and the social teleology of love. They want to know

how men get things started; they want to learn how men learn to care. Hemingway's code is too exclusive for them, for though they are characteristically moved by the cruel deprivation of Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, they suspect the stoical postures of the later books. Love, for them, isn't an end; it must be, they feel, a means, though to what they are imperfectly sure. They like Yeats, because he cares so strongly for the preservation of everything—because he was so unwilling to give up love, or political commitment, or the public claims of art, or gaiety, in the face of tragic fact. They like Lawrence, too, though he seems a little shrill to them at times. But they like his courageous, nearly monomaniacal return to the fountains of feeling; they like his spiritual resilience. In their language, he "cares." Several of them like Saul Bellow, though his work is more sombre than they find quite congenial; he seems, as one of them said, "to be enlarged by what he knows."

THE STUDENTS want tremendously to believe that after knowledge there is forgiveness, that one can know the world and still love life. They are suspicious of the lack of conviction in themselves, but they have been so seriously over-sold on contrived panaceas that they want to see anything they give their allegiance to grow, as it were, before their eyes and existentially tested in the fictional experience of a protagonist who suffers inclusively but without too glamorously dramatizing his own plight. They like Conrad, and with reservations they like Dostoevsky, whose baroque bad manners they pardon but do not overlook. They like Joyce's *Portrait* very well up to the point in which he works out his elaborate aesthetic and then "he seems to gain resolution by omitting too much feeling."

It is just this on which my experience of this generation of students tells me I must conclude: they want above all to avoid the destruction of the feelings they don't know how to trust, which they fear to test fully, and yet which they seem to know we must somehow preserve and strengthen in the proper ways

if we are to survive. The satirists who delighted the twenties and thirties—Waugh, part of Shaw, the rediscovered Firbank, even Sinclair Lewis—they respond to too sentimentally really to like. They can't generate sufficient detachment to see the comedy and they judge satiric exposure as cruelty. Only the satiric writers with almost an excess of feeling reach them. I've yet to teach a student who didn't like *Winesburg, Ohio*. Orwell, too. His embattled passion and his kind of furious attentions to mankind reach them with, it seems, no inkling of political doctrine accompanying it.

I remember that Santayana said that Emerson was precisely a "transcendental reader" for he read "only to find out what he was thinking himself." This much under-rated generation we are teaching is, I should say, made up of most untranscendental readers, of readers whose main feature is a kind of homeless and questing sympathy. It is a generation which reads mainly to find out what man can feel and what he can do with the feelings which are worthy of him.



By Charles Shapiro

*Instructor in English and the Humanities
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WAYNE IS A public college in an industrial city. It is a commonplace that if your folks have money you go to the University of Michigan; if not, you go to Wayne. A goodly proportion of the Wayne students hold part- or full-time jobs, and so it would seem that here, at a workingman's school, there would be little desire to imitate the social evils of a Big Ten university. Yet the pitiful housing decorations during Homecoming, and such ridiculous events as fraternity wheel-barrow races, in-

dicate that too many students are desperately trying to be part of a way of life which should be alien to them. Like students at more high-powered universities, Wayne undergrads seem to want to divorce their lives from their education.

The gap between American life and the American student is, too often, a pleasant one, resulting in professors more interested in entertaining than teaching, and a placid atmosphere of compliance and agreement. The better students, however, are aware of the dull conformity, and register their private protests by retiring into themselves or by reinforcing their sense of difference with cursory readings of the existentialists, preferably in the more palatable form of the novel. One of the more admired of the intellectual leaders speaks highly of Camus: "He taught me to be indifferent."

The literary universe has provided no true spokesmen for the thinking student in the way that Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Lewis captured an attitude towards America which was recognized and shared. And there is no modern substitute for that little green badge of protest, the cover of the *American Mercury*. So there are no novelists (Saul Bellow and others who should be loved are either ignored or scorned as special pleaders); there are no Menckens; there are no magazines; and the world of enthusiastic ideas, with its questioning vigor which should be the first gift of the college to the student, has been stolen away. It is small wonder that our good, often brilliant, students live peopled lives of cynicism and tolerance.

There is, of course, the usual group of poets and writers, once bohemian, now softened in their protesting and their radicalism. Laughed at by the rest of the campus, they are bound together by their aloneness, an isolation often caused by personal rather than intellectual troubles. Their writing is atrociously inept, and for a good reason: their subject matter is usually far removed from their experiences. Living in a factory city, many being members of minority groups (Negro, Jewish or, particularly in Detroit, Polish) the stuff for their writing is all about.

The Students' Vocational Invocation

Oh mute managerial Muses,
Sitting stiff-lipped in Committee,
We don't ask to be
Battered or fired,
Seasoned or inspired;
We don't seek Wisdom's warmth;
We just want,
Each of us,
A good job.

Jonathan Schwartz
Wayne State University

Yet last year, while helping judge the annual writing contest, I was surprised to see the amount of phony, illiterate work submitted.

Perhaps even more horrifying is the picture of the average student. To quote a student friend: "The majority come to college because it is the only thing to do. They can't go to work because if they are male they can't get any decent job, and if they are female they are typed dull and middle-class. The question then arises: why loaf at home or travel when one can loaf through college and be with one's friends?"

In class they get along, accepting what their teachers tell them. As to the intellectual influences on them, there really are none. "I never read a book that influenced me." "I guess I was most influenced by Norman Vincent Peale and Lowell Thomas." "The novel which taught me the most was *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. It taught me to slow down for a while, but [sigh] now I'm back in the groove again."

Repeatedly I find students suspicious and vaguely angered by what they term "phony intellectuals." When pinned down, the epithet refers "to someone with an inferiority complex who is always in the library" or "someone who is unhappy and is going to get into trouble one of these days." The average student is certain of several things. He's not a phony, he's happy and he's ahead of the game.

Why should the splendid minds, with such fine potentiality, seem so unenthusiastic? Why should the creative talents seem so moribund? Why a workingman's college obsessed by rich men's attitudes? And why no voice—novelist, poet, or es-

sayist—that speaks to them, stirs them and is part of their lives?

Part of the blame lies in the colleges themselves. The increasing power and influence of the Schools of Business and Education, with their respective stress on Money and Mediocrity, has left students apathetic and hostile to challenging ideas. All methodology, all courses on how to get along, they adjust their students into blandness. Vaudeville didn't really die. It read Dale Carnegie, bought some stock and marched from the Palace to the lecture platforms of our universities. Oddly enough, there is enough life in the students so that they recognize these courses for what they are; yet, as pragmatists, they take the easy way out. The next generation won't even know they are being fed nonsense by nonentities.

Part of the blame, of course, is shared by the country which, at present, is too content. Television and the other mass media give the students a steady diet of values which do not lead to much inquiry. There is a widely held belief that a religious revival has hit the campuses; students are supposed to be burning copies of Marx and Freud and returning to the Good Book. However, despite such deplorable gimmicks as "Religious Emphasis Week," it would not be accurate to call this a penetrating, meaningful movement. Campus religious groups, as always, are looked on more as opportunities to meet dates than the Diety.

The day of student action, of petitions, eager discussions and picket lines is long gone. A few scattered Socialist groups remain, and future lawyers know enough to join the Young Democrats or Republicans. But when the campus Socialist group was eliminated last year, just before Academic Freedom week was celebrated on campus, the end of an era was official. Perhaps this is all for the good. In a machine age, with automation almost here, individualism might make the training of so many students a bit difficult. But I can't help feeling, as do many of my colleagues, that we are dooming too many wonderful youngsters to four years of stagnation.

Columbia



By Richard Chase

Associate Professor, Columbia University

IT IS DIFFICULT to say exactly who are "the leading intellectual, artistic and ethical influences on the present generation of students." The influences are many, diverse and not very strongly felt. The students of the present generation, although earnest in their search for truth, do not often react spontaneously or directly to the writers who influence them. They do not have the passion for discipleship or the inspiring sense of belonging to a movement of intellectual liberation, such as their fathers and mothers felt when they were stirred by Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos or Shaw.

In a general way, the accepted idea that contemporary students are conservative and conformist is true. Yet this is not the whole truth. I often sense that students fall back on conservative ideas about politics, morals and art with an implied apology and with some irony. The best ones are not too happy with their conservatism, but they don't find any alternative that strikes them as real. The colorful individual gesture toward intellectual and moral freedom and personal autonomy which was characteristic of the twenties does not seem possible, at least not in its old-fashioned form. Political passion of the sort that gave people a mission in the thirties, present-day students know nothing of. The existentialist and religious preoccupation of the forties interests them, but stirs up little enthusiasm.

One's overall impression of the present generation is that whatever conflicting and rebellious ideas it has have come to rest in a rather futile stasis and deadlock, analogues to the international cold-war situation. Thus the observer has some trouble

in clearly defining the students' state of mind, and in predicting what direction it may take when it begins to take one.

Meanwhile there are certain recognizable types among the students (undergraduate as well as graduate). Three of these might be called the conservative highbrow, the irritable middlebrow and the would-be radical. These labels represent cultural values in general, rather than political values. The bright students (except for an occasional maverick) do not associate their best hopes or strongest convictions with politics.

The conservative highbrow (not, in the pure form, a very numerous breed) has taken his ideas about literature from Henry James, T. S. Eliot and the New Critics. His notion of social and moral issues is derived from the modern attack on liberal and democratic values, which, rightly or wrongly, he associates with critics like Eliot, Allen Tate, R. P. Blackmur and Lionel Trilling. These views, it must be stressed, do not constitute any sort of "movement." Rather, they amount to a new pedantry, no better or worse than other pedertries. To speak, as many people do, of a whole generation ruined by the New Critics makes little sense.

THE IRRITABLE middlebrow is less easily defined, but one thing is sure: his views are less prone to pedantry than those of the conservative highbrow. The irritable middlebrow is usually a graduate student who has been through a good deal of hardship in his so far uncompleted quest for freedom and status in the intellectual world. He is the just-retained veteran or the harrassed young family man. One might observe this type, for example, in Shanks Village, the intellectual backyard of Columbia for ten years after the war, and in the similar communities of trailers, shacks and Nissen huts that still exist around Indiana University. In these university slums, which would not be tolerated by most factory workers, new attitudes have been formed. They are distinctly not revolutionary attitudes, however. True, the personal and sexual attitudes of

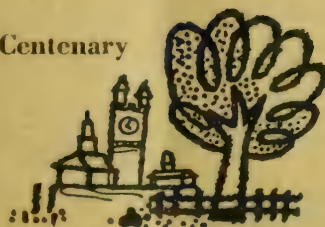
these slum-dwelling students are likely to be very free. They read D. H. Lawrence and, if they are interested in psychoanalysis, they are Reichians. But their general cultural values are conservative and may best be described as provincial, protestant and moralistic. Counterparts of the English academic characters in the novels of Kingsley Amis, they find leadership in critics like F. R. Leavis. Their hardship, their struggle for status, have left them too irritable and irascible, or with too much bitter humor, to fathom the complexities of Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Proust, Melville, James, Whitman and Faulkner (even if they had time to try). They prefer the equable moralism of George Eliot or the less equable but no less Anglo-Saxon moralism of Lawrence. Like Leavis, they distrust and dislike French—and in its extremer forms, American—culture.

The irritable middlebrows are thus a curious combination of rebellion and conventionalism. One fears, however, that once they have made their way in the world, their rebelliousness will disappear and they will have little of value to contribute to the intellectual life.

The would-be radical is a less common type than the other two, because he is only beginning to feel that an opportunity to express himself is arising. With him, insurgence is a genuine intellectual passion, not just a function of petty-bourgeois status-seeking. He is not a Marxist, probably not a Socialist of any kind. For him, revolution is something that ought to take place in the non-political aspects of culture. Accordingly he looks back admiringly to the twenties, when people thought somewhat as he does. He is particularly moved by the radical cultural critique launched between 1912 and 1918 by Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne. He reads with sympathy the contemporary students of culture, such as Malcolm Cowley and John W. Aldridge, but quickly discovers that these writers apparently have nothing to offer except an attack on the "highbrows" and the "university critics." He wants something more usable than that. What he wants—and perhaps

aspires to launch himself—is a modern equivalent of the Brooks-Bourne school of thought. This student is acutely aware of the hostility of our contemporary conformist culture to any signs of genuine rebellion. He is painfully aware too of the scattered, disunified quality of his feelings and ideas. But sometimes he is so bold as to think that a revitalized American culture depends on him. I think he is right.

Centenary



By John R. Willingham

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NO NAMES such as those you mention as influencing the students of the twenties have appeared as an undergraduate court of ultimate appeal in the mid-fifties. So marked is the lack of intellectual and artistic leadership that the undergraduate today pores over the works of the twenties as if they were Dead Sea Scrolls transformed by thirty years of sea change into classics rich if no longer strange. The prestige of the writer of "only yesterday" is still very real for today's undergraduate: he approaches them, reverently armed with *explication de texte*, and theories of Freud and Jung. He can trace patterns of imagery deftly, postulate mythical frameworks profoundly and diagnose the psychic wounds of man and artist with assurance.

However, I detect the student's profound envy of the undergraduate of the twenties, who thought he and his literary idols had a common cause for rebellion against sexual, moral and artistic taboos of all kinds. Rebellion suggested action, and there were exciting manifestoes to be carried out. But the rebellion of the twenties was carried on so aggressively under the aegis of its literary galaxy that little remains for

the youth in the Eisenhower Age to clear away. Nor does he seem particularly interested in social, intellectual or moral "slum clearance." His life is so comfortably patterned after the present-day economic myth that rejection of the pattern has become unthinkable.

Joyce remains something of an undergraduate idol even though *Ulysses* is still essentially the property of graduate students. I think George Orwell and Aldous Huxley have provided a considerable amount of instruction and delight for juniors and seniors, though my impression is that their impact is waning. The poetry and criticism of Eliot and Pound continue to be intriguing, but Dylan Thomas, alone among more recent poets, seems to have caught the undergraduate imagination.

IN THE THIRTIES and forties college students seemed to be leaning toward social and political protest and bardic exaltation of the American tradition. There were unmistakable campus cults of Algren, Steinbeck, Wolfe and Farrell. The war and its confusing aftermath permitted the resurgence of both Naturalism and democratic idealism in the middle and late forties in the work of Norman Mailer, James Jones and Ross Lockridge, Jr., whose books elicited a real if short-lived campus enthusiasm through the early 1950s. But the students to whom they spoke are now encased in gray flannel suits, and the big postwar novels have been put away with discharge certificates and war souvenirs. Nowadays, undergraduates I talk to outside the classroom speak of the postwar books, if at all, with condescension and boredom. These writers never really competed with the big names of the jazz age.

In the absence of "a lost generation" of writers, the Southern writers have occupied the undergraduate garrison by default. Perhaps this happened because they seemed so ready-made to fit all the canons of neo-orthodoxy, the New Criticism, the house of fiction, etc. The older Southern writers—Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter and Warren—make heavy demands upon a declin-

ing reading ability and thus have lost ground with many of the undergraduates to some of the younger writers.

Reading difficulties do not explain this shift completely: there is also the attraction of getting lost in the miasmas, tarns, tree-houses and hot-houses of a writer like Truman Capote, who certainly is a great undergraduate favorite. One of my colleagues has suggested that the undergraduate today so wistfully seeks a sentimental lostness that he is content to encounter it in the synthetic, smelly decay of Southern Gothic.

This kind of lostness serves to compensate romantically, I think, for the formidable "foundness" of the all-pervading conservatism in politics, religion and critical precepts. Having discovered that you don't have to go home again if you never really leave, the college student enjoys the metamorphosis of his very comfortable home into a decaying Southern mansion of the imagination with secrets too fearful to behold or too ambiguous to spell out clearly. It is entirely possible that, having taught in the South for several years, I exaggerate the peculiar appeal of the Southern writers. But student critical and creative writing in campus literary journals from all over the country indicates that the Southerners are read everywhere.

HOWEVER, all is not darkness on the delta: William Goyen has been enthusiastically "discovered" by some undergraduates; and Mr. Goyen does not like to be called a Southern writer for what I take to be obvious reasons. He and Carson McCullers have both shaped a deep, positive world view even though they have utilized materials of the Southern tradition. Tennessee Williams and Eudora Welty, both of whom have the saving graces of humor and form, are greatly admired. Perhaps in these writers is the germ of a leadership which may give today's student population an authentic voice. This generation ought not to have to subsist entirely on the classics of yesterday or the minor, regional writers of our own tired day.

Letter from Belgrade

(Continued from inside cover.)

to the bosom of the West, welcomed for her recalcitrance towards Russia and her corollary nuisance value in the great anti-Communist crusade; the Tripartite Aid Program (U.S., British and French) came along. The country was hurt by the Russian economic blockade; but by 1950, with her people clamoring for better living, she had a clear idea of how she would cut out for herself one of these "many roads to socialism."

"It is no accident that the speeches of Stalin and his colleagues never mention relations between men. Stalin thought only in terms of tons of this and tons of that. With us, workers, men, became our prime concern in 1948. Not workers for production, but production for workers. We wanted no more unknown faces to have any authority in our future. Authority must be in the hands of leaders chosen by the workers themselves." This is what a Yugoslav official told me. At its utopian brightest, the vision is of socialism in which both the Communist Party and the state will have withered away, leaving only so much of the state as may be necessary to conduct foreign and defense affairs and to coordinate sectional efforts in national projects. "Factories to the workers," said Marx.

The dictatorship of the proletariat, said the Yugoslavs, must mean by the proletariat, not over the proletariat. In 1950 they set up their first workers' councils, upon the broad base of which they have sought to establish "direct democracy" in all affairs of the state—social, political and economic—from the planning stages right through to the distribution of profits and the sharing of non-economic benefits. All collective enterprises are the property of the state, but the worker at the lathe elects his own management bodies by secret ballot from an open list of candidates, without regard for party membership. Councils have been set up in mines, factories, large shops and almost everything else. With modifications in methods of

administration, the principle was extended even to hospitals, schools and the national welfare and insurance schemes. At the same time, the several states of the federation were given greater autonomy and they in turn passed on powers to the communities. Considerable experimentation is still going on. The human element gives trouble here and there, because "selfishness and greed are not foreign to socialism." But it is conceded by foreign observers here that the system is working well.

THE SEVEREST critics of Yugoslavia and Titoism are Russian and Yugoslav. The one is for less of it; the other wants yet more. Briefly, domestic critics say the process of decentralization has been arrested sharply since 1954. They say the proof of socialism is in a man's pay envelope—plus an honored code of ethics, plus tolerance—but that the real wages of skilled workers have not improved compared with prewar. The limitation of 10 hectares (25.4 acres) in the size of single-holding farms is "stupid." There are too many people holding too much power because they are old comrades; but they are blockheads as well (say the critics) who must look for guidance from the top in their inability to assess the demands from below. In short, there isn't enough freedom.

It is clear that these critics are more heretical than Tito, the arch-heretic; and that Russian bureaucracy has more to fear from their direction in Yugoslavia than she has reason to hope for any shift back to orthodoxy. An Italian Communist delegation came through here a little while back, wearing a worried look over things at home, and expressed great interest in the Yugoslav experiment. And even in Czechoslovakia, most disciplined of all the children, there is talk of "decentralizing." In faraway Jakarta, the Indonesian government, also in a bit of trouble, is studying how Tito did it. India is friendly; so is China, for in the end Chou En-lai will also do just as he pleases. Yugoslavia is sure now that she is at home among a large band of respectable neutrals in a world in which opinion grows that Russia has a lion by the tail.

BOOKS and the ARTS

J. D. Salinger: The Mirror of Crisis

David L. Stevenson

IT IS a curiosity of our age of criticism that J. D. Salinger, one of the most gifted of the young writers to emerge in America since World War II, is rarely acknowledged by the official guardians of our literary virtue in the quarterlies. He was extravagantly praised by the nation's book reviewers for his best-selling novel of 1951, *The Catcher in the Rye*. His short stories turn up regularly in Martha Foley's and in Paul Engle's yearly audits of the "best" American fiction. His work has become standard reading in Freshman English. One hears his name occasionally above the noise of a cocktail party when a new story appears, in the last few years usually in *The New Yorker*. But he has remained outside the interest of our seriously dedicated critics.

Perhaps the most obvious reason for this neglect is the fact that, as a writer, he exists almost wholly beyond the fixed orbit of their attention. He has never been an artist in residence at a summer session. He has published no critical treatise in a literary quarterly on the mythic symbolism in Faulkner, no "thoughts" on the conversion of Edith Sitwell or on Wimsatt's theory of the intentional fallacy. He is not a proper man of letters who occasionally publishes a short story or a novel; he is that rare thing among contemporary writers who take their craft seriously, a complete professional.

Because of this diffidence to things dedicatedly literary, Salinger is usually identified by book reviewers, and properly, as a *New Yorker* writer, implying thereby both city wit and surface brilliance in his use of prose and stylized irony of situation in his use of plot. Such an

identification suggests that his published work is meant to satisfy the reading tastes of a fairly heterogeneous audience, composed more of the highly literate men and women of the upper middle-class than of the "avant garde" or of the peer group of the quarterlies. Such an identification means also that any attempt to define the nature of his excellence as a writer and the serious but elusive sense of commitment in his work must take into account his use of the design and structure of the *New Yorker* story itself.

Salinger is surely one of the most skillful practitioners of the *New Yorker* short story or sketch. And, invidious critics aside, his sketches show it to be, at its best, one of the truly distinctive and definable fictional types of mid-century American letters. This kind of story contains no more than two or three characters, seen always at a moment of crisis in one of their lives. The concentration is on the crisis: the relationships which have led to it are indistinct, only suggested by the tone of the dialogue, by characters' momentary actions and gestures. The Salinger-*New Yorker* story is always a kind of closet scene between Hamlet and his mother with the rest of the play left out. It accomplishes its shock of surprise, and it evokes our emotions, by a frugal underplaying of plot and event, by its very minimizing of narrative. The reader is usually not projected into the problems of its characters because he is not given enough of the fabric of their lives to make such projection possible.

What a Salinger story *does* involve the reader in is something quite different. It is his awareness that the crisis of the sketch is a generic one of our time and place. The crisis of the usual *New Yorker* story may be fairly casual, and we have come to expect a Salinger story to be more stern in its implications

because its roots are stronger and probe more deeply. But its crisis runs true to form. Salinger does not take you out of yourself into a living, substantial world of fiction. He throws you back into your own problems, or into an awareness of them in your contemporaries. His characters do not exist in a rich narrative, in a detailed setting, so that they become wholly separable, fictional beings. Rather they give us a feeling of our own sensitivity to compensate for their lack of created density.

ONE CAN best illustrate this quality of a Salinger story by comparing his *New Yorker* sketch "Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes" with Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." The two stories offer the same basic character relationships: passively suffering husband, aggressively lustful wife, and casual, opportunistic lover. In Hemingway's version, however, the characters are embedded in a full, complex plot in which motive and event are made inexorably overt. The tensions of the characters are in open balance for the reader, and the husband's declared failure of nerve is what provokes his wife's ruthless retaliation in taking a lover. The Maccombers exist in the round as "created" individuals in a self-contained narrative which could be translated into mandarin and remain comprehensible.

Part of the virtue of "Pretty Mouth and Green my Eyes," on the other hand, is that it is not a self-contained narrative. We know of the characters only that they are apartment dwellers in New York. They exist as voices on a telephone to illustrate the desperate irony of a husband calling his wife's latest lover, after a party the three of them have attended, at the moment when the lover is in bed with the wife. The tearing crisis of the story is the husband's slow realization, as he complains in hideously maudlin, drunken terms of his wife's infidelities, that he has put his own self-respect beyond the point of salvage.

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Salinger's characters, here, come alive *New Yorker* fashion through the skillful verisimilitude of their conversation. But, like E. B. White's famous figure in "The Door" (also untranslatable into mandarin), they have social rather than narrative roots. They are important to us in direct proportion to our recognition of them as generic sketches of our urban, childless, apartmented men and women, alienated by the hectic nature of their lives from all quiet interflow of love and affection.

[One significant element in the structure of a Salinger story, then, and a source of his power over us, is that his characters come alive in our recognition of them.] In complementary fashion, an equally significant element is the effect on us of the special kind of crisis he asks us to identify. As in "Pretty Mouth and Green my Eyes," it is a crisis in a character's life that results from an erosion of personality peculiar to upper middle-class, mid-century America. It is related to our sense of the heightened vulnerability of men and women to emotional disaster.]

I AM not prepared to argue that the Salinger species of crisis is unique, and that other ages did not feel themselves alienated from inner security and outward affection. *Hamlet* alone would suffice. I should only assert that in our time and place the individual estranged from his fellows seems peculiarly understandable and therefore touching to us. If one needs outside documentation, I cite the fact that no age but our own has found a partial picture of itself in such a sociological study of estrangement as David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*. It is not that we, as a generation, are defeated, or without will. Perhaps it is merely that our religion, our family ties, our cultural traditions now give us a lighter armor than our predecessors wore.

At any rate, Salinger's fiction convicts us, as readers, of being deeply aware of a haunting inconclusiveness in our own, and in contemporary, emotional relationships—members all of the lonely crowd. His characters exist outside the charmed

circle of the well-adjusted, and their thin cries for love and understanding go unheard. They are men, women and adolescents, not trapped by outside fate, but by their own frightened, and sometimes tragi-comic, awareness of the uncrossable gulf between their need for love and the futility of trying to achieve it on any foreseeable terms.

Salinger's short stories are all variations

The Engines Never Quite Die Away

(Berlin 1956)

Though I now live here
This is not my house.
It is clean, warm.
The dog, well-fed, is resting,
The cat asleep on the radiator,
Neither of them mine.
It's far to the street,
A quiet back street.
A quiet building, I at the back.
The lake outside the window ripples.
A light snow fell
Early this morning.
The sky still keeps some
For later, perhaps.
I am content inside and have no wish to
Learn what is going on outside.
Motors make steady crescendos
And decrescendos
At a distance,
Not shaking the house
Or making the walls fly open.
Yet I can't help remembering that
In the street are some houses
Without windows or roofs,
Or walls here and there,
Impossible to heat
Or keep clean any longer.
Cats run quickly through the rooms,
And I suppose mice and squirrels
Live comfortably
Behind fallen stones.
Perhaps even they
Prefer sounder houses
For warmth
And the scraps of food they find.
The ruins must, long ago,
Have been eaten out of house and home,
Cleaned, swept up,
Every crumb consumed.
The ruins do not belong to me.
I pass them every day
With awe, astonishment,
But without terror.
The engines never quite die away,
Though this is a quiet building
In a quiet street.
Though clean and warm
This is not my house.

BARBARA GIBBS

on the theme of emotional estrangement. In "Down at the Dinghy," a small boy runs away when he overhears his father referred to as a "kike." In "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," two women, unsuccessful adventurers in love, let a Connecticut afternoon drift away on highballs and reminiscences, while the timid child of one of them retreats farther and farther into compensatory fantasy as the two women get progressively more sodden. In "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish," a young soldier released from an army hospital confronts his wife's complicated indifference during their first reunion. When he is forced to weigh a small child's warm, intuitive sympathy against his wife's society prettiness, he shoots himself. The actions of the characters in all these stories could seem arbitrary, judged by the sketchiness of Salinger's narrative. In fact, however, the actions seem real and shocking because they are the kind of thing we can anticipate from the needs and stresses we share at least in part with the characters.

Salinger's most ambitious presentation of aspects of contemporary alienation, and his most successful capture of an American audience, is in his novel *The Catcher in the Rye*. It is the brief chronicle of Holden Caulfield, a sixteen-year-old boy who escapes to New York after flunking out of his third prep school. The novel is written as the boy's comment, half-humorous, half-agonizing, concerning his attempt to recapture his identity and his hopes for belonging by playing a man-about-town for a lost, partially tragic, certainly frenetic weekend. *The Catcher in the Rye* is a full-length novel, and yet gives much the effect of his shorter pieces. Its dimensional depth is extrinsic to the narrative, and is measured by the reader's response to the dialogue, and the background of city America. It is supplied by one's recognition that Holden Caulfield, sensitive, perceptive, is too aware of the discrepancies between the surface intentions and the submerged motives of himself and of his acquaintances to feel at ease in any world. Through him, Salinger has evoked the reader's con-

sciousness of indefinable rejections and rebellions that are part of the malaise of our times.

As we have come to expect from Salinger's other work, the main devices of characterization in *The Catcher in the Rye* are an apparently effortless verisimilitude of dialogue and an unerring sense of the appropriate in details of gesture, of bodily movement. There is a further fictional device, used elsewhere in his short stories, but of paramount importance in his novel in creating a hold on the reader. It is his use of almost Chaplin-like incidents and dialogue, half-amusing, half-desperate, to keep his story always hovering in ambivalence between comedy and tragedy. Whenever a character approaches hopelessness in a Salinger sketch, he is getting there by the route of the comic. It is usually both the character's way of holding on for a moment longer (as when the husband in "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish" goes out of his way to insult a proper dowager just before he kills himself) and, at its sharpest, a way of dramatic irony, a way of heightening the intensity of a character's predicament (as when Holden attempts to be bored with sex to get rid of a prostitute). But no single scene from his novel completely demonstrates this peculiar strain of comedy in Salinger: it pervades, seeps into, almost every incident.

WHEN ONE is reading Salinger, one accepts his carefully placed "New Yorkerish" style and tone, and surrenders one's mind almost completely. It is only when you put the story aside and turn to other contemporary writers and to other fictional methods and techniques that you begin to wonder whether the immediacy and vividness of Salinger might be limited in power. Nowhere in Salinger do we find ourselves plunged into the emotional coiling and recoiling provoked by passages from Styron's novel, *Lie Down in Darkness*. Nowhere in Salinger is a character moved against the murky intensity-in-depth of a Nelson Algren Chicago scene, in *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Nowhere is a character revealed by the great clots of heterogeneous detail yoked together in

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single crowded sentences, as by Saul Bellow in *The Adventures of Augie March*.

But despite the temptations of comparison there remains one's conviction that Salinger is deeply and seriously committed in his fiction. Further, a little research into the Salinger canon reveals that two of his major creations, Holden Caulfield and Seymour Glass, the young husband of "A Perfect Day for Banana Fish," have deep roots in Salinger's own imagination. His novel, in its way, is as much a final version of "work in progress" as are the novels of his more literary contemporaries, pulled together from fragmentary excursions as short stories in *Partisan Review*, in *Hudson Review*, in *New World Writing*. Only with Salinger, the professional, early sketches of Holden Caulfield occur in a series of stories published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and in *The New Yorker*, in the years 1944-1946. And Seymour Glass turns out to have rich inter-connections in Salinger's mind with the uncle of the runaway boy of "Down

at the Dinghy," with the older brother of the heroine in a sketch "Franny" (*New Yorker*, January 29, 1955), and with the bridegroom in a novelette *Raise High the Roofbeam, Carpenters* (*New Yorker*, November 19, 1955).

This extrinsic information helps verify one's feeling that there is actually more weight to his explorations of human alienation than his bright dialogue and his frugal use of background and event might suggest. Moreover, Salinger's non-literary status leaves him, as a serious writer, almost unique as a wholly free agent, unhampered by the commitments of his more dedicated contemporaries to one or another school of critics. One might guess that this is Salinger's most precious asset. Rather than wishing quarterly significance or "greatness" on him, we can be content to take him for what he is: a beautifully deft, professional performer who gives us a chance to catch quick, half-amused, half-frightened glimpses of ourselves and our contemporaries, as he confronts us with his brilliant mirror images.

Television in Print

MASS COMMUNICATION. By Erik Barnouw. Rinehart & Co. \$4.50.

BROADCASTING IN AMERICA. By Sidney W. Head. Houghton Mifflin. \$8.

THE AGE OF TELEVISION. By Leo Bogart. Ungar Publishing Co. \$6.50.

TELEVISION'S IMPACT ON AMERICAN CULTURE. Edited by William Y. Elliot. Michigan State University Press. \$4.95.

BRITISH BROADCASTING: Radio and Television in the United Kingdom. By Burton Paulu. University of Minnesota Press. \$6.

Gilbert Selde

HERE are five books and I am not being ungrateful if I say there ought to be fifty. There ought to be fifty so that if an intelligent person happens to miss

GILBERT SELDES' most recent book on the mass media, The Public Arts, has recently been published in a soft-cover edition.

these five, he will be likely to pick up another five — and presently the literate public, at least, will know the size and shape and something of the quality and influence of the most massive of our mass media. And if fifty are published perhaps in good time one of them will become a bestseller and perhaps half a million people will begin to understand their own stake in the revolution which is transferring power from print to electronics. (As I am, for the first time in ten years, not writing a book on the subject myself, this hope may be taken as a disinterested act of good citizenship.)

I shall not attempt full-scale reviews of these books, but shall try, by indicating the scope of each, to show the reader which will be of particular interest to him.

Mr. Barnouw's book has all the appearance of a first reader and this is deceptive in only one respect. First readers generally simplify by omitting the complexities of their subject. Whereas this one tackles them, reduces them to terms which require no prior explanations and, without giving the reader the feeling that he now knows all about

the subject, prepares him to go deeper into any phase of it.

Bogart and Head cover much of the same ground and each is invaluable for the concise, easily understood reduction of statistical data to sentences, paragraphs and tables. Mr. Bogart is a sociologist whose daily job is being head of account research at one of our largest advertising agencies. Dr. Head is president of the Association for Professional Broadcasting Education. But as Bogart leans over backward to present the case against television as a social influence, before rebutting it, Head is generous to the broadcasting industry and balances his own doubts with the assurances of others. His is the more complete book, taking in radio as background and surviving competitor of television, and he covers in more detail the laws governing the use of the sponsors and agencies which are reflected in Bogart's book also.

IT IS to be noted that in one way or another all of these books have academic backgrounds. Dr. Elliott's collection of studies naturally draws largely on the same source so that it is, in a way, a compendium of the intellectual's distaste for the excesses of television and at the same time a resumé of the intelligent man's hopes for it, especially in the field of education. None of the contributors is precisely happy and it is interesting to note that the editor himself suggests that the most heavily endowed of all the workers in the educational field, the center established by the Ford Foundation at Ann Arbor, may have been "too limited in ideas or managing ability . . . to do an adequate job" and at the same time suggests that commercial broadcasting ought to be declared a public utility—the dirtiest words you can utter on Madison Avenue.

Institutions serving the public are often immune from criticism because no one can think of an alternative. When people are asked what they would like on the air that they are not now getting, the reply for radio has always been "more good music" (long after plenty of good music was available if people bothered to tune it in) and in television "new movies and Broadway shows." Even where such demands are met, it is no proof that the broadcasters are doing their whole duty because they, not their public, are in the business of inventing entertainment. Similarly for the whole system of broadcasting, we shrink from government ownership of the networks and cannot imagine the simple halfway or compromise system the British have invented. Dr. Paulu's book should help us all. It is a detailed

study of the structure and the programming of both radio and television in Britain. Particularly recommended to hasty observers is the analysis of the degree of governmental control of the new commercial television authority and of the strict provisions for the exclusion of sponsors' influence on the content of programs. (They have an influence, though. Social and political institutions are on one side, the profit

account on the other. And profit wins.)

There is nothing wrong with our own system of broadcasting which general awareness cannot cope with. It is the apathy of the public that books such as these can alter. Whether they can effect a cure depends on how effectively the broadcasters have created the special kind of lethargy which is so good for the ratings and the sponsor's sale chart and so fatal to a living democracy.

The Privacy of Bloomsbury

OLD FRIENDS. Personal Recollections.

By Clive Bell. Harcourt Brace & Co. \$4.50.

Walter Allen

CLIVE BELL's book consists of recollections of Walter Sickert, Lytton Strachey, Keynes, Roger Fry, Virginia Woolf and T. S. Eliot, an essay on "Bloomsbury" as a group and a state of mind, and memories of Paris in 1904 and in the twenties and the painters he knew there, notably Picasso, Matisse and Derain. In the essay on Bloomsbury he asks whether it ever existed and implies that it did not. Nevertheless, the most valuable parts of the book are those devoted to his Bloomsbury friends Strachey, Keynes, Fry and Virginia Woolf, who, he writes, "come first, or almost first, in the short list of people with whom I have lived on terms of perfect familiarity. We have talked about everything. We have quarrelled and made it up. . . . If I have misrepresented them I cannot exculpate myself on the plea of insufficient data." Whatever his notion of the validity of Bloomsbury, Clive Bell's book is the perfect definition of it.

The perfect definition, indeed, at two levels. The anti-Bloomsburyites will be confirmed in their hostility by the tone of the book, which they will find mannered, affected and superior, in a word, snooty. The more open-minded will find in it an authoritative statement on the genesis of Bloomsbury and an exhibition of the values that ruled it.

It all began in the fall of 1899 when five freshmen at Trinity College, Cambridge, founded The Midnight Society, which met at that hour on Saturdays and, "having strengthened itself with whisky or punch and one of those gloomy beef-steak pies which it was the

fashion to order for Sunday lunch, proceeded to read aloud some such trifle as *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, *The Return of the Druses*, *Bartholomew Fair* or *Comus*." The five undergraduates were Bell himself, in whose rooms they met, Saxon Sydney-Turner, Leonard Woolf, Lytton Strachey and Thoby Stephen, Virginia Woolf's brother. There was the nucleus, and the community of spirits grew naturally through a network of later friendships. Friendship is the operative word, and it was essentially a private group dedicated to the private virtues. The public virtues and public fame were alike suspect. This comes out very well in Clive Bell's recollections of Keynes, for Keynes was the one member of the group who became a great man in the eyes of the world. He is not quite a great man in Clive Bell's eyes; or rather, Clive Bell sees the difference between the public estimate of Keynes and his friends' private knowledge of him and finds it comic: hero-worship was not a characteristic of Bloomsbury and this essay is a notably feline piece of writing. "Some of us shook our heads, not over the new interests but over the new friendships. Would they not encourage the growth of what we were pleased to consider false values? Would he not soon be attaching more importance to means (power, honors, conventions, money) than to ends — i.e., good states of mind (*vide Principia Ethica passim*)? Would he not lose his sense of proportion?" He didn't; partly, it is inferred, because he was always conscious of Bloomsbury's eye on him.

One is reminded of Lionel Trilling's theory, in his book on E. M. Forster, of the latter's refusal to be great. In this Forster was typical of Bloomsbury, and the refusal, on principle and as it were ostentatiously, to be publicly great has been one reason for the offense Bloomsbury has given to a fair part of the Anglo-Saxon world. At the same time,

WALTER ALLEN, British novelist and critic, is the author of *Rogue Elephant*, *Arnold Bennett*, *The English Novel*, among other books.

the very refusal has been a reason for its vast diffused influence: "Private faces in public places," as Auden once wrote, "are nicer and wiser than public faces in private places." And this is to say nothing of the values transmitted by example. Again Bell's recollections of Keynes are relevant: "It seems not to be known that Lord Keynes was a conscientious objector. . . . He was not

a pacifist; he did not object to fighting in any circumstances; he objected to being made to fight. Good liberal that he was, he objected to conscription. He would not fight because Lloyd George, Horatio Bottomley and Lord Northcliffe told him to." With all its faults, Bloomsbury stood always for the great liberal principles; it was always on the side of the angels.

he was the first major non-Anglo-Saxon American novelist: in him the voice of the cheated immigrant is heard for the first time.

The English observe the battle of The New Critics with considerable equanimity: they rather prefer the "humane" critics—More to Matthiessen to Trilling and Wilson—but Tate and Ransom and Blackmur are most respectfully appreciated and only Kenneth Burke is deplored as being more interested in ideas than in literature and as hopelessly mired in ingenuity. "If only Mr. Burke had never heard of Freud, or better still of literature!" But the writer goes on to say that Burke's name is "now on every tongue," which gives an odd impression of what Americans chatter about.

THE SYMPOSIUM "feels" the South more than any other unit of American writing (probably because it is the only definable unit today in American writing). Faulkner is obviously the giant of our day, as James of the earlier day before the center of gravity moved south from New England. An article on the revision of American history centers this process on the reinterpretation of the Civil War (it also warns that history with us is too often called upon to perform patriotic tasks). The South fascinates and mystifies these English; it must, obviously, be more exotic to them than Boston or Chicago, but a large part of their bewilderment comes, one suspects, from their attempt to construct a social community from the reports of Faulkner, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Robert Penn Warren and Truman Capote. The name of Caroline Gordon, by the way, appears more often in these discussions than it probably would in equivalent essays here. That is an obvious score for British perspicacity.

The British observers (articles in the *Times* are unsigned) sturdily defend *The New Yorker's* influence on the American short story, are impressed by the power of the American press and the self-assurance of American reporters, draw rather humorless conclusions from our comic strips, think that academic life is no great threat to creative talent, look optimistically for a revival of poetic inspiration (and seem a little behind in their reading of American poets), deplore the low social status of the non-bestseller author (and also underestimate what it is). The view from England is a little bland—some of these writers, of course, may be Americans, but they write as though from England—but it is instructively broad and gratifyingly systematic.

The American Mind: An English View

AMERICAN WRITING TODAY.

Edited by Allan Angoff. New York University Press. \$4.50.

Robert Hatch

THE MOST extensive estimate of American thought to be undertaken in some time, certainly since World War II, was brought out a little more than a year ago as a supplement to *The Times* (London) *Literary Supplement*. This work of scholarly journalism has now been published here in book form. It provides American readers with an unexcelled contour map against which to check their own knowledge of and convictions about the native traffic in ideas.

Some forty essays are here organized into seven major topics; an eighth supplementary group reprints *Times* reviews of American books from 1913 (Joaquin Miller) to 1951 (Allan Nevins). The overall title, *American Writing Today*, gives an inadequate notion of the collection's scope, for it searches extensively into American habits of mind, social intercourse and political and material development, and in almost every instance it looks back to the beginning of the American intellectual community.

Indeed the time span of these papers is what makes them most useful for the American who is not himself a scholar of the areas observed. As a nation, we are singularly ill-taught about our own cultural beginnings (a very recent past as other peoples measure history). Literature in our schools and colleges is firmly based on England—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, the Lake Poets, the Victorian novelists, is normally considered an adequate academic package—and we feel closer, both in spirit and in time, to Dickens and Wordsworth than to Hawthorne and Emily Dickinson. It is as though the infancy of the nation were like a man's infancy, which he can recall only as flashes of unnaturally brilliant detail. But the English were not infants and they see our first steps, our growing strength and dawning self-awareness as a natural and

coherent process. What they see is not what we must necessarily accept as true. The observers employed by the *Times* are, as you would expect, almost too much preoccupied with defining what is peculiarly American about America, and they take a slightly smug pleasure in the generalizations they can detect: America is haunted by violence; innocence and horror are the unifying threads of our fiction; our writers have been embarrassed by the lack of relics and lore. A case can be made for all these organizing statements, but an American may think that too many exceptions come to mind for them to work very well as rules. What is useful is the assumption that in America as elsewhere writers are related to one another in time and by influences—the "lonely Monadnock" theory of American genius has too long made our literary landscape look like a prospect of the moon.

AMERICAN WRITING TODAY is more descriptive than evaluative and it is more stimulating when it deals with the sources and surroundings of literature than with the works themselves. Thus a paper on American fiction since the first World War is too sketchy to be useful, whereas one immediately preceding it on the preoccupations of American novelists is shot through with challenging ideas:

The Englishman takes his Englishness for granted; the Frenchman does not constantly have to be looking over his shoulder to see if his Frenchness is still there. The difference is simple: the quality and condition of being an American is not something to be inherited as much as something to be achieved. . . . Some such concept of the novelist's function lies, for example, behind the myth of the Great American Novel, in which is expressed the belief that a people may be born of a literature.

Or again, a few pages later:

Dreiser's great significance is that

The Criminal as Patient

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE. By Robert M. Lindner. Grove Press. \$1.45.

THE CIRCLE OF GUILT. By Fredric Wertham. Rinehart & Co. \$3.

Morris Ploscowe

THE REBEL in *Rebel Without a Cause* is Harold, a second-generation Polish boy, who is a criminal psychopath incarcerated in a federal penal institution. Harold is typical of the class which accounts for at least fifteen to twenty per cent of the inmates of our penal institutions. He has the peculiar amorality which is the hallmark of the psychopath. This is evidenced by a record for indiscriminate thievery, malicious destruction of property, unbridled sexual activity, and a complete disinclination to work.

The amorality of the psychopath cannot be changed by the best efforts of police, courts, probation officers and penal institutions. Their methods fail because they have little relationship to the forces behind psychopathic behavior.

The late Dr. Lindner made a major contribution to the search for what makes a psychopath misbehave. The contribution is both in method and results. He has demonstrated that the time-devouring technique of orthodox psychoanalysis is not absolutely essential for the significant exploration of personality. Through hypno-analysis, a "radically abbreviated method for the investigation of personality," he was able in forty-six sessions to get at the roots of Harold's psychopathic behavior.

Rebel Without a Cause, which is a reprint of an earlier book, is the record of these forty-six sessions and the interpretation which Dr. Lindner placed on the material obtained. Harold's troubles began from his observation as a small child of an act of sexual intercourse between his parents. From this forbidden observation stemmed the continual blinking of his eyes which made him almost blind and which was one of his most distinctive physical characteristics. Harold was afraid, felt inadequate and aggressive towards his father, because his weapon was not "as big and powerful as his father's." So Harold played with knives and guns, and later stole money to buy guns in order to prove to himself that he was as good as his father. Meanwhile, the dependency upon the mother increased along with the in-

ability to reconcile himself to his father's relations to his mother. Here is the unresolved Oedipus complex of classic psychoanalysis. Harold was also haunted by castration fears and anxieties that his father would "steal this thing from him." Hence the aggression and the stealing to prove to himself over and over again that he was a man.

One may quarrel with this interpretation of Harold's behavior. One may also object strenuously that unresolved Oedipus complexes, penis anxieties, castration fears, hostility to the father, dependence on the mother, etc. are found in others besides psychopaths, and are therefore not basic factors in the causation of criminal psychopathy. It can also be objected that the analysis of one psychopath is not sufficient to establish general causative factors in crime. But it is apparent that only such thoroughgoing exploration of personality as that of Harold's will reveal what must be done to stop the increasing crescendo of psychopathic criminal careers.

THE CIRCLE OF GUILT is a superficial book in contrast to *Rebel Without a Cause*. It concerns a young Puerto Rican who was charged with the murder of a so-called model youth in one of New York's underprivileged areas. Dr. Wertham was called into the case as a defense psychiatrist. The book is a record of his interviews with the defendant Santana, his family, his friends, and an analysis of community and social factors which contributed to his crime.

Dr. Wertham comments critically on the sensational way in which the crime was presented to the public, which re-

sulted in the concealment of essential facts. He points out the extraordinary handicaps under which Puerto Ricans must live and work in New York. Poor housing, poor schools, inadequate recreational facilities, the hostility of other racial and religious groups are but a few of the handicaps.

Dr. Wertham acknowledges that while Santana may have been a member of a gang, Puerto Rican boys must gang together for self-protection. The victim of the murder was himself a member of a gang that made a practice of beating up Puerto Rican youths.

Santana furnished Dr. Wertham with more ammunition for his one-man campaign against crime comics (creeps) and against crime and violence in movies and in TV. Santana had filled his empty days with comic books and endless movie and TV shows.

In contrast to Harold, however, Santana was not a psychopath. "He is a mixture between lack of interest, compliance, withdrawal, chronic discouragement, self-effacement, docility, lack of initiative, and immature impulsiveness." Essentially, Santana is not a rebel but a confused conformist, who wanted to do what others do and who wanted above all to be appreciated.

So long as our cities do no better for immigrant groups than New York does for the Puerto Rican, then tragedies like those of Santana, sentenced to twenty-five years to life, or that of his victim cut down by a bullet, are inevitable. Wisdom comes after the event. One can then point out, as does Dr. Wertham, many missed opportunities available to school, church and social agencies to deflect the social disintegration of the killer and to divert him into a decent and useful life.

LETTER from LONDON

Paul Johnson

NOW that the Suez rumpus is over, London is settling down to something like normal again. Its citizens are currently undergoing the wettest February since 1936, "the worst theatrical season," as one critic put it, "within living memory," the backwash of a rumored split in the royal family, and a threatened power strike which would effectively halt most of the industry which has not already been closed down by the oil crisis, and which would plunge London itself into stygian darkness. Among the few bright chinks in the general blanket of gloom are Eartha

Kitt's enchantingly mischievous singing at the Café de Paris, the riotous visit of the rock 'n' roll king, Mr. Bill Haley (who rated a paragraph even on the main news page of *The Times*, an event which has struck some people as so bizarre that they can only conclude that Mr. Haley, and the newspaper's august editor, Sir William Haley, are one and the same person), Carson McCuller's play *The Member of the Wedding*, which has just been produced by the

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MORRIS PLOSCOWE, formerly a New York magistrate, is the author of *Sex and the Law*, *The Prosecutor's Manual* and other books.

enterprising Royal Court Theatre, and a dazzling new 'cello concerto by Sir William Walton, which received its first European performance at the hands of Gregor Piatigorsky.

Meanwhile, preparations for the 1957 London season are already launched. Acres of mediocre canvas are being trundled up to Burlington House, in Picadilly, where the hanging committee of the Royal Academy is at work on the selection for this year's summer exhibition, the opening of which is the official signal for the beginning of the season. The Academy's new president, Mr. Charles Wheeler, is a determined traditionalist, and his election marked a tremendous victory of the "reactionaries" over the progressive group among the academicians. It is expected, in consequence, that the recent trend towards hanging "modern" painting — which, though almost undetected by London art critics, has been violently denounced by the more elderly RAs—will be firmly halted this year. Equally busy is Lady Howard de Walden, who is in charge of the arrangements for the Queen Charlotte's Ball, the most important debutante party of the season. She recently told reporters that "in view of all the troubles we have been through," she was making a determined effort to make this the gayest season since the war, and hoped that everyone would cooperate, particularly the mothers, who were requested to wear their tiaras.

AMONG more sober recent events has been the publication of Mr. Robert Speaight's *Hilaire Belloc*,* a magisterial and widely-praised life of the great Catholic poet and propagandist, based on Belloc's private papers. Belloc died only four years ago, but his reputation had declined disastrously during the last twenty years of his life, and his name has been rarely mentioned in recent years. To most Englishmen, his pronounced "Continental" flavor, which found expression in a violent Catholicism, a pathological hatred for Jews, a contempt for democratic institutions, businessmen and Germans, and a love of controversy for its own sake, was more than they could take. Belloc was a Liberal M.P. for a few years before the First World War, but he found himself unable to understand the British party system or submit to its disciplines, and more frequently spoke against his own side than for it. Although he wrote more than twenty volumes of history, he was more propagandist than historian,

and in his great controversies with H. G. Wells and Dr. George Gordon Coulton he was effectively and publicly worsted. Unlike his friend and contemporary, G. K. Chesterton, he did not possess that peculiar strain of paradoxical playfulness which Englishmen expect from anyone (barring archbishops and other solemn clerics) who writes or talks about religion.

Mr. Speaight's aim was not so much to restore Belloc's shattered reputation as to remind people that he had existed. He presents an enthralling picture of a man built on the very biggest scale, big in his hates and his loves, passionate, prejudiced and unreasonable, but never small or mean in anything he did. Belloc, who was the son of a French father and an English mother, hated the Germans because they desecrated his family house near Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, using the portraits of his ancestors for pistol target-practice. When the family emigrated to England, he took a brilliant "First" at Oxford, and became a great figure in the Union, but he failed to get elected to All Souls because, as he claimed, he took "the wrong side" in the Dreyfus Affair. This failure rankled with him, and indeed in his last years he would frequently recall it with bitterness. Those who knew him only in his old age could never understand this obsession, but Mr. Speaight shows that in fact it played a major part in shaping his life. His rejection by the Fellows of All Souls meant that he never possessed a regular, reliable income, and was, in consequence, forced to write far too much (the bibliography of his works covers six pages in Mr. Speaight's book) and to exhaust himself in prolonged lecture tours. Although his books sold well, at any rate in his middle years, he was unable to save

enough to finance the periods of research his historical writings really required. Hence he was pitilessly exposed to the fault-finding of professional historians, or even of affluent amateurs like Wells. It may of course be argued that, this being so, Belloc should have chosen another profession. In fact, he tried several, but always returned to history, and we should be grateful for his persistence. If he had abandoned his treadmill we should have lost some of the finest historical prose in the English language. Mr. Speaight compares Belloc to Macaulay, and there is justice in the comparison: there are many pages in *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *The French Revolution* and *Marie Antoinette* which recall—and in some cases excel—the lapidary rhetoric of the *History of England*. Mr. Speaight quotes lengthy extracts from some of Belloc's lesser-known works, now, alas, out of print, and these serve to remind us of the extraordinary variety of Belloc's genius, and of his inability to write anything less than superb English prose even when he was working at speed on a subject which held little interest for him.

Mr. Speaight is a clever theatrical producer, among other things, and he has been content to remain for the most part in the wings, and to allow Belloc to speak and move for himself. The result has justified the method: it is several years since a book has received such lengthy and unanimously enthusiastic notices in the English press. Belloc has reason to be grateful to his biographer. In the space of a few weeks, he has been restored to his rightful place among English men of letters. To effect such a transformation is the avowed object of most biographers of underestimated men, but Mr. Speaight is one of the handful who has attained it.

ART

Maurice Grosser

PAUL ROSENBERG AND CO. are showing fifty of the French paintings which have passed through their hands. These, taken with the recent French acquisitions at Perls next door and the several very fine French canvases included in the opening exhibition of the World House down the street, make up an admirable cross section of the sort of

MAURICE GROSSER is the author of *Painting in Public and The Painter's Eye*. He is having a show at the Castairs Gallery, beginning March 19.

painting we have come to think of as the style of our time.

The style has been with us now a hundred years. It is clear from the pictures on display. The amiable and vulpine *Comtesse de Tournon* by Ingres of 1812 does not belong to it, nor does the Delacroix of Saracens and horses of 1862. These are on the side of the old masters. But the *Forest Pool* of Courbet, of about 1860, could never be mistaken for an old master. Though its large size makes one suppose it was painted indoors, with its cold shadows

*To be published here by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy on March 22.

and its foliage applied with a palette knife, it has all the air of an improvisation.

Improvisation is the determining characteristic. This particular air of having been made up on the spot is what distinguishes a modern picture from an old master. The modern picture, in the sense of the picture painted in the last hundred years, is done without undue dependence on sketches, cartoons, or underpainting—the painter putting down as directly as he can on the canvas what he wishes to be his final effect. The sketch is itself the picture. And since the picture is an improvisation, it does not have to be worried to a neat conclusion and can be left, with all honesty on the painter's part, to finish itself.

FOR a hundred years this method of composition has been successfully applied to all sorts of themes—to realism, as in Degas or Courbet; to exact rendering of optical sensations, as in Monet or Cezanne; to personal lyricism, to pure decoration or to the revolt against decoration, all to be found in the recent School of Paris. A method of painting a hundred years old should be well understood by everybody and its relative values fairly clear. Nevertheless, confronted with a representative sampling such as one has here, one is tempted to reconsider one's judgments. Degas, for example, takes on an astonishing stature. His *Portrait of a Woman*, of 1868, determined, absent, perhaps ill, is a spiritual and clinical study such as Greco might have done. The *Frieze of Dancers* has the rhythmic interpenetration and the large, easy scale which is the mark of grandeur wherever it is found, whether in Cro-Magnon cave painting or in a fresco by Piero della Francesca.

In Toulouse-Lautrec the spite and caricature have become less troublesome, the charm of the pale, dry color and the ease and skill of the drawing more disarming. Cezanne seems less important than before, more limited, more laborious—scrupulous rather than inspired. Perhaps the lessons he taught have by now been learned. Renoir has

not changed. He remains, as he always was, a cheerful and very human master.

Among the more recent painters, Bonnard seems to carry more weight than he formally did. Rousseau's canvases are still great jokes—the painters trundling their works to the Independent exposition of 1906 while the silly angel of glory trumpets overhead—and one is still not sure whether the laugh is on him or with him.

The early Braques and Picassos are even more beautiful than one remembers. Picasso's *Lady with Fan* from the Harriman collection, two small Cubist Braques at Perls, and the Picasso *Ramateur* and *Torrero* at the World House—all early works—have the quiet, quasi-mathematical lyricism of a seventeenth century counterpoint. The Picasso *Harlequin* of 1915 is at once sensitive, tantalizing and brilliant. The later Picassos, less abstract and much easier to read than the early Cubist pictures, are also less entertaining. The color is dead, the paint hasty and heavy-handed. The oddity of their still life subjects—a dead bird, a tomato plant askew—and the canvases' formerly shocking anti-decorative intention, no longer hold the interest. In the later Braques the general dullness of the color renders these sandy and schematic still lifes grim and faded. But Modigliani's stylistic eccentricities have simply disappeared, revealing a profoundly human portraitist. And Matisse appears now as a master of the commercial decorative style—thin, impersonal, professional and elegant.

These are value judgments and they can therefore be debated. But the unity underlying all this work cannot be denied. There is a much greater difference between *The Comtesse de Tournon* of Ingres and the *Marguerite de Conflans* of Manet at Rosenberg's than between this Manet and the portrait (1946) by Rene Dubuffet at the World House which is done in the most rough-hewn of contemporary manners. The Manet and the Dubuffet, like them or not, are painted by the method of improvisation, and as such are legitimate examples of the work of our time.

Absent-Minded Professor

This lonely figure of not much fun
Strayed out of folklore fifteen years ago
Forever. Now on an autumn afternoon,
While the leaves drift past the office window,
His bright replacement, present-minded, stays
At the desk correcting papers, nor ever grieves
For the silly scholar of the bad old days,
Who'd burn the papers and correct the leaves.

HOWARD NEMEROV

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 10 through 15

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 10

ODYSSEY (CBS). Topic for today, "The Wonderful World of the Funnies," marking the sixtieth anniversary of the first comic strip. Walt Kelly, Dick Tracy and Al Capp will be on hand and Milton Caniff will introduce a brand new character.

Educational Television Project

(Five days a week, beginning March 11) Educational Stations and WRCA-NY.

This thirteen week series of programs is produced by NBC for the nation's twenty-five educational stations. A specific area of knowledge is assigned to each weekday, the programs being designed to excite interest as well as to inform. This carefully-organized project is the first live programming ever produced by a network for the use of educational stations.

Mondays

The American Literary Scene. Dr. Albert D. Van Nostrand of Brown University will conduct a seminar on thirteen aspects of American writing. A contemporary author—William H. Whyte, Jr., John Dos Passos, Walter D. Edmonds are three—will appear on each broadcast; actors will read from his works and from those of related writers.

Tuesdays

Geography for Decision. Using the huge NBC relief globe, among other visual aids, the program will explore the earth with particular attention to the effect of place on peoples. On-camera guide will be Dr. Albert E. Burke, director of the American Institute of Resource Economics and a member of the Yale faculty.

Wednesdays

Mathematics. James R. Newman, author of *The World of Mathematics*, will conduct a series designed to convey the diversity, utility and beauty of the subject. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Richard Sutton, Ernest Nagel, Philip Morse and others are preparing special material on such topics as big numbers, pi, puzzles, paradoxes, measurement.

Thursdays

American Government and the Pursuit of Happiness. A civics course focused on the federal government. Present members of the judicial, legislative and executive branches will discuss their departments with Elmer Schattschneider, professor of political science at Wes-

loyan University. So far scheduled to participate by remote hook-up from Washington are Supreme Court Justice Burton, Speaker of the House Rayburn, Senator Fulbright.

Fridays

Music: The History of Opera. Paul Henry Lang of Columbia University, music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, will conduct illustrated dis-

cussions covering the full history of opera. Singers and instrumentalists will participate in such topics as "The Pinnacle of Classic Opera," "Opera Becomes Grand and Middle Class," "Realism in Opera."

Edward Stanley, NBC manager of public service programs, heads the Educational Project; David Lowe is executive producer for all programs.

A.W.L.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

AT HIS first concert with the Symphony of the Air Beecham walked to the podium, and turned to bow, so slowly, giving the impression of such physical enfeeblement from age, that one wasn't prepared for the energy he exhibited in his conducting and for the animation in his performances of Haydn's Symphony No. 97, the Handel-Beecham *Great Elopement Suite*, Brahms's Symphony No. 3 and Berlioz' *Marche troyenne*. This musical animation was the more surprising after the stodgy and static character of much of his work in recent years. And this time there was a little too much animation—in the fastest tempo for the first movement of the Brahms symphony that I recall hearing. It is true that Brahms's direction is Allegro con brio; but the character, the articulation and the effect of the music demand something less than the speed with which Beecham ripped through the movement. In addition the orchestra's playing lacked the precision of execution and the tonal balance and beauty which it had exhibited at the previous concert conducted by Markevitch, and which Beecham is fully capable of achieving with the rehearsal that he hadn't bothered with this time. In fact he did achieve exquisitely finished execution of one piece—Grieg's *The Last Spring*, which he played in memory of Toscanini.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN devoted half of one of his programs with the New York Philharmonic to three American works. One was played for the first time anywhere: Laurence Rosenthal's *Ode*, which at first hearing seemed only a competent job of putting sounds together. One was a modern American classic: Roy Harris' Symphony No. 3, in which I heard again only a ranting rhetoric of portentous utterance of nothing. And the third was Copland's *Short Symphony* (1931-1933). Because of its extreme rhythmic intricacy this work had had only one previous performance in this

country—a broadcast by Stokowski and the NBC Symphony in 1944; but it had had additional performances and had been recorded as the Sextet for string quartet, clarinet and piano (1937). It is spoken of as one of Copland's major works; but to me its frenetic manipulation of jagged motifs in the fast movements and its distorted lyricism in the slow movement are unattractive.

Bernstein's conducting of the orchestra through these works was an impressive demonstration of his remarkable gifts. But in a performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 he exhibited, literally, an excessive intensity of his own that drove the music too hard, and an occasional lapse of taste in the form of a prettifying or sentimentalizing retardation that did the music as little good.

THE RUSSIAN pianist Sviatoslav Richter merely plays the notes of his part with no enlivening inflection in the performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor on Monitor 2002; and the playing of the State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. under Sonderling is pedestrian. The reverse side has Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 with Leonid Kogan.

Robert Casadesu's insipid Mozart-playing and the somewhat more spirited playing of his wife Gaby are heard in Mozart's Concerto K.365 for two pianos on Columbia ML-5151, with coarse-sounding accompaniment by a Columbia orchestra under Szell. On the reverse side Robert plays the Concerto K.414, a minor work.

A beautiful performance of Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K.543) by Von Karajan and the London Philharmonia is on Angel 35323, together with the Clarinet Concerto K.622, in which the orchestra's solo clarinet, Bernard Walton, plays well but not with the outstandingly beautiful tone and subtle inflection of De Peyer's performance on London LL-1135.

Another performance of the Symphony

K.543 and one of K.551 (*Jupiter*) by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic exhibit Walter's tendency toward melting softness and slackness; and they are coarsely reproduced.

Beethoven's Fifth and Seventh Symphonies lose in intensity and power from Klemperer's slow pacing of them in his performances with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35329 and 35330, respectively. 35329 also has Beethoven's *Consecration of the House Overture*, whose concluding fugue also would gain by a faster tempo.

Golschmann's performance of Debussy's *La Mer* with the St. Louis Symphony on Columbia ML-5155 is unsatisfying; and the blazing conclusion of the first movement is poorly reproduced. Ravel's *Valses Nobles* and *La Valse* are also on the record.

But Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite* is performed superbly by Markevitch and the National Orchestra of the French Radio on Angel 35361. The reverse side has Shostakovich's Symphony No. 1.

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Letters

"Europe of the 15"

Dear Sirs: Given the general excellence of Mr. Rivers' account of the negotiations for a European common market (*The Nation*, January 19) it may seem somewhat carping to protest that, as far as the Council of Europe is concerned, we have been robbed of a member state. Austria joined the Council in April, 1956, thus making us the "Europe of the Fifteen"—though indeed we have usually been called that since the Saar (an associate member from 1950 through 1956) was included in the total. In consequence, the only O.E.E.C. countries which are not members of the Council of Europe are Portugal and Switzerland.

A further small criticism of Mr. Rivers' account is that nowhere does he point out that the British insistence on the exclusion of agriculture from the free-trade area may form a very real stumbling-block to the establishment of this area. To Denmark and Holland, for example, a deal which would oblige them to admit British industrial goods without tariffs while still having to compete on unfavorable terms with the Commonwealth for exports of dairy products or vegetables to Britain is hardly attractive. For this reason the European Assembly here has recommended (by a rather narrow majority) the inclusion of agriculture in the common-market free-trade area, while still concerning that in all probability this sector will have to be subject to a special regime. Perhaps fortunately, it is not only in Britain that agriculture raises particular problems and it seems that, even within the common market, there will be lists of "excepted products" and a number of transitional safeguard measures; the possibility is being canvassed that these arrangements could be extended to "Big Europe," if necessary by means of a series of bilateral treaties. But the agricultural problem remains the hardest nut which the negotiators of the free-trade area will have to crack.

H. H. SOLF

Directorate of Information,
Council of Europe

Strasbourg

Yeast in the Budget

Dear Sirs: Since I became a subscriber to *The Nation* some four years ago, I have been impressed with the high character of the editorials. I place as one of the best Arms and the Budget in the February 23 issue. The reason you give

in that editorial explains why our budget continues to increase. As you say, everybody wants to cut the budget, but no one suggests where a cut would do any good; namely, a cut in military expenditures.

WILLIAM H. NEBLETT
Los Angeles

Duty of the Scientist

Dear Sirs: I have been reading J. Bronowski's article on Science and Human Values which appeared in *The Nation* on December 29. It is a great and courageous statement of the position of the working scientists. Most of what Dr. Bronowski says is thoroughly familiar to all working scientists, but there are few who have been sufficiently philosophical to consider these truths not merely as something which they know in detail, but as something concerning which they have the social duty to reflect and which they must place in relation to life itself.

I must compliment *The Nation* on publishing this article. It is most important in a period in which there is a great temptation to degrade the scientist into a shaman.

NORBERT WIENER

Cambridge, Mass.

The Importance of Trivia

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article *Thousands of Scientists* (*The Nation*, January 12), purporting to be a report on the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is grossly misleading. The overall impression conveyed is that American scientists are capricious, disorganized and interested only in their own extremely narrow specialties. What the author describes as "a random survey of the 1400 subjects broached by the AAAS" was by no means random, but rather concentrated on those topics which the author found bizarre or amusing. He describes several papers as "comic turns." He appears to be unaware that they appear comic to him simply because of his own ignorance as to where they fit in the general picture of scientific research. By writing this way, he reflects and strengthens our national habit of distrust of precise scientific work. It is a fact that the big scientific ideas that eventually emerge are based on painstaking research in very specific areas, each one of which may seem trivial to the ignorant.

Reporting of this kind helps to perpetuate the harmful anti-intellectualism current in America.

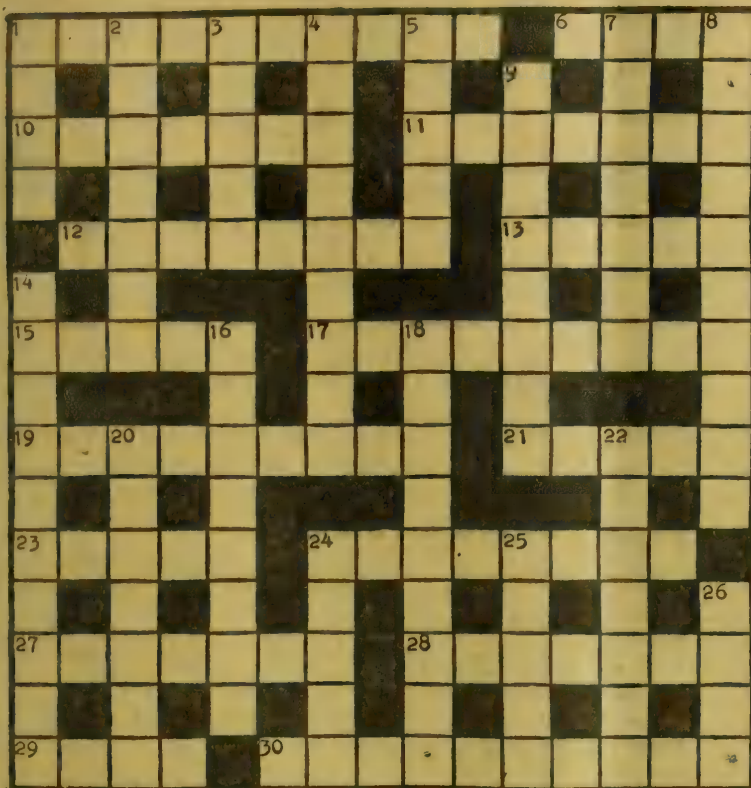
KENNETH O. MAY

Northfield, Minnesota

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 714

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Stop dividing a dubious ending! It's all over! (10)
- 6 Copied, but not quite taped. (4)
- 10 Lamentations should have been written in this meter. (7)
- 11 See 1 down
- 12 Not necessarily a fast, but certainly a fleet color. (4, 4)
- 13 Get rid of a point, after some time. (5)
- 15 He made figures, evidently with several feet in. (5)
- 17 Mechanical catch about the edge, which isn't to your advantage. (9)
- 19 Note the wrong figure! To tell the truth, one doesn't! (9)
- 21 and 16 down Jabber? (5, 8)
- 23 One result if you 21 and 16. (Mother Hubbard went for it!) (5)
- 24 Was "Mein Kampf" taken down so? (8)
- 27 As Mexican as tamales, and found there on the table. (7)
- 28 Was this sort of gin a fixture? (7)
- 29 Swell, but sounds mean! (4)
- 30 He certainly doesn't have a tender skin or sore chin! (10)

DOWN:

- 1 and 11 across Drove quite a bit, to places the trader knows. (4, 3, 4)
- 2 Quite the rage, this country! (7)

- 3 Run it yourself, to find harmony. (5)
- 4 and 24 down At least you'll die happy if you are! (7, 2, 5)
- 5 and 18 Columbines can't be arranged in a more novel manner. (5, 4, 5)
- 7 Dig around at will! (7)
- 8 Sister's end shouldn't be very agreeable. (10)
- 9 A kneeling-desk. (4-4)
- 14 This beats the sound of a clock! (10)
- 16 See 21 across
- 18 See 5 down
- 20 Top item of fishing equipment. (7)
- 22 Not the main speaker, when it comes to the subject of fidelity. (7)
- 24 See 4 down
- 25 Greek story. (5)
- 26 Either way, it's shot in two directions. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 713

ACROSS: 1 DRESS COATS; 10 EMBASSY; 11 KINETIC; 12 CORRESPONDENCE; 14 INSTANCE; 15 ASSETS; 16 GAMBIT; 18 SCRABBLE; 22 IMPASSABLENESS; 24 SPELLER; 25 ALEWIFE; 26 RUSE; 27 ARRESTMENT. DOWN: 1 DRENCHINGS; 2 EMBARKS; 3 SYSTEMATICALLY; 4 OLYMPIC; 5 and 6 across TAKING WAYS; 7 ARTICLE; 8 SACK; 9 UNDERSTATEMENT; 13 ASSESSMENT; 17 NUMMERS; 19 CABBAGE; 20 BEE LINE; 21 USURER; 23 USER.

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THE
NATION

MARCH 16, 1957 . . 25c



DOPE: Congress Encourages the Traffic

Alfred R. Lindesmith

LETTERS

The Novel of Ideas

Dear Sirs: I was delighted to come across the article by Lewis Dabney in your issue of February 23, entitled "The American Novel in the Age of Conformity." Here is a contribution on this subject which does not rehearse the vapid attitudes of those who claim to understand either what is tedious about our novels or what is stultifying in our society, and claim finally to be able to make the two fit.

Mr. Dabney seems to have struck a profitable vein for speculation in insisting on the social implication of the novel itself, and in forcing evaluations of the novel in terms of its ability to understand the conditions imposed on human beings by their social condition. I think there are questionable statements or suggestions in Mr. Dabney's article: he never clearly tells us what he means by "idea," and what necessary association ideas have with "society"; and he does not make the necessary distinction which would justify his very different evaluations of the writers of the "sensibility" school and writers such as Ellison and Bourjaily who appear, in Mr. Dabney's formulations, to have performed the same act of discarding "society" through repugnance. There surely is a difference here.

Mr. Dabney might also have mentioned that ultimately, the novel of ideas is compelled to question the concept of society itself, not merely a particular form of society. It is the necessary social field, which is essential to the being of the novel itself, that must be examined by the novel of ideas. A paradoxical and inspiring condition for our best minds.

My own subjective rambles notwithstanding, I was truly stimulated by Mr. Dabney's treatment of this subject.

PHILIP M. ALLEN

Alexandria, Va.

Understanding Africa

Dear Sirs: Whatever other purpose it may serve, Vice President Nixon's current well-publicized tour of Africa serves to dramatize the growing importance of that continent from the American point of view. In this connection, as a member of the American Committee on Africa, I would like to draw attention to our independent-minded paper, *Africa Today*, and especially to the issue which we have put out to commemorate the independence of the world's newest coun-

try, Ghana. I wonder if greater identification by alert Americans with the colonial struggle in Africa might not help to forestall unfortunate political crises in that country. And might not greater moral and financial help to the few struggling liberals in South Africa, who are trying to sustain themselves against the aggressions of a hostile government, change the future history of this area also?

The Africa of the future needs us—and when the future arrives, America may, more than we now think, be in need of Africa.

JOAN COLEBROOK

4 West 40th Street
New York City

Enough of Miracles

Dear Sirs: Robert Hatch's well-taken points in re Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man* (January 5 issue) call for a few further observations. How far is the current religious trend in America taking us? Step by step our movies and TV plays are injecting more and more of the ultra-traditional supernaturalist philosophy into one creation after another. It's getting so that miracles and answered prayers are a dime a dozen and no skeptic has a ghost of a chance of surviving the script; every doubter or rationalist is slated for either intellectual annihilation or conversion (usually the latter) before the play or film is over.

Those of us who are dissenters from the current overwhelming supernaturalist monopoly still believe this country is not permanently headed for neo-medievalism. We still believe that somewhere in the recesses of our land's heart and soul and brain is somebody with the guts and will, the ability and the know-how, to challenge this almost one hundred per cent domination of the supernaturalist dogmas, even if it be in only one play or film in the next ten years.

WILLIAM E. MONOGHAN

Ridgefield, N. J.

The Nearer Target

Dear Sirs: I am a Northerner from Toledo, Ohio, although I now live in Southern California, so please understand these remarks are not the rumblings from the Deep South.

I think it would be an excellent idea if Mr. Lapidary would spend a few days touring and talking to people in the Negro slums of Detroit, Toledo or Chicago—just to mention a few. Don't you think there is a story there as good as Mr. Lapidary's "Ol' Massa Jim Eastland" in your February 2 issue?

Let's work toward cleaning our own back yard instead of pot-shooting at the other fellows'.

JAMES C. JOYCE

North Hollywood, Calif.

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EDITORIALS

Our Bankrupt Arms Diplomacy

Two months of debate have confirmed our misgivings about the Eisenhower Doctrine (see: *The Nation*, January 19). In adopting the resolution, Congress has approved the initiation of an arms race in an already unstable and explosive area. The doctrine deals with none of the underlying socio-economic-political problems of the Middle East. In other areas, our "arms diplomacy" has been part of a larger package; in this instance the package contains nothing but arms. For Administration double-talk to the contrary, the \$200,000,000 in aid will be largely spent for projects which are basically military in character.

Against whom will the arms that we supply be pointed? Not against the Russians. By one Arab state against another? Even more unlikely. Against Israel? Vengeful as the Arab states may be, they have acquired a new respect for Israel's power to defend itself. Of greater importance, moreover, is the fact that Israel, by withdrawing its troops, has established a claim of the highest moral and legal authority on both the U.N. and this country for prompt, vigorous support should it be attacked. The portion of the Middle East marked "Israel" is on the map to stay, and the Arabs know it.

The intended "target," then, must be the not-so-loyal opposition found within the various Arab states receiving arms. In short, the weapons that will flow to the Middle East will be used to bolster up reactionary regimes in an area that feels menaced by "communism" (read: any mass nationalist movement aimed at supplanting a regime which has obtained Washington's approval).

The chief beneficiaries will be Arab states with the largest oil resources; the extent of arms will correlate roughly with the scale of the resources. An exception will be Egypt which, if it finally decides to "play ball" with Washington, might receive arms in quantities not correlated to oil potentialities.

But if the underlying purpose of the doctrine is to safeguard Western Europe's oil supplies, then why should we be making the guarantee alone and without the formal united support of the fifteen nations in Europe (not including Austria), with a population of 280 million in whose interests we are supposed to be acting? The circumstance that Britain and France have little influence in the Middle East at the moment does

not satisfactorily explain the unilateral nature of our action. The Soviets are not directly interested in Middle Eastern oil; they export oil. Doubtless they would like to be in a position to cut off Western Europe's sources but, practically speaking, this could only come about through the assumption of power by regimes under strong Soviet dominance. As Nasser and Mossadeh have demonstrated, strong nationalist movements in Arab lands rely on "nationalization" of resources as a major political dynamic. It is precisely at this point that the "threat" arises. Senator Kefauver, in a speech outlining his opposition to the doctrine, points out that on August 13, at a meeting of the Foreign Petroleum Supply Committee (made up of representatives of major oil companies and various government agencies), Mr. Dulles made it clear that the nationalization of resources, even if compensation were assured, might warrant "international intervention" if the asset nationalized were "impressed with international interest." No doubt oil is impressed with international interest. Little doubt, also, that any regime that came to power in Iraq or Saudi Arabia on a program which stressed "nationalization" would be promptly tagged as "Communist dominated."

The doctrine, then, is arms diplomacy in its crudest form, unrelieved by any of the ameliorative measures that elsewhere have accompanied military aid programs. As Senator Kefauver said: "We have seen by experience that very little of the royalties which these potentates are getting really reaches the people." But the arms which we supply these potentates will be pointed directly at the people.

Childe Harold and Disarmament

Washington

The current gag in the nation's capital is President Eisenhower's remark to Harold Stassen: "Don't just do something, Harold. Stand there."

Even if the remark was never made, it reflects the mentality which motivated the President's recent demotion of his Special Assistant for Disarmament. If Mr. Stassen still designates himself as Secretary for Peace, it's because he's been told to keep his peace. He retains his title. He also stays on the White House payroll at \$22,500 a year. But the crux is that he is no longer to report direct to President Eisenhower. He

has been made one of Secretary Dulles' subordinates.

Mr. Dulles said the change was ordered because the job of Stassen's disarmament bureau at the White House "is moving into the field of negotiations with foreign governments." But, of course, the transfer was really punitive. Childe Harold was demoted because of his unpopularity in the Republican Party after his bungling attempt last year to deprive Richard Nixon of the Vice-Presidency.

More recently, while Mr. Dulles was attending the NATO Council in Paris in December, Mr. Stassen blurted some remarks out of turn at a "background" lunch with reporters in Washington. He led newsmen to understand that the United States may sharply cut its armed forces in Europe, especially in Germany. Almost the same story, first published in the New York *Times* last July, gave 81-year-old German Chancellor Adenauer a frightful shock. The *Times* report told of a memorandum written by Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, envisaging an 800,000 man curtailment of U.S. armed forces over the next three years. Herr Adenauer thought he heard the great glass shield of American troops in Germany crash in thousands of splinters.

It took the Administration six months to persuade the chancellor that it wasn't going to happen. Just when he became convinced, along came Mr. Stassen's laundered version of the same story. The vexed Mr. Dulles undoubtedly felt that if anyone was going to put a foot in his mouth, it ought to be his own foot.

But the greater damage was wrought when the President pushed Mr. Stassen downstairs. The humiliation of the Presidential Assistant came shortly before

the reopening of the five-nation disarmament talks in London next Monday. There the U.N. subcommittee on disarmament is to meet again after almost a year. Its membership includes the United States, Britain, France, Canada and the Soviet Union. Last year Mr. Stassen's part in these negotiations seemed important to the other participants for one simple reason. They saw him as a direct channel to President Eisenhower, whom they trust as much as they distrust Mr. Dulles.

If the President had given Stassen the skid last autumn or next summer, it wouldn't have mattered nearly as much. As it is, the timing debased the currency of the disarmament negotiations about to begin in the British capital.

As the subcommittee prepares to start its talks, indications are that it will do no more than recommend that notice of H-bomb tests shall be made in advance to the United Nations. A Canadian-Norwegian-Japanese proposal to that effect is before the U.N. assembly. As all five members of the subcommittee support it, the modest little suggestion will probably be adopted. It falls far short of the proposal of Adlai Stevenson and other sane men that H-bomb tests be entirely prohibited. It lags much further behind the still wiser idea that *production* of these monstrosities be halted everywhere and the stockpiles demolished.

If the little notification shenanigan is all that we may expect to come out of London, the delegates might as well stay home and relax while the world grows more tense. We feel sure that President Eisenhower would prefer to retard the armaments madness, but his timing of Mr. Stassen's relegation to the semi-doghouse created a different impression.

COURAGE IN ACTION

KOINONIA REVISITED . . by Dora Byron

(An earlier report on Koinonia Farm appeared in The Nation of September 22, 1956.)

Americus, Georgia

KOINONIA FARM looked much like any other farm along the Dawson road. The level fields of freshly turned red clay reached into the sunset, and a few early blooming peach trees were pink clouds against the grey sky. A supper-time stillness lay over the modest cluster of buildings at the farm's entrance.

DORA BYRON is a free-lance writer and news editor of Emory University, Georgia.

Here was Koinonia, the bi-racial community that was fighting for its life in South Georgia.

For several months the farm had been the victim of boycott and violence, and now the Ku Klux Klan was offering to "help" negotiate a sale. Perhaps twilight was an appropriate time to be visiting Koinonia, the communal colony that fourteen years ago took its name from the Greek word "fellowship."

I left my car and knocked on the door of one of the homes.

When I returned to the car a few hours later I wondered if dawn could have been a more appropriate time.

I talked with the founder and offi-

cials of the community. I talked with some of the members—a Hungarian refugee, a bearded Canadian, a Seattle plumber and a minister in the Church of the Disciples. I talked with a Negro boy, a former member who was visiting at the farm. He told me that his guardian had made him leave the group, fearing for his safety. "But I'll be eighteen next month and I can do what I want to do then," he smiled. "I'm coming back in."

"The farm is not for sale at any price," founder Dr. Clarence Jordan insisted. "It has become a matter of principle. We are here to stay."

From outside this besieged little

island come quite other opinions.

The *Atlanta Journal* commented editorially on March 1: "All credit to those at Koinonia for having the courage of their convictions, but the cards are stacked against them, as they usually are against pioneers in social experiments that fly in the face of tradition. Discretion and valor are not inconsistent, and many sects and individuals have left hostile surroundings to found their own brave new worlds in a more congenial climate."

Suggestions to "get out" are often couched in less kindly words by persons in the surrounding area of Sumter county and in nearby Americus.

George Mathews, chairman of the county commissioners, expressed it to me this way: "We got a good county here, and God knows we treat the niggers right. We aren't going to have a gang down here stirring up our Americus niggers. If they wanted to live with niggers why didn't they bring some of their own from up North? We got different niggers down here. But you should see the nice new schools we are building for them. That farm makes a lot more money than my farm does. They must be getting help from Washington, or from some place. Washington wants a yellow race, anyway. As to being a religious colony, they don't have no religion at all, and you can quote me on it. We got no room for people like them here, and we don't aim to have them around much longer."

Koinonia was founded by Dr. Jordan in 1942. A graduate in agriculture from the University of Georgia, he has seen the venture become a prosperous farm of 1,000 acres, valued at \$150,000. Assisting him has been Conrad Browne, collegiate-looking father of four, who was last year's recipient of the "Alumnus Award of the Year" from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. The award was made in recognition of his work at Koinonia.

That work has followed a strange path for a seminary graduate. Browne has headed the poultry business, set up a co-op marketing group with neighbors, served as head cook, baker, bookkeeper and buyer. Now he is assigned as speaker, letter writer

and official greeter. "I'm sort of a Public Relations man," he confessed. "We had 800 visitors last year."

"People accuse us of wasting our talents," Browne mused. "But suppose I were pastor of a Baptist church in Americus? Who has heard of that church? Koinonia Farm is known far and wide, small as it is." He paused to turn down the volume of the hi-fi. "Even though I am grading eggs here I feel I am doing more to spread the real gospel of Christ than I could do in a more conventional ministry. That's the long view."

Koinonia lives from crisis to crisis. The colony was "suspect" when it was founded by a group of conscientious objectors, and was "suspect" again during the postwar hunt for Communists. But numerous investigations, both legal and not-legal, failed to turn up anything subversive.

PRESSURES have been brought on the community. Tax returns have been scrutinized. Members have been ostracized. Children have been teased. Dr. Jordan, who holds M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from a Baptist seminary, was dismissed from membership in a local Baptist church. Plans for an inter-racial camp last summer were sabotaged by a "sanitation" order (the camp moved to another state and was more successful than before).

Through it all Dr. Jordan and his group held on. "We have confidence in the people of Georgia. Georgians are Christian people," he said. "They know that God is a God of love, not of hate, and that fellowship is a thing of the heart, not of the skin."

Negroes were at first related to the communal farm as workers only, but about two years ago were admitted as full members. About one-fourth of the sixty members today are Negroes. This, combined with the tension following the Supreme Court decision on public-school segregation, has led to the present situation, Dr. Jordan believes.

Violence flared for the first time last June when a .44 calibre pistol was fired into the farm's roadside market. On July 23 a charge of dynamite wrecked part of the same building. On the night of December 26 four rounds of steel-jacketed bullets

were poured into the farm's gasoline pump; on January 1 the farm's sign was riddled with bullets from an automatic rifle. Two weeks later a charge of dynamite completely demolished the roadside stand, a loss set at \$13,000.

Even before this an organized economic boycott began to strangle the community. Insurance policies were cancelled. The bank where Koinonia has a perfect credit rating refused loans. The garage that had long been handling repairs and parts on vehicles refused to take the business. The local cotton gin and public livestock market were closed to Koinonia. Local companies refused to sell it fertilizer, gasoline, butane gas and building supplies. Local agencies turned down its produce. The flock of hens had to be cut back from 4,000 to 1,000.

The financial loss resulting from lack of insurance was irretrievable, but the community doggedly met the other emergencies by turning to more distant dealers.

THERE were no fears for personal safety until January 29 this year, when occupants of a speeding car fired into one in which a member of the community was sitting out a night watch. "I didn't get the license number. I was too busy ducking," said the unarmed watchman, Harry Atkinson. Moments later bullets were sprayed into a house, narrowly missing the sleeping family. One who escaped was a Michigan visitor who awoke as a bullet passed through his hat at the foot of the bed. He left the next morning, taking the hat as a souvenir of his trip South.

On February 1, two cars opened fire on the residential center about 9:15 p.m., according to Dr. Jordan. One shot skimmed by a child near a window, and boys and girls playing on the lighted volley-ball court were sprinkled with shot. No one was hurt. But a number of the thirty-three children in the colony have since been "evacuated" to friends and relatives.

The most recent outbreaks have been directed toward neighbors who continue friendly to the community, and toward relatives of Negro members. There have been random shots,

cross burnings and barns that mysteriously catch fire. Late last month a robed but unmasked delegation from the KKK paid a formal visit to Koinonia, accompanied by seventy cars.

"We told their spokesmen that under ordinary circumstances we would listen to a reasonable offer for sale of the farm, as anyone would," said Norman Long, president of the communal group. "But these are not ordinary circumstances. A sale now would be surrender."

KOINONIA has its champions. A flood of encouraging letters reach the farm, and a steady stream of well-wishers drop by. Several ministerial and church organizations, including the Georgia Council of Churches, have passed resolutions condemning violence over the Koinonia Farm issue. A few Georgia newspapers have spoken out: the *Macon News*, the *Gainesville Times*, and the *Atlanta Constitution*.

However, James R. Blair, publisher of the *Americus Times-Recorder*, refers to Koinonia as a "cancer that should be removed." And a quick collection of opinion in Americus turned

up varied viewpoints, but no support.

"They are nice people, as far as I can tell," said one store clerk. "They trade here frequently, and I have known them for years. I believe in live and let live." She frowned. "But if what I hear is true, they ought to leave." What had she heard? "Oh, that the whites and Negroes eat together and even dance together. Not that I ever saw it, you understand."

"They are a gang of crooks," said an ex-member of the Georgia state road patrol. "All this violence is an inside job. They are doing it themselves to get publicity up North and to give the county a black eye." Sheriff Fred Chappell accuses the colony of "flaunting its integration practices."

"I don't think anyone here is responsible for the violence," said a pretty secretary. "No one in Americus would shoot into houses that way, no matter what we thought of the farm. Hoodlums from outside Sumter county are causing the trouble."

One of the most prominent business men in Americus froze when I asked him to comment on the farm and the economic boycott.

"I have nothing to say," he answered, looking around nervously.

"But you did business with—"

"I have nothing to say." His hand shook.

"Isn't it true that—?"

"I can say nothing." For a moment I thought the white-haired man was going to burst into tears. I hurried out. Had I stumbled on evidence of intimidation—or a troubled conscience?

What's ahead for Koinonia? Dr. Jordan and Conrad Browne and Norman Long agree that they can't match last year's crops. Then the communal farm brought in 100 acres of peanuts, twenty-seven of cotton, forty acres of corn, forty acres of sweet-potatoes. There were 600 hogs, truck crops, tomatoes, small grains, cattle, chickens, eggs.

"We'll go in more heavily for peanuts and hogs next year," Long said. "We can't count on the extra help needed for crops like cotton, because folks around here will be afraid to work for us. We'll need to plan accordingly."

"But our real interest is more in the soul of Georgia than in the soil," added Dr. Jordan.

DOPE: Congress Encourages the Traffic . . by Alfred R. Lindesmith

A YEAR AGO I warned in these columns that a Senate subcommittee chaired by Senator Price Daniel had recommended for passage a new anti-narcotics bill which would set a new low in a field already characterized by ill-conceived legislation. Since that time the bill, known as the Narcotics Control Act of 1956, has become law. It increased the already severe mandatory penalties required by the Boggs law of 1951, and represents a further development of the punitive, prohibition type approach to the drug problem first established federally by the Harrison Act of 1914.

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Both the 1951 and 1956 enactments, as well as the hearings and recommendations of the Congressional subcommittees which led to their passage, reflect conceptions of justice and penology which can only be adequately described as medieval and sadistic.

The 1956 act calls for the following penalties for illegal possession of drugs: (1) first offense, two to ten years' imprisonment and a fine not to exceed \$20,000; (2) second offense, five to twenty years' imprisonment and a fine up to \$20,000; (3) third or subsequent offense, ten to forty years' imprisonment plus a maximum fine of \$20,000. For first and second selling offenses the penalties are the same as in (2) and (3); for the sale of heroin by a person over eighteen years of age to anyone un-

der eighteen the penalty is the same as (3) with the additional provision that the death penalty may be applied at the discretion of a jury.

The minimum penalties for all offenses except (1) are mandatory; probation, suspension of sentence and parole are specifically forbidden. The elimination of parole means that persons convicted under the law will no longer be eligible for parole after serving a third of their time, but will have to serve at least two-thirds. The death penalty is primarily a gesture, since very few cases of the kind to which it might apply are ever tried before a jury and because juries are in any case reluctant to impose the extreme penalty.

One of the basic injustices of the narcotic laws in general, and of the recent laws in particular, is that the

penalties fall mainly upon the victims of the traffic—the addicts—rather than upon the dope racketeers against whom they are designed. Assistant Attorney General Warren Olney III explained this to the Boggs subcommittee:

Probably the most serious difficulty with the narcotic laws is the fact that they make no distinction between the violator who is a profiteering racketeer and the violator who in many respects is a victim of the drug itself, the addict. The same law is applicable to both and they are also subject to the same penalties. Unfortunately the addict and the petty pusher are much more easily apprehended than the major trafficker, who is the source of supply and is several echelons removed from the last seller who deals with the illicit consumer. The result is that the present rather severe penalties are more often applied to the relatively minor violator than to the "big shot" for whom they are designed.

The truth of this statement is borne out by the fact that even on the federal level, where there is a higher proportion of important peddling cases than in the state courts, over half of the defendants are addicts.

In Chicago, Senator Daniel and the state's attorney for Cook County, John Gutknecht, discussed the prevalence of Negro defendants among those charged with violation of narcotic laws. It was agreed that Negro peddlers operated mainly in the lower and middle branches of the illicit traffic and that they obtained their supplies ultimately from white gangsters who scarcely ever appear in the Chicago courts. Mr. Gutknecht said: "The white race is responsible for the distribution of narcotics in America, and let's not kid ourselves. The others are the victims." The discussion then turned to ways and means of providing more severe punishment for the "victims"!

There was agreement in the Congressional hearings concerning the difficulty in catching the "big shots." R. Ticken, United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, testified:

The narcotics importer and wholesaler are professionals. They have plenty of money, powerful allies and expert knowledge of how to evade the law and escape detection. They



are not addicts and seldom handle drugs themselves. They have no bank accounts and deal only in cash. Their errands are run by others who transport the drugs and conduct the sales.

To convict the big operator is a difficult task and we fully appreciate that we are nowhere near the big operator when we arrest the pusher who sells to the addict. Even when the pusher tells all he knows we only reach the dealer—merely one step up the ladder. The ladder may have several steps before it reaches the big importer and the profits from importing and distributing narcotics are enormous.

The only measure suggested for getting at the "big shots" was legalized wire tapping; such a clause was deleted from the bill before passage.

Even assuming that the big traffickers could be caught, it is a further absurdity that the new narcotic laws do not necessarily increase the penalties against them. An illustration will clarify the point. In 1936, fifteen years before the Boggs Act, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics described in its annual report the breaking up of a dope ring which had operated in Texas, obtaining its supplies from a source in Chicago which in turn had gotten them from a higher source in New York. The six principals were convicted and received punishment as follows: L. Ginsberg, fifty years and a \$10,000

fine; E. D. Smith, G. Payne and J. C. Allen, twenty years and a \$2,000 fine each; J. Walker, seventeen years and \$3,000; U. Eichenbaum, ten years and \$2,000.

These persons were clearly not "big shots," but they were fairly important middle-echelon dealers. Offenders of this caliber are not very often caught and are therefore usually first offenders. Were they tried today under the 1956 law, the minimum mandatory penalty applicable to them would be five years—a much shorter sentence than they actually received. Of course, they could get more, but only at the discretion of the judge. Sentences tend to run longer now not because important operators are being caught more often, but because the law requires heavier penalties for minor offenders.

The Congressional subcommittees seemed to accept *in the abstract* the idea that drug users are diseased persons (the Supreme Court declared in 1924 in the Lindner case [268 U.S. 5] that "[addicts] are diseased and proper subjects for [medical] treatment"). But as a practical matter the "treatment" now accorded addicts consists of imprisonment and police harassment.

BESIDES being subject to punishment for possession and sale of drugs, and for crimes committed to raise money with which to purchase supplies, the drug user is subject to local police harassment merely for being, or having been, addicted. Illinois, for example, requires that addicts register as such; punishment is provided for those who fail to register or to carry identification cards. If the user has registered and possesses a card when he is picked up, he can be charged under a Chicago ordinance for "loitering." A state "needle" law provides penalties for the unauthorized possession of hypodermic needles or other paraphernalia of addiction. Police policy is simply to arrest and search any known addict and his companions on sight and to charge them in court with loitering if nothing more serious is turned up.

The local laws do not apply to non-addicted peddlers, who are thus

in an advantageous position compared to the user. Moreover the peddler, generally represented by competent counsel, finds that illegal police practices often bring him acquittal and that he enjoys the full benefit of the presumption of innocence. To the addict, on the other hand, the presumption of innocence and other provisions of the Constitution are meaningless. For him the police state is already in being.

AT THE Chicago hearings of the Daniel subcommittee, it was testified that most of the drug users brought into the Chicago Narcotics Court were discharged as illegally arrested. Gutknecht commented:

In view of my background as a law professor, I am very jealous of civil rights, civil rights of individuals. One of the things I determined when I got in there was that I was going to be particularly careful about that. I must say this to you, that where narcotic addicts are concerned, I haven't had many complaints, though I do know the police are a little prone to pick up these men. They [the police] have protection of an ordinance, and I must say the problem is so serious that even if we must admit some of their civil rights are being violated, you have to go along with a certain amount of that fringe violation, if you know what I mean.

The reaction of the members of the subcommittee was to complain that not enough of those illegally arrested were jailed and that, for those sent to prison, sentences were too short.

IN THE Chicago Narcotics Court and in other similar courts in our large cities, there is a long, shabby, pitiful parade of indigent drug users and petty offenders, mostly Negroes. These persons, except in the rare instances when they happen to be represented by lawyers, are hustled through the courts with such haste that a decent defense is precluded. The notion that punishing these victims will deter the lords of the dope traffic is as naive as supposing that the bootlegging enterprises of the late Al Capone could have been destroyed by arresting drunks on West Madison Street or Times Square.

Apart from the fact that jails and prisons are not currently supposed

to be regarded as appropriate places for diseased persons, the incarceration of addicts is bad on other grounds as well. James V. Bennett, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, criticized the 1951 act as follows: "I feel the law is a mistake. It is certainly a mistake so far as addicts are concerned. I feel that it has handicapped our efforts to salvage and rehabilitate them and has complicated our institutional problems." Association within a prison tends to spread addiction among criminals and criminality among addicts. The stigma of criminality and the influence of prison associations make the drug habit more difficult to break.

Even if it were possible to establish institutions in which all known addicts could be locked up for the rest of their lives, such a program would be futile. The big-shot dealers would still be at large, creating new generations of users. There is, in short, no substitute for punishment of the guilty. As long as addicts rather than peddlers bear the brunt of the penalties, the traffic is bound to continue.

THERE IS an economic reason for the persistence of the illegal drug trade in the face of growing public indignation and increasing penalties. Police success in arresting drug distributors inevitably raises prices and increases profits; the illicit traffic thus depends in part upon the efforts made to suppress it. Reports on the operations of dope rings and on the value of seized drugs act as advertisements which lure new talent into the business. Since those who make the profits are non-addicts, and not the same persons as those who take the risks, punishment of the latter does not deter the former but only increases their profits.

A curious feature of our narcotics laws is that their enforcement is to a great extent actually placed in the hands of the drug addicts themselves, who act as police informers. One purpose of police harassment of addicts is the securing of information and the recruitment of informers. Addicts are used to "set up" the peddlers from whom they buy their supplies. The addict-informer does

this by making a purchase with marked money. When the transaction is concluded, the police attempt to clinch the case by arresting the peddler and recovering the marked money from him. Without this kind of help the police would be relatively helpless.

Since the informer, or "stool pigeon," is ordinarily rewarded by being allowed to continue his addiction (as well as in other more direct ways which cannot be disclosed in court), it is easy to understand why, when the defendant-peddler is a non-addict who can afford a competent attorney, it is at this point that the case for the prosecution becomes vulnerable. Since the stool pigeon is himself often a criminal engaged in the same enterprises as the defendant, and since he is being paid by the police to give testimony which will convict a fellow criminal, his evidence often requires police corroboration.

Mandatory penalties assist the police to recruit informers. The discretion, which mandatory punishment removes from the court, is transferred to the police and the prosecution, who use it to bargain with the accused for guilty pleas and for information. Addicts who inform secure immunity from punishment, lighter punishment or release on probation.

THE USE OF drug-using stool pigeons in the enforcement of the law is a complicated and unsavory matter which was not examined by the Congressional committees. It sometimes involves the police in violations of the narcotic laws and of other laws as well, and it leads to erratic enforcement because the penalties may be inflicted for failure to cooperate with the police rather than for the crime committed. The very abundance of informers among street-corner drug users has become a problem, with the police of one jurisdiction sometimes arresting informers working for another or with informers trying to make "buys" from each other.

The informer technique almost never leads to the top operators. Important dealers take extensive precautions against betrayal and often

kill those who squeal. Moreover, there are few informers in the upper branches of the traffic, both because addicts are excluded and because the bigger dealers do business only with persons whom they have known for a long time and who have already proved their ability to resist police "interrogation." The consequence of all this is that the chief result of the addict's activities as a minor law-enforcement officer is to send his fellow addicts to jail.

The present punitive controls have been in effect since the Harrison Act of 1914. The injustice of punish-

ing the victim of the traffic instead of the real culprits has been evident from the beginning to those familiar with the operation of the law, but it has not been evident to the public. The emergence of the traffic into a national scandal merely enabled the politicians to exploit the problem; they point in alarm, they denounce—and they demand heavier and still heavier penalties. That the penalties fall upon the victim rather than the culprit makes no difference; what politician bothers to rush to the defense of "dope fiends"?

The pressure exerted by an aroused

public opinion upon essentially unjust, ineffective and unenforceable laws has resulted in a process of degenerative change. Laws have become unreasonably cruel and inflexible and are now, to a considerable extent, designed in the interests of police expediency rather than of justice. In this whole process, the forgotten man has been the addict. His degradation and hopelessness have been made more complete by denying him the benefits of care from the healing professions and by turning the unsolved medical problem of addiction over to the police.

LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

MUDDLE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA . . by W. Macmahon Ball

This is the third article of a series appraising America's "arms diplomacy" in various regions.

Melbourne, Australia

FOR NEARLY TEN years now the United States has been sending arms in great variety and volume to all sorts of governments in all sorts of places. It was a costly program, but the cost was thought worthwhile. When the fear of Communist military assault made all other fears seem trivial, it seemed sound sense to put arms into the hands of any men who would use them against the common enemy. The world seemed as simple as that and the reasoning as self-evident.

Though a global war has been averted, there is today much disappointment and disillusionment about foreign military-aid programs. The record provides plenty of reasons. It was sometimes hard to ensure that the arms reached the right address, as in China in 1949. Sometimes the recipients patently lacked the technical and military skill, or the

morale, to use them effectively. At other places, as in Indochina, they were used with reasonable skill and in great quantities, but were unable to achieve their political objectives. In some circumstances it was impossible to prevent American arms being used for quite different purposes than America had intended—to prevent NATO arms provided to protect Western Europe from Russia being used in North Africa against Algerians or Egyptians. And the lavish gifts of arms generally failed to evoke a sense of gratitude and friendliness in the recipients, still less to stir them to make their own contribution to the common defense.

Looking back, the mistakes seem obvious. There was for a time a general assumption in Washington that all non-Communist governments should feel, as Washington did, that communism was the greatest evil in the world, that the danger of overt military attack was immediate, and that the only way to escape the Communist menace was to follow without question American military and political leadership. But many of America's ostensible allies did not feel like that. Some of them felt that war was an evil greater than communism. Some felt they were expected to subordi-

nate their own national interests to playing the role of vulnerable and expendable military outposts of North America. Between the United States and her friends there was no common assessment of dangers and no agreed plan to meet them. Even those nations eager for American arms felt that if they were to provide the men to use them they must have a fuller say in the purposes for which they were to be used. The lesson of these last years is that it is certainly wasteful and possibly dangerous to scatter arms around the world unless they are to serve a common military strategy, and that there can be no common strategy without an agreed political objective and a fair measure of agreement on the part that should be played by military and non-military measures in pursuit of the objective.

It is a good time to try to apply these principles to Southeast Asia. What is the political objective that can be shared by the West and the non-Communist countries in this region? I think it can be stated simply. It is to maintain the national independence and promote the economic and social progress of the Asian nations. It can be nothing less and nothing more than that. It must not include any project to overthrow, or

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even undermine, the Communist regimes in China and neighboring areas. It must include a clear repudiation of any plan to alter existing boundaries by force. This means the repudiation of the stated aims of Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, and ending the danger that they might use American arms to further personal ambitions. It implies the acceptance of Communist China as a great Asian power, and efforts, however wary, to forge links of mutual benefit between China, her neighbors and the West. Here is one objective which all the governments of Southeast Asia are eager to promote. And there are increasing signs that the West may soon be ready to follow the same course.

The next step is for the West carefully to reassess the part which military measures can play in promoting the overall political objective, and the sort of military measures appropriate. There are again signs that the West is coming closer to the view of the Colombo powers—the view that economic failure and political disunity is a bigger danger than assault from without, and that it is therefore more important today to help build healthy progressive economies than to build military forces.

What has all this got to do with arms diplomacy? Does it mean that all efforts should be concentrated on achieving economic progress and political stability, and that we can forget all about the military defense of the region? It hardly means that. However unlikely it is that China will risk an act of overt military aggression in the foreseeable future, the possibility cannot be wholly ruled out.

There are broadly two ways in which Communist expansion by armed force might be resisted—by massive retaliation against the source of aggression, or by a localized effort to resist and repel the aggressive forces. Until perhaps eighteen months ago, the American official view was that any act of Communist aggression in any part of Southeast Asia should be met by massive retaliation, not necessarily at the point where the aggression took place. Mr. Dulles has always insisted that the Northern and Southern regions of East Asia should be treated as one front. The British have taken a different view. While they agree with America that a Communist attack should be resisted, they are anxious to limit and localize the resulting conflict. They would depend, not on the use of nuclear weapons by long-range bombers, but on conventional weapons—plus perhaps some technical atomic weapons—by ground and air forces in the local area of conflict.

BUT recent events may have made it necessary to re-think both American and British policies. There are some signs that Mr. Dulles is coming to feel that except in the direst circumstances, massive retaliation may be too hot to handle. The *Life* article of January, 1956, seemed to reveal this change. "Retaliation," Mr. Dulles wrote, "must be on a selective basis. The important thing is that the aggressor must know in advance he is going to lose more than he can win. He doesn't have to lose *much* more. It just has to be *something* more." This brings official American and British thinking much closer. In practice the use of strategic weapons is a ticklish business in Southeast Asia. Lightly armed troops infiltrating through jungles are not appropriate targets for big bombs. And if the bombs are used against the major military installations or the cities of the power which is sponsoring the local aggression, they may turn a little war with conventional weapons into a big war with nuclear weapons. The massive strategic power that American can deploy in the Pacific is not

Upsetting the Balance

Kabul, Afghanistan

Unfortunately ... American efforts to help Afghanistan maintain its independence are increasingly crippled by [U.S.] policies in South Asia and the Middle East. Our stepped-up shipments of arms to Pakistan, which were designed to keep Soviet military power behind its borders, are in reality opening the doors to Soviet economic and political penetration.

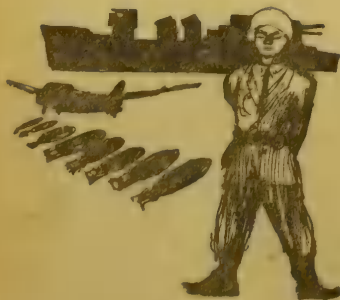
Although both Pakistan and Afghanistan are Moslem states, they are at least as suspicious and fearful of each other as are India and Pakistan. When we move into a complex situation of this kind to send a flood of the most modern arms to one country, we antagonize the others, increase the divisions among them all, and upset the balance of power in the entire region.

... This plays directly into the hands of the Russians. To help match the arms we gave Pakistan, Moscow offered modern arms to the Afghans and their offer was accepted. No one knows the extent of the shipments, but they are substantial.

CHESTER BOWLES
in the *Washington Post*

safe or economical or selective enough to deal with a little war on the Asian mainland. And today little wars are more likely than big ones. It has been said with some truth that the nuclear stalemate provides an open season for little wars.

In the meantime, Britain's power of military intervention in Southeast Asia—however local and limited—has been rapidly reduced. As a result of the Suez adventure, her moral prestige in Asia has nearly collapsed, her total resources have been depleted and her special rights on the Middle Eastern highway to East Asia have been lost. Britain is now denied both bases and facilities in Ceylon and her position in Singapore is far from assured. It is true that Abdul Rahman's government has offered the continued use of bases for the Commonwealth strategic reserve in Malaya after the federation achieves independence and that Britain is building new airfields in the Maldive Islands. The present Australian government may be prepared to make a larger con-



tribution to the Commonwealth forces in Malaya to lighten the British burden, but the Australian Labor Party is opposed to maintaining any Australian forces in South-east Asia. The general trend seems clear. The Western military presence, however purely defensive its intentions, is increasingly resented by Asians, and Britain's power to take an independent military line has probably ended.

What provisions then can be made to resist a possible Communist military advance in Southeast Asia if America can only intervene in too big a way to be appropriate and Britain in too small a way to be effective? It seems that the West may at last be prepared to accept the proposition it has been so reluctant to accept in the past—that it is only possible to defend Southeast Asia with the active will of the people who live there. The unwillingness of Southeast Asian countries in the past to be active in their own defense has not been due to any doctrinaire pacificism or to the con-

viction that they were in no possible danger. It has been due largely to the belief that joining in the Western devised and controlled alliances would increase rather than reduce their dangers. The Southeast Asian nations want to work out defense measures, but they want to be sure that these measures serve their own interests *as they see them*; not mainly Western interests nor even their own interests as Westerners see them. This is not to suggest that the countries of the region could at present, by their own resources, effectively resist a major attack. But it is one thing to ask for Western help and another to have it conferred upon you in forms you resent and for purposes that are not your own. If the assumption is correct that the initiative and responsibility for the defense of Southeast Asia must be left to the nations that live there, and that their objective will be not to align themselves with either of the big power blocs but to maintain their national independence against either, the problem of milit-

ary aid takes a new form. It would no longer be a question of giving aid to an ally in return for bases, or for assurances about foreign-policy alignments. It would be giving, if and when requested, to nations that would have complete control of what was given to them, in the confidence that their objectives were in harmony with your own.

The conclusion, then, is that however great the mistakes made in offering and giving military aid in the past, and however grave the political miscalculations associated with these programs, this is no reason for concluding that any and every sort of military aid should be dropped. If the West wants to help the nations of Southeast Asia to resist any military threat to their national independence—and if this, however unlikely, should occur—it is better to give them arms than to try to induce them to provide bases or to join military pacts. There is nothing wrong with Western arms, but there has been a great deal wrong with Western diplomacy.

Basis for a New Political Philosophy . . by David Thomson

Cambridge, England

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY has run more than half its course without producing any pre-eminent political thinker able to teach and preach a political theory appropriate to the conditions of our times. We have no John Locke or Edmund Burke, no Jeremy Bentham or John Stuart Mill, not even a T. H. Green or a Karl Marx. A great intellectual tradition seems to have come to an end, leaving no living heir and little material wealth from which to make a theory of politics completely apt to our present society.

Yet the last half-century has been particularly rich in both social experiment and diversified political experience: and the great political manifestoes of the past, even when

they most looked like ideological programs for the future, were in fact generalizations drawn from experience and rooted in contemporary conditions. Locke's *Second Treatise on Government*, the American Declaration of Independence, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, even the teachings of Marx, were all interpretations of concrete experience projected into synthetic principles for future action. In Michael Oakeshott's favorite simile, they were like receipts in a cook-book—abstracts of somebody's knowledge of how to cook, intelligible only to those who already knew, by acquired skill, how to interpret and carry out their intentions. In no sense were they mere *a priori* deductions or speculations. They were activated by the political skill of practitioners versed in the possibilities that were latent in existing conditions. The great operative

theories of government cannot be divorced from living societies, from a context of working government. Marxism would have been as meaningless and valueless to Americans in 1776 as would the Whiggery of John Locke to the Russians of 1917.

Our present lack of any coherent system of political thought reflects, in part, a flight from politics and from the endemic violence of our times. It has been suggested that "faced with Hiroshima and Belsen, a man is unlikely to address himself to a neat and original theory of political obligation." Neither in multi-party nor in single-party states have conditions and trends favored reflection on a theory of political activity. In liberal democracy it became common to take—or pretend to take—more and more things "out of politics": the constitutional monarchy in Britain and Scandinavia, religion and the churches, the police

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and the bureaucracy, the ever-increasing number of highly important economic and social activities entrusted to "public corporations." Single-party states killed political reflection in an opposite way—by leaving it no margin of freedom and little to debate, smothering it in authoritarian dogmas and irrational doctrines.

Conservative thought, anxious to regulate change in the interests of order, has tended to favor bureaucracy or even technocracy, both of which reduce government to routine methods and mechanistic principles, to a craft of administration rather than an art of politics. If you believe that "business is business" it is tempting to assume, too, that "politics is politics," that government, like economic activity, is best conducted on self-regulatory principles. The traditional English Tory view, that "whate'er is best administered is best," blends disconcertingly into the Marxist-Leninist view that "the government of men will give place to the administration of things."

AT THE SAME time Socialist thought has tended to cling for its creed to a revolutionary tradition that had become more traditionalist than revolutionary. A pattern of revolution that becomes set and stereotyped becomes in effect a conservative force, encouraging its adherents to look backwards and to imitate rather than to adapt and create. The more closely Lenin's adaptation of Marxism fitted Russian needs the less well was it likely to suit the needs of any other country. Yet until a decade ago Socialists everywhere, even when not themselves Marxists, felt constrained to defend the behavior of Bolshevism and to justify the policies of the Soviet Union. Only in the last three years has the resurgence of authentic Social Democracy in Eastern Europe exposed the fossilization that had taken place in the revolutionary traditions of 1917. The first steps towards finding an adequate political philosophy is to shake ourselves free from the inhibiting and distorting concepts that still clutter our political thinking.

Since the prevalent political phi-

losophies, on whose legacies we still try to live, are no longer adequate, we need to think out afresh, hard and fundamentally, the philosophy of the modern state. The Welfare State has come to stay and is certain to grow. Individual and family needs for organized social security in modern industrial society, the nation's economic necessity to ensure full employment of its resources, the world's need for international aid in development and defense, are inherent in our present civilization. These needs will demand satisfaction from every political party and from any form of government. Here is the impetus of inherent necessity that has traditionally stimulated men to reshape their political creeds. Here, too, is fast accumulating that experience from which an appropriate philosophy of politics can be fashioned—the base from which it must begin if it is to fulfill the traditional function of political philosophy.

WHAT, then, are the elements that would enter into any more integrated political theory of the Welfare State? There would be, first, a positive theory of government to match the positive, dynamic activities of a state that is committed to the pursuit of social welfare, social security and full employment. Theories of checks and balances and of a separation of powers consort badly with widespread acceptance of strong, unified, central authority, necessarily, entrusted with large powers to promote social well-being. The new theory must start from the assumption that modern government will be accorded a degree of power, discretionary authority and freedom of action large enough for it to fulfill the expectations of the citizens of a Welfare State. The dualism of nineteenth-century liberal thought, that put politics and economics into different categories of activity, must be discarded. It represents a dichotomy that is now utterly unrealistic.

Secondly, if a new theory of the state must accept far-ranging state activity in economic life, it should allow for such activity being conducted through many persons other than the state's bureaucrats. Dis-

tinctions have already appeared between the civil servant, employed directly by a department of state, and the public servant, engaged in the work of new "public corporations" which, in Britain and France, have been entrusted with the management of so many of the "nationalized" industries and utility services. There has also appeared a large new class of "international public servants," employed by the multitude of international functional agencies and enjoying unique political rights and financial privileges. Professional groups of doctors, scientists, lawyers, academics, traditionally enjoying large measures of autonomy in a liberal-democratic state, find that their professional work now involves them in more intimate contacts and intricate relationships with public authorities. These groups, like the trade unions and co-operative organizations, still lack any coherent principles that should determine their place and functions in such a society. There exists, for example, no moral and political theory on which to base a consistent, realistic, public policy toward strikes, whether official or unofficial, industrial or professional.

THIRDLY, the political theory of the Welfare State would have to comprise a complete reformulation of concepts of private property. None of the traditional theories adequately explains or describes the complex of private earnings, fiscal appropriations and enjoyment of free social services and benefits that constitutes the net real income of the modern citizen. A property right is none the less a right, and none the less real, in the form of guaranteed access to social services and benefits than in the form of separate material possessions. The new theory of rights should, like all other theories of rights, include a defined set of corresponding duties. Is there an irreducible minimum of private-property rights, in the old sense, which should be preserved in this new concept? Do the counterpart obligations of rights to "social property" include the duty to work and to abandon a claim to strike? Does the pursuit of sustained full employment

involve an obligation to submit to retraining and re-employment in different trades—and the corresponding obligation of the state to provide facilities for retraining? It is these and similar questions that a new theory of politics must answer consistently and coherently.

Fourthly, it would reforge that link between political and ethical philosophy that has been worn so thin by our reliance on opportunism and expediency, and by that abdication of modern philosophy which prompts an Oxford don to declare that “the purpose of philosophy is to expose and elucidate linguistic muddles.” To hold, as it has prevalently been held, that “business is business” and “politics is politics,” and that the two kinds of activity are distinct, is to assume for each a self-evident and self-contained purpose, and so to separate both from a scale of ethical values. No kind of activity of public authorities or of private individuals can be judged good or bad (but only successful or unsuccessful in terms of technical efficiency) except by reference to an agreed set of social and moral values. The Welfare State, by its very existence, implies abandonment of the old faith in self-regulating mechanisms in economic life and in *laissez-faire*. It exists to provide whatever the com-

munity regards as beneficial and good. If the community regards automobiles, TV sets and football pools as of greater value than better schools, more generous care of old people and a creative use of leisure, then the democratic state will provide more automobiles, TV sets and football pools.

A fifth and final consideration—there are many more that cannot be enumerated here—is that a political philosophy of the Welfare State, if it is to be also a democratic philosophy, must include a theory of the relation between action by public authorities and action by voluntary associations. Lord Beveridge is entitled to be thought of as the apostle of the Welfare State not merely because of his famous *Report on Social Insurance and Allied Services* of 1942, but because he followed it up with his less famous but no less important examinations of *Full Employment in a Free Society* (1944) and *Voluntary Action* (1948). In the last he urged that the state should encourage, protect and even support by public money, every kind of voluntary action for social advance or social service, so elaborating the principle that he had laid down in the original Beveridge report that “social security must be achieved by co-operation between

the state and the individual.” But much more remains to be done, in the light of subsequent experience, to evolve a comprehensive theory of the functional division between those services best provided by the state, those best provided by separate voluntary action and those most suitably provided by state-aided voluntary action. In the fields of education and superannuation, Britain recognizes such distinctions in practice. But she knows no worked-out theory of what principles are involved in such distinctions.

Future generations will marvel that, in a half-century when men spent so much blood and treasure checking barbarism and resisting tyranny, and when they discovered, through the operations of the Welfare State, how to implement some of the humanistic principles of mutual aid and of the Christian behest to “do unto others,” philosophers continued to shun the study of human values in politics while political theorists “realistically” omitted to mention moral principles. Never has the opportunity for political philosophy been greater, nor the need of it in our culture and civilization more apparent. A world of novel social organizations and fresh experience lies waiting for its political theorist.

LOVE, TAXES and FORM 1040 . . by Charles Boewe

GOOD FICTION is where you find it; if our State Department seriously wants to export plausible accounts of American life it ought to distribute the gripping story of Frank and Evelyn Jones, which appears in *Your Federal Income Tax*, Treasury Department Publication No. 17. Going at the price of thirty cents a copy, this booklet is bound to be a

runaway bestseller in the United States by April 15, but we can surely spare a few hundred thousand copies for overseas markets.

The short but far from simple annals of Frank and Evelyn comprise Chapter 44 of *Your Federal Income Tax*, taking up only twelve pages of text and illustrations. The story makes its artistic impact by the reproduction of the actual sheets of the Joneses' tax return. The characters come alive, so to speak, in the artifact of their labor. By the end of the story we know them, their little triumphs, their homely joys, their reverses and misfortunes. While the

surface meaning of the story will be evident to every taxpayer, I think a few words by way of *explication de texte* will bring out the full significance of the tale and also help us appreciate the artistry of the nameless Treasury Department genius who wrote this minor masterpiece.

Our taxpayers, Frank and Evelyn, are getting along in years, yet they have lost none of the buoyancy of youth. Frank is sixty-five and his wife fifty-eight, but they were married during the past year. To each other, that is. Both had been married previously, and each had a child by the previous marriage;

CHARLES BOEWE, a post-doctoral Fellow in American Civilization at the University of Pennsylvania, describes himself as “interested in all the vagaries of the American scene.”

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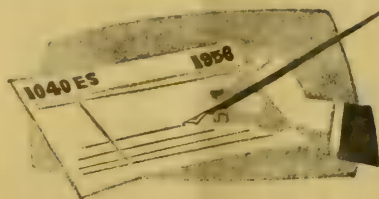
Frank, Jr., is now twenty-two and away at college, while Evelyn's daughter, Marie, is eighteen and graduated from high school last June. Marie still lives at home, home being 1323 Oak Drive in Hometown, N. Y., where Frank is a partner with his brother in a retail shoe store. Let us remark that the Adjusted Gross Income of Frank and Evelyn's joint return is \$17,890.14, and we have them placed financially.

On the face of things, it looks like the good life. True, both Frank and Evelyn have had marital troubles in the past, but now they have settled down in a pleasant little house which they bought in May for \$15,000, having sold their old house at a net profit of \$7,250 (Schedule D). Not bad. On the other hand, Frank loaned \$250 to a personal friend and lost every cent of it, and he lost heavily—for him—in stocks and bonds; in all, a setback of \$1,127.75.

MORE touching is the fact that Frank had to pay his former wife, Jane Jones, now living quite high in New York City, the total of \$900 in alimony, while Evelyn, who has had a minor daughter to support and educate, didn't get a dime out of her former husband. The Joneses have two cars—which is all very well, because Frank has to get down to the shoe store every day and Evelyn, though she draws a \$900 pension annually as the result of a previous job (Schedule K), still holds a full-time position as a saleslady. Well, she has to. You see, there is her mother, Grace Smith, who has been an invalid for years and whose total support depends on Frank and Evelyn. And not only that, but Evelyn has to hire a woman to look after her mother, and that costs \$75 a month. Ironically though, they can only deduct \$150 of the nurse's wages because after Evelyn married Frank on March 1 their combined income became greater than \$5,100 (see Chapter 36, "Child Care, and Disabled Dependent Care"). Yes, it has been tough going sometimes. Frank, you see, has an invalid sister whom he and his brother, the partner in the shoe store, support; and

Frank spent \$500 on her in 1956, though his brother *was* good enough to let Frank claim her as his exemption. Things got so bad once that Frank had to bail himself out with a personal loan from the Third National Bank, and the interest on that, along with the interest he had to pay to the Ace Building and Loan Association on the mortgage, plus the carrying charges on the new car for Evelyn, made interest come to a total of \$428.67 for the year.

So it went, all year long—a little here, a little there. If Frank didn't have any gambling losses, he didn't have any winnings either. The fact is, he doesn't gamble. He does what he can for the community—gave \$75, with his brother, as the contribution of the business to good causes; and he and Evelyn managed to find \$152 for the church, \$50 for the Community Chest, \$15 for the



hospital, \$25 for the Red Cross and \$10 for the Boy Scouts. One does what one can. But medical expenses were terrible—in all, \$1,301. Thanks to Frank's age, \$796.60 of that was deductible.

THEN there were those deductible items that made Frank and Evelyn a little sick as they wrote them down. The camera, for instance, that they had bought in September cost them \$79.50 and was stolen out of the car before they had even shot up the first roll of film. Take it all off; no depreciation on that. Even worse was what happened to the summer cottage the month before. In 1946, when Frank bought it, it cost \$7,500 and it was worth \$9,000 up to the moment the hurricane struck in August. Ten minutes later they had an equity of \$5,800—so said the appraiser. Thirty-two hundred dollars gone with the wind, as Evelyn remarked. No, not entirely gone; they got \$2,000 from the insurance company; but still, a \$1,200

Uncompensated Loss (see Chapter 37, "Casualties and Thefts").

Now let us lighten this picture of gloom. Flipping to page 3 of their return, we find there were windfalls as well as wind storms. Frank's annuity began paying off, for instance. There was small though gratifying interest from the Series E bonds, from the account in the State Savings Bank and from the Fidelity Building and Loan Association. Of course, the dividends from those South American Development Company stocks didn't qualify for the \$50 exclusion, but then they only amounted to \$75. Evelyn, too, had a little income from stocks, and there was a satisfying rental from the store building they had money invested in. The bulk of their income—\$10,846.55—came from the shoe-store partnership, of course; but there was also a small dividend declared by the partnership, and to this must be added salaries and wages (already entered on page 1 of the return): Evelyn's \$1,400 from the Fashion Dress Shop and Frank's \$1,153.75 received from Hometown's Retail Shoe Association for acting as its consultant. If it seems odd that Frank should be a salaried "consultant" perhaps it means only that we have underestimated his talent. This is no ordinary shoe salesman we are dealing with, despite the Treasury Department's disclaimer about the return being based on "assumed facts." We note in Schedule H that a very important windfall—not in terms of money necessarily, but in satisfaction—was the fifty dollars Frank won in an essay contest! And what do you suppose he wrote on? Why, the retail shoe business, of course; the Treasury Department tells us so on page 98.

PRINTER'S INK is said to get into the blood, and certainly one touch of publishing was enough to open new vistas of achievement to a man with the vision and ambition of Frank. If he could write an essay, why not a book? Why not, indeed? we can hear Evelyn agree. Fenimore Cooper began his literary career by impetuously deciding that he could

(Continued on page 244.)

BOOKS and the ARTS

O'Casey: Forever Fare Thee Well

MIRROR IN MY HOUSE. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. Two volumes, \$20. (Also available in the original six volumes, as follows: *I Knock at the Door*, \$4; *Pictures in the Hallway*, \$4; *Drums Under the Windows*, \$5.50; *Innishfallen, Fare Thee Well*, \$5; *Rose and Crown*, \$4.75; *Sunset and Evening Star*, \$4.75.)

John O'Shaughnessy

WITH *Sunset and Evening Star*, Sean O'Casey has completed the writing down of his life.

What is all this for? Why have these things been written? Does one write for posterity? For a living? For a living undoubtedly. One of the Irish critics, warning me of calamity for writing as I have done now for over twenty years, says: "The long view of posterity may turn out to be a poor one." So it may, indeed, but I won't be there to hear it. My conscience lies within myself and not within the soul of posterity. T. S. Eliot writes somewhere: "We write to keep something alive, and not because we believe in success or expect a triumph." To keep something alive: there it is, and it is good enough. So, to posterity I say

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.
Caw! Caw! Caw!"*

This is O'Casey; he believes, and has amply demonstrated the strength of his belief. It is good that this is so, because his record of his own life, and the outward facts which support the record, show little reward for his effort in most of those things which the world has to give. Security he has never known; good health and the possession of all physical gifts have not been his; fame and the respect of the multitudes have never come to him unmingled with the screams and the insults and the brickbats of the envious, the ignorant or the affronted. Yet adversity seems

only to have given him courage for the fray. "On we go," he says, "too human to be unafraid; but too human to let fear put an end to us."

The canvas of the autobiographies is not merely the life of its author-hero, Johnny Casside, slum-born scion of poverty, filth and disease, who came through seventy winters of pain, starvation, disillusionment, bloody woundings and critical blasts—and as many summers of joy, and love and song and laughter—to be ranked finally as one of the great living masters of the English language in our time; it is also a canvas of the world Johnny Casside lived in. Perhaps it will be one of the enduring records of that time.

A SENSE of the world around him is the basic attitude of the work; not what is here but what it leads to; not what is now, but what can be, what will be, is important. Only this can explain the joyousness of the whole. Even in the caustic dissection of the pompous, the smug, the rich; in the setting down of criticisms, quarrels, bitter blasts against the stately, the powerful, the well-fed, the corrupt, there runs a constant and wildly exulting stream of joy. Life, "a wide branching flame good to see and to behold," has room for all things. There is meanness, ugliness, bitterness; there is poverty and oppression, stupidity and blind, bigoted ignorance: dark colors woven through the tapestry; but the red colors of blood and battle, the gold of sunshine and song, the green of all living things, purple of wine and fire, and blue of the sea and the sky dominate. O'Casey is an idealist, not a pessimist.

The cast of character is long. In the Dublin volumes O'Casey's own family furnishes the thread of the narrative; his mother, a magical recreation in his recollection, dominates this part of the series. There are lasting portraits, too, set against the

pattern of the historic Transport Workers' Strike, the Easter Rising, the time of the "troubles" and the Civil War. Loving tribute and a deserved measure of immortality are bestowed on Jim Larkin, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Paudrigh Pearse and the Reverend E. M. Griffin, friend of O'Casey's youth.

The English volumes provide fewer glimpses of family life, of personal relationships. O'Casey's wife is shadowy, his children rarely participate in the action; friends and cronies come and go, busily sketched in a few effective pages. It is for a select handful, idols, or Goliaths to his David, to take the stage and stand naked and vulnerable, or simply garlanded, before the overpowering O'Casey prose: Shaw, a titan and well-loved; Yeats, "one of Ireland's incantations," a titan and gingerly respected; A. E., a balloon figure leading a procession of adulatory clowns; Lady Gregory, enshrined with love; Dr. Walter McDonald of Maynooth College, C. B. Cochran, Augustus John.

And over all, through all, glows and burns and vitalizes the magnificence of the language. Listen, listen! to the description of Nazi bombs bursting into bloody flower over the Devon countryside during the War; to the lost, frightening, cold and empty blackness of an English black-out; to the loveliness of a suddenly-seen field of pale blue butterflies floating over a sunny meadow at Coole; to a frosty night, silence-bound, spent in a cell-like student's room at Cambridge. A storm at sea; snow; the sad coda of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And in the earlier

JOHN O'SHAUGHNESSY has worked in the New York theatre as actor and director since 1932. His most recent directorial assignment was O'Casey's *Red Roses for Me*. Before that he staged *Command Decision*, *Phoenix Too Frequent*, *Freight*. He has also directed the *Ann Arbor Festival*, *University of Michigan*, and written for television.

*Foreword to *The Green Crow*. By Sean O'Casey. George Braziller. \$3.95.

volumes the pulse-quicken-
ing account of the midnight raid against
the tenement home of Bessie Bally-
noid; the terrible death of O'Casey's
brother Tom; of his sister Ella; the
entrance onto the scene of the poet,
William Butler Yeats; and the heart-
breaking comedy of a tattered slum-
lad's journey through a Dublin rain
wetter than "the forty days and
forty nights"—Deluge itself—to pay
his Sunday devours to his Creator.

A HIGHLY personal writer, O'Casey
has been accused of losing some of
his force and power after he exiled
himself. It is true that he has never
again found an enemy so able to
draw out of him all the passions and
the furies of an Olympian as was af-
forded by the cause of Irish Freedom,
bound up as it was with the cultural
renaissance of nationalism, the re-
ligious struggle of Protestant against
Catholic, the historical and political
orientation against monarchical con-
trol, and the growing power and ef-

fectiveness of socialism. The world as
it had existed everywhere was chang-
ing, but for O'Casey the change was
pinpointed in the experiences of the
Irish patriot. He was one with them,
and the material of *Juno and the
Paycock*, *Shadow of a Gunman*, *The
Plough and the Stars* flared into a
personal reflection of the period. The
material was documentary; what he
did with the material was individual,
mighty, creatively touched with his
genius. And this was what startled
the world which learned of him then
into immediate and cheering atten-
tion.

Then the Easter Rising and its
consequences "pulled down a dark
curtain of eternal separation between
him and his best friends." That the
cleavage was hurtful is open to ques-
tion; certainly there is no letting off
of O'Casey's writing in the last
thirty years. *Purple Dust* is a better-
made play than his earlier ones; the
emotional effectiveness of *Red Roses*

For Me is as overwhelming—as those
who were permitted to see its brief
incarnation in New York a few sea-
sons ago may testify; and the intellec-
tual impact of *Cock-A-Dooodle Dan-
dy* is more shattering. Note that
the autobiography was written en-
tirely during the past twenty-five
years, years when O'Casey was away
from Ireland. "The better to see you,
my dear?" Perhaps.

What has changed, then? What
is missing?

The face of the adversary has
changed. The sense of the immediate,
the experienced, the sense of partici-
pation is missing. For the reader,
the listener, it is not difficult to re-
spond to the simple facts of life and
death; of bar-room threnodies; of
love and lust, and the grinding
struggle to better the lot of human-
kind. The villain is known and the
heroes are ourselves.

IT IS the lack of a personal enemy
which creates a sense of loss in the
later O'Casey work. The hierarchy
of the Catholic Church, being many,
is no one; certainly, try as he may,
O'Casey does not convince us that
he has met an adversary on the
level of personal experience; there
is none of the tumult, the war-cry,
the flashes of lightning, the flame and
thunder that colored the lively me-
moirs of the glorious days of the
Gaelic League, the Irish Brother-
hood, the Sinn Féin, the I.R.A., and
the Citizens' Army and the Volun-
teers.

O'Casey's espousal of communism,
too, seems the less personally con-
vincing the more it becomes theoret-
ically accepted. Indeed, he says him-
self: "Communism is not an inven-
tion of Marx; it is a social growth,"
and O'Casey came to his sense of
and acceptance of the Socialist roots
of communism through his growth
as a social being, through experience.
His vision of a wider, freer world
for the total development of man,
of man's infinite resources, existed
before he embraced the tenets of
modern-day communism.

But the enemy of the working
man, capitalism; and the enemy of
the free inquiring spirit of man (in
O'Casey's view), the Roman Cath-
olic hierarchy, are impersonal

True North

There is another country to the north.
How to mate language
To those mute mountains?
Even now in snow
More formidable, light,
They shine beyond my active trust.

I have it in the grasses to be quick,
Where the chipmunk jumps,
The squirrel falls from a branch
Catching himself lower down, still high;
I have it in the owl,
At nightfall calling in the hemlock boughs.

The river itself is plain to me as talk
Between the turning banks,
A dialogue of time
Eventuating seaward,
Question and answer
And graceful recognitions of the present year.

Children have no failure, always
Fending off solemnities.
What have they to do
With any darkness present in the day,
Plato and Aristotle?
Their speech is whole and free.

There is another country, though,
Up north, where that
Pure mountain violates
Susceptibilities of sense,
It lures me high and fair
Beyond these worlds that change and disappear.

RICHARD EBERHART

enemies, and his jousts with them in the latter part of his creative life are less to the death than *ad infinitum*. No matter, the record is complete, and moving in its lacks and failures as much as in its triumphs.

"To serve one's own generation is almost as much as one can do," he says near the end of *Sunset and Evening Star*. There are those who feel that he has served his genera-

tion well; and those who would accord him the satisfaction of knowing that posterity may well feel that he has served them too. Although he has recorded a long past, still at seventy-three he sends his energies into a last jaunty "hurrah!" to the future, and to the generation to come, with the sole reminder that it is "only the young who possess the world."

Ladies' Day on Parnassus

VILLA NARCISSE. By Katherine Hoskins. The Noonday Press. \$3.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF KATHLEEN RAINE. Random House. \$3.50.

LIKE A BULWARK. By Marianne Moore. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

WHILE all other poets should study simplicity, Katherine Hoskins is at her best moving with gaily elegant artificiality among sad paradoxes. Not that she pretends to be a lady-Pagliacci, but she does get at *reality* better that way, as the high points of *Villa Narcisse*—the few poems like "Excursion," "At Night It's Like a Different Planet," and "To the Patron," this last so much like Marvell yet so beautifully and personally Mrs. Hoskins' own—all show. When she deals with simplicities, we too often find ourselves pondering the obvious, learning how the busy, lecherous bee doth ravish the garish petunia, or how the girl who once lay so happily on her lover's chest, "belly on bone, knee on knee," finds herself, after marriage, a "disappointed housekeeper," or how generous the poor are and how irrecoverable or cruel is childhood. Give her some fine outlandish conceit, however, full of strained and morbid farfetchings, such as that the mind is a dull, habitually terrified rabbit on a wintry landscape, and she goes flying into the empyrean with a zeal that would be pure delight if her empyrean were a trifle sunnier.

An axle-pole revolves down sealed bearings and the climate of pain swings in. Mind's hutch dissolves, the carrots long and rose, viridian lettuces, the water, silver meshed and roofed secure. Mind, reluctant, unresistant, pricked and lured lopes away. . . .

Such delicate felicity of phrase and line goes with a mind not only fanciful and capable of subtle, sustained elaboration of a thought but also very much

engaged in life. A chief objection to these poems is that Mrs. Hoskins is less rigorous with herself than she should be. "A Dream," for instance, promises a great deal. It is charged with a guilty eroticism derived from contemplating a viciously depressing dream the speaker has endured, but is sealed off with a too facile turn at the end. "M's Story," which strikes notes as witty yet poignant as anything of Ransom's, and "The Sisters" are among the other partial successes, in which one feels the necessary last effort has not quite been made. Yet there is something durable and appealing in all these poems, and in the book as a whole: an authoritative feeling for the toughness and resilience of the materials the poet has to master. In Melville's language, may she find the "time, strength, cash, and patience" which the mastery will require.

MYSTERIOUS Kathleen Raine! She is, peace to poor John Ciardi's as yet unbroken bones, what Anne Lindbergh in another life might have become, perhaps. A kind of intellectual primitive, she is forever seeking to close in on the "still point," the radiant source and center of things. She is a mystic this side revelation, as it seems to me, with a power of concentrated incantation that very nearly overbears her essential coldness. She wants to be taken out of her own skin, and, at least once, in her "Invocation" for the making of a poem, has rendered that desire in the imagery of masochistic violence:

Let my body sweat
let snakes torment my breast
my eyes be blind, ears deaf, hands
distraught
mouth parched, uterus cut out,
belly slashed back lashed
tongue slivered into thongs of
leather
rain stones inserted in my breasts,
head severed
if only the lips may speak,
if only the god will come.

The frenzy here is rare for this poet. More characteristic is her "In the Beck," which catches the strangeness of the life-principle in a figure at once elusive and perfectly lucid:

There is a fish, that quivers in the pool,
itself a shadow, but its shadow,
clear.

Catch it again and again, it still is there.

There is charm and spontaneity enough in this conception to thaw its chill somewhat. Not so with "The Crystal Skull," whose calculated structuring has the aim of pulverizing our sense of individuality in a vision of destruction of the humanly meaningful world by "the perfection of light."

At the focus of thought there is no face,
the focus of the sun is in crystal
with no shadow.
Death of the victim is the power
of the god.

If the pain in Raine stays mainly in the brain, it is probably out of choice—because her feeling is all too strong, not too weak. "Woman to Lover" is couched objectively, in a series of metaphors rip-

Detailed, dramatic, fascinating . . .

the long-awaited story of the formative years of the Communist party in our country—the climate that fostered it, its formal founding in 1919, its cloak-and-dagger underground activities, and its final emergence as a unified legal party in the Twenties. Filled with vivid portraits of the leaders who shaped its misguided destiny, it is not only an important, fully documented work of history, but also an absorbing and frequently hair-raising narrative that helps us understand what is happening to communism throughout the world today. "An outstanding contribution to knowledge and understanding of the Communist movement in this country."—GEORGE F. KENNAN, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. Illustrated with photographs and cartoons \$6.75

**The ROOTS of
AMERICAN
COMMUNISM**

by **THEODORE DRAPER**

The first and key volume in the Fund for the Republic's study of Communism in American Life: Clinton Rossiter, General Editor.

THE VIKING PRESS
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pling out into ever wider connotations. A poem on grief, "Introspection," purges its emotions by considering the indifference into which all things die away. The poet finds it necessary to displace private emotion by such means and by striving to invoke the "peace that passeth understanding." She displaces it also through her curious nostalgia, not merely for her own irrevocable past but for that of the whole past, seen in evolutionary perspective.

I am what is not what I was.
Seas, trees, and bird, alas!
Sea, tree, and bird was I!

The infinity of perspective, the need to escape the here and pierce the "intense inane" carry their own risks: flatness, vapidity, a curious callousness that at times resembles insensitive inspirationalism, a variety of pedantry even. Miss Raine does not always avoid the pitfalls, but when she does come through it is with an indescribable grace and lightness and with the music, as she says, of

Harmonious shells that whisper for
ever in our ears,
'The world that you inhabit has not
yet been created.'

NOTHING is easier (*vide* the recent *New Yorker* profile which pictured her as the most delightful animated toy, barring the Dodgers, in Brooklyn) than to take a gourmet's view of Marianne Moore. She is "sprightly" and "spriggy"; if you like to savor plain fare exquisitely garnished and served, she will shred your radishes deftly and add a grain of pepper:

Look at Jonah embarking from
Joppa, deterred by
the whale; hard going for a
statesman whom nothing
could detain. . . .

In a shrewd, almost folksy, way she is a fellow of infinite jest, though the jests have an indomitable innocence to them, like the private jokes of families. By now, of course, it is no longer necessary to prove that there is a "good deal

On the Death of an Ordinary Man

Clichés have come and buried him
Beneath the usual grass,
As laughter waited quietly
For his small dirge to pass.

His wife was sure he had been there;
His child paused in play;
While time subsided with the sun
To lengthen yesterday.

DEATT HUDSON

more" to Miss Moore's work than fastidious and innocent audacity of wit and association. William Carlos Williams once wrote of her special modernity:

Unlike the painters the poet has not resorted to distortions or the abstract in form. Miss Moore accomplishes a like result by rapidity of movement. . . . It gives the impression of a passage through.

That was in 1931! The century has aged considerably since then, but not Miss Moore. Her "Logic and 'The Magic Flute'" might have been written to illustrate the method described by Williams; it begins with the experience of going up into the "small audience-room" of the NBC Opera Theatre to watch a colorcast performance of *The Magic Flute*:

Up winding stair,
here,where, in what theatre lost?
was I seeing a ghost—
a reminder at least
of a sunbeam or moonbeam
that has not a waist?

By hasty hop
or accomplished mishap,
the magic flute and harp
somehow confused themselves
with China's precious wentletrap.

The wentletrap is an elegant marine shell whose name derives from the German for winding staircase. The speaker is keenly aware of the analogy she has made between this beautiful creation of an unconscious organism working without anxiety or any sense of being burdened by special "fetters" and the creations of human beings under the circumstances of modern life. "You need not shoulder, need not shove," she writes—even though the performance is being given within the very precincts of the essence of modern pressure,

Near Life and Time
in their peculiar catacomb.

Outdoors the "interlacing pairs" of skaters in the Rockefeller Center ice-rink are weaving another formal pattern, again unconscious. Marianne Moore remains as alert to such resemblances without resemblances as ever, and as insistent on her own stubborn, morally tough and challenging meliorism. Woe's us, she chooses Mr. Eisenhower as the parallel symbol in our political life of the most creative pragmatic tradition—and of "Diversity, controversy; tolerance":

blessed is the author
who favors what the supercilious do not favor—
who will not comply. Blessed, the
unaccommodating man.

Ah, well, she may yet be right, and it

may be that her hero's "illuminated eye has seen the shaft that gilds the sultan's tower." If she errs in this matter, and if most Americans err with her, it is not for lack of faith in the qualities thought to inhere in the President. At least she is not too proud to be with the majority, and—as she says of Jonah—she is after all "one who would not rather die than repent." *Like A Bulwark*, indeed, is as a whole a praise of the durable in life, the richly common. Miss Moore's characterization of the rosemary may in this sense stand for the whole. This shrub, she says,

is not too legendary
to flower both as symbol and as
pungency.
Springing from stones beside the
sea,
the height of Christ when thirty-
three—
not higher. . . .

Not higher? Then we'll have to settle for the miraculous best we actually have. And looked at rightly, that's her whole point.

Rich Failure

UP-HILL ALL THE WAY. By Miriam Allen DeFord. Antioch Press. \$4.

Harvey O'Connor

IT'S A poor nation that doesn't breed a handful of Maynard Shipley's in a generation. This intense, stiff-necked agitator-scholar who never finished grammar school found it Up-Hill All The Way because he insisted on conforming only to his own conscience. His monumentally-designed works on crime and punishment and evolutionary science were never published, but his writing on those subjects won him world-wide recognition and excerpts, published in Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books, reached millions of readers. In the 1920's he attained national stature as director of the Science League of America, which led the fight on the anti-evolutionists and their Tennessee "monkey laws."

OUT of a wretched boyhood (his father's favorite punishment was to half-drown the boy in the bathtub; later he was sent to a reform school) and a poverty-wracked life (for years he made his living as a shoe clerk and then taught piano, although he had never had formal musical training) came his concern for criminal justice, for rationalism and for socialism. Half a lifetime in

HARVEY O'CONNOR is the author of *The Empire of Oil*.

THE NATION

Socialist agitation ended for him in the early 1920s when, as he saw it, the left wing became enamored of foreign ways and the right wing went "soft." He remained what we would now call a "doctrinaire" Socialist.

Maynard Shipley missed "success" a dozen times. He was about to receive the honorary degree of a university when it was discovered that he was a Social-

ist. He declined a chair in criminal law at Northwestern University because he lacked academic training. His beloved Socialist movement became bankrupt; his Science League, after the Scopes trial, became defunct. Shipley was a man cast in the uncompromising pioneer mold; this honest, revealing story by his widow is the record of a richly unsuccessful life.

icature that warms an audience like tea. Sidney is a no-good innocent with big-shot illusions, a widower and a sweet, exasperated father to his twelve-year old quiz-kid son. He runs a bankrupt Florida motel (a busy confectionery set by Boris Aronson, which revolves in an arc of thirty degrees for no particular reason) on the strength of a gaudy wardrobe and the grudging support of a successful New York brother. In this episode, brother and sister-in-law have come down to adopt the boy in exchange for a new loan. Other possibilities are suggested: a widow with a modest competence is materialized for Sidney (but there is a toothsome divorcee upstairs), something is said about a nice little five-and-dime just waiting for a sensible couple in a small New England city. The widow can cook and the divorcee takes herself off to Cuba, but we viewers know that nothing real is going to happen to threaten the sure-fire story line of Sidney and his kid running that Florida holiday flophouse.

The dialogue is a distillation of the conversation heard from the next booth in any Sixth Avenue delicatessen—extravagant, ironic, glittering with incongruity, always skirting rage or tears.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

TELEVISION writers have been doing rather well selling their used copy to Hollywood. Now Arnold Schulman has brought to Broadway a yarn he wrote originally as an air drama. *A Hole in the Head* (Plymouth), which is almost sure to be one of the spring's most amiable hits, is scarcely adapted to the

point where it hides its origin. It is a script (few people, I think, would call it a play) at once full of action and devoid of movement; it contains a series of crises but no conflict; every character is playing on the same team—lovable Sidney's team—and the final curtain means only that the time is up for this evening.

At this level of commercial entertainment, *A Hole in the Head* is a perfect achievement. Mr. Schulman writes a combination of sentimentality and car-

HAROLD CLURMAN, who is directing Tennessee Williams' Orpheus Descending, is at present out of town supervising the pre-Broadway tryouts



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March 16, 1957

The lines fairly bounce with vitality—and it is by the lines that you must judge the success of dialogue comedy.

Absolutely successful also is the production. A cast headed by Paul Douglas, with David Burns and Kay Medford as his relatives and Tommy White almost eerily on the right note as his son, moves under Garson Kanin's direction with the confidence and homogeneity of a strong repertory company. They are not playing Chekhov or O'Casey or Shakespeare—they are playing Schulman at so many yaks per minute—but on the score of matching style to content they are the equal of any fabulous enterprise you care to name.

A Hole in the Head earns your respect, and in large measure your affection, by understanding itself so thoroughly. Professionalism at a high enough level becomes its own subject matter. There is no creative life in it; in fact its perfection is a mortal danger to creation, which is never perfect. *A Hole in the Head* is so good that it is a direct threat to the future of tragedy, comedy, melodrama and even the bedroom farce. Professionalism, not vulgarity, is the gun that television holds at our head.

EVEN if the talent were available—and with the exception of Beatrice Lillie it is not available—a 1957 edition of the *Ziegfeld Follies* would be dragged under by ghosts and would die of the fact that we have known Hitler, Hiroshima, social security, loyalty probes and *Okla-homa*. It is possible to recapture the age of Marlowe, but the age of Ziegfeld is gone forever.

The show at the Winter Garden is squalid—ugly costumes, dreary sets, a ghastly false gaiety, a loud, empty score. The opening skit is based on the confusion arising from the fact that the lady is talking about her puppies and the gentleman thinks she is discussing her bobbies. This is sturdy burlesque—it has been played in every town that ever boasted a trolley car—but from that point on the humor subsides into coma.

There remains Miss Lillie. Her present appearance is a sorrow to those who love her, but like all great clowns she is seemingly ageless and her vitality does not diminish. We have been deprived too long of her acid tonic, and I can only hope that some sane producer will rescue her from this *Follies* fiasco and give her a revue of her own.

of opinion on Dulles' policy regarding American reporters in China touched off a new round of argument on "objectivity" vs. "editorializing." CBS takes the position that its newsmen are reporters whose peculiar talent is that they can present and explain the news without expressing any views on the events and personalities under consideration. Its news staff easily tops the field in ability and performance, and has won more awards than any other, but only because it consistently if furtively circumvents this network policy. Jack Gould, New York Times critic, stated the case as pertinently as anyone:

It is humanly impossible to comment on the meaning of the news without bringing some sense of personal orientation to the task. The mere evaluation of the importance of a story calls for the exercise of judgment that is bound to be fallible; indeed the most subtle and dangerous form of editorializing is not to cover a story at all.

The other networks use other devices to maintain an appearance of objectivity. "We encourage outspoken, highly personalized discussion and criticism of the world's events by our commentators," says ABC news chief John Daly, who goes on to explain: "In our spectrum system, all viewpoints, from the very conservative to the very liberal, are represented by men sincerely devoted to their beliefs." This suspiciously neat balance was greeted by huzzahs in the press. No one stopped to consider that the device is objective only if the viewer changes his newscaster from day to day, a process exactly the opposite of his known habit of picking a favorite and sticking with him. Under the ABC system the commentator's definite but unannounced bias colors the news received by his followers. It is like reading an unlabeled editorial in a paper without a name.

NBC straddles the fence. Vice President Davidson Taylor says: "A genuine effort is made to report the news objectively and accurately, and those staff members who are equipped to do so are encouraged to add illuminating and helpful comment and opinion." He explains, however, that a clear demarcation between reporting and comment is accomplished by the tone of the voice and by the use of such expressions as "this would seem to indicate," or "we understand this to mean." But I have yet to catch either of his star team of Huntley and Brinkeley using these verbal signposts, nor have I heard any change of voice to announce a switch from fact to opinion. The we-do-and-we-don't position is emphasized by pro-

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

This is the second of two articles on television news

TELEVISION'S attempt to make daily journalism one of its functions has not succeeded. Dissatisfied viewers, querulous TV critics, reluctant newscasters all attest that news has somehow missed the channel boat. A close look shows that the failure has deep causes: the pattern of the medium—which applies with fair comfort to drama, panel shows, quiz shows, and can even be stretched to accommodate documentaries, news-in-depth studies, music and opera—does not fit the cloth of journalism. The pattern requires that what appears on the home screen must entertain the viewer and that it must observe the first rule of good hucksterism—offend nobody. Journalism, on the other hand, sells news and opinion for a profit; a newspaper is held to account for the accuracy of the news and the responsibility of the opinion that it disseminates. It could hardly survive with a conception of news as being either consistently amusing or consistently neutral.

The show business attitude toward news, not only requires verbal gymnastics of its commentators, who must

weave unrelated stories into a palatable whole and at the same time make themselves felt as personalities to catch the viewer's attention, but also limits the choice of stories. Even newscasters, attending a conference on public service programming sponsored by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in Boston, last week, were shocked by News Director Bill Burns of KDKA-TV, Pittsburgh. "You can John Foster Dulles them to death," he said. "Television news can do a better job than radio or newspapers because we are also in show business, and we know how to attract the eye and ear of the viewer, and give them something interesting. How much King Saud can they take?" He illustrated his point with news film of a local lady who went out to pay rent in shortie pyjamas somewhat unbecomingly to her 250-pound figure, and of some children praying for their schoolhouse, on fire across the street.

Impartiality—the absence of an editorial page from TV news—is the other basic incompatibility. The recent slaps administered by CBS to its two top news men, Eric Sevareid and Edward R. Murrow, for their separate expressions

ducer Reuven Frank and news chief Bill McAndrew who assert in a masterful bit of doubletalk that the NBC team approach offers a grade of objectivity superior to that of "the star system of the other network because we all come out of the news discipline and are not afraid to express opinion."

Neither the star, the spectrum nor the straddle system is going to resolve the dilemma, because it is built right into the nature of TV journalism. In the reporting of news, the writer stands well in the shadow of the events he is recording. But the essence of the TV approach is that a screen personality is talking to you. If he is an interesting personality, as he must be to get anywhere at all in television, he obviously has opinions. And if at every turn he tries to conceal them, he is hoodwinking his audience.

It is high time that TV news grew up. It should stop trying to be entertainment, and start trying to be valid journalism. And what it needs to be objective and effective journalism is a frank admission that opinion is opinion. If TV hired commentators for the vigor and variety of their viewpoints, urged them to present and interpret the news according to their best convictions, allowed them to use film to back up and make vivid their impressions and did not restrict them to their present function as caption writers for news footage, it would very soon attract men of stature to add to the very few operating today. As any newspaper owner can bear witness, this procedure will bring brickbats along with cheers, but TV will have to overcome its sensitivity to criticism. Or it will have to give journalism back to the journalists.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE JUILLIARD QUARTET, when I first heard it play Schönberg and Bartock, impressed me with its excellence in every respect except tone, which was dry. In recent years the group has been playing the older repertory; and I recall being agreeably surprised by the grace, the exquisite phrasing and the beautiful integration of its recorded performances of two Mozart quartets, but noting the coarse and wiry violin sound, for which I thought Columbia's recording must be partly responsible. But at a recent concert of the Concert Society of New York I heard the group in a performance of Beethoven's Op. 132 that

March 16, 1957

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 17 through 21

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 17

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Robert Sherwood's play has been shifted from Finland, 1939, to Hungary during the recent revolt. Katherine Cornell and Charles Boyer.

KNIGHT LIFE (ABC; Johns Hopkins File 7). Feudalism and the relationship of knighthood to woman's rise as a social force, discussed by Dr. Sidney Painter, professor of mediaeval history.

THE ORIGINAL MISS CHASE (NBC; Alcoa Hour). An adaptation—and odd rechristening—of Frederick Lonsdale's *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Nanette Fabrey plays the honky-tonk singer turned socialite jewel thief.

Monday, March 18

TALES OF WELLS FARGO (NBC). First chapter of a new "adult Western series," another in a period of history that will soon be documented to death.

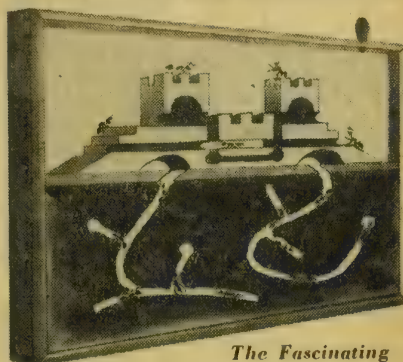
Wednesday, March 20

HEMO THE MAGNIFICENT (CBS). Second in the science series that led off with *Our Mr. Sun*, the new subject being the circulation of the blood. The same actors as before, Richard Carlson and Frank Baxter, with new cartoon characters. Produced by Frank Capra with scientific advisers

Thursday, March 21

THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTES' (CBS; Playhouse 90). Biography of

Perle Mesta. Shirley Booth, in her first dramatic appearance on TV, plays the famous hostess and extraordinary minister to Luxembourg in a 90-minute summary of Mrs. Mesta's life. A.W.L.



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3/16/57

Partita in B flat and a number of Scarlatti sonatas, Fernando Valenti demonstrated once more something that doesn't seem to be sufficiently realized: that his harpsichord playing is the finest that is now to be heard, in the way it uses the instrument and the way it imparts exciting life to the music with its sensitive inflection and powerful tensions. Anyone who is not yet acquainted with it should acquire Lyri-chord 47 with the magnificent performances of Bach's Toccatas in C minor and D and Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, or one of Valenti's Westminster records of Scarlatti sonatas. I wish only that he would use a more delicate-sounding harpsichord, like the one used by Malcolm on his London record of Scarlatti sonatas.

I was unable to hear the Smetana Quartet, the official chamber music group of the Czech Philharmonic, when it played at a concert of the Concert Society of New York; but Angel 45,000 has provided an opportunity to hear its performances of Mozart's Quartets K.421 and 428, and to discover that it plays the opening Allegros in tempos

too fast for the expressive character and effective articulation and phrasing of the music, and plays both slow and fast movements without any of the sensitiveness, fluidity and grace of the Budapest Quartet's performances of the same works on Columbia records.

Sensitiveness, fluidity, grace and marvelous beauty of blended string tone are heard in the Quartetto Italiano's playing, on Angel 45,001, in the charming little Boccherini Quartet Op. 44 No 4 (*La Tiranna Spagnola*), a lovely little Quartet in G minor by Galuppi, and a pleasant but diffuse and excessively long Quartet in G minor by Cambini. *La Tiranna Spagnola*, played by the Carmirelli Quartet, was also on London's recent LL-1454.

The performance of Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* Quartet by the Hollywood Quartet on Capitol P-8359 is very good, and would be even better if the first violin's tone retained in soft passages the tensile strength and lustre it has in loud ones. The recorded sound needs drastic reduction of treble to make it agreeable.

Two excellent performances of Mozart's Violin Sonata K.454 by Oistrakh and Yampolsky have been issued: one recorded in Russia on Monitor 2005, and a later one recorded in England on Angel 35356. The Monitor performance is reproduced acceptably, but less beautifully than the Angel: and whereas the Angel record offers in addition a dazzling performance of Tartini's fine *Devil's Trill* Sonata, the Monitor record has an unfamiliar and uninteresting Bach Sonata in C for two violins and clavier played by Oistrakh and his son Igor with Yampolsky, and an equally unfamiliar but charming little Beethoven Trio No. 9 dating from 1785, which is played delightfully by Gilels, Kogan and Rostropovitch.

Franck's Violin Sonata, one of his better pieces, gets from Lola Bobesco and Jacques Genty, on London LL-1549, one of the best performances I have heard. The record also offers Fauré's Sonata Op. 13.

Expériences Anonymes EA-0013, *English Keyboard Music*, offers on one side a large number of small pieces, some of them too short to make any effect, most of them engaging, a couple—a Pavan by Newman and Tallis' *O ye tender babes*—outstandingly beautiful. More satisfying are the long pieces on the other side: Bull's *In Nomine* (the one on EMS 236), Byrd's *Ut Re My Fa Sol La*, and—especially fine—Tomkins' *The Perpetual Round* and *Fortune My Foe*. Good playing by Paul Wolfe on an excellent-sounding harpsichord.

LOVE and FORM 1940

(Continued from page 236.)

write a better book. And so, we think, has Frank Jones. He sat down and wrote his book, and it was published in 1956 by the Acme Publishing Company of Cleveland. There we have the record in Schedule G, the proud notation: "Book Royalties, \$117.50." Again we are indebted to the explanatory text supplied by the Treasury Department for the information that the book is about "shoe merchandising"—presumably retail. Perhaps this is the beginning of a whole new career for Frank Jones. This year a book on shoe merchandising, next year—who knows?—perhaps a novel, maybe a volume of verse. After all, if Frank can just refrain from lending money to deadbeats, he and Evelyn can get by on the income from their investments. Frank, Jr., will soon be through college, and Marie ought to be getting married. If he can just manage. . . .

But wait, aren't we guilty of reading into the story what is not there? Ought we to expect a sequel in next year's edition of *Your Federal Income Tax*? Will Frank's brother take back the invalid sister's exemption? Will Jane Jones wise up to the fact that you can't live in New York on \$900 a year and demand more alimony? Will the police recover the stolen camera? Will the book on shoe merchandising go into a paper-back edition? Will the movies buy it as a starring vehicle for Ernest Borgnine? Will Evelyn give up her job and devote herself to cleaning up Frank's spelling?

Alas, friend Frank is not yet launched on a spectacular career as writer. If he's smart he'll pitch into the inventory work down at the store and keep a wary eye on the South American Development Company. Because publishing that little book on shoe selling isn't so much. Look at Schedule A, "Income from Dividends," the first item: "Acme Publishing Co. (Husband)—\$200.00." Now we see why he got his silly book into print. The rascal owns stock in the publishing company.

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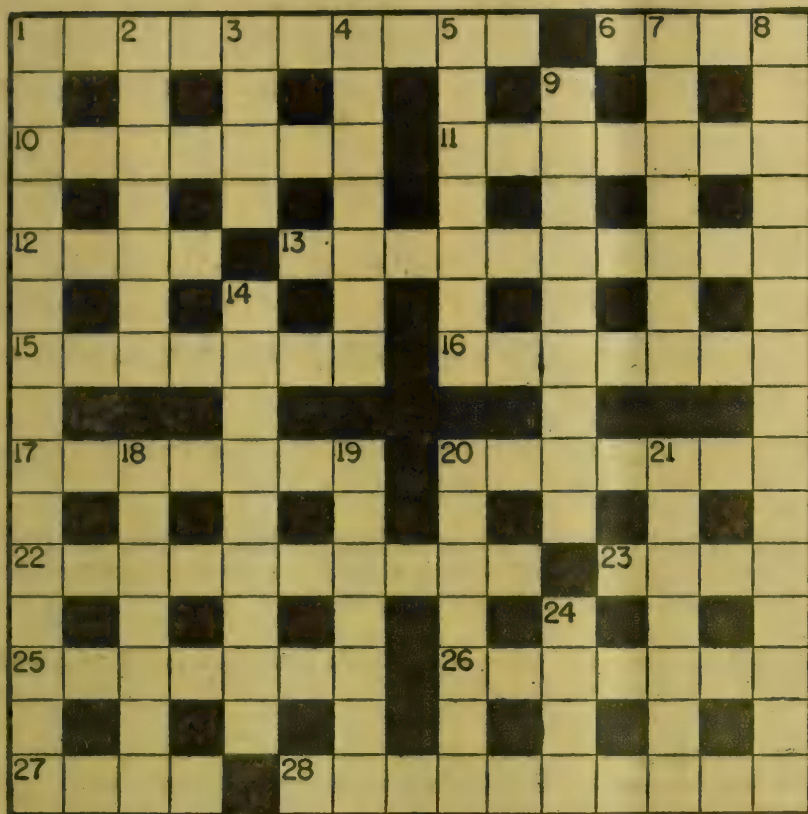
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Crossword Puzzle No. 715

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Writer who made common girls estimable. (10)
- 6, 14 down and 10 across Sometimes said by retiring persons. (3, 1, 3, 2, 4, 2, 5)
- 10 See 6 across
- 11 Rather unorthodox smoking jackets! (7)
- 12 Might more easily catch a fish than catch a crocodile. (4)
- 13 One who evidences cargo? (10)
- 15 The point in the heavens at which the paths of meteors seem to meet, when traced backward. (7)
- 16 Liquor and butter? (No wonder it's often stiffened!) (7)
- 17 Halt, in a manner of speaking. (7)
- 20 Refer to something which is not mine. (7)
- 22 Especially if the loaves are round! (5, 5)
- 23 Destructive in 1169, 1693, and 1832. (4)
- 25 Get fresh, and rush around, as the terms might be. (7)
- 26 See 3 down
- 27 Toys made in the fashion of a coach. (4)
- 28 In a distracted manner. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Be far from acclaimed, when you gather such fruit. (3, 3, 9)

- 2 Does Sal get roped like this? (7)
- 3, 26 across, and 9 down Maggie's good time. (4, 3, 3, 1, 4, 5)
- 4 Put the project in to soak, and then bury again. (7)
- 5 What the Minstrel Boy might be doing could be monotonous. (7)
- 7 A person's pitch is comparatively low, generally speaking. (3-4)
- 8 The wrong turn is taken before acquiring acumen with the agency. (15)
- 9 See 3 down
- 14 See 6 across
- 18 To state the sun rises in the infernal regions? (7)
- 19 Ask for more of the same. (7)
- 20 Foreign, but a layman is scarcely confused by it. (7)
- 21 Recited "How to make your den into something different". (7)
- 24 Pueblo indian. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 714

ACROSS: 1 UBIQUITOUS; 6 APED; 10 ELEGY; 12 NAVY BLUE; 13 ERASE; 15 RODIN; 17 DETRIMENT; 19 MISINFORM; 21 and 16 down UTER NONSENSE; 23 TRIPE; 24 DICTATED; 27 CANASTA; 28 BATHUB; 29 SURF; 30 RHINOCEROS. DOWN: 1 and 11 across USED CAR LOTS; 2 IRELAND; 3 UNITY; 4 and 24 down TICKLED TO DEATH; 5 and 18 down UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; 7 PROBATE; 8 DISSENTERS; 9 PRIE-DIEU; 14 DRUMSTICKS; 20 SPINNER; 22 TWEETER; 25 ATTIC; 26 EBBS.

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THE NATION

MARCH 23, 1957 . . 25c



THE FOREST CONSERVATION HOAX

Weldon F. Heald

LETTERS

Appraising the Appraisers

[As expected, the appraisal by sixteen college teachers of today's undergraduates, which appeared in the March 9 *Nation* under the title *The Careful Young Men*, provoked widespread and varied reader response. Here is a first sampling; additional letters will be published in future issues.—Ed.]

Dear Sirs: I detected three things the teachers observed in common: (1) the undergraduate generation has no gurus; (2) it has substituted criticism in lieu of creativity; (3) it lacks enthusiasm. If this summation is correct—and I sadly believe this to be the case—then instead of pointing a finger at the undergraduate generation, I think we ought to direct our scrutiny directly upon the teachers responsible. Surely much fault lies in the disinterest of those teachers more concerned with their personal prestige than in teaching and inspiring their students.

LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY

San Francisco

Dear Sirs: As I read Professor Baker's description of the Princeton undergraduate, I began to wonder if I was on the same campus. The number of "individualists and independents" who "basically...want to understand" and who are ready to follow a "seeker-after-truth...no matter into what labelled camp the pusuit may lead him" is vanishingly small. The Princeton student may as a reflection of his assigned reading "be too busy reading and thinking about older thinkers and writers to pay extensive heed to the newest ones," but not from choice. The "wait and see" attitude is waiting to see which way the wind blows, *à la* Nixon; not a sign of mature balance and caution.

Baker's list of student comments on the "wise old men" illustrates the purpose of higher education, i.e. to provide gambits for cocktail party conversations. The comment on Freud sums it up completely ("too influential to avoid"). One reads authors because they are influential (likely to come up in conversation) and avoids them if possible. The list is unrepresentative only in that most students can produce more sophisticated comments.

This could better be described as another "Age of the Courtiers." Instead of King's men, these are company men. They are gentlemen of liberal (but not profound) knowledge, who give offense to no one, and whose loyalties go to the

highest bidder. Conformity (euphemistically termed "learning to get along") is practiced as a high art, with the rewards going to the most graceful chameleon. Call it the exercise of "tact" and they will admit it with enthusiasm.

Above all the Princeton student is not critical. He doesn't want to think, to understand, to decide. He wants to "get his share" with the minimum of effort. He wants to be briefed on the "key" facts for the examination. After the examination he speaks of the successful "snow-job." He believes he has deceived his teachers into believing he is a scholar, when he is only a gentleman. In the case of Professor Baker and *The Nation* editorial writer, apparently he has.

ANTHONY B. ANDERSON
Princeton '59

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: I must take issue with your editorial comments (The Shock of Recognition) concerning the symposium on *The Careful Young Men*. Certainly it gave me no feeling of pleasure or security that these "brain-washed" cashmere-coated minds will be our leaders in the next twenty years. I would prefer the whiskey-soaked, racoon-wrapped escapists of the twenties or the aggressive, volcanic, inquiring radicals of the thirties to these dry, cautious, conforming collegians without standards other than the shibboleths prepared by Madison Avenue and Young Republican Leagues.

I agree that we as parents may not have set the proper standards. But is that all? Or does the situation stem mostly from the lack of morality in the conduct of our national affairs, from the retreat of our so-called intellectuals during the inquisitions and *auto da fe's*, of the forties, from the lack of an honest, indignant and righteous people who have been afraid to stand up and be counted?

The sins of the fathers? They deserve these ivy-league robots. I'm glad I'm forty and part of another generation.

E. H. WISE

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* which presented the symposium on *The Careful Young Man* is one of the most interesting I have ever read. Congratulations. But I have one quarrel with you. Why did you not include at least one report from an all-girls' college? Sweet Briar, Smith, Connecticut, Bryn Mawr, Mills—I wonder what their story would have been?

ERICA STRAUSS

Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs: To read your distinguished list of English professors [*The Careful Young Men: Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers*, *The Nation*, March 9], one would think that departments of psychology, sociology, anthropology, geography and politics didn't ex-

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EDITORIALS

The American Stake in Gomulka

Washington

Listening to some of the State Department officials, one gets the impression that the Eisenhower Administration is trying to kill Gomulka's Poland with kindness. These U. S. authorities have been explaining privately that to grant Poland assistance on a large scale would seriously compromise the Polish regime in Moscow. It follows, they say, that if the United States gives the Poles only a fraction of what they are asking, they will be immune to Soviet suspicion of falling under American influence.

This papa-knows-best attitude makes very little sense to the Poles. Warsaw would never have sent a delegation to Washington to negotiate the purchase of American agricultural and industrial products if it didn't believe such a deal was in Poland's interest.

On February 26 the five-man Polish mission began its important discussions at the State Department. The Poles presented their shopping list, amounting to some \$300 million worth of goods they want to buy on credit. However, outside the conference room, the Poles were told they could expect no more than thirty to forty millions in wheat, cotton and cattle feed. If the United States were to let the mission return home with only one-tenth of its needs fulfilled, we would in effect be telling the Polish people that:

1. The Stalinists are right; the Poles should look only to Moscow and drop the nonsense of hoping for consideration from the West.

2. The United States, while contributing millions of dollars to assist ex-enemies like Germany, lacks the will or the means to proffer substantial aid to a Poland which is struggling to attain a modicum of independence from the Kremlin.

3. Scant notice need be paid to Americans of Polish origin, whose newspapers have generally been urging U. S. help for Gomulka's Poland.

4. Poland is eligible for American aid only on a small scale even if this may create more problems than it would solve for the Gomulka government. For limited assistance, while failing to improve living conditions in Poland, would enable the Stalinist foes of Gomulka to exploit the modest scope of America's contribution.

As this is written, the Polish delegation is having a difficult time. However, the last word has not yet been spoken. There are certain Americans—and Christian

Herter, the new Under-Secretary of State, is said to be one—who realize that the United States' stake in reaching an understanding with Poland should take precedence over obsolete legalisms and—in this case—an equally obsolete cold-war psychology.

Mr. Justice Whittaker

The promotions of Charles Evans Whittaker, newly appointed to the United States Supreme Court, have been so rapid that it is hardly fair to say that he has had "judicial experience." As he himself has remarked, "It looks like I can't hold a job." Justice Whittaker put in only two years on the federal District Court and just a couple of months on the Court of Appeals. During this brief service, he handed down few interesting or significant decisions; one of them, however, is worth noting. The case involved Dr. Horace Davis, a professor of economics in a local tax-supported institution. Dr. Davis had been summoned before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee to testify on "subversive influences in the educational system," and had declined to answer certain questions on the ground of possible self-incrimination. Davis could not be punished by the Senate but, when he refused to answer the same questions put to him by the trustees of his institution, he was dismissed from the faculty. Justice Whittaker had to decide if Davis' failure to answer the questions constituted "adequate cause" for dismissal. Not content with ruling in favor of the trustees, he went on to say that they would have been derelict in their duty if they had not asked the questions and, having asked them, in not having dismissed Davis for his refusal to respond. Justice Whittaker's decision contrasts sharply with the spirit of the Supreme Court's decision in the Slochower case, which was decided by a 5-to-4 vote. In this case, Dr. Harry Slochower was dismissed by Brooklyn College for refusing to answer similar questions put by the same Senate subcommittee. The Supreme Court, in an opinion by Justice Clark, ordered him reinstated. Only two of the dissenters in the Slochower case—Justices Burton and Harlan—are still on the court.

But it is too soon to say that the minority in the Slochower case has been enlarged by the accession of Mr. Justice Whittaker. Less likely nominees have not hesitated to reject their own worst decisions once they have listened to their colleagues on the Supreme Court.

The Wish and the Reality

Niels Bohr is the first winner of the \$75,000 Atoms for Peace Award, established in 1955 by the Ford Motor Company Fund. The news stories announcing this new honor to a great scientist recall that he is one of the founders of modern atomic theory and one of the men immediately responsible for producing the atom bomb at Los Alamos. They do not say what he has done to associate the atom with world peace.

Peace is not a scientific problem, yet Dr. Bohr has done what, as a distinguished and humane world citizen, he could do. He has spoken and written widely on the subject; has warned us repeatedly, and with all the force of his great knowledge, of the consequences of nuclear irresponsibility. Having done so much, we wish he had refused the award. The real purpose of this gift is to make us think that significant progress is being made toward disarming the atom and turning it into an implement of peace. Dr. Bohr had the opportunity to warn humanity that neither he, nor anyone else, is making such progress, and to label the award for what it is—\$75,000 worth of wishful thinking.

Sneering, Snide, Smart, Smug

As Val Peterson, Civil Defense Administrator, was testifying before a House Government Operations subcommittee on February 18, his attention was directed to press comment urging him to give favorable consideration to a nation-wide shelter program. "When I see comment," he said, "which starts out with the sneering, snide, smart, smug approach, I think the writer has not looked the problem squarely in the face." In an article in *The Nation* of February 9, the tone of which was anything but sneering, snide, smart or smug, Gene Marine, our West Coast correspondent, pointed out that "fallout has now made shelter, not evacuation" the only mode of protection. In the same article, Mr. Marine called attention to the fact that the Civil Defense Administrator had never requested shelter funds, had described shelters as "death traps" and "burial grounds" and had said that a shelter program would "bankrupt" the nation. But on March 12, Mr. Peterson was finally forced to concede that shelters might save 60 per cent of the population of a big city subject to a surprise nuclear attack; without shelters 98 per cent might be killed. The confession makes his previous comments sound a bit smug if not sneering, snide or smart.

While Mr. Peterson now states that he "believes in shelters," he persists in grossly exaggerating the cost of a shelter program. Experts have assured the House Appropriations subcommittee that a nation-wide program could be constructed for \$16 billion; one expert placed the figure as low as \$7.5 billion. But Mr. Peterson has come up with an estimate of \$32 billion.

To this "snide" journal, it would appear that the Civil Defense Administrator should be more concerned with estimated casualties than with doubling the cost estimates of experts by way of discouraging Congressional action on a shelter program.

The Germans Aren't Hurrying

Washington

However abnormal, the partition of Germany seems increasingly likely to continue for an indefinite period. Three recent West German visitors here have strengthened the impression that unification of their country has been deposited in the deep freeze.

The government of Konrad Adenauer has become an opponent of any early Western initiative to reunify Germany. At the same time the Chancellor's principal opposition, the Social Democratic Party, has lately defined its attitude in a manner which also appears to defer unification to some misty future.

General elections in the Federal Republic are less than six months away. As the campaign unrolls, every German politician will continue to avow his iron determination to put an end to the fatherland's division. But the iron is clearly rusting.

Russia dreads the specter of a unified Germany all the more as West Germany's rearmament hits its stride. By the end of this year there will be some 135,000 German troops in the field, trained to use atomic weapons. Britain's decision to withdraw more than half of its 80,000-man garrison from Germany will speed the expansion of the new German army and air force. Meanwhile, last autumn's events in Hungary dispelled whatever illusions existed concerning the Soviets' willingness to renounce their Eastern Europe *glacis*. In the jet-bomber and nuclear-missile era, the strategic value of a buffer strip 200 to 300 miles wide is doubtful. However, emphasis has switched to the worth of this area for radar warning.

The three influential German politicians who came to Washington in the past few weeks were Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano; Kurt Riesinger, the chairman of the Bundestag's foreign affairs committee; and Erich Ollenhauer, leader of the German Social Democratic Party. All three agreed at least on this: a violent attempt to overthrow the Communist regime in East Germany would be a catastrophe. Without Western intervention such an upheaval would go down to bloody defeat under Russian fire; with Western intervention, the outbreak of World War III would be imminent.

Brentano and Riesinger found U. S. leaders sharing the view that another Big Four conference on German unification would almost certainly fail. They are understood to have told President Eisenhower and others that such a meeting would merely retard the already

remote prospect for ending German partition. In this, both men were echoing the ideas of their chief, Adenauer, who has accepted an invitation from President Eisenhower to visit here in late May.

The third of the recent German travellers, Ollenhauer, revealed that the Social Democrats, unlike their Christian Democratic rivals, favor a certain amount of Western initiative. But he dismissed the notion that the German Socialists were prepared to quit NATO and neutralize Germany in a bid for Soviet assent to unification. His party contemplates a maneuver infinitely more complex, and one much less agreeable

to the Russians. The German Socialists, Ollenhauer said, are prepared to take their country out of the Atlantic alliance only if—and when—the USSR and the West (meaning the United States) can agree on a new security system for Europe. The security system would have to be *in being* before the Germans would leave NATO, so that no interim vacuum would exist. Ollenhauer holds, moreover, that Germany would still have to be rearmed as a partner in the proposed security bloc.

Thus the Christian Democratic and Social Democratic programs leave German unification just where it has been: at the end of the rainbow.

SUEZ: The Indispensable Ditch . . by John S. Tompkins

AS EGYPT'S President Nasser drags his feet in what appears to be a semi-permanent Suez Canal crisis, more and more talk is heard about eliminating it as a vital waterway with fleets of supertankers and pipelines through non-Arab-bloc countries. On paper the ideas are convincing. Not only does by-passing Suez seem economically and militarily sound, but the emotional satisfaction of having Nasser wind up with a ditch through the desert that no one wants to use is attractive.

The only trouble is that it's not likely to happen in the foreseeable future, and a careful examination of the problems involved makes it fairly obvious that much of this kind of talk represents attempts to frighten Nasser into letting us run the canal our way—or wishful thinking in case he doesn't.

The uncomfortable fact of the matter is that because of the fast-rising world demand for oil and the less urgent but still increasing level of international trade, the world needs Suez and will find it cheaper to pay almost any price to use the canal than to try to get along without it. This is not to say that we couldn't get along, for we have been since last November, but economically the only justification for the expense of doing so over any long period would be war.

JOHN S. TOMPKINS is a financial reporter for the New York Times.

March 23, 1957

Even with American financing, the re-routing of world trade for an unknown length of time just to topple Nasser from power would be as difficult to defend politically as economically. Indeed, it's a fairly safe bet that if Nasser were to abandon his horse-trading tactics and become completely intractable (a thing he's probably not stupid enough to do) public opinion in this country might very well swing over to the Eden position that only bombers and battleships will keep the canal open.

THE ARGUMENT for by-passing Suez with supertankers is based on some realistic economic comparisons. The standard T-2 tanker, of which we built some 525 during World War II, is a 16,200-ton ship capable of hauling about 140,000 barrels of oil at fifteen knots with a crew of forty. The 30,000-ton to 45,000-ton supertanker, the most popular size presently under construction in shipyards all over the world, can carry from 280,000 barrels to 420,000 barrels of crude at slightly higher speeds and with only ten more crew members.

Up to a point, the per-ton cost of building tankers declines the bigger they get. Thus the cost of a 45,000-ton vessel was recently about 12½ per cent less per ton than the cost of a 32,000-tonner. This would make it possible to build two of the bigger ships carrying as much oil as three of the smaller ones for 20 per cent

less money. The recently-launched 46,000-ton *World Beauty* cost about \$11 million, or \$245 a ton, to build. A 32,000-ton ship would have cost only about \$2 million less, though the bigger tanker carries 50 per cent more oil.

The reasons for the big differences in carrying capacity and small cost differentials lie in the fact that a very small increase in overall hull size greatly increases capacity and the power plants of the two ships are often identical. Ships of this size can be run for only about half again what a wartime T-2 costs to operate, though they haul two or three times as much oil.

The economics of this size tanker were apparent even before the Middle Eastern crisis. At that time, the 45,000-ton tanker was considered the most practical top limit because it was the biggest the Suez Canal could accommodate. There were bigger ships on the drawing boards, but they were (and still are) considered exceptional.

Indeed, a tanker building boom was in full swing before the closing of the canal. The world demand for oil had been rising so fast since the war that though the tanker fleet has doubled since 1940 to over forty million tons, a 50 per cent increase was already on order when the Suez crisis came along and many foreign shipyards were booked up four to eight years ahead. Some estimates made at the time figured another 50 per

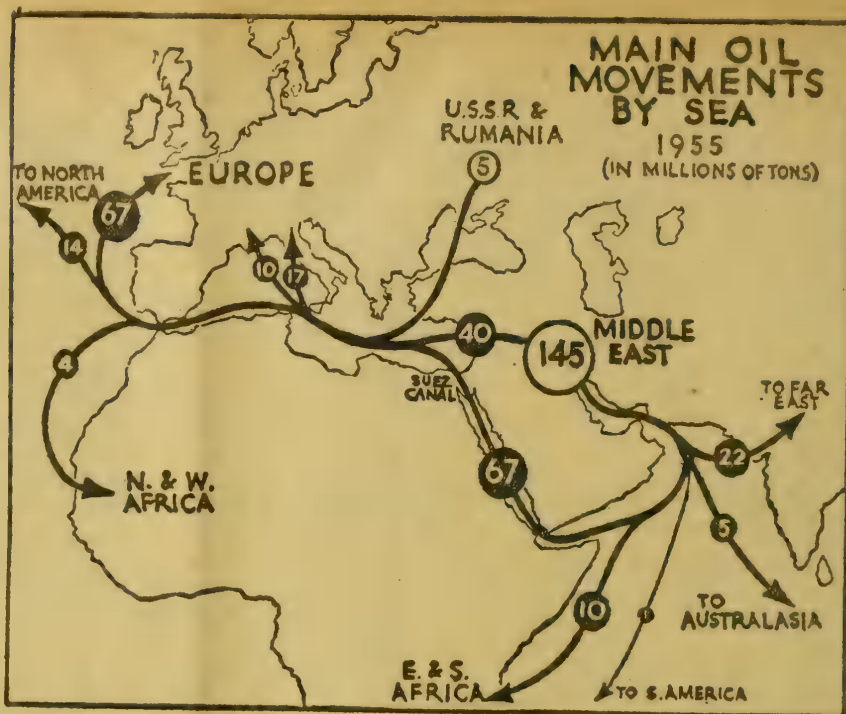
cent rise, to about 100 million tons, would have to come by 1975.

Consumption of oil in Europe has been increasing at about 10 per cent a year and pre-Suez projections were that the daily crude output of the Middle East would rise from a 1956 level of 3.5 million barrels a day to 4.8 million by 1960 and 8.3 million by 1965. What amounted to a "crash" program of tanker building was necessary just to keep up with the expected demand, and this was predicated not only on the continued use of the canal, but also the various projects being planned to widen and deepen it.

If Suez is no longer to figure in our plans, the task ahead is prodigious. For the present canal was fast becoming a bottleneck before it was closed. Some estimates were that another five or six years would have produced a transportation crisis at Suez even allowing for the *Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez* modernization plans. The pre-crisis normal daily traffic of oil was about 1.2 million to 1.5 million barrels, or some eight to ten T-2 tanker loads. The reason for this relatively small number of ships was, of course, that unlike Panama, the Suez is mainly a one-way canal, with ships able to pass each other only at three points in the 105-mile distance.

THE 820,000-odd barrels of crude that went to Europe each day from the Middle East (before the crisis) flowed through Arab-controlled pipelines. Some 500,000 barrels of this traffic was shut off with the blowing up of the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline by the Syrian army. In order to close the gap between the 300,000 barrels a day now going to Europe directly from the Middle East and the earlier amount, the United States has stepped up shipments and Latin American oil has been diverted.

To eliminate the canal permanently, it has been estimated that an armada of tankers totaling some eighteen million tons—or almost half the present world fleet and equal to the tonnage now being built and on order—would have to be constructed to maintain a daily average



Of the Middle East's total oil production of 145 million tons in 1955, sixty-seven million tons moved through the Suez Canal.

flow around the Cape of Good Hope approximating what's been lost by its closing. This does not include the sabotaged pipeline or take into account larger future demands.

The magnitude of such a task is fantastic. To impose such a project, involving as it does hard-to-get steel and other materials, on top of the present boom would seem impossible except in a war emergency. For not only are all American shipyards booked up almost as tightly as those abroad for years to come, but a phenomenon known as "block obsolescence" is coming along to complicate things even more. What it means is that much of today's tanker fleet is over ten years old, and with the useful life of a tanker not over twenty years (and often less), most of the present fleet will have to be replaced by 1965 or 1970.

Several "safe" pipelines across Iraq and through Turkey to the Mediterranean are being talked about. But little has been done except for Israel's tiny 8-inch, 50,000-barrel per day pipeline from Elath on the Gulf of Aqaba to Beersheba. This line is designed only to provide oil for in-

ternal consumption, but when and if free navigation on the gulf is assured, a 32-inch pipe is planned, with French backing, from Elath to Tel Aviv. This line would still only carry about 300,000 barrels a day. And this or any other pipeline would take at least a couple of years.

Though pipelines by-passing the sensitive areas would seem to offer the most promise, more people have been thrilled by the recently-announced plans to build supertankers of the 80,000 to 100,000-ton size. Originally designed to ply between the Persian Gulf and West Coast ports of the United States, these huge ships are now looked on as the core of an around-the-Cape oil traffic to Europe.

The biggest tanker now afloat is the 84,730-ton *Universe Leader*, launched last fall in Japan for Daniel K. Ludwig's National Bulk Carriers concern. Four 100,000-ton and over ships have been announced, but the first one won't be finished until mid-1959 at the earliest. Too big for either the Suez or Panama as well as for most of the world's harbors, tankers of this class seem

to create more problems than they solve. All of these giants are being built for the independent Greeks who make their money chartering tankers to oil companies that would rather not tie up money in ships anyway. The biggest, a 106,500-tonner, is being built by Bethlehem Steel Company for Stavros S. Niarchos at an estimated \$25 million. Two 100,000-ton tankers have been ordered by Aristotle S. Onassis, brother-in-law of Niarchos, and a fourth 100,000-ton ship is to be built in Japan for Mr. Ludwig.

The economics of these tankers apply as to the smaller tankers, only more so. Able to haul six times as much oil as the old T-2—about 820,000 to 830,000 barrels—they only need half again as big a crew and a power plant in similar proportion. Their problems stem from the fact that few ports in the world, in-

cluding the Middle East itself, are capable of handling them. In most places they have to be loaded and unloaded with the help of costly underwater pipelines, or by transfer of the oil on smaller tankers or barges, an operation which partly negates the speed advantage. Construction of such giant ships is also a problem, since there are very few yards in the world big enough to handle them. They are roughly the size of the Queen Elizabeth, the largest liner afloat.

All of the foregoing ignores the problem of the dry cargo vessel, the passenger ship, the ore carrier and naval craft. For a tanker to sail 12,000 miles from New York to Kuwait around the Cape may add \$2 a ton to the cost of hauling oil compared with the 8,400-mile Suez route. In a product in as great demand as oil, this added cost is in-

significant and could even be subsidized, but in the world interchange of raw materials and manufactured goods, many a trade line would be permanently thrown out of kilter by such an added tariff. For some countries elimination of Suez would move the time factor in water transportation back a quarter century.

The best solution would seem to lie in the canal itself. If the whole question of its free operation can be resolved and the plans of the company for modernizing it put into effect, it can and should resume its place as a strategic waterway. If someone is willing to invest only a part of the money that would be needed to eliminate it with tankers, an old plan to duplicate the present canal with a parallel ditch could be put into effect and both canals could be made big enough to accommodate our largest supertankers.

The Forest Conservation Hoax . . . by Weldon F. Heald

UP IN THE Pacific Northwest, where Timber is King, there is current an all-powerful, all-embracing, all-comforting shibboleth: *Sustained Yield*.

I understand that Western Oregonians or Washingtonians greet each other with a hearty "Sustained Yield!" instead of "Good Morning." I have heard, too, that natives of these states, passing a logging operation in which giant five-hundred-year-old Douglas firs are crashing to the ground like tenpins, make a sign exorcizing the devils and mutter "Sustained Yield" five times in rapid succession before they hurry on.

In fact, those two words have become a magic formula that solves all problems, heals every ill and assures a prosperous, rosy future. It is to the good people of our North Pacific slope what *Om mani padme*

hum is to the Tibetan Buddhists or *Abracadabra* was to the Gnostics of the sect of Basilides.

No wonder. For sustained yield is a term magnificent in its sweeping simplicity. It is the answer, and the only answer, to the dilemma of our fast-vanishing forests. It means that through wise forestry practices a balance could be reached whereby the growth of our forests each year would equal the annual cut. Through sustained yield a wood-hungry America could be assured of a continuous supply of lumber.

But we are far from this blissful state today. On paper, timber growth and cutting are about equal, but the United States Forest Service estimates that actual sawtimber cut, plus the amount destroyed by fire, disease and pests each year, is 50 per cent more than the total annual growth. Furthermore, we are cutting the most important classes of timber 1½ to 2 times faster than nature can replace them. By 1950 the total yearly drain on our wood supply from all causes reached an almost incredible fifty-four billion board

feet, while replacement growth stood at thirty-six billion board feet. At this rate the United States will be without timber in a century.

Particularly concerned over the future are the people of the Douglas fir region of Oregon and Washington. Called "The Nation's Woodlot," the western portions of these states contain a third of all the remaining sawtimber in the country. Lumber production in the area has increased 50 per cent in the last decade, and tin-hatted woodsmen are now taking out more than twelve billion board feet of logs a year. Lumbering has become a two-billion-dollar industry employing 175,000 workers; it is the backbone of the economy for a couple of million people. So the rapid application of a comprehensive program of sustained-yield cutting will make the difference between the future growth of the region or its stagnation and decline.

Originally the Pacific slope, from the California line to the Canadian border, was covered with an almost continuous coniferous forest 450

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miles long and 100 miles wide. It contained, so they say, 1.4 trillion board feet of timber. The trees were giants of their kind and constituted the world's largest and heaviest stand. Millions upon millions of mature firs, hemlocks, cedars and spruces grew to heights of 150 to 300 feet, with trunk diameters of 10, 15 or 20 feet. But dominating them all was the gigantic Douglas fir, one of nature's most generous gifts to man. Actually no fir at all, it is classified by botanists as a false hemlock and called Oregon pine by lumbermen. By whatever name you call it, this prolific, fast-growing species is our most valuable timber tree and has from the very beginning played the leading role in the dramatic story of lumbering in the Pacific Northwest. Today virgin and second-growth Douglas fir accounts for more than 60 per cent of the region's standing timber.

In the past century nearly three-quarters of this once magnificent forest has been cut and a thousand whining sawmills are now devouring 260,000 additional acres annually. About 8,250,000 acres remain, but experts estimate that the virgin stands will be gone in less than fifty years. What then? Will the Pacific Northwest be through as a lumber producer around the year 2,000 A.D.? By no means, say the lumbermen and their foresters. With slide rules, calculating machines, electronic brains and cabalistic formulas, they have brought forth a mass of bewildering and often conflicting statistics, all exuding boundless optimism.

FIRST CAME the surprising announcement that there is more timber in the Douglas fir region today than twenty years ago. No, there are not more trees; actually sawtimber has decreased one-third since 1933. But a new inventory conducted by the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station upped the total almost 40 per cent by counting all trees over eleven inches in diameter instead of the previously accepted fifteen inches. This amazing piece of mathematical legerdemain raised sawtimber volume in the Douglas fir region from

around 430 to 595 billion board feet.

Next came heart-warming figures purporting to prove that the faster the old forests are cut the more timber there will be in the future. This paradoxical conclusion is drawn from the undeniable fact that young Douglas firs grow rapidly, while mature stands grow little or not at all. The slow-up point is reached at about 160 years. So, as the old static forests are cleared, they will be replaced by fast-growing new stands capable of growing from thirteen to twenty billion board feet a year. The first figure is obtained by assuming the average annual growing rate to be 500 board feet per acre, plus the assumption that the region has twenty-six million acres capable of growing timber; the second is a more esoteric estimate of Burt T. Kirkland, American Forestry Association authority. Another forest engineer, W. D. Hagenstein of the Industrial Forestry Association, has even compiled a table which projects future timber consumption and supply to the year 2025 A.D. According to his figures, the region will continue to cut trees faster than they grow for the next fifty years; but after that—between 2005 and 2010 A.D.—a breakeven point will be reached when annual growth will catch up with the cut. Thereafter a sustained-yield balance will be achieved between yearly cut and replacement that will presumably endure through eternity.

That the quality of this second-growth timber will be very low compared to the present mature stands is not stressed in these calculations. Although most of our higher quality and specialty-type lumber comes from old-growth forests, the industry terms the virgin stands "decadent trees" that should be cleaned out as rapidly as possible.

So, the impression given by foresters of both private industry and public agencies is one of confidence and assurance. The cheering news came just in time for the inhabitants of western Oregon and Washington. In a region based upon a lumber economy, people were becoming uneasy; their forests are being devastated nearly three times as fast as nature can restore them. Every-

where, timberlands are being exhausted, sawmills abandoned and once thriving lumber towns deserted and rotting amidst the stumps. The citizens of the self-styled Evergreen Empire could see only more of the same ahead until their Number One industry came to a dead stop when the last giant Douglas fir crashed to the ground.

Now, as if by magic, all this pessimism has been swept away. The ever-beneficent and cooperative Douglas fir, it seems, has caught on to the idea of sustained yield. Not only that: it has promised, on a stack of sawdust, that the faster it is cut the better it will perform. So the old wrong has become the new right; the former recklessness the future wisdom; the wastefulness of today the only salvation. It is an unbeatable formula—at least for those in the lumber business.

BUT HOW much faith can we put in this barrage of buoyant propaganda? Alas, very little. Every figure is hedged by unspoken *ifs*, *ands* and *buts*; each statement is loaded with unexpressed exceptions and conditions; no allowances are made for errors, or even contingencies; and the number of assumptions gratuitously made is appalling.

For example, Mr. Hagenstein's "breakeven point," principal basis for possible future sustained yield, is predicated on an annual cut of 8.1 billion board feet. However, the region has already exceeded that amount by fifty per cent and the outlook is for an accelerated upward trend to the end of the century. Another weakness in these optimistic predictions is the emphasis placed on maximum potential yield of the Douglas fir country, while glossing over the many factors that are now working to prevent its attainment. At present forty-five per cent of the total forest area is growing a new crop of trees at the rate of some four billion board feet a year. The maximum yield, which can be developed only under ideal conditions, is more than twice that area growing three to five times that volume of wood. Yet today 30 per cent of the western Oregon cut—2.4 billion board feet—is already in second-growth

timber, and raids are increasingly being made on immature stands forty to seventy years old. Inasmuch as these young trees comprise a fifteenth to a half of the volume of timber in mature forests 120 years old and over, it can be readily seen that present-day lumbering practices are robbing the future of billions of board feet. These are far from the necessary ideal conditions to develop the maximum potential.

What is actually happening is somewhat masked by statistics for annual growth. Although the figures simply indicate an increment of new wood added each year to all trees, from saplings to veterans, the new generation of slide-rule foresters treats annual growth as if it were an available mature forest ready for logging. Unfortunately, however, there is no known method of harvesting timber from an increment. In fact, it is conceivable that the Douglas fir country might reach a point when near-maximum annual growth was achieved, yet faced a serious shortage because practically no trees were left large enough to produce timber. For by far the greater part of the cutting on private lands is still done wastefully and without regard to future crops. As late as 1945, a United States Forest Service survey showed that cutting practices were rated good on only 5 per cent of all privately-owned Western timberlands; 34 per cent were rated as fair; a full 50 per cent were poor; 11 per cent, destructive. Some improvement has probably been made in the last decade. But if so, it has not eased the situation in the Pacific Northwest, where the excess of cutting over growth is much greater today than it was ten years ago. The grim and tragic truth is that even under the most favorable forestry practices only 43 per cent by volume of all commercial timber cut each year ends up in useful services. Over half, 57 per cent, is wasted between stump and consumer.

This gloomy Pacific Northwest forest picture is relieved by several bright spots. There is a growing consciousness among the more responsible lumbermen of the necessity for good forestry practices. As a re-

sult, remarkable progress has been made in recent years by the larger timber operators in fire protection, pest control, harvesting by block-cutting and area selection, research in wood utilization, elimination of waste and tree "farming." Pioneered by the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, the tree-farm movement has grown rapidly and 4,250,000 acres, or 37 per cent, of the industrially-owned Pacific Northwest timberlands are now managed as perpetual forest crops. True, these figures are not quite as impressive as they first appear, since only 45 per cent, or under 2,000,000 acres, are actually growing saleable timber today. Moreover, the entire project is purely voluntary; it could fall apart in case of an economic pinch. Nevertheless, tree farming is without a doubt the most important step taken by private operators in forest conservation.

Encouraging, too, is the fact that the more enlightened leaders of the lumber industry have pledged themselves to a creed of sound forestry. If translated into action at once, these brave resolutions would go far towards furthering an adequate forest program on a regional and national basis. But unfortunately the gap between good intentions and actual performance is wide and we may not have time to bridge it before the disaster of a timber famine overwhelms us.

A RECENT survey blasts the Pacific Northwest lumbermen's complacent propaganda sky high. The 1,000-page study cost a million dollars and required three years of work; it was prepared by federal and state foresters, forest industries and public and private organizations. We learn from

it that the country is nowhere near as rich in forest resources as we had supposed. The report predicts that the nation's timber requirements will be so great by the end of the century that forest growth will have to be *increased from 70 to 120 per cent* to keep pace. Richard E. McArdle, chief of the United States Forest Service, has expressed fear of a national lumber shortage by 2,000 A. D. "Whether there is time enough to gear up to levels of future demand," he stated, "and yet meet increasing needs in the meantime, is a pretty debatable point."

Most of the answers to our problems are known. They might be summarized as:

1. Better forest protection against fire and pests.
2. More intensive tree cultivation.
3. Increased wood utilization and elimination of waste.
4. Selective cutting on a rotation basis or—the Pacific Northwest equivalent—block cutting.
5. Logging geared to actual *replacement* of sawtimber, not to the total annual increment of wood.

IMMEDIATE application of these practices would probably pull the United States through the impending crisis. But manipulated figures promising possible timber balance a half century hence, self-congratulatory articles in the big magazines and lavish advertisements by large operators patting the lumber industry on the back are dangerously misleading. They give the public the impression that our timber problems are solved—a direct perversion of the facts contained in the combined survey.

Sustained-yield cutting in our forests *now* is the only way to keep



the United States in the lumber business. The fact that one-third of the nation's timber comes from the Pacific Northwest Douglas fir country makes that region's business our business. All of us who vote should be heard from. The situation is grave enough to require the closing of the national forests to further logging

until the entire lumber industry adopts adequate forestry practices, perhaps with the help of greatly increased federal cooperation and financial aid. Although drastic, such a step would at least preserve a huge reservoir of publicly-owned timber to carry the country through a lumber shortage. Then, with new grow-

ing tree crops and a fully developed sustained-yield program, the lumber industry could gradually take over the major part of the job once more.

But as things stand now, I would not want to place too large a bet on a balanced timber budget in our time.

TEAMSTERS' NEW BOSS? . . by *Richard Rose*

St. Louis, Mo.

POWER IS WHAT Teamsters' leader Harold J. Gibbons respects. Power is ambiguous; so is Harold Gibbons. Power can serve personal ends or broad ideals and it can work in straight or devious ways, or both; so can Harold Gibbons. Morality finishes a confused second place to power in the scale of values of this St. Louis labor chief. With Teamsters morality and Teamsters power filling the national headlines, Gibbons is a man to watch. As chief lieutenant of Jimmy Hoffa, who was arrested last week by the FBI charged with attempting to bribe a Senate staff aide, Gibbons is in line for the leadership of the 1,400,000-member union—as soon as Dave Beck steps out.

Gibbons has used his knowledge of power to make Teamsters Local 688 in St. Louis a showplace of trade unionism visited by many foreign union leaders touring the United States. For twelve years the local has operated its own Labor Health Institute, a \$1,000,000-a-year agency giving members and their families everything from annual check-ups to psychiatric care. A community-action program has turned the union into a potent political force on the ward level as well as supplying financial and legal support for unpopular liberal causes. Gibbons has been years ahead of many union leaders here in standing firm against racial discrimination. His staff—recruited from Harvard, Stanford, Chicago, Oxford and the streets—has

worked out contracts that have won the strong support of the rank-and-file. As secretary-treasurer of Jimmy Hoffa's Central Conference of Teamsters, he is a leader in its drive to organize the South.

Teamsters offices here have been host not only to State Department guests from abroad, but also to Department of Justice investigators of labor racketeering. Two years ago one of Gibbons' right-hand men went to jail for tax evasion and Gibbons himself spent several days in jail for refusing to answer questions before a grand jury. Then, after he changed his mind and talked, he was twice indicted for filing false reports with a federal agency. The indictments were later squashed. City officials resent Gibbons using political power in attempts to compel them to meet what they term his extravagant demands for municipal services. Other unions resented his efforts to delay merger of state A.F.L. and C.I.O. groups following the merger at national level. The catch-all jurisdiction of the Teamsters is a potential threat to other labor organizations. Last August the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said Gibbons is "rapidly dissipating whatever community support his Teamsters union might have hoped for." His interest in organizing Southern labor has led him to accede to Jimmy Hoffa's deals with the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Union in New York.

Some have called Gibbons the brains for Hoffa, noting that Hoffa lets Gibbons run the international's central conference office from a corner of the modernistic \$1,000,000

Teamsters Building in St. Louis. A negotiator who has dealt with both men comments: "Nobody ever does Jimmy Hoffa's thinking for him." Gibbons, not overly modest, has paid high tribute to his forceful fellow-unionist's acumen.

BOTH LABOR leaders are shrewd, realistic and ready to learn. Both respect the power of rank-and-file members. Their personalities are in many ways complementary. The squat Hoffa, if not a union leader, would probably be a business leader; the lanky Gibbons, a leading social crusader or sociologist. Hoffa has a penchant for outside business investments. Gibbons craves academic respect and scorns most business men. Their bargaining opponents charge both are more able than ethical in manipulating their basic commodity—manpower.

From Hoffa, Harold Gibbons has gained a greater appreciation of the arts of compromise, which he once considered "a last resort." Hoffa's concern with welfare benefits and his grudging acquaintance with idealism stems from Gibbons' influence. The contrast between the two is indicated by Hoffa's attitude toward the St. Louisan's decision to use the \$265,000 proceeds from a Hoffa testimonial dinner last year for a children's home in Israel, instead of investing it in Florida real estate or Cadillacs. "For once I'm going to be a Boy Scout," Hoffa remarked.

Gibbons comes naturally by his Boy Scout desire to do good deeds for others. He was born one of the "others," the twenty-third child of

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Irish immigrants. He passed his youth on the bottom of the social and economic scale of Archibald Patch, a small Pennsylvania mining town. After his father's death the family moved to Chicago, where in 1929 the pugnacious sixteen-year-old took a job as a warehouseman. Three years later he was out of work.

In the best tradition of self-help, he migrated to the public library. Without illusions about the chances of becoming a Horatio Alger in a crumbling business world, he headed directly for the sections labelled Labor and Economics and began reading straight across the shelves. "Believe me, I read a lot of crap but I also learned something from Stuart Chase, Emma Goldman and others," he later recalled.

After the New Deal began, Gibbons became a teacher on a government project. Quickly he jumped into union work, rising to a vice presidency in the American Federation of Teachers. Union work offered better outlets for energies than quiet classrooms. Soon he was working as an organizer in a bitter Chicago taxi strike. In 1938 he became a Midwest textile organizer for the C.I.O. "I was given all the dirty jobs because I was such a hell-raiser," the union head recalled. "Sidney Hillman fired me four times because I wasn't satisfied with recognition, I wanted to fight for union-shop contracts. It took me years to realize Hillman was right." After three years of moving about, he settled down as head of the old United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees (C.I.O.) local in St. Louis in May, 1941. "I took the job to prove to Hillman that I could administer an outfit and accept responsibility, that I wasn't just another dime-a-dozen labor leader."

Sixteen years later he had amply proved his point. He built his local from 1,200 to 10,000 members. In 1949 the local, which had disaffiliated from the national, merged with Local 688 of the Teamsters. Before Gibbons, there were three wage scales in union contracts—one for white men, one for white women and one for Negroes. Now there is only



Harold Gibbons

one and a contract clause prohibiting job discrimination. The work of his Labor Health Institute has been described by a Harvard investigator as "of a very high order."

Although interested in unions as a twenty-four-hour-a-day social force, Gibbons knows that union leaders do not live by social work alone. Progress has been achieved through acquiring power and using it. As head of 40,000 Teamsters in the \$400,000,000-a-year wholesaling business here, he can put pressure on the life-lines of many businesses. His union's decision to respect—or not to respect—picket lines of other unions can make or break strikes. When he strikes, he strikes for the jugular.

Some business leaders charge that the hard-bargaining Teamsters have

driven firms out of St. Louis by levying employer contributions of 12 per cent of the payroll for union-run health, insurance and pension programs. Gibbons has answered this charge by saying, "Bad management and under-capitalization, not union contracts, are what bankrupt sound businesses. Sure, if I'm stronger than another guy, I have power over him. But if I'm weaker, others have power over me. I've not set up the world. My job is to live in it and to organize." Gibbons decides for himself what business firms deserve union concessions and what ones don't on the basis of comprehensive economic reports prepared by his research staff.

One firm that has received unusual consideration from his Teamsters is the local branch of Sears, Roebuck & Co. One of his lieutenants signed a contract for the Teamsters to represent some seventy repairmen of Dependable Appliance Service Inc., when the newly incorporated group arranged last June to service electrical appliances sold by Sears here. The Teamsters agreed upon a rate of \$2.45 an hour. Their men replaced seventy members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers who had previously been employed by Sears to do the job at \$2.65 an hour. Teamster leaders put on a pained expression at the suggestion that there was collusion in this neat knifing operation.

UNION members and even a few employers shuffle in and out of the busy Gibbons' modest office, where he deals with local and national problems simultaneously over a battery of telephones. Local 688 pays him \$15,000 a year and his union jobs provide generous expense accounts. His work as secretary-treasurer of Local 688, president of Teamsters Joint Council 13 in St. Louis, secretary-treasurer of the Central Conference of Teamsters and head of the national warehouse division of the international brotherhood leaves him little time for two hobbies—watching prizefights and reading. To his associates he remains an enigma. Even his wife, an art-history major in college, refers to him as "Gibbons." When he lectured

at one of Sumner Slichter's Harvard seminars last month, he dropped his profanity but not his forcefulness. To date he has also retained his strong class-consciousness and sympathy for the underdog. This Irish idealist is a strong supporter of Israel, a proponent of national health insurance and a cop-hater.

Cop-hating is understandable, considering his background as a union organizer. Gibbons has a record of arrests for labor violence dating back to 1937. Once the well-tailored unionist was taken to jail from a big Democratic Party dinner here. The Police Department last summer hustled out of town an ex-convict troubleshooter for the Teamsters who had appeared just when the first violence had flared up against Gibbons' opponents in a taxi strike.

GIBBONS protects his men from Washington as well as from race prejudice and the police. After Eisenhower's election in 1952, he called in his staff for a month-long think session. The result was a model five-year contract providing the job and union security Washington could no longer assure. Built in were wage boosts, cost-of-living increases, provisions for a guaranteed annual wage and health, insurance and pension benefits. The union retains the right to strike on a grievance. One company lawyer pointed out, "Why should Gibbons worry about the duration of a contract like that, written on a 'Heads I win, tails you lose' basis?" Other company officials regarded the contract as a valuable albeit expensive investment in labor peace. The contract illustrates how Gibbons increases his power by realizing that great oaks from little acorns grow. Unlike some who think big, Gibbons sees his first duty is to the 10,000 St. Louis union members who pay his salary.

Gibbons' next step, in the case of contracts, was to bring minimum standards into force throughout the twelve-state domain of the Central Conference of Teamsters, so that business men could not bypass him by handling their business through other cities. This led to a model six-year contract covering more than 200,000 men in the area.

The next step is to protect these men from undercutting by non-union Southern workers. Gibbons and Hoffa feel that the Teamsters cannot organize the South unless it is certain that East Coast shippers and truckers would respect its picket lines. To this end the two men decided to help the discredited ILA and to side against the "angels" in the fight for control of East Coast Teamster locals. Gibbons admitted he had heard rumors about the integrity of some of these Eastern associates, but tossed them off. Apparently anyone who is loyal, useful and out of jail can meet his test of morality. At times like this he finds helpful his own advice to underlings, "You are not to hesitate to use your right to arbitrary defense of the union when confronted with anti-union conduct on the part of any member."

In explaining away such developments, Gibbons frequently invokes idealistic ends. A favorite phrase is, "We do this because it is practical and good for the soul." Others call this double motivation a mask for hypocrisy, charging that Gibbons does what pays off best and lets the rationalizations follow later. Some colleagues say he is a practical idealist. Others call him a union boss dedicated to the Teamsters—right or wrong.

GIBBONS' interest in power has naturally led him into politics. Here again he started at the bottom, building a strong power base among union members and their wives in St. Louis. Semi-annual "beef sessions," where union members air their gripes on the ward level, are required by Local 688's constitution. At the first of these meetings in 1951, rank-and-file members listed public transit as their major complaint. As a result the union circulated a petition creating a metropolitan board to draft a charter for an area-wide transit authority. One Teamsters business agent has been elected to the state senate, thanks in part to the door-bell ringing efforts of his comrades. The community-action leader also dabbles in rat control and juvenile delinquency, as well as in advertising unionism on

local disc jockeys' programs. The militant liberal was silent when one Teamsters member lost his job after invoking the Fifth Amendment at a Congressional hearing on communism here last June.

"Gibbons isn't so big he can't stoop to pay back a grudge, no matter how small it is," a political associate has noted. In 1954, Gibbons refused to support Democrat Eugene Buder for Congress, even though Buder was an outstanding liberal. Gibbons' reason was that Buder's law partner had defeated the Teamsters in an injunction suit. Buder lost in a respectable showing against a Republican incumbent. The Gibbons-backed independent finished third with 2,686 out of 154,529 votes cast.

IN NATIONAL politics Gibbons insists he is an independent, although he was a delegate to the 1956 Democratic National Convention. In effect, he is non-party, being his own man first, last and always. Unlike Dave Beck, he does not enjoy hobnobbing with Republicans. In 1956 he tried for the role of power behind the throne by backing Averell Harriman. In 1960 he could be a leader in splitting the liberal Democrats from the Dixiecrats.

The momentum of the balding, hard-working Gibbons is far from spent. At present much depends upon the continued rise of Jimmy Hoffa, to whom he has hitched his wagon. Gibbons is fully capable of driving his own rig, should Congressional investigations or time drive them apart.

It is certain Gibbons will continue to push hard and range far, relying upon tactics shaped by a tough bargaining attitude, a fantastic and sometimes unscrupulous devotion to goals and a mind always three steps ahead of his immediate object. If he has a tragic flaw it may be, as one neutral observer has said, that "He will not let considerations of middle-class morality stand in the way of his ambitions. Harold Gibbons may be surprised some day to find out that most Americans are concerned about just this kind of morality, even more than they are about his goals."

SEX SCARES the PROFESSOR . . by David Cort

THE MORE NAIVE newspapers had galvanizing news in January: "Americans are becoming victims of ■ sex mania as malign as cancer . . . in the same manner that marked the downfall of . . . Rome and Greece. . . . Sex bribery and blackmail . . . are now as prevalent as monetary corruption. . . . Sexually infamous persons or their proteges" occupy high office. "Among our public officials, there is a vast legion of profligates, both heterosexual and homosexual."

Hot diggety! The source of these eschatological doom-sayings is *The American Sex Revolution* by Pitirim Sorokin, head of the Harvard Research Center in Creative Altruism. A number of clergymen, pundits and Senator Flanders of Vermont promptly swallowed the bait and tore off in various directions.

The last charge, against people in government, can be examined first, as the most local and easily checked. Reporters are agreed that a brothel is now hard to find in Washington, D. C. The few operators permitted to exist cater chiefly to lobbyists. Professional vice is undercut by the great mass of female government employees, but they have to go to work in the morning. The massage parlors that flourished during the war have long since flown. Across the line, in Virginia and especially Maryland, some small-time vice may occasionally have a big night. But in general Washington is no Sodom.

That leaves the more important sex life of 120,000,000 more or less adult Americans. Before we examine the professor's scandalous accusations, it must be noted that Sorokin is an original and independent thinker. He has a very poor opinion of his fellow sociologists and anthropologists. Originally a Finno-Ugrian in Czarist Russia, he was an illiterate orphan at ten, imprisoned at seventeen in 1906 and a Kerensky man in the Revolution. The Communists

employed, imprisoned, released, condemned and finally exiled him. He invented Harvard's Department of Creative Altruism, which must have something to do with magnanimity. He has had only one wife, a Russian, and seems to be regarded at Harvard as a nice old gentleman who gardens. With his thirtieth book, he confirms an old pattern of rushing into print on the subject of sex.

The professor's intensely personal insult to every American is entitled to a fair hearing. If he is right, we are in serious trouble and had better overlook the insult. The reference of sex mores to national history may not be a popular specialty, but it is certainly a valid one. If there is ■ relationship, we want to know it.

However, Professor Sorokin's use of history to support his case that "sexual anarchy" and national decadence coincide is such as to strengthen anybody's suspicion that anthropology is not a science, but rather an amateur sport that any number can play. His proofs must therefore be briefly reviewed here.

For example, in trying to connect sexual austerity with an advancing culture, he says that the introduction of Christian chastity brought culture to the Teutonic tribes. But the barbaric Teutons were chaste; Christian culture coincided with the debauchery of the Frankish Merovingian and Carolingian courts.

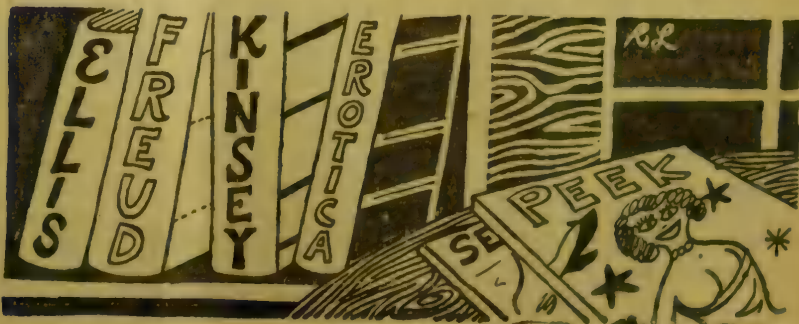
Sorokin lists the twelfth to sixteenth centuries as the most disorderly until modern times. But these had the most rigid code of chivalry, and the two omitted, the seventeenth and eighteenth, were far more disorderly, both sexually and

politically. Indeed, the professor's most horrible examples are then drawn from these latter, which also produced some of the greatest ornaments of our culture.

As "proof" that sexual indulgence shortens life, he shows that 332 monarchs died on the average earlier than 3,090 Christian saints (of a total of about 20,000). This is such a rank example of comparing pigs and pitchforks that one begins to wonder. A king becomes a king at any age simply by the death of his predecessor; a saint must have lived long enough to prove himself a saint even to get into the records. A king is usually a product of inbreeding and intense family supervision; a saint is generally a vigorous specimen from the mass of people. A great many kings were severely repressed; a great many saints started as spectacular rakehells, *viz.* Saint Augustine, Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Francis of Assisi, *et al.* A king is not conditioned to be what a saint is, especially long-lived; or what a plumber or high hurdler is.

"Most European countries," Sorokin says, "are barely maintaining their populations." Flatly untrue. Population increases between the thirties and the latest census run from 10 to 20 per cent in England and Wales, Italy, Denmark, Yugoslavia and Sweden, in that ascending order. Even France shows a small increase.

SOROKIN refers loosely to "excess-sexual activity" as if "normal" were exactly the same for everybody including the professor, who is now sixty-eight. The late Kinsey pointed



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out sadly that the wide differences of opinion held by educators on sex instruction were contested by people who might have had only one or two sexual experiences a year as against others with ten or twenty a week, and that neither of these groups could ever understand what the others were talking about. Kinsey certainly proved, and observation confirms, an enormous variation in performance. Taking his median frequency for married men's heterosexual intercourse, the United States figures for successive five-year periods from ages twenty-one to sixty were 634, 561, 491, 447, 379, 288, 244 and 205, or a virtual life total of 3,249. To begrudge the "median" man any of this is not nice, especially since a few men do as well in two years, according to Kinsey. With only two at-bats a week in his best years, this "median" American seems all too immune to sex mania, sex anarchy or the professor's bad dream.

The professor cites juvenile delinquency as one proof of the general demoralization of our society. Yet the New York City Health Board has found that 75 per cent of the delinquents come from the same 1 per cent of the city's families—those characterized by alcoholism, drugs, mental illness, disability, desertion, violence and/or sexual immorality. This 1 per cent must compare very favorably with serf life in feudal times or even Dickens' Victorian London. I cannot compare it with a century certified as virtuous by Sorokin, for he names none.

He makes much of the appearances, plain to everybody, in the present American moment. The police courts, jails, insane asylums, psychiatrists, divorce courts, are indeed all busy; adultery is a commonplace in all dramatic media; the provocative picture of the female is indeed seen everywhere; a show of leg and bosom is obligatory for news photographers at air terminals. But whether these phenomena are all related is unknown to Sorokin or me. He gives other data: a quarter of America's forty-five million children do not live with both parents (maybe they're away at school or orphans); every twenty-fifth wife

has been deserted (was it ever better?); abortions are between "330,000 and 1,000,000 annually" (which is it?); illegitimate births were thirty-eight of every thousand in 1947 (what happened afterward?).

The professor has named the crucial sickness "sex addiction," which must be something like "food addiction" or "air addiction." His gift for overstatement leads to such remarkable understatements as, "Sex is often the main reason for many a Cinderella becoming the wife of a millionaire." (He means only one, not many, to each millionaire; but he thinks even that is horrible.)

Some more recognizable picture of American sex mores is required, if only to comfort the professor. He has overlooked a few small points.

THE FIRST is that society is divided into men and women. The men may be open to sexual debauchery, but ordinarily they must deal with women. Modern women, however, have almost complete control of their own decisions; and their decision is nearly always against an orgy: they prefer something quieter. The profligacy of Ancient Greece and Rome and of the ninth century (the professor admires its nice religious art) was real; it dealt in women who could be bought, controlled and raped. Today only a few Victorian relics are so afraid for their reputations that they can be raped—singly or en masse—without their yelling bloody murder.

The bull market in sex was in the twenties. People growing up then had a frantic view of it that has quite died. People born then, and now around thirty, have had love and sex thoroughly oversold and deflated. Even in twenty-year-olds, there is no automatic enflaming at the sight of a haunch of the opposite sex. These latter groups seem appallingly unromantic to their elders.

Adultery is a commonplace only in certain suburbs and among the inhabitants of bars and grills. Yet a woman who has gotten out of control is exceedingly rare; the men haven't enough energy for a big romance; and even delivery boys grow up.

Visual eroticism is largely bludge-

on-selling. It goes to new extremes because it fails to sell competitively and the vendors get desperate. A provocative picture of a woman does not give any useful information about any woman: it can't talk, it doesn't move, it can't have babies. Most men sense this. The only sort of harm the Marilyn Monroes could possibly do would be to persuade all the men to wait for an equivalent; but to believe this possible is to understand nothing.

In a world of visual and imaginative sexuality there may be a good deal of vicarious licentiousness; but I believe that this is largely purgative. Its effects vanish when confronted with real charms. Furthermore, I believe that Americans are increasingly disinclined to leap into an imaginative or transient embrace that offers no hope of a many-sided relationship. A stupid or boring man or woman has a sharply limited choice, no matter what his or her physical beauty.

The professor discredits Freud and the pleasure principle. Yet I believe the psycho-social sciences have tried, and successfully, to recruit the pleasure principle as a booster charge for work, i.e., people are encouraged to choose work they like. The professor obviously has chosen work he likes; his little book uses enough passion to charge a year in a brothel. And if all his readers could find work they like, I don't believe they'd demoralize society.

The final clue to the professor's view of virtue comes late in the book where he explains that sexual anarchy follows when "wives and children [are] emancipated from the absolute power of the *pater familias*." The professor's counter-revolution goes back to J. D. Unwin's *Sex and Culture* (1934) and on back of that. At bottom, when all the nonsense about the necessary "desexualization of our culture" for salvation has been cleared away, Sorokin and Unwin are only echoing the cry of Gregory of Tours, "No one fears his king, no one fears his duke." Sorokin invites us back to a new feudalism where the authoritative *pater familias* can bang an iron fist into a dead silence, as all the delinquent lascivious eyes are cast down.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Schlesinger: Right Crisis — Wrong Order

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER: 1919-1933. Volume I of THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$6.

William Appleman Williams

INTRODUCTORY installments of multi-volume biographies cast in the "life-and-times" format may be compared with operatic overtures: only the best can stand alone. Either the background merits intensive and extended development on its own, or the themes and central arguments could be stated more clearly and to greater usefulness in the form of a short, rigorous essay. Hence it is only to salute Professor Schlesinger's intelligence and talent to conclude that he almost realizes the ideal. But the gap remains: the highly distilled essence of this volume would provide a far more powerful introduction to the study of the Roosevelt Era which is yet to come.

Thus the reader will find paragraphs of keen analysis, sections of exciting and living description, and passages of moving evocation of attitudes and moods. The most brilliant portion is Schlesinger's dissection of Roosevelt's character and temperament, and his outlook on Man and the world (pp. 386-87, 409-10). This analysis not only provokes an abiding, bowel-stirring uneasiness about the American conception and practice of *noblesse oblige*; it leaves one in sadness that Schlesinger should have to mouth the banality about its being "subjective, of course." Schlesinger has given us the Roosevelt, once and for all: let us admit this and go on from there.

Almost as much may be said of some portions of Schlesinger's reconstruction of the depression. By no

means all of it is art, let alone superior or description. But parts of it are so powerful that the reader is apt to mistake the smoke from his cigarette for the frosty breath of a novice hobo squatting on the fringes of a jungle in Iowa. For those who have the memories to twitch, the passages prompt us to drop the book and pace the picture window to exorcise the anxiety. And, in some respects at least, not even the phonograph records and the newsreels of the event capture what Schlesinger gives us of Roosevelt's inauguration.

But we could have all this in a hundred pages; perhaps less, for there are more than occasional lapses where Schlesinger's flow of language insulates us from the feel, as well as from the substance of the story. As for the rest of it, either it has been done better by other leading entrepreneurs of the booming Roosevelt Industry, or it must be done far more thoroughly and rigorously before it can be summarized accurately, let alone with wit, insight, flavor and verve. And it is this latter weakness which undercuts the basic thesis advanced by Schlesinger in this volume, and which might subvert the full study.

THE central clue to Schlesinger's inability to resolve the dilemma of the introductory volume *vs.* the sharply formulated essay lies in his treatment of the 1920s in general, and of Herbert Hoover in particular. Not that he neglects the period. Indeed, he worries it unmercifully. But while Schlesinger may master Roosevelt, he has already lost his one fall match with Hoover. For he simply fails to be done with Hoover; either as a tragic hero or as a pathetic failure, or by dispatching him to the Gehenna of New Liberalism or to the Old Conservatives' Valhalla. Hence the reader comes away from the book with the distinct sense that Schlesinger is more concerned and fretful over the twenties *per se* than he is

interested in reviewing the decade as the prelude to the Roosevelt Era. This, too, measures Schlesinger's underlying comprehension of Twentieth Century America. But it also provides the key to the basic contradiction in his central thesis.

For if, as Schlesinger correctly asserts, the roots of the Age of Roosevelt go back to Populism, and more especially to the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism, then the real Crisis of the Old Order occurred in the panic and the depression of the 1890s. And this, in turn, means that the Crash and depression of 1929 *et. seq.* was not the Crisis of the Old Order at all, but rather the last adolescent paroxysm of the New Order as it lurched into the maturity of full-blown corporatism. What Schlesinger has done, in short, is to stretch one phase—or stage—of American history far beyond its actual limit. The result is a skewed perspective on, and a faulty understanding of, the men, ideas and programs of the years 1890-1933 (and later).

SCHLESINGER'S harsh picture and judgment of the bankers offers a convenient point at which to initiate a consideration of these results. He seeks to cinch and dramatize his thesis of the Crisis of the Old Order by emphasizing the failure and the helplessness of the bankers (pp. 457-59, 474-81). Now a banking crisis existed, and no one need fear that this criticism is based on the absurd assumption that the depression never occurred, or the argument that it was essentially moderate in scope and depth.

The key point is quite different: the banking crisis can be equated with the Crisis of the Old Order only by assuming or defining finance capitalism to be the final institutional form of the Old Order. But this is precisely what finance (or investment) capitalism was not: financial capitalism was the institutional technique devised and employed between 1890 and 1910 to effect the transition from the old individualistic cap-

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italism to the new corporate capitalism.

Once this essential difference is understood, it becomes possible to outline the two central developments of the period from 1890 to 1926-27; and hence to grasp the fact that the crisis of 1926 *et. seq.* was a crisis of the new corporate capitalism. One line of events concerns the intellectual and political reactions to the fundamental shift from individual to corporate capitalism. The other pattern deals with what happened within the economy itself. Since the basic changes of the economy provoked the responses, it is more fruitful to consider them first.

Schlesinger ignores the central economic pattern of the years 1890-1933. This was the corporation's reassertion, along about 1926-27, of its economic independence of the investment, or financial, capitalist. The fact that the corporation was faced with the problem of doing this goes back to the crisis of the 1890s. That crisis had two sides. The negative aspect was the collapse of the old individualistic capitalist. But that deflation left the young corporation without the funds required to exploit the opportunity, and so sustain the system itself. The urgency of the situation is documented by the extent and tone of the social and political crisis. The Old Order had been dying since the Panic of 1873, and without capital for corporate rationalization and expansion the system itself would have collapsed.

The capital was supplied by external savings garnered and controlled

by the investment bankers. The corporation hired this money and paid for it by signing over control of the key decisions. A few corporations realized the consequences before the act, and chose to skimp along on smaller profits until they could save enough to control their own expansion. Others had such a sure-fire product that they could, with less effort, likewise circumvent the bankers. Ford is an example of both considerations in one corporation.

But the corporation held the trump card, for it, and not the bankers, was the productive element in the economy. Hence it was only a matter of time until the corporation accumulated enough savings to buy itself back, so to speak, from the investment banker. In this process, of course, World War I was a windfall for the corporation. For the government itself stepped in as a supplier of outside savings for expansion, and this greatly accelerated the rate at which the corporation reasserted its power over the bankers.

The boom markets of the early twenties, foreign as well as domestic, enabled the corporation to finish the job. But this success only confronted the corporation with full responsibility for continued expansion. This difficulty was compounded by the fact that foreign loans, which underwrote part of the post-war market expansion, had reached the saturation point in most areas, and in some cases had already begun to default. This had two results: it accelerated the collapse of the bankers, which was already assured by the

corporation's reassertion of economic sovereignty; but it also accentuated the difficulties of the corporation because it had come to rely on the markets originally financed by the bankers and by the government. Schlesinger is quite correct in pointing out the failure to underwrite continued domestic markets by cutting prices and raising wages. But he makes a signal error in seeing this mid-twenties collapse of the investment banker as the central crisis. For the basic structural crisis concerned the corporation itself.

CORPORATION correspondence and literature after 1926 is filled with a growing concern over markets. Three solutions received more and more attention. A small group concentrated on the virtues of establishing plants abroad, planning to bring the profits home through the international money exchange. Another group, remembering the benefits of government action during the war, began to badger the government to step in with foreign loans. Still others looked to Russia as the great market to resolve the problem. These last two approaches converged during the last months of Hoover's term in the successful demand for the government to begin underwriting exports to the Soviet Union.

By then it was too late: the corporation needed much more much faster. But the crisis concerned the new corporate order, not an older order; and in overlooking this Schlesinger misses the real clue to dealing effectively with Hoover himself. The same consideration weakens his outline of the system of ideas being forged by Roosevelt and his advisors.

Schlesinger's thesis holds that Roosevelt found himself, in the flux of the crisis, and "with the campaign scarcely underway, . . . in the center of a triangle of advice: at one corner, integration and social planning; at another, retrenchment, budget balancing, and *laissez faire*; at a third, trust busting and government regulation." This is a convenient summary, and as sound, as far as it goes, as his view that these proposals came down to 1932 as the descendants of TR's New Nationalism, Wil-

The Witch of Endor

The women anciently famed in Israel
Came in heroic size. For human appeal,
However, hard as nails (e. g. Jael
Especially, I'd say, was hard as a nail).

Or else without a character at all:
Take Abishag—though doubtless she was hot
(That was the point), they might have done as well
With warming pans, for David knew her not.

One fine girl, though, was the old witch whom Saul
Consulted on the last night of his life.
Knowing how Samuel's word must make him feel
She made his bed and cooked him a breaded veal.
She would have been his best bet for a wife
Had she foreseen him any time at all.

HOWARD NEMEROV

son's New Freedom, and a senile infatuation of the old individualistic capitalist for Adam Smith's "lazy fairy." He goes even further, in one or two places, and toys briefly with the proposition that the New Nationalism and the New Freedom had merged in the heat and pressures of World War I. But he drops this part of his analysis, and as a result his treatment of the twenties is seriously weakened.

ONE of the principal reasons for this is the dilemma inherent in trying to save the system by integration and social planning. For the corporate giants can be controlled only by using organized labor, and this strengthens an engine which drives the system toward syndicalism or socialism. But if, from this fear, the corporate rulers are allowed to control the basic features of integration and planning, then the system drifts into what Reinhold Niebuhr (to whom Schlesinger dedicates his volume) once called "The New Feudalism." A spirit of *noblesse oblige* may moderate the lesser evils of such an order, but it cannot make it either democratic or new.

Wilson and his advisors sought to resolve the problem by building a cross-class alliance which would give them the power and the authority of the national government. This, so they thought, would be sufficient to bust the trusts and regulate the short-sighted selfishness of the corporation. Two difficulties intervened. Trust busting and regulation always come after the fact; and even if successfully pursued legally only serve to destroy or restrict one institutional entrepreneur without putting much in its place.

As with the New Nationalism, therefore, the New Freedom lowered its eyes at the para-legal reorganization of the trust or corporation, and turned to supporting overseas economic expansion as the next best remedy. But this afforded no solution because the little fellow could not compete in the international league of the old pros. Even the domestic giants had difficulties.

By 1920, therefore, the two corners of Schlesinger's triangle, labeled integration-planning, and trust-bust-

ing regulation, had for all practical and consequential purposes merged into one. And this, of course, was the program which Herbert Hoover outlined in *American Individualism* and endeavored to implement as Secretary of Commerce and as President. It is fundamentally wrong, therefore, to view Hoover either as an astute man trying to save the Old Order, or as an isolationist. He was trying desperately to rationalize the New Order, and correct its dangerous myopia, before it suffered the fate of individualistic capitalism.

As for foreign affairs, it is very misleading to label as an isolationist a man who defined the key problem of America foreign policy in the following terms:

The hope of our commerce lies in the establishment of American firms abroad, distributing American goods under American direction; in the building of direct American financing and, above all, in the installation of American technology in Russian industries . . . [so that] Americans can undertake the leadership in the reconstruction of Russia when the proper moment arrives.

Hoover wanted a corporate economy in dynamic equilibrium: directed at home by a triumvirate composed of trade associations, capitalistic labor unions, and intellectual corporate bureaucrats in Washington; and drawing outside investment funds from the surplus returns on foreign investment, while balancing the import of raw materials with the export of industrial goods. And to state it bluntly, not a single New Dealer mentioned by Schlesinger had at that time anything to approach Hoover's overall conception. They could spot its weaknesses, as in agriculture, and propose correctives of a sort, but not one of them offered an equally coherent formulation of the idea—*let alone a radical alternative.*

IF THIS is not enough to explain Schlesinger's difficulty with Hoover, the political aspects of the story are quite sufficient to finish the job. Schlesinger holds that "modern science and technology render political centralization inevitable; one must either accept power or reshuffle it,"

and concludes that "the best hope for individual freedom lies in the chinks and fissures created by the reshuffling process."

Explicitly and implicitly, Schlesinger maintains that all great problems are unsolvable. Hoover hangs hard to the proposition that man either resolves this particular problem or gives up the idea of democracy. This makes him a truly tragic figure, aware that either democracy is structured institutionally, or society devolves toward totalitarianism relieved only by continued overseas expansion or a more rapid circulation of elites. But continued expansion begets war, and relief by arms subverts the substance of democracy into the rhetoric of freedom. And an elitist version of the old game of musical chairs does the same thing.

ON THE one hand, therefore, Hoover drew back from a willy-nilly expansion of government in domestic affairs, or its similar expansion abroad, fearing fascism as the con-

★
Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s

The Crisis of the Old Order 1919-1933

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"There is no other account of the booming 1920's and the dismal early 1930's so vivid and sharp . . . Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. will have many successors who will, in one way or another, write Ages of Roosevelt. I doubt, however, if any of them will recreate those years with more evocative power or reach more deeply into the ethos of the man who was being prepared to be the hero of his time."
— *Rexford Guy Tugwell, Chicago Sun-Times.*

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★

Mr. Auden and Clio

sequence. But he recognized, on the other hand, the revolutionary probabilities of a reactionary return to the Old Order of individualistic capitalism. Thus the double malaise: he was concerned to "make assurance doubly sure" in view of the terrible alternatives, and then he was paralyzed by his fear that Roosevelt's emphasis on action would reap one or the other of the consequences.

And in one short phrase, Schlesinger substantiates Hoover's anxiety over Roosevelt's approach to the crisis. Reviewing the attempted assassination in Florida, Schlesinger concludes the story with the observation that "Roosevelt, it was clear, really lacked physical fear." But the absence of fear is not courage, for courage is defined by a sharp consciousness of the danger overruled by a sense of responsibility. The courageous man can live with fear because he understands that it is not the central problem. The coward also knows this, but for many reasons surrenders anyway. Only the man who lacks fear can tell others that the only thing they have to fear is fear itself, and maintain that the central danger is a lack of action.

NOW THE proposition that all we have to fear is fear itself is an inspiring half-truth, to be sure, and one which did yeoman service for a short spell. But it is nevertheless a half-truth. And a particularly dangerous one in the bargain. Hoover understood this, and hence his deep concern. In his administration, of course, Roosevelt never came face to face with either danger so feared by Hoover; and this will enable Schlesinger to avoid a straightforward confrontation of the problem. But no study of the Age of Roosevelt can stand as definitive unless it is cast in these terms.

For we do have more, very much more, to fear than simply fear itself. Among other things, for example, there is the axiom that all the great problems are unsolvable. They may be, but once we admit it then the only Grail that remains is power itself. Contrary to Lord Acton, there is no need to get much of it under those circumstances, for we shall already have corrupted ourselves.

THE CRITERION BOOK OF MODERN AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by W. H. Auden. Criterion Books. \$5.
THE OLD MAN'S ROAD. By W. H. Auden. Voyages Press. \$1.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

WITH his customary quick omniscience, W. H. Auden has put together an unpredictable and original, if not altogether distinguished, anthology of modern American verse, very different from his and Norman Holmes Pearson's authoritative *Poets of the English Language*. He gives a place to some neglected poems and figures and to *vers de société*, but makes some unfortunate omissions and some rather arbitrary inclusions. There is a Wodehousian breeziness in the misspelling of names,* the slightly mishmash quality of the pieces, and the absence of declared principles of selection. The introduction, an essay first printed in *The Anchor Review* in 1955, is barely relevant and begins with a dazzling inaccuracy: "One often hears it said that only in this century have the writers of the United States learned to stand on their feet and be truly American, that, previously, they were slavish imitators of British literature." One *never*, as a matter of fact, hears it said any more, and Mr. Auden's ensuing demonstration that we did too have a truly American literature before this century is a triumphant recapitulation of the utterly familiar. But our poetry—Lord bless it and keep it—generally rises superior to anthological impediments and roadblocks. After its lopsided fashion *The Criterion Book*, no exception to this rule, contains much that is pleasant and some things that are exciting, and is an unusual example of lighthearted editing in a heavy-hearted age.

MR. AUDEN brings us also a small new pamphlet of verse. The seven poems of *The Old Man's Road*, says its jacket, are "a series of reflections on the nature and process of history." We cannot quite resist asking whence cometh the intimacy, which Mr. Auden has always exhibited, with Clio, "Muse of the unique historical fact"? Did *you*, for instance, know that she "looks like any ordinary girl one has not noticed"—"approachable" but not as if she "ever read" the poets?

Perhaps such questions are irrelevant, and perhaps it is equally irrelevant to

*For example, "Trumble" Stickney, John Crowe "Hanson," "Ivor" Winters, Richard "Eberhardt."

say that the *thought* in these poems is really very tired. The book opens on a note of sentimentalized and pragmatized piety. True religious history ("the Old Man's Road"), we are told, is not a matter of creeds or theories but runs

Across the Great Schism, through
our whole landscape,
Ignoring God's Vicar and God's
Ape....

The Old Man leaves his road to those
Who love it no less since it lost
purpose....

Among the messages that follow in succeeding poems are these: it may be more admirable for cultured folk at the fag-ends of civilizations to indulge themselves in their hyper-sophisticated pursuits to the end than to engage in vain histrionics (the half-ironies of this poem make it possible to argue that the poet is actually taking the opposite position); Clio loves not the supposed "great" men of an era but the makers of concrete, useful things; wonderful things have been accomplished purely by mistake; absolute and extreme vows and commitments are dangerous; and time, which is so great a healer, is also the reconciler of man to his sufferings.

Ordinarily we ought to disdain the reduction of poems to their bare thematic bones. It should be self-evident that poets do not in general pretend to be great primary thinkers, but use ideas as they use other elements of composition—as important but subordinate aspects of the poems they make. Mr. Auden, however, is so clearly bent on teaching us, his aim is so essentially didactic, that it is particularly important to take note of just what he wishes us to learn. Even if we add that the poems are of course not *merely* didactic, that they are variously wry, sardonic, and "sincere" in an informal but determined sort of way, we can see that his rhetorical devices for intriguing us (and himself) are part of the message. We (and he) are to accept the validity of religious faith and Mr. Auden's allied attitudes in part because we are able to look at history in a humorous, knowledgeable, wittily condescending way; entranced by fairy lore and the logic of childhood, we are smilingly to accept the limitations of human intelligence and foresight, and so on. This is the subtlest kind of forensic art.

Still there remains a residue of unfairness, perhaps. Never to judge a book by its tendencies remains a good rule. As this poet himself says, even "banalities can be beautiful." The ques-

tion then remains whether the sheer intrinsic appeal of the poetry as something created does not outweigh the tendentiousness. Despite the odds, we expect, and receive, a good showing from Auden. No notable advance in technique, no heights of intensity, and always that self-echoing of his that is apparently inescapable. But "C. 500 A.D." is perfect light verse—a greeting to the future from "the last Romanico-Briton, / Taking the last hot bath." Similarly, "The Epigoni" summons up at once, and with the gentlest sarcasm, a recurrent predicament and mood of doomed civilizations:

No use invoking Apollo in a case
like theirs;
The pleasure-loving gods had died
in their chairs
And would not get up again, not
one of them, ever,
Though guttural tribes had crossed
the Great River,
Roasting their dead and with no
name for the yew....

Exceptionally seductive is the music of "Homage to Clio," and its subtle mixture of sensuous and ratiocinative:

Our hill has made its submission
and the green
Swept on into the north; around
me,
From morning to night, flowers
duel incessantly,
Colour against colour, in combats
Which they all win....

The seductiveness is not just a matter of fine passages. Auden remains the virtuoso who can keep a poem going in a great many ways, through sound-modulations, changes of tone and voice, breadth of association:

... Artemis,
Aphrodite, are Major Powers and
all wise
Castellans will mind their p's
and q's,
But it is you, who have never
spoken up,
Madonna of silences, to whom we
turn
When we have lost control, your
eyes, Clio, into which
We look for recognition after
We have been found out....

The reader of poetry is forbidden by the rules to be a prude. When there is any seductiveness at all about, seduced he must let himself be. If it all depended on *The Old Man's Road*, though, we doubt the affair would last. It's not Clio's fault, poor little historian's-Muse that she is. The real fault lies in that curious didactic forcing which is not quite concealed by the most knowing insinuations and the sweetest flutings this very clever poet can manage.

March 23, 1957

Downes on Music

OLIN DOWNES ON MUSIC. Edited by Howard Taubman. Simon & Schuster. \$5.

B. H. Haggin

THIS VOLUME is a collection of what are offered as some of the best of Downes's writing between 1906 and 1955 and are considered worthy of permanence as a historical record of the period, as examples of excellence in critical writing, and thus as evidence of a task well done. And it is my duty to report my opinion that the collection is made valueless and unreadable as a record by the quality of the taste, mind and prose style of the man who for thirty-one of those years spoke for the *New York Times* on music. Thus, a statement in a 1944 review—"The Menuhin who played the Mendelssohn Concerto is now the matured artist, no longer the student of genius emerging from a certain master's superintendence. Poise and elasticity, stability and lyricism, an authority that never deserted him, an ease which comes only with authority, throughout characterized his playing"—is followed characteristically by qualifications: "It is true that the concerto has, on some other occasions we can mention, burned with a more incandescent flame, and that the slow movement, while it was in no sense breathless or without seren-

ity, was played as fast as its nature would reasonably permit, and with some loss of *Innigkeit*"; but these qualifications give the impression of dealing with small and unimportant matters, and do not give even a hint of what was so saddening in Menuhin's change from student to matured performer—that the tone which had been compact and sweet was now coarse and blowzy, that the phrases which had been long-breathed, sustained and serene were now finicky and chopped up by accent and swells, that much of the playing was now mere high-powered fiddling, rhythmically unsteady and stylistically undistinguished. Downes's review is, then, made inaccurate as historical record by a failure either in critical perception and taste or in candor. (His views on *Fidelio* are a failure in perception and taste; his report on Paderewski's final broadcast a failure in candor.) As for the unprecise mind and its expression in the unprecise writing, here is one of the briefer examples, concerned with the freedom of American criticism from the provincialism of European criticism: "If there is one advantage that we have over other countries of the world where musical traditions are in the ascendant, it is in our degree of orientation toward any fixed tradition, and freedom, in our big musical centers, from the domination of the petty provincial influences.

LETTER FROM ROME

By William Weaver

IN A FEW weeks, it will be exactly four years since the body of Wilma Montesi was found on a lonely beach below Ostia. Meanwhile the trial, to which the dead girl has given her name, drags on in rainy, deserted Venice, a stream of witnesses testify, twenty-four lawyers (Italy's highest-paid legal minds, whose occupation in the case is causing interminable delays in all the other courts in the country) object and harangue and cross-question, the newspapers give almost word-for-word accounts with interpretations that vary according to political hue. And yet the Italian public is generally apathetic.

When the case broke three years ago, it was a different story: then it was impossible to go to somebody's house without getting involved in discussions, which usually started out on the level of simple gossip, but often ended in heated rows and slammed doors. A friend of mine had a cook who

came from the same village as Adriana Bisaccia (a star witness); at every dinner party, the cook was called from the kitchen to tell what she "knew." She didn't know anything—a few generic reminiscences—but the guests would hang on every word. And, at that same period, as I was walking along via del Babuino one day, I saw a crowd of at least fifty people standing on the sidewalk: Anna Maria Caglio (the girl who made the accusations in the first place) was eating in a restaurant across the street. I've seen Rita Hayworth go through Rome with less stir.

Nowadays Venice seems terribly remote, and nobody really believes that anything will come of the trial. In fact, the number of times that witnesses say "I don't remember" is becoming a national joke, a rather bitter joke. One witness repeated *non mi ricordo* a hundred and thirteen times. The presiding judge, Dr. Tiberi, is a spare, impec-

cable man, a cross between Anthony Eden and Clifton Webb, fine-featured and reserved; but at one point even his reserve broke to the point of his interjecting: "This is highly disconcerting."

Disconcerting is hardly the word. What appals one in the Montesi case is its fantastic ramification and the evident impossibility of ever arriving at the truth. It is hard for anyone outside Italy to make heads or tails of the case; it is not easy for Italians either—the report of the pre-trial, official investigation fills ninety-two thick mimeographed volumes. Still, even in this confusion of details, some things are clear. And even if Wilma Montesi's murderer is never identified (a few still insist that she died by accident), the case will have had a lasting effect, and for years to come can serve social historians as a text-book on post-war Italian life.

TO BEGIN with, the defendants are typical, each in his way. The least interesting is Saverio Polito, the ex-chief of Rome's police, accused of having suppressed investigation of the crime. A man whose career was mainly made under Fascism, he weeps on the witness stand, asking the public to sympathize with him, who "once sat in the chair of Questore of Rome, and now before the bar of justice." He gets the sympathy Italians give cops, which is not much. More fascinating and far more repulsive is Ugo Montagna, also accused of complicity in concealing the crime; he appears daily in impeccable, English-styles suits, this son of a poor Sicilian family, an ex-spy and informer, a man who has made it his business—and a profitable one—to be friends with the right people, to do favors, to invite officials and sons of officials to dinner, on trips, to hunting parties at the now infamous preserve, Capocotta. All his record has come out—including his ludicrous falsification of the title of Marchese di San Bartolomeo—and yet he sits imperturbable and assured.

Piero Piccioni, accused of murder (or rather of manslaughter, of having abandoned the girl, ill, to die on the shore) is—as everyone knows—the son of an important political figure; a playboy, a jazz enthusiast, he frequents a kind of Italian cafe society, composed of movie producers, film actresses (Alida Valli is involved in his alibi), the sons and daughters of successful middle-class families, soundly Demochristian, many of them living in Parioli, Rome's modern, hideous, expensive residential district.

And the "Accuser No. 1", the "black swan", the "figlia del secolo", Anna

Maria Caglio is a girl from a good Milanese family, who came to Rome, barely in her twenties, with a yen to go on the stage. She had a letter of introduction to a government official. He presented her to Montagna, as somebody who could help her; she became his mistress.

LIKE the defendants, la Caglio has always moved in upper-middle-class circles. Below them come the other characters in the story, who give a full and often depressing cross-section of Italian society. "Wilma was a saint!" the signora Montesi cried at one point in the trial, and some observers feel that the Montesi family is more horrified at the idea of their daughter's reputation being questioned than they are interested in finding her murderer. For the Montesi's are the picture of Italian respectability, just hovering on the brink of poverty. The thin, worried-looking father has his own carpenter shop; the two daughters, Wilma and Wanda, slept on cots in the dining room. For a while, during the investigations, the Montesi's phone was tapped; the police overheard nonnew clues, but they did hear the signora dicking with magazine editors over prices for "memoirs". People in the Montesi's position cannot afford to be sentimental about money.

And still lower in the scale come the semi-literate workman who saw the body, the local drunk who went around saying he had seen Piccioni and Wilma to-

gether (now he denies it), the caretakers of the hunting preserve and their wives, whose stories all conflict and are filled with *non ricordo's*—either because, as some think, they have been "bought", or simply because they are afraid of sticking their necks out, of getting in wrong—which, in Italy, for a poor man can spell lifelong disaster.

The police themselves do not cut a fine figure in the case. First the investigations of Wilma's death seem perfunctory, if not downright evasive. Then there is an unhappy coincidence: the log-book of the Ostia police station, where the schedule of the policemen's beats is recorded and signed, has acquired an inkstain on the very page of the day of Wilma's death. And, the ex-chief of Italian Police was one of Montagna's companions.

The ink-stain, the general amnesia of the witnesses, the lack of concrete evidence—all point to an eventual dismissal of the case. But if the trial does nothing else, it will confirm the average Italian in two of his most profound beliefs: (1) don't trust the police, and (2) if you know the right person you can get away with it. Ugo Montagna's photograph recently appeared in all the papers, showing the "Marchese" in church, his hand in the holy-water font. But his attitude was not one of prayer; he looked perfectly confident that he will come out on top. And, things being what they are, perhaps he will.

THEATRE and FILM

Robert Hatch

IT IS a fallacy of the trade that a reviewer can, or should, have a useful opinion about everything produced in the theatre. For example, I have no advice worth transmitting about *Good as Gold*, now on view at the Belasco. I can tell you that it has no merit as a play, but that is very much like telling you that Miami Beach has no merit as a ski resort. It is not meant to be a play in any serious definition of that term; it was constructed by a knowing trio—John Patrick, Cheryl Crawford and Albert Marre—as a bridge across an idle evening. If you are in the market for that form of service and can afford

HAROLD CLURMAN, who is directing Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending*, is at present out of town supervising the pre-Broadway tryouts.

the prices charged by Patrick, Crawford, Marre & Co., *Good as Gold* will carry you safely from 8:40 p.m. to 10:50 p.m. or thereabouts. I made the trip in perfect comfort and, since the ticket cost me nothing, I didn't mind that I was going nowhere.

There is a rumor about that *Good as Gold* contains elements of political satire. This, perhaps, should be scotched or customers will feel cheated. It concerns a young botanist who has discovered that he can change gold into a super-dirt that will grow vegetables of enormous size (some of these are produced on stage, and are indeed very large). He shows up in Washington to petition Congress for the contents of Fort Knox, and this gives opportunities for politicians to make political speeches, for FBI agents to behave foolishly and

for various characters to drop the names of President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. The audience laughs happily when these names are mentioned, though nothing remotely funny is said. This shows a hunger for political satire, but *Good as Gold* provides political whimsy—as bloodless as jello.

Roddy McDowall, Zero Mostel (got up in a Walt Whitman rig), and Paul Ford bandy the lines with good-humored tolerance; Loretta Leversee is a pretty girl afflicted by an alarmingly synthetic smile.

IT SEEMED reasonable to expect that *The Spirit of St. Louis*, a picture running well over two hours and devoted entirely to Charles A. Lindbergh, would offer some insight into the mind and character of that complex and somewhat forbidding man. It does not do so. Although ostensibly taken from Lindbergh's intensely personal and searching journal, it could as well be based on the literally countless Sunday features that have been written about Lucky Lindy, the Lone Eagle. The account is entirely bland and the character evoked fits James Stewart so per-

fectly that you could believe Lindbergh was invented to accommodate his familiar screen personality.

On the other hand, the agonizing trip across the Atlantic, with the solitary pilot fighting off sleep, ice, the panic of not knowing where he is; the picturesque flashbacks to the romantic, now idyllic, early days of aviation; some fine aerial photography in excellent color, make this picture a handsome and effective, if over-long, spectacle. Major factual details of plane design and operation are undoubtedly correct (some minor dramatic details look cute and implausible), and the picture gives a vivid impression of the casual bravado with which we began our adventures in the air.

It will come as no surprise that, blinded by searchlights over Le Bourget, exhausted, confused, unable longer to control his plane, Lindbergh calls on God for help and immediately finds himself safely on the ground. Divine intervention is now so deeply-engrained in the Hollywood credo that I would expect a screen biography of Mencken to disclose that he asked—and received—supernatural aid in editing *Smart Set*.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

WITH HIS superb performances of Mahler's Second Symphony (*Resurrection*) with the New York Philharmonic Bruno Walter concluded what he has announced is the last of such periods of guest-conducting with this orchestra or any other. He was eighty years old this year; and though he will continue to conduct he is reducing his commitments. Thus the career of another of the major figures in the musical life of the past fifty years is nearing its end.

The observances of Walter's eightieth birthday in the press and elsewhere have been concerned not only with the musician but with the person; and Columbia's have included not only the recordings of the Mozart Requiem and Symphonies K.543 and 551 reviewed in this column recently, but a record for free distribution, *Bruno Walter in Conversation with Arnold Michaelis* (BW-80), on which Walter "speaks to us from the serene plateau of mature understanding about music, musicians and life." And on the envelope of a popular-priced promotion record, *Bruno Walter: The Sound of Genius* (WZ-1), a collection of bits of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert,

Brahms, Johann Strauss and Mahler, Columbia printed an appreciation of Walter by the English critic Neville Cardus, who writes among other things that Walter "has maintained a balance between mind and imagination, reason and feeling," and that "there has always been courtesy in Bruno Walter's conducting, as in the man himself. He does not tyrannize music or musicians; he draws the best out of both by love and good manners. He is less happily described as the Maestro than as the Chevalier or Grand Seigneur."

I REMEMBER Walter's first appearance with the New York Symphony in 1923, and his performance of an unfamiliar Mozart symphony with a lightness, grace and sparkle that were a revelation in Mozart style; and I remember that his performance of Strauss's *Don Quixote* made me laugh more than any I have heard since. I also remember a delightful performance of *Cori fan Tutte* which he conducted in Salzburg in 1928; but in Vienna a few months later I heard *Cosi* conducted by Strauss in a sharper-contoured, keener-witted manner that

made Walter's performance seem soft and amorphous; and thus I was made aware for the first time of the defect that Toscanini described in an observation reported to me in Salzburg in 1937: "When Walter comes to something beautiful he melts." The melting over Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert has continued in the years since then, and has produced performances which have been increasingly nerveless, soft and flabby. But the amorphously sprawling musical structures of Mahler, paradoxically, Walter tightens and makes coherent; and the performances of Mahler's Second with which he ended his engagement with the New York Philharmonic were impressive demonstrations of his capacities operating at their best.

As for Walter the Chevalier and Grand Seigneur, the picture is marred for me by an incident I witnessed some years ago. The occasion was a Saturday morn-

URGENT APPEAL BY

Howard H. Carwile

Richmond, Virginia

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Dear Friends:

The people of Virginia are facing the gravest state-wide election since the Civil War. J. Lindsay Almond, Jr. has been hand-picked by the Byrd machine to be Governor of Virginia for the next four years. Mr. Almond has become a shocking symbol of race rancor, outlawed segregation, and bull-headed defiance of the supreme law of the land. Governor Thomas B. Stanley, and his blind puppets in the Legislature, are sabotaging and rocking the very foundations of our public school system. They are desecrating the Cradle of Democracy in the eyes of the world by shamefully undermining and destroying our Bill of rights.

I am running against Mr. Almond in the July Democratic Primary, as a Jacksonian Democrat, and will conduct a fervent, crusading campaign against him throughout this Commonwealth by radio, television and every other available method. I want to open the eyes of the masses of the people to this unspeakable mess that the Stanley administration has left us in. I want to expose thoroughly the dangerous racial propaganda that the Richmond News Leader dispenses every day.

I shall make this race at a great personal sacrifice. I am happy to give my time to this momentous crusade against bigotry, but I must look to my friends for the necessary financial support. I need a minimum of Five Thousand Dollars for advertising, traveling, radio and television time. I have to pay a filing fee of Four Hundred Dollars. Every fifteen minutes appearance on television will cost me between Two and Three Hundred Dollars. Radio time is also expensive. I want to make radio and television appearances in every major city of this commonwealth.

I believe that my friends who know of my work in Virginia will support me loyally in this crusade against J. Lindsay Almond, Jr. Please send your contribution at once.

Yours sincerely,

HOWARD H. CARWILE
4714 Augusta Avenue
Richmond, Virginia

(advertisement)

MEETINGS

March 29
LOS ANGELES PUBLIC FORUM
IS THERE A FUTURE FOR
AMERICAN SOCIALISM?
Speakers:
 Bert Cochran, Editor,
 The American Socialist
 Vincent Hallinan, 1952 Presidential
 Candidate, Progressive Party
 Dorothy Healey, Chairman,
 Los Angeles Communist Party
 Carl Marzani, writer and publisher
 William F. Warde, Chairman, Los Angeles
 Socialist Workers' Party
 Reuben Borough, Moderator
Friday, 8 P.M., March 29,
Embassy Auditorium 75c

Chicago Symposium
SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY
How do they affect America's future?
 Hear: Mulford Sibley
 National Committee, Socialist Party
 Max Weiss
 National Staff, Communist Party
 Max Shachtman
 Nat'l Chairman, Independent Socialist League
 Chairman: Lawrence Scott
 American Friends Service Committee
 Wednesday, March 27, 1957, 8:00 P.M., Mandel
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 Auspices: Socialist Club, Univ. of Chicago; Young
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ing Philharmonic rehearsal for the eve-
 ning concert at which Mozart's Piano
 Concerto K.595 was to be played. If
 the pianist had been Schnabel the entire
 rehearsal would have been devoted to
 achieving homogeneity of phrasing and
 precision of execution in the joint per-
 formance of orchestra and soloist. But
 the pianist was a young American; and
 while this appearance with the Philhar-
 monic was of enormous consequence to
 him it was of no importance to Walter.
 So the young American sat waiting while
 Walter continued to rehearse the Suite
 from Korngold's *Much Ado About*
Nothing and time grew shorter, until
 there was barely a half-hour left. At this
 point an official of the orchestra inter-
 vened and insisted on Walter's taking up
 the concerto. There was time only for
 one hurried and uninterrupted run-
 through; and the result was an ineffective
 performance at the concert. The Walter
 of this incident was no Chevalier and
 Grand Seigneur, but instead a man of
 no artistic conscience and of ruthless
 inhumanity.

BALLET THEATRE, at its single ap-
 pearance in New York, presented a new
 piece, *Winter's Eve*, by the young
 English choreographer Kenneth Mac-
 Millan. The reports about his work for
 the Sadler's Wells companies had created
 interest and expectations which were
 disappointed by this piece created ex-
 pressly for Ballet Theatre. Set to Brit-
 ten's Variations on a Theme of Frank
 Bridge, with striking scenery and cos-
 tumes by Nicholas Georgiadis, it is con-
 cerned with a blind girl's involvement
 with a young man from whom she con-
 ceals her blindness, her distress when
 he discovers it, her accidental blinding
 of him in their struggle, their being
 separated by the crowd and being unable
 to find each other. And as the story is
 contrived and unpalatable, so the dance
 and mime movements in which it is told
 are forced and unconvincing when they
 are freshly inventive, which they are
 only part of the time. The one exception
 is the spectacular effect of fluttering
 birds produced with the white-clothed
 arms of dancers in black against a black
 back-drop. The piece provides Nora
 Kaye with the type of dramatic part
 that she does so well; and one noted
 again how much better she looks in this
 company than in the New York City
 Ballet.

For me, therefore, the event of the
 evening was the performance of the
 single Balanchine piece in Ballet
 Theatre's repertory, *Theme and Varia-*
tions, with Lupe Serrano and Scott
 Douglas.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover.)

ist at our major universities. To ask rep-
 resentatives of English departments
 what they think are the major intel-
 lectual influences on students was an an-
 noyingly blind procedure. Perhaps the
 reason why your contributors reported
 such intellectual inertia and disinterest
 among students is because we don't go
 to listen to them.

As a sophomore or junior at college,
 I got tired of listening to English and
 Humanities teachers fret about psycho-
 logic professors who taught classes some-
 thing of behaviorist psychology, Clark
 Hull's studies of learning theory, and
 determinism in human behavior. They
 looked anxiously over at that part of
 the campus and charged their colleagues
 with denying man's creativity or free
 will or divine spark. . . . The fright-
 ening idea that opportunism in nature
 brought man to this planet and is the
 only reason why we happen to share it
 with a few thousand other species was,
 to them, just one more evidence of the
 creeping intellectual nihilism of . . .
 scientists.

I felt there were far more valid, ex-
 citing and challenging ways to spend my
 energies. I wanted to read something
 of Freud, Darwin; I had my appetite
 aroused by mentions of Marx, Morgan,
 Huxley, Taylor, Einstein, Mendel. A
 not widely known author, A. L. Kroeber,
 introduced me to anthropology.

I don't think that the political climate
 was responsible for my entrance into
 the "less controversial" area of science.
 I think the reason is simply that the
 time is ripe for an advance in the
 scientific study of man, and this is
 what draws me. Maybe our esthetes
 have been superseded for a while.

In the meantime, I will read, when-
 ever I can, my Salinger, my Bellow, my
 Angus Wilson and my George Orwell,
 and I won't go to English 100 to learn
 to appreciate them.

CLARK JOHNSON

Graduate Student in Anthropology
 University of Minnesota

Minneapolis, Minn.

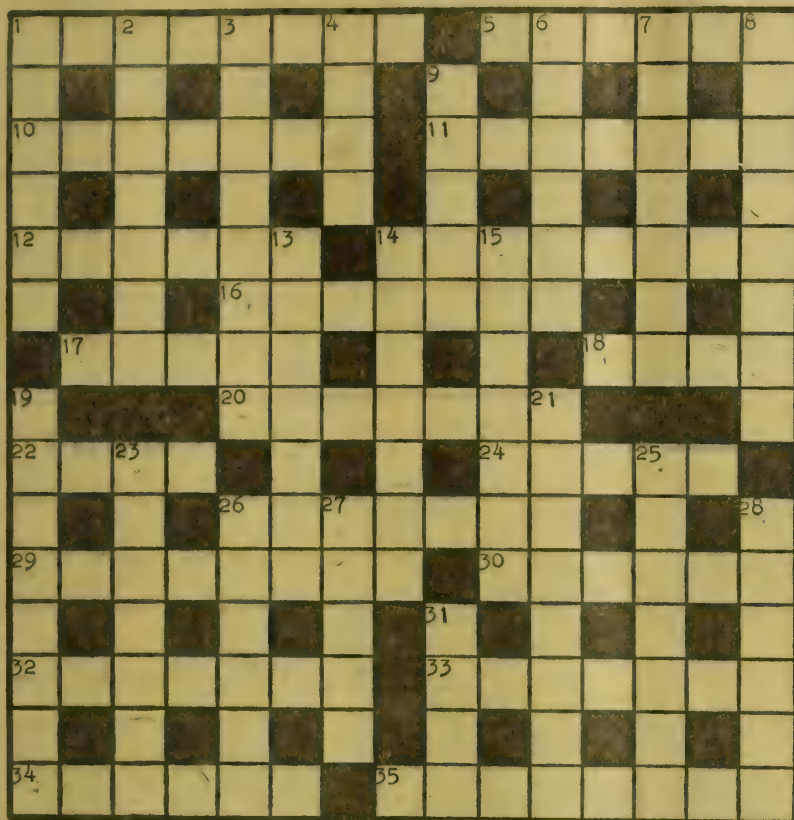
Dear Sirs: I'm in the middle of the
 reports on *The Careful Young Men*
 and find them thoroughly fascinating,
 particularly because they could have
 been written, at least in general, on
 the students here at Northwestern
 University.

WALTER B. RIDGOUT

Evanston, Illinois

Crossword Puzzle No. 716

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Giving Detroit the raspberry? (5, 3)
- 5 See 12 across
- 10 Previously enough, as an illustration. (7)
- 11 Makes a short Congressman get up and make a second presentation. (7)
- 12 and 5 across Not really "lounge lizards"—rather what one doesn't indulge in on 33 across. (6, 6)
- 14 Probably one of the best spots is in the procession! (8)
- 16 One might call it surrounded by a face-saving device. (7)
- 17 Return the compliment, perhaps, with no sign of availability. (2, 3)
- 18 The remnant of 1 across comes back with culture. (4)
- 20 What one must bear about the unbearable. (7)
- 22 She had a dream in Lohengrin. (4)
- 24 Sound physical culture advice to suit it! (5)
- 26 Support for a member of the cavalry. (5)
- 29 Fully realized. (8)
- 30 Might make things less hot and less dry. (6)
- 32 A little silent about what pertains to force! (7)
- 33 One of these could be a picnic! (7)
- 34 and 31 down Uninteresting as part of the body, and by way of comparison certainly not 30! (3, 2, 1, 4)
- 35 Their interference ratio is high (8)

DOWN:

- 1 and 14 down Governmentalese for what is never seen with a small tube. (3, 3, 7)
- 2 Cheer up! It's one way to put things together in the valley. (7)
- 3 Censure. (The bottom is not quite round.) (8)
- 4 Cutting lines? (4)
- 6 It grows quiet in the region of extremities. (6)
- 7 Going on parties, perhaps, to help in the band. (7)
- 8 Descriptive of Hebe, or does it imply speculation on the ladies' part? (3-5)
- 9 Care for free entertainment? (5)
- 13 Separate broken toes, as a fast answer. (7)
- 14 See 1 down
- 15 Pretty, but perhaps does rub the wrong way! (7)
- 19 Fix up the joint when about to arrive, and get received gladly. (8)
- 21 Left a portion? Indeed! (8)
- 23 May does, but not at a definite time. (7)
- 25 Clash like the devil with the dean! (7)
- 26 Strangely enough, they look tight on some people. (6)
- 27 Paragraphs in the Times, no doubt. (5)
- 28 Searches for capers? (6)
- 31 See 24 across

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 715

ACROSS: 1 GALSWORTHY; 6, 14 down and 10 across NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP; 11 REEFERS; 12 HOOK; 13 MANIFESTER; 15 RADIANT; 16 GROOMING; 17 STAMMER; 20 MENTION; 22 BREAD ROLLS; 23 ETNA; 25 RENEWED; 27 YOST; 28 FRENZIEDLY DOWN; 1 GET THE RASPBERRY TOWN; 1 GET across, and 9 down WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG; 4 REPLANT; 5 HARPING; 7 ONE-STAR; 8 INSTRUMENTALITY; 18 AVENUES; 19 REORDER; 20 MALAYAN; 21 INTONED; 24 ZUNI.

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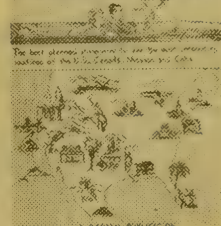
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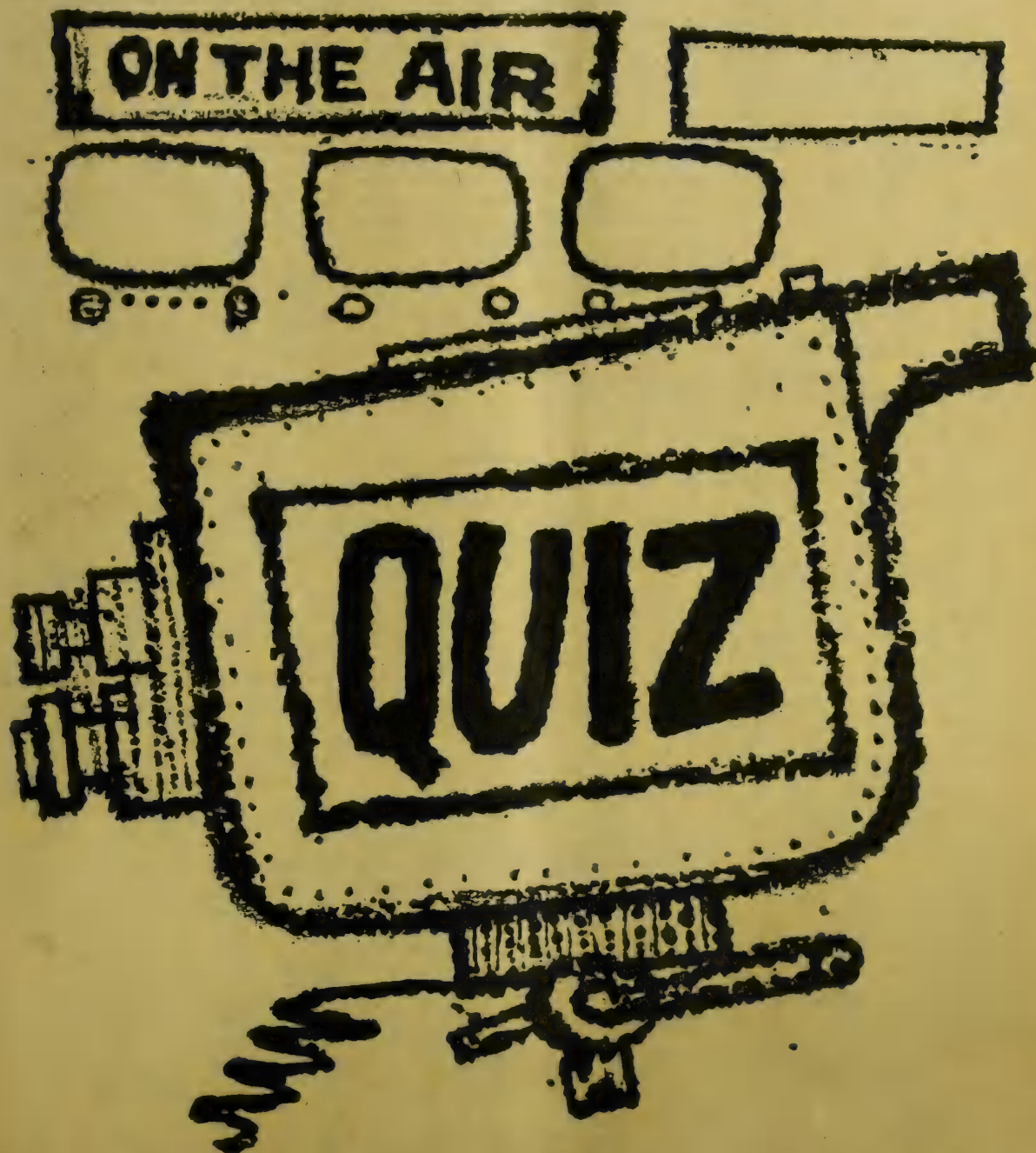
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THE FABULOUS SWEAT BOX . . *Dan Wakefield*

LETTERS

The Careful Generation

[Here is additional reader reaction to the symposium on today's undergraduates which appeared in the March 9 issue under the title "The Careful Young Men."—Ed.]

Dear Sirs: As a student, I found your March 9 issue extremely interesting. It provoked many of us here at Bates, and especially the seniors, to think seriously about the education we have received and to attempt to identify the writers who have most influenced our lives and our ideas.

MARGOT KIRITZ
'57 Bates College

Lewiston, Maine

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* has attempted a significant service to liberalism in its symposium, *The Careful Young Men*. Unfortunately it has missed its mark. The difficulty lies, I think, in the selection of the kind of professors thought most fitted to analyze "tomorrow's leaders." The fact is that the more intelligent, the more capable, the more interested and dynamic student no longer (if, indeed, he ever did) majors in the fields encompassed by the English Department.

Thus, while agreeing with many points made, I find the whole analysis misses the basic issues. Most of your contributors agreed that modern students have no "heroes"; however, those of us working in the fields of political science or psychology know this to be false—it is simply that the heroes are no longer "literary." If there were no heroes, there would be cause for celebration. Unfortunately, the fanatic (there is no other word for it) devotion demonstrated by students for "Ike" or "Adlai" or even "Estes" demonstrated that the immature need for "Great Men" exists still.

GEORGE VON HILSHEIMER
Director of Religious Education
Ethical Society of St. Louis
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: When you ask English professors to say who are the successors of Mencken and Hemingway as the inspiration of undergraduate thinking, you load the dice. The professors may be sensitive reporters but you ask them to report on a limited sector of undergraduate thinking—the vocal, "literary-philosophic" crowd. Thus Professor Baker writes, "They are too busy . . . thinking about older thinkers and

writers." Alas, too many are not interested in thinkers at all.

This opacity of thinking is not limited to the Colleges of Commerce nor to those who are—if we are to believe Professor Bestor—brainwashed by Colleges of Education. In a certain large liberal-arts college the very high honors seniors listened in stony silence to a talk on civil liberties. On direct questioning, not one professed any interest or concern about civil liberties in general or his own in particular. Mind you, this is the elite, the top 3 per cent of a liberal-arts college, highly intelligent and in their way well educated. But they are not, you may be sure, reading either old or new literary thinkers. The professors of English in their colleges haven't seen them since they passed freshman composition. They are taking courses in chemistry and physics in order to meet the demand for scientists to beat the Russians—and incidentally to get one of those high salaries. And these are the chaps who will really be running the country in the next two decades.

HORACE B. ENGLISH
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

[The author of the following letter gave it the title, *The Tedious Old Men: Today's Teachers Analyzed by One of Tomorrow's Careful Young Men*. All quoted material was lifted from *The Nation's* symposium; the italicized words were interpolated by the writer.]

Dear Sirs: "It has been common talk among" students that teachers "have become increasingly bland in every way. Passivity is the last word we expect to use in connection with a generation of" teachers, "but it's the only word that applies to the American university" professor "of the past few years."

"Gone is the urge to" teach "proletarian fiction, Marxist or Catholic or liberal philosophy, books about society, books about politics, economics, international affairs. Because, first, it would be too hard to" teach; "and, second, because he would not feel he could spare the time for intellectual pursuit that did not clearly make him" secure in "his economic niche. Few at the age of" forty, fifty, or sixty "are sound critics of the society they live in and the others reach for the images of life that are most insistently offered them. Today these are images of luxury."

Extra copies of the March 19 *Nation* are available at 25c per copy in orders of ten or less; 20c per copy in large orders.

"Why should the splendid minds, with such fine potentiality, seem so moribund? They hope for individual peace and endurance, act as if the contemporary mess may change into international order, and concentrate on" words, "where they know they will be for some time."

FREDDY PERLMAN

New York City

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EDITORIALS

Knocking at the Door

Washington

Fascist Spain is inching nearer to membership in NATO. While Dictator Franco will probably fail to make the grade at the next meeting of the North Atlantic Council, which opens in Bonn on May 2, it is clear that the opposition has been weakening.

Franco is drawing his main encouragement from the American Congress. Last Wednesday the House of Representatives passed by acclamation a resolution calling on the State Department to continue to use its good offices to achieve Spain's participation in the Atlantic alliance. An almost identical resolution is before the Senate and is assured of adoption.

Franco's diplomatic representatives are hopeful that this development will give his NATO aspiration the little extra push needed. Several factors have been improving Spain's chances:

1. Four NATO countries have pledged support for Spain—Portugal, Italy, Greece and Turkey.

2. Franco expects France to back Spain's candidacy despite the Socialist leadership of the French government. The explanation seems to lie in a little Spanish blackmail in North Africa: Spanish political influence contributed, however slightly, towards attainment of Moroccan and Tunisian independence, and more recently Spain has been supporting Algeria's rebels.

3. As long as the Conservatives hold power in Britain, the British could be expected to favor Spain's entry.

4. Belgium was an opponent of Spain's admission under former Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak. But a few weeks ago Spaak became NATO's secretary-general. At his new post, the Belgian Social Democrat seems to be more aware of the military meaning of Spain's thirteen divisions. So Belgian resistance against Spanish inclusion in NATO has waned.

However, one negative vote in NATO is enough to blackball any new member. Norway and Denmark—especially the former—remain strongly opposed to admitting Spain. The Norwegians have kept fresh in their memory the role of Generalissimo Francisco Franco as Hitler's accomplice. And despite Congress's resolution, the State Department is cautious. It prefers to avoid risking a setback to American prestige by sponsoring the entry of Spain into NATO only to have such a move vetoed by one or both Scandinavian allies. American tactics are to expand technical military collaboration between the Supreme Allied Command in

Europe and Spain. The more such links are extended and tightened, the easier it will be at a suitable moment to ease Spain into NATO membership.

Apart from other considerations—and Franco's record has been recited many times in these pages—the admission of Spain to NATO, given the chaotic conditions inside the country, might result in NATO military units being used, on some bloody tomorrow, as a kind of international constabulary to maintain law-and-order in Franco's Spain. The prospect is not reassuring.

Budget Fever

It is not difficult to understand why budget-fever has become pandemic. Twelve years after the end of World War II, the military side of the budget is almost as effectively removed from civilian control as though we were still at war. By way of increasing their annoyance, taxpayers are also discovering that there is little likelihood of substantial cuts being made in other parts of the budget. Defense spending accounts for 63 per cent of the total. An additional 25 per cent is devoted to so-called "program" items which are, in effect, fixed charges. This leaves 10 or 12 per cent which is subject to cuts—the amounts to be spent for schools, highways, irrigation projects and the like—but even the most ferocious budget-cutters hesitate to wield the axe on these items. The upshot is—as the taxpayer sees it—that Congress has lost control of the budget. Nor does he find any comfort in the assurance that a \$71.8 billion budget only amounts to 17 per cent of the gross national product; he is thinking about the future. For example, will the military side of the budget continue to increase?

To recapture control of the budget, Congress should overcome its reluctance to debate military policy and defense spending. Currently both parties are committed to the dogma that the military budget may be increased, but never cut. Direct pressures for defense spending do not alone account for this bipartisan subservience to the military. To be sure, budget preparation is today a very intricate and complex task and one which Congress is not equipped to undertake. One can appreciate, also, the reluctance of Senators and Representatives to question the recommendations of military experts. But sooner or later Congress will be forced to decide how much of the gross national product is to be devoted to non-productive military expenditures and how much is to be devoted to what is now termed "non-protection spending," that is, spending for socially

useful purposes. To decide this issue, Congress will need to debate the assumptions on which the military experts base their recommendations. This is exactly what the House of Commons did in its recent brilliant debate on the assumptions of the cold war which, because it was critical, hard-headed and thoroughgoing, produced agreement on the necessity for cuts in the British military budget.

A Dilapidated Umbrella

Melbourne

The Australian press and radio did their best to play up the Canberra SEATO Conference as a really important meeting, but it was hard going. Despite all the brave words in Canberra, the prospects of making SEATO an effective security organization have steadily diminished since 1954. The Colombo powers remain suspicious and hostile. Malaya will not join. Laos and Cambodia are increasingly reluctant to seek shelter under this particular umbrella. Britain and France are cutting their military commitments in this part of the world. Above all, the real struggle against Communist expansion in Southeast Asia has shifted from the military to the political and economic fields, while SEATO is essentially a military arrangement. And the Western members want to keep it that way, and not to expand its functions to include economic and technical aid, which are being handled in other ways, notably in the Colombo Plan. SEATO's weakness was unwittingly revealed by the Canberra schedule. The military representatives met first, and got their work finished before the political representatives settled down to theirs. It was surely odd to ask the soldiers to work out their joint military plans first, and then ask the statesmen to analyze the political circumstances and determine the political objectives which the military plans are presumably designed to serve. There was great satisfaction in Australia that Mr. Dulles, unlike the British and French Foreign Ministers, thought it worth while to come, but some bewilderment that he should have chosen this occasion to reiterate so belligerently America's resolve to resist China's entry to the United Nations. This seemed to put an inopportune emphasis on the failure of America on the one side, and of Britain and most Asian countries on the other, to adopt a common political policy in the region. And without that the appointment of new officials, and the mounting of new military exercises, will hardly help SEATO bring security to Southeast Asia.

The Scandal Business

The current investigation of scandal magazines which a California legislative committee has been conducting has turned up some delectable scandal and some scandalous detectives but has failed to make a case for

special legislation to regulate the "scandal" magazines. A special problem is involved, extremely limited in character. The chief offender, *Confidential*, is not published in California and the entire edition of each issue is sold to the distributor on publication. It is, therefore, difficult for the California courts to acquire jurisdiction; there is no one to serve with a summons. If suits are brought in New York, where the publication's principal office is maintained, they may not be brought to trial for several years. No doubt this procedural snafu is irritating to the plaintiffs in libel actions, but they will eventually have their day in court. In the meantime legislative inquiries of the type being conducted in Hollywood merely bring the scandal to the front pages of the nation's press and give rise to dangerously half-baked suggestions that "something must be done" about the scandal magazines. To date there has been no showing that the existing libel and slander laws are inadequate to protect individuals against the type of scandal-mongering in which these magazines indulge.

Dirty Work in Laos

Washington

Everyone knows that a government in which virtuous men like John Foster Dulles are at the top would be incapable of meddling in the internal affairs of nations America befriends. That's the sort of thing we've come to expect from the Russians. Yet perhaps the time has come once again—remember the 1953 elections in Italy and in the German Federal Republic? remember the Mossadegh episode in Iran?—to confess to some passing doubts.

For several months there has been an imminent prospect that the cabinet of the tiny Indo-Chinese land of Laos would be reshuffled to admit the Communist-tinged Pathet Lao party. Befriended by Communist China and by Red Vietnam, the party is claiming some ministerial portfolios as part of a broader deal.

Last December 28, two half-brothers, both Laotian princes, reached an agreement. One party to the pact was the royal government's Prime Minister, Souphanou Phouma; the other was his near kin, Souvanna Vong, a leader of the leftist Pathet Lao. Neither the Pathet Lao nor the country's National Assembly has so far ratified the arrangement, in which the Pathet Lao, in return for ministerial posts, offered two important concessions to the royal government: first, the Pathet Lao would relinquish the two Northern provinces which it rules; second, its army of about 25,000 would be disbanded, some units joining the national forces.

Our State Department has been eyeing the whole matter with repugnance. In fact, late last year, U. S. diplomats informally told Laos that if the Pathet Lao Reds were admitted to the national government, the United States would suspend all further assistance to that country. This is no small matter, since the \$36 mil-

The NATION

lion a year we have been granting Laos has financed the maintenance of its regular army.

American authorities have been hinting that the whole December 28 deal should be scrapped and that the royal government should end all traffic with the Pathet Lao. The same Washington authorities see a chance of installing a more pro-American regime in Laos' capital, Vientiane. The State Department and Pentagon view Prime Minister Prince Phouma as far too soft toward the Left. Washington's candidate is

Vice-Premier Katay Sassorith, a rightist politician who has publicly been warning his countrymen against the prevailing neutralism which countenances friendly relations with Communist China, Russia and North Vietnam as well as with the West.

In advance of a possible political coup in Laos aimed at sweeping an American puppet regime into office, it is well to remind ourselves that our own two princely brothers, Foster and Allen, would never be guilty of dirty work at the Laotian crossroads.

CREDITS AND OSCARS . . by Elizabeth Poe

Hollywood
HOLLYWOOD may seem an unlikely place to study fundamental trade-union principles, but a Hollywood union, the Writers Guild of America, West, formerly known as the Screen Writers' Guild, has only recently decided to observe an old and obvious rule—that an injury to one is an injury to all, even if the injured one is accused of communism.

The writers' new position came at an awkward time for the rest of the industry, just as Hollywood prepared for its annual self-deification ritual, the awarding of the Motion Picture Academy "Oscars." Among the leading contenders for the prizes were *Friendly Persuasion* and *Eighty Days Around the World*, both the subject of bitter disputes over authorship. A Quaker novelist claims she wrote a script to which the Writers Guild says she contributed insufficiently to deserve a credit; the biggest showman on earth insists that only Todd knows who writes his films. Hollywood is in a tizzy.

As a strange result of these difficulties, there is now a strong attack on the political blacklist in Hollywood—led, improbably enough, by the Writers Guild, which itself helped to enforce the blacklist.

Last year the Fund for the Republic sponsored the publication of a two-volume study called *Report on Blacklisting*, a work which

described at length the doings of Hollywood trade unions in the days when there was no political blacklist, but which neglected to explain what happened to Hollywood unions once the blacklist forced hundreds out of work in the motion-picture industry, some via the House Committee on Un-American Activities, others through privately-lodged charges of left-wing association. The effect of such an employment policy on Hollywood's trade unions was as predictable as the end of a Western movie. Instead of defending their members' job security, many of the unions joined in the persecution.

In order to grasp the intricate relationship among trade unionism, blacklisting, the Quaker novelist and Todd, it is necessary to understand that a dispute over credits may arise even when there is good faith all around. A producer may buy an original story, appoint a team of writers to convert it into a screenplay, discard this team and fire another writer, then sell the first result to a second producer who gets another team, followed by a man who does a polish job. Before the Writers Guild was organized, the producer gave screenplay credit to whichever writer he happened to like best, or whichever had the most box-office appeal. Sometimes he took the credit himself, or gave it to his son. Finally, in 1940, the writers won from the producers the right to determine credit themselves. The guild set up arbitration committees to handle questions of disputed authorship. Rigid rules were estab-

lished under which no person who had not contributed more than one-third of the final screenplay won credit. The system worked fine for twelve years; the screen-writers thrived and soon overtook the status enjoyed in motion-picture society by make-up men. But then came the blacklist. The subsequent challenge of the writers' position was disguised at first as anti-communism, and it took a while for its full import to be recognized.

The issue was Paul Jarrico's right to credit on a film called *The Las Vegas Story*. Jarrico had written this film for RKO before refusing to cooperate with the House committee. In 1952, Howard Hughes, then head of RKO, ordered Jarrico's name off the screen credits of *The Las Vegas Story*. When Jarrico and the Writers Guild went to court in independent but parallel protests, the courts upheld Hughes in both cases.

The guild not only lost its suit, but went all the way over to the producers' side, rewriting its basic contract to allow employers to withhold screen credit from any writer who refused to answer questions about his politics, whether the questions came from the House committee or from the producers themselves.

Several years went by without the invocation of this strange no-author provision in a writers' union contract. No uncooperative committee witnesses remained on studio payrolls, and there seemed to be no occasion for a producer to avail himself of the escape clause. But then came the Geneva spirit, and William

ELIZABETH POE last year completed a study of political blacklisting in Hollywood for the Fund for the Republic.

Wyler, one of the best producer-directors in Hollywood, decided to take a chance.

Ten years earlier, a company with which Wyler was associated had employed Michael Wilson to write a screenplay based on a book of short stories by Jessamyn West called *The Friendly Persuasion*. The screenplay focused on the Quakers' conflict between anti-slavery and anti-war sentiments during the Civil War. Shelved when the Korean war started, the project was revived in 1955, but as production plans progressed on the film, there was much Hollywood speculation. What would Wyler do about credit to Wilson, who in the meantime had been blacklisted?

Wyler's apparent efforts to meet this problem are recorded by Miss West in a journal of her Hollywood experiences called *To See The Dream*. According to her account, she was first hired as a screen-writer for *Friendly Persuasion*, then removed after another writer was called in. Next she was made technical adviser for the film, but finally she was asked to go back to work on the script again, working with still a third writer, Robert Wyler, to help her along with the technical problems. In her journal, Miss West mentions that there was a ten-year-old script around, but she observes that it wasn't much good. There was a lot of difficulty, however, in preparing a new script. Solving one of the central problems brought Miss West a "tightening of the skin across the cheekbone" and a "contracting of the chest."

WHEN WYLER finally released the film, he contended that Miss West and his brother Robert had written the final screenplay, but Michael Wilson demanded a Writers Guild arbitration on the question of script authorship. The guild jury decided, after analysis of the final shooting script, that it had been written by Michael Wilson, and therefore awarded Wilson *sole* screenplay credit. This meant that, according to the Guild, neither Miss West nor Robert Wyler had contributed as much as a third each to the shooting script, a requirement for in-

dividual credit, and that as a team they had not contributed 40 per cent, for they were not granted team credit.

Despite the guild's arbitration decision, Wyler—who had invested three million dollars in the film—obviously believed or was told that he could not give screen credit to a blacklisted writer, even though it had been at least five years since the American Legion had publicly threatened to picket films on such grounds. Therefore the producer invoked the credit escape clause of the Writers Guild contract for the first time in Hollywood history, and released *Friendly Persuasion* with no screenplay credit at all.

THE DAY the film was released, Wilson sued Wyler, Jessamyn West and others involved in the film, charging that Miss West and Robert Wyler had been assigned to make minor changes in his script in an effort to eliminate the necessity of credit to him. *Time* magazine delivered the most apt and unexpected blow of all against William Wyler's difficult position. Said *Time's* reviewer: "*Friendly Persuasion* is a nice folksy costume comedy that tries to say something serious about the relation—and the lack of it—between private morals and public life. Before the picture ever reached the screen, it was accused of malpracticing what it preaches. Script-writer Michael Wilson, who cinemadapted the 1945 bestseller by Jessamyn West, was denied a screen credit for his work because he pleaded the Fifth Amendment in 1951 for refusing to answer questions before the House Un-American Committee. The studio, a small outfit, was of no mind to risk its principal (\$3,200,000) for principle."

At this point the Writers Guild remained silent. After all, the guild had opened the door when it rewrote its basic agreement, and Wyler could not be taken to task for walking in. The producers had a contract with the writers which said it was perfectly okay for a producer to release a film with no credit for the writer who wrote the script.

Yet the whole thing seemed rather strange in 1957 Hollywood, and there was a lot of worried talk among

screen-writers who had been in the movie colony before the guild was organized and remembered what it was like. Screen credits are their stock in trade, the currency with which they negotiate their jobs.

Shortly after *Friendly Persuasion* was released, another odd thing happened, rudely reminding the writers again of those chaotic days fifteen years ago when producers gave credits to suit themselves. Producer Mike Todd announced that he was giving sole screenplay credit for *Eighty Days Around the World* to S. J. Perelman, and he didn't give a damn what the writers' union said. A guild arbitration committee had awarded screenplay credit for the Todd extravaganza to the screen writers, with James Poe and John Farrow listed first and Mr. Perelman listed last. When *Eighty Days Around the World* was released with Perelman's name alone as script-writer, this was a direct challenge. The guild stood defied. With one grand gesture, Mike Todd had helped turn the clock back to before 1940, when the guild signed its first contract with the producers.

BUT the real trouble started after the screenplays for both *Friendly Persuasion* and *Eighty Days Around the World* were put in nomination for Oscar awards. On this issue the screen-writers rallied and started to fight back.

Confronted with the fact that Wilson might very likely win an Oscar, the Motion Picture Academy executive board hastily passed a law stating that any person who has failed to answer questions before the House Committee on Un-American Activities is ineligible for the prize. In its haste, the academy apparently forgot that Michael Wilson had received an Oscar in 1951 for his co-authorship of the screenplay for *A Place in the Sun*, which had been written, like *Friendly Persuasion*, before Wilson was blacklisted.

Startled by the anti-Wilson position taken by the academy, which could be nothing but a slap against the guild, the writers belatedly came to life. Indignantly, they let out a noise that sounded up Hollywood's canyons with the fearless ring of a

pre-blacklist trade-union war cry. The Writers Guild gives out its own annual awards, and the writers nominated Michael Wilson to receive one for the screenplay of *Friendly Persuasion*. "In the event that Mr. Wilson should win in our Awards," said the guild, "he will receive his due. We will not cavil."

On March 7, in the cavernous Moulin Rouge on Sunset Boulevard, Wilson won the Writers Guild award for the best American drama presented in 1956. The award was greeted by the deafening applause of more than one thousand assembled Holly-

wood dignitaries. The audience laughed loudest that night at Groucho Marx's quip: "Take, for example, *The Ten Commandments*. Original story by Moses. . . . The producers were forced to keep Moses' name off the writing credits because they found out he had once crossed the Red Sea."

In the midst of the award hubbub, Showman Mike Todd saw that he had underestimated the guild and gave in. He decided to abide by the guild arbitration decision and set the writing credits straight for *Eighty Days Around the World*. After that,

the Writers Guild went beyond *Friendly Persuasion* in its rollback to trade unionism. It sent word to Paul Jarrico that it would go to bat for his credit on an old Jarrico movie that had been remade recently without any credit to Jarrico.

There was no doubt about it, the problem of credits for Writers Guild members now had to be faced as one package. The guild's new position could develop into a major breakthrough in the fight against blacklisting and eventually restore the principle that a writer or other artist should be judged by his work alone.

THE FABULOUS SWEAT BOX . . by Dan Wakefield

"I will study and get ready, and maybe the chance will come."

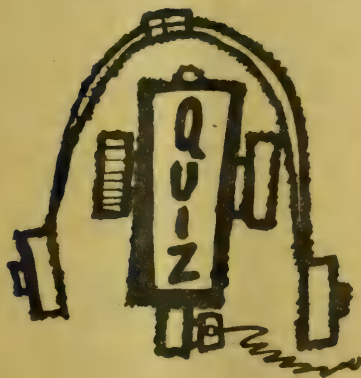
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MR. LINCOLN'S resolution, if repeated today, would immediately be understood by the speaker's friends and neighbors. It would obviously mean that the fellow was going to try for a chance at the jackpot on one of TV's fortune-paying quiz shows.

The phenomenon of the jackpot quiz craze, in which the least among us may make a fortune overnight, is the newest translation of the Great American Dream. If Horatio Alger were with us now, his story would inevitably be that of a struggling delivery boy who bought the twenty-four sets of the Funk and Wagnalls encyclopedia on the grocery-store installment plan, read them while peddling his bicycle to work no-handed through a sea of powergliding automobiles, and appeared on *Twenty-One* to conquer Mrs. Vivienne Nearing and eventually win the Geritol Company.

The Constitution of the United States, which guarantees a citizen's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, has always been understood to imply that every American has the chance to rise suddenly

to the top of the heap from the deepest wilderness of obscurity and make his fortune, name and success. One or two do; millions are comforted by the thought that they might. There was once The Frontier, and young men could Go West to carve their fortune from the challenge of the new land. Then there was the



economic frontier, the age of Horatio Alger, and every poor boy was able to tell himself that he, though a lowly bootblack, might rise to be the king of a moneyed empire. But then something happened.

When World War II was over, *Time* magazine told us that the younger generation was not so interested as its predecessors in trying to be The Top. One young man was quoted as saying that all the old frontiers were conquered, and he and his peers could do no more than

bounce off the walls of an overly padded society. It was not so much the reality that had changed as the myth. C. Wright Mills, in *The Power Elite*, points out that, contrary to popular opinion, there are still new millionaires created every year, and there are more of them in the country today than in any era in our history except one. But the popular conception of rising to oriental splendor overnight was shadowed by the new conception of The Organization, the income tax and the growing complications of a society that seemed to be too big and impersonal to grapple with. The prospect was rather depressing. People began to get tired blood.

Into the vacated myth of quick success, the jackpot quiz shows came with an answer. They came to an audience hungry for glory, excitement, surprises and reassurance that the man in the anonymous street might still suddenly rise to a place in the golden sun. (Overheard in a bar after a TV quiz show: "When I was a kid I could tell you the batting average of every man in the major leagues. Maybe if I studied up again . . .")

Though the quiz show had made its mark in the old days of radio, it was on a quite different plane. The very names of the leading shows in the radio era of the late thirties and

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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the forties, and the names of the current top television programs, indicate the difference. The first era's leaders were *Information Please*, *Take It Or Leave It* (popularly known as "The \$64 Question") and *Truth or Consequences*. The new era leaders include such titles as *The Big Surprise*, *The \$64,000 Question*, *The Big Payoff*, *Break the Bank* and *Strike It Rich*. The quiz show is no longer casual; the question is one of fortune or failure.

IT IS basically a change in quantity that has brought about a change in quality and significance of the quiz programs. The elements that have made the TV quiz shows, at least temporarily, a national institution, were there in seed form in their radio forerunners. The most obvious of these elements is the money itself. The listeners to *Take It Or Leave It* were able to get excited over whether a man selected right out of the studio audience was going to win \$64, with which he might, at best, buy himself a new suit or camera or fishing outfit. It was a minor real-life drama, like finding a wallet in the street with a \$50 bill inside. Multiplying the prize 1,000 times has turned it into major drama. A man can make a small fortune before the eyes of the audience by answering the \$64,000 question. Or he can lose one; and tragedy is just as dramatic as triumph.

Once *The \$64,000 Question* had put the hundreds-of-dollars shows that preceded it into financial insignificance, and proved the value of its major life-drama appeal (by regularly drawing a TV audience of fifty-five millions and increasing its sponsor's—Revlon's—earnings almost 200 per cent the first year of the show), the race was on to make the dramas bigger by making the stakes bigger. *The Big Surprise* came out with a jackpot of \$100,000, and was soon topped by *Twenty-One*, on which the stakes are unlimited and Charles Van Doren ran his winnings to \$129,000 before being eliminated. The day after Van Doren reached the end of his highly publicized winning streak, *The \$64,000 Question* announced that it was

raising its ante to \$256,000 "to keep up with the trend of the times." Under the new system, a winner of the \$64,000 question may return without jeopardizing his jackpot and attempt to add to it up to a quarter of a million dollars.

The only detracting element from the drama and reality of these jackpot prizes are the mammoth cuts that taxes make—and the next big TV giveaway show, of course, appeared with a gimmick to beat it. *Do You Trust Your Wife* pays its winnings out at \$100 a week over a sixteen-year period, and the taxes are deducted yearly as they would be from a \$5,200 annual salary. On this show, the player can win a lifetime vacation—or, having glimpsed it, lose and return to the awful prospect of life as it was before.

TV Guide recently confirmed the the audience imagination of the terror of defeat by reporting an interview with a Los Angeles truck-driver named Al Einfrank who lost the \$32,000 he had won by failing to answer the \$64,000 question. On the morning after the disaster, *TV Guide's* reporter found that:

In the tiny hotel room, Al Einfrank sat on an unmade bed and stared at his rented TV set. From the breast pocket of Al's double-breasted suit protruded a handkerchief on which the words "Don't Cry" were embroidered.

"I cried all night when my nephew called me up from Arizona," Al said to a visitor. "But I'm OK now."

... For consolation, [Al] won a Cadillac convertible.

"Ha," he said with some bitterness. "What am I going to do with a Cadillac?"

Defeat on one of the jackpot quiz shows can be as melodramatically terrible as victory is wonderful. A man's future hangs in the balance—and you are there.

THE INVASION of personal privacy is one of the prices the quiz contestant must pay for his chance at the jackpot. The Peeping-Tom aspect of the television quizzes is one of the most important elements of success, and it, too, was first stumbled upon in the old days of the radio quiz. Phil Baker, the MC of *Take It Or Leave It* (the original \$64 question

show), found that audiences were most enthusiastic when a serviceman on leave was the winner, and he set up a special system of drawing for contestants so that at least two or three servicemen would be on every show. When the audience had some knowledge about the contestant that made them feel sympathetic—such as knowing he was in the service—their interest was much greater in the questions and answers. How much more interested would the audience be if they knew the intimate details of the contestant's private life—knew why the contestant needed the money he might win, and what he would do with it if he did?

THE MAN who supplied the jackpot answer to that rhetorical question was a fellow named Walt Frammer. He originated and produced the first long-run success in the TV quiz field—a late morning show called *Strike It Rich*, designed to satisfy the emotional needs of every soap-opera lover. Now in its tenth birthday year, *Strike It Rich* is introduced to its studio audiences by Frammer as the longest continuously running TV quiz show on the air. It is a real-life sob program chock full of episodes that would make the authors of *Stella Dallas* and *Just Plain Bill* blanch in anguish before setting down. But producer Frammer need not invent; he has only to invite into the CBS studio on New York's West 47th Street all those who labor and are heavy laden, and he will give them, at the very least, a box of soapsuds. They can get on the show by writing the story of whom they want to help win money and prizes for, or take the chance of coming to the studio and filling out a card that may be selected—after the proper interviews—for a chance to *Strike It Rich*. Part of the melodrama is supplied by the fact that no one can *Strike It Rich* for himself—a friend or relative answers the questions.

The cards passed among the audience stress the need for the applicant to give all the gory details available: "The judges are interested in your true story." And so are

The NATION

the millions of housewives across the plains who have left the dishes in the sink to watch the spectacle.

The *Strike It Rich* theme is brought into play immediately when Mr. Frammer, a super-charged, bug-like man wearing thick glasses, bustles to the front of the stage before show time, cracks a few jokes, and introduces the MC as "the man who makes more people happy than anyone in the business" and the announcer as "a fellow who came out here from Denver with a hole in his shoe and here he is now, which shows that you too *can* strike it rich!"

ONE recent *Strike It Rich* installment was typical of the daily fare. During its dramatic half hour, Ted Lewis, the guest of honor, won \$260 for a destitute couple in Indianapolis who had written in telling why they needed money to buy a tractor. A man and his wife from Augusta, Georgia, identified "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," the sport played by Cary Middlecoff and the female lead of *South Pacific* to win \$225 for a seventy-year-old neighbor and his wife who were too infirm to work and couldn't face the latest bills. A woman who was in debt with bills for an invalid daughter tried to extend some winnings of the day before, but guessed that New York was farther south than Oklahoma or Kansas and was thus eliminated from further fortune. Before the question she was asked to hold up a picture of her daughter for the cameras so all the folks out there could see. The president of an Atlanta Shrine chapter appeared with a mother and her thirteen-year-old boy who had only one arm, and a mechanical hand. The Shrine president explained that he was trying to raise money for a fund to send the boy to high school, and had come up from Atlanta to the show for that purpose. The camera focussed on the president, the mother and the one-armed boy—and it was then announced that time was up, they would have to appear on tomorrow's show to try to *Strike It Rich*.

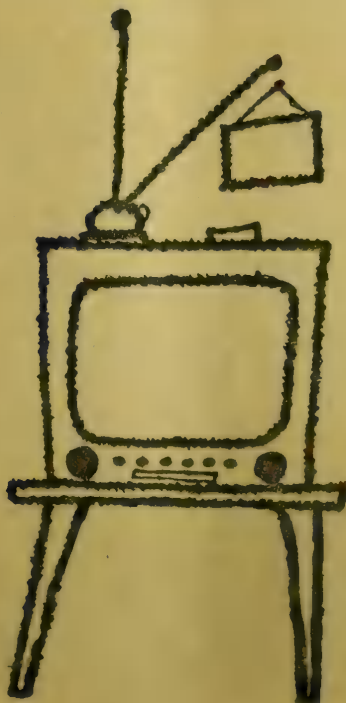
The boy, of course, would not be the one to answer the questions—the business of putting him before

the cameras was purely for the visual emotional charge given to the watching housewives. He was a human "prop" for the program.

It was stretching the drama too far, of course, to send the lame, the halt and the blind off the show with nothing but complimentary soap-suds. Mr. Frammer therefore has instituted a gimmick known as "The Heartline" which involves a telephone ringing at the end of the question period with offers of gifts from sympathetic viewers—or, in the absence of sympathetic viewers, enterprising manufacturers who chip in with some of their products and get the advertising benefit of having them mentioned on the show. Thus, everything ends on a happy note of assurance that good triumphs and men are generous brothers.

The win or the loss is not so important as the drama, of course, and the key to that is the private knowledge the contestant bares to the eager audience. The show's philosophy is explained by Mr. Frammer in instructing the contestants on his afternoon show, *The Big Payoff*, how to tell why they want—and need—to win the prizes. "Put your heart on your sleeve when you tell about it, fella—*sell* it."

Strike It Rich and *The Big Payoff*



are examples of the direct invasion of the TV quiz contestant's privacy—the frankly heart-on-sleeve approach that takes priority over the quiz itself in creating the show's appeal. But on programs where questions are more difficult than the identification of Cary Middlecoff's sport, there are indirect but still important exposures of the person involved in the struggle. One of these elements of exposure and its audience appeal was discovered back at the inception of the first big radio quiz hit, *Information Please*. Writing about the sudden success of the show soon after its beginning in 1938, Henry Morton Robinson reported:

A young radio entrepreneur named Dan Golenpaul figured it out this way: He thought people were getting bored by the familiar Ask Me Another features, in which some patronizing sage puts us ordinary citizens on before the microphone and mortifies us with questions we can't answer. He was sure the public would like to turn the tables on the experts, torment them with questions, and chuckle over their floundering replies. So Golenpaul worked out the *Information Please* plan under which listeners submit questions and the highbrows answer if they can . . .

Such brain-busting quiz shows as *Twenty-One* and *The \$64,000 Challenge* turn this formula into an even more satisfying spectacle for the public. The highbrows, whose university positions and degrees are read off before the battle, are sent to the isolation booths for tormenting sessions in which the floundering reply may not only be embarrassing, but costly. The mass audience is treated to seeing the intellectual lured from his "ivory tower" by cash and entered in the rat race with everyone else. Anyone who says that most of the intellectuals who try for their fortune in the isolation booths are not aware of some degrading exposure had better look again at their faces when the music plays and the camera goes in for a closeup. They are well aware that they didn't study literature to tell a circus-barking announcer the name of Proust's doctor's dog, or challenge a man with a photographic

memory on the life and works of J. S. Bach. There is something about it that makes the learned contestants—as well as those viewers who sympathize with them—feel the need to squirm.

The non-professorial type contestants who usually make up the field on *The \$64,000 Question* are chosen not only for their knowledge in a particular subject, but also for their “uniqueness” in having it—e.g., the jockey expert on painting, the minister expert on jazz, the child expert on the stock market. It appears to the audience to be a strange and fascinating coincidence. In *The Age of Television*, Leo Bogart wrote that contestants for the top quiz shows “are as carefully screened and selected for their talent and audience appeal as the star entertainer of any variety show. Yet the viewers are drawn powerfully to the program by the belief that the quiz represents a real life drama being played before their eyes.”

And therein lies the big cheat of the big payoff TV quiz shows. Certainly part of their appeal must lie in the fact that they provide one of the last spectacles of risk in our increasingly “canned” and “packaged” society. But, ironically enough, the producers of the programs have cut away the possibilities of risk to

the bare minimum of whether or not the contestant knows the answer. In the sealed world of the isolation booth, very little can go wrong. The safety precautions taken by the producers have increased in proportion with the jackpot rise from the old days of \$64 to the current quarter-million.

On *Take It Or Leave It*, the \$64 question show, contestants were selected by a drawing from bowls into which the audience dropped ticket stubs as they entered the studio. When they came before Phil Baker for the quiz, he knew only three facts about them—name, hometown and occupation. It produces the purest nostalgia to flip back and read an account by Jerome Beatty in *The American Magazine* of the trials Mr. Baker encountered:

[Baker] keeps the show running in oil and it appears to be an effortless lark for him, but he is more frightened than the most timorous contestant, and ends each program soaking wet from nervous perspiration. There is an ever present danger that a contestant may blurt out something gosh awful, either because he is so scared that he says the first thing that comes to his mind, or because he is a smart aleck.

Such danger is now eliminated. The 15,000 letters of application that

come each week to the managers of *The \$64,000 Question* are carefully sifted, and one out of ten is acknowledged with a letter asking for more facts about the applicant. Later, the applicant must provide character references and tell what he will do with the money if he wins it. The final applicants are then brought to New York for intensive interviews, and put in a hotel room paid for by the program. They are screened by staff interviewers, including a psychiatrist, to judge their acceptability. The program likes to have its contestants be “characters without being too odd.”

There is really no longer a chance for a “big surprise” from the contestants, and danger from audience hinters and hecklers is of course done away with by the soundproof walls that enclose the contestant.

The new Horatio Alger, “a character without being too odd,” tells how he’ll spend his fortune according to the intention previously approved by the program-screening staff, while the audience gasps and claps in the anticipated manner for the planned length of time. None of us need fear or hope for an outcry of joy or rage from the victor or loser. Our new social hero stands at his moment of truth in the isolation booth—safe, sealed and soundproof.

‘Liberation’: Evolution of a Policy . . by Frederic W. Collins

THE LIBERATION policy of the Eisenhower Administration, born with something of a bang in the 1952 campaign, seems to have whimpered out on March 15, 1957. Only some wholly new idea for making it work can permit it to reappear with the vigor once attributed to it, and none is now visible on the horizon.

In a public statement, President Eisenhower noted March 15 “as a traditional Hungarian national holiday commemorating the Hungarian

people’s struggle of 1848-49 against foreign domination [symbolizing] their enduring aspirations for freedom and national independence.” But what marks the date as significant for American policy is that the President added:

Today, as in the time of Louis Kossuth, the American people deeply sympathize with the just demands of the Hungarian people for freedom and independence.

We can do no less than express our confident hope and our profound belief that the processes of enlightenment and justice among men and nations will triumph in the end in Hungary and in all other oppressed nations.

The word “liberation,” as applied by Mr. Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles to the American goal for peoples enslaved by Communist power, went through several definitions and re-definitions, depending upon what may be called the varying temper of the authors’ intentions. But even in their coolest, most rational, most self-controlled moments, the President and his Secretary of State heretofore seemed to have in mind something more forceful and positive than “deep sympathy” and “confident hope” as a means of fostering independence in the satellites. So the point can be fairly made that they have carried

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through an impressive exercise in climbing-down.

There is, however, another, perhaps more important, point to make. The residue of liberation policy existing today calls for the creation by quite conventional means of circumstances favorable to an "evolution" toward independence in the satellites. It is a good enough policy. It may, indeed, be the best policy available today in the category of the workable. *But the fact is that it isn't working.*

The factors which are causing it to fail are principally domestic political pressures, and clumsiness—and worse—in the bureaucracy. One can summarize by three examples. At this moment, Tito sits in Belgrade, ostracized by the United States as well as by his fellow Communists of Eastern Europe. The Hungarian rebels are acknowledged here to be inaccessible to American help. And a Polish economic delegation in Washington wonders why this government is finding so many obstacles to a promise of aid given so promptly and forcefully by the President himself last fall.

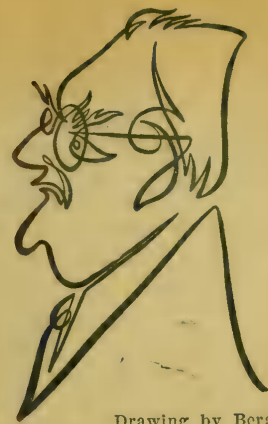
Thus the Eisenhower-Dulles liberation policy, no matter how interpreted, has come to lose almost all practical meaning for its prospective beneficiaries. And in the meantime, energetic damage-control work by the Soviet Union is making a functioning system once more of an empire that we told ourselves was falling apart at the close of 1956.

AS WITH so many other aspects of foreign policy in this Administration, it is difficult to know just where Mr. Dulles ends and Mr. Eisenhower begins. In the case of "liberation," it can be established that Mr. Dul-

les talked about it first. He himself has referred back to its origin as occurring in his book, *War and Peace* (1950). But it is also true that its fieriest exposition was made by Mr. Eisenhower in the 1952 campaign. He adopted the slogan in full knowledge that the position was being challenged. He must be presumed to have known the ground he was choosing.

At their strongest, the words in which the policy was stated at various times have never been quite as pugnacious as the opposition has charged. But inevitably there is a sort of legislative history in such things which it is permissible to take into account. Ordinarily, the Republican platform of 1952 and Mr. Eisenhower's American Legion speech of August 25, 1952, are taken as the official statement of the "liberation" policy. Washington knew for some time before then, however, that Mr. Dulles, who was to have a large part in drafting the relevant plank of the party platform and in guiding the foreign-policy content of the campaign, was already talking a good fight in behalf of the captives of Eastern Europe. In private conversation and public speeches, he was talking of "giving the Soviet Union some homework to do" in order to keep it too busy for external adventures. "If the free world intelligently dedicated itself," he said at Des Moines in February, 1952, "to a political offensive against the misery, terrorism and hopelessness of the now captive peoples, if we kept alive their love of country, their love of family and their sense of personal dignity, then the despotic rulers of these 800 million people would have plenty of trouble at home." He reiterated the proposition that "the dynamic usually prevails over the static, the active over the passive." He spoke of "activating" the "stresses latent in the Communist structure."

Against this background, it was a wholly defensible conclusion that Mr. Dulles meant to give the Soviet power in the satellites a hard time by other than polite diplomatic means. He considered the Democrats to be committed to "liberation" by the Atlantic Charter, and



Drawing by Berger

Secretary Dulles

was plainly aware that "liberation" was, so to speak, an active noun. In most instances he was careful to speak of "peaceful" methods, but it could certainly be inferred that this represented discretion rather than a softening of his true intent.

Then there was what may be called the liberation speech of Mr. Eisenhower before the American Legion. Again the word "peaceful" occurred—strikingly at odds with its context. The President promised never to recognize the permanence of the Soviet position in Europe, never to rest content until the Soviet power had receded to its own borders, never to desist in aid to every man and woman "who keeps burning among his own people the flame of freedom, who is dedicated to the liberation of his fellows."

HIS LANGUAGE brought the cry "Warmongering!" from the opposition, led by Adlai Stevenson. It jolted the man on the peace platform. Less than a fortnight later, on September 4, in a speech in Philadelphia, sprigs of olive began sprouting on the terrible swift sword. The program now was "to aid by every *peaceful* means, but only by *peaceful* means, the right to live in freedom. There is . . . need to bring hope and every *peaceful* aid to the world's enslaved peoples. We shall never be truculent—but we shall never appease." (Emphasis added.)

That was going to be a nice trick if it could be performed. As it turned out, it couldn't. The debilitation of



the policy began right then and there.

But the Republican campaigners had correctly diagnosed an uneasiness in the national conscience about the satellites, and their prescription was a semblance of intent to act. On September 22, in Senator Taft's home town, Mr. Eisenhower made a speech worth looking at carefully. American principles, he said,

demand that we use every political, every economic, every psychological tactic to see that the liberating spirit, in the nations conquered by communism, shall never perish. We dare not let hope die. Thus, we shall help each captive nation to maintain an outward strain against the Moscow bond. The lands closed in behind the Iron Curtain will seethe with discontent: their peoples, not servants docile under a Soviet master, but ardent patriots yearning to be free again. Nothing is so damaging to a tyrant's war machine as the steadfast spirit of an unhappy people. Can it be true that an Administration spending billions for the economic and military revival of Western Europe thinks it can succeed in the long run without opening opportunities in Eastern Europe?

It takes a close look to see it, but here there has been a subtle change. The liberating spirit (and the risks and responsibilities inherent in it) has had a transfer-out from its Republican host and has been posted to duty in hearts behind the Iron Curtain.

THIS change of temper rapidly became even more evident when Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles took office, and for several reasons. The sound of the liberation trumpets was heard in the President's State of the Union speech, but it was only sound. In semblance of action, a "liberation resolution" was sponsored. The Democrats correctly saw that its effect would be not to free captive peoples, but to stress once more the alleged crimes of Yalta. The new Administration, with all the vigor of newly-assumed authority, had no heart for a fight. The quiet but influential voice of George Kennan, who knew what Mr. Dulles had in mind, was heard in criticism: There was no end to what interference

might bring on, and any major and drastic interference in East European affairs was incompatible with diplomatic relations. The objective of harassing the Soviet Union with disorder and bloodshed might be attained, but not the end reward of freedom.

Disciplined by its new responsibility, the Administration began to get the idea. The liberation resolution was abandoned. A formal White House study seeking the best techniques of psychological strategy decided, in effect, that there was no such animal.

STALIN DIED on March 5, 1953. In mid-April, Mr. Dulles made a speech which caused one listener to remark, "Never have I heard a man take so much credit for a cerebral hemorrhage." On June 16, the workers' riots began in East Germany. This gave Mr. Dulles an opportunity to update his liberation policy. On June 30, he said:

In my book *War or Peace*, written over three years ago, I said "the Communist structure, over-extended, over-rigid and ill-founded, could be shaken if the difficulties that were latent were activated." I went on to point out that this does not mean an armed revolt which would precipitate a massacre, but that short of this the people could demonstrate an independence such that the Soviet Communist leaders would come to recognize the futility of trying to hold captive so many peoples who by their faith and their patriotism can never really be consolidated into the Soviet Communist world.

The developments of recent weeks show the correctness of that diagnosis.

The East Germans had not died in vain. But who was doing the "activating"? Not Mr. Dulles. On September 17, 1953, he made a speech before the U.N. General Assembly which reflected an apparent decision that the way to activate latent stresses in the Communist world was to exclaim, "Who, us?"

... Our creed, [said Mr. Dulles] does not call for exporting revolution or exciting others to violence. Let me make that emphatic. We believe that violent change usually destroys what it would gain. We put

our hopes in the vast possibilities of peaceful change. Our hope is that the Soviet leaders, before it is too late, will recognize that love of God, love of country and the sense of human dignity always survive.

With the end of that speech there begins an almost unbroken gap in the literature of liberation which reaches to this side of the uprisings in Poland and Hungary.

The nobody-here-but-us-rooters theme was repeated by Mr. Dulles in Dallas on October 27, 1956:

Let me make this clear, beyond a possibility of doubt: The United States has no ulterior purpose in desiring the independence of the satellite countries. Our unadulterated wish is that these peoples, from whom so much of our national life derives, should have sovereignty restored to them and that they should have governments of their own free choosing. We do not look upon these nations as potential military allies. We see them as friends and as part of a new and friendly and no longer divided Europe. We are confident that their independence, if promptly accorded, will contribute immensely to stabilize peace throughout all of Europe, West and East.

But along with that assurance to the Soviet Union there was, now, something more solid and positive for the satellite peoples, rebellious or only restive:

They must know that they can draw upon our abundance to tide themselves over the period of economic adjustment which is inevitable as they rededicate their productive efforts to the service of their own people, rather than of exploiting masters. [That passage, it will be seen, assumes independence as achieved.] Nor do we condition economic ties between us upon the adoption of any particular form of society.

This was restated by Mr. Eisenhower on October 31, during that split second of history when it seemed possible that the Soviet Union, reading the events in Poland and Hungary, might at last have become willing to retract its power from the satellites. "The United States," said the President, "has made clear its readiness to assist economically the new and independent governments

of these countries. We have already—some days since—been in contact with the new Government of Poland on this matter . . .”

That is about where liberation has come out, as a policy idea. However shrunken it may be, it is head and shoulders over the record of action and achievement.

IN SUMMARY, the desire and purpose of this government at present are to take advantage of instability in the satellites to induce in them a Westward orientation. The methods would be largely economic, supplemented by political and, if you like, psychological. The hope, whatever Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eisenhower may say publicly, is to open channels for American ideas which would lead, one day, to economic, political and even military alliance with the West. The establishment of such relationships would by their very nature mean that independence from Moscow had been attained. The rate of progress would be deliberately gradual. It is recognized that the Kremlin is undergoing, partly from necessity, a readjustment of its relationship with its satellites. There is a conscious determination in Washington to avoid any change so swift and drastic in satellite attitudes that Moscow would be provoked to violent measures. We want the trustees to escape, but acknowledge that they must first become trustees to have half a chance.

Frankly, we are acting partly out of fear of World War III, should we or the satellites miscue. We have gone to great lengths, for example, to prove that we did not, by radio propaganda or otherwise, “incite” the violent events in Poland and Hungary.

In seeking to give effect to its policy, the government was faced by one big problem and two opportunities. The problem was Hungary. The opportunity lay in Yugoslavia and Poland.

The rationalization of the failure to do anything for Hungary, beyond U.N. resolutions and humanitarian acts, is that anything in the nature of reinforcement of the rebels would have brought about their massacre, and perhaps world war. One is told

that not one of the countless possibilities studied by the government was free of these drawbacks. It is a vitally important but little-known truth, however, that the government simply lacked the capacity to deal with two major crises, the Middle East and Hungary, at the same time. It was a simple matter of human limitations. Perhaps no real solution could have been found even had the manpower and the brainpower and the nervepower been available. They weren't, and nagging thoughts of what might-have-been will long persist. There were plentiful signs that the American public was prepared to support drastic measures.

A real try was made to bring Marshal Tito here as a demonstration to the satellite world that sturdy self-reliance is profitable. In mid-campaign, the Administration had courageously taken what it had to consider was a grave political risk in deciding, through the President, that it was in the national interest to continue assistance to Yugoslavia. Encouraged by the acceptance of this move, the government went ahead with plans to make Tito a showpiece visitor. Then there was a real uproar. To be sure, it was Tito's own decision that he had better not come. A permissible question exists, however, whether more firmness and leadership in the White House might not have salvaged the plans. At any rate, the important project went down the drain.

That left Poland, and what happened to this opportunity is the saddest story of all. There was, in the beginning, a firm policy, soundly arrived at and promptly announced, to give the Poles economic assistance.



The energy which had not been applied to the Hungarian problem was applied with spectacular success in working up that policy. Then, for four months, the bureaucracy busied itself in finding objections and building roadblocks. Most of the details are still buried in secret papers. The policy got stuck badly in a personal feud between two high officers. Career officers drew back from the supposed political risks of identifying themselves with aid to a Communist regime not certified to be free of Moscow domination. The policy's appointed counsel were more interested in finding what could not be done than what could be done. Everybody could find legal objections, and no one could find the needed funds.

THE DETAILS would be dull and dreary, anyway. They are not needed to document the plain fact that when the Poles arrived here, this government actually and literally was not ready for them, and despite the authority of the President behind the aid program, really had no positive drive to help them. The end results of the negotiations remain to be seen, but there is no questioning the fact of inexcusable and unnecessary delay and something close to bureaucratic sabotage of Presidential policy. The stakes, real and potential, included the fate of the Polish Gomulka government. But more important, in this context, they included the fate of the policy of peaceful fostering of satellite independence.

So, where do we stand?

A short-lived hope that the Soviet Union might be willing to neutralize the satellites has been replaced by a firm conclusion in this government that Moscow does not regard the satellite regimes as negotiable. Any increase in the freedom of action granted them, it is believed, will be within the definite limits of their maintenance of Communist regimes and adherence to the Warsaw Pact.

This government rejects forceful assistance, and flunks on peaceful assistance. What's left is that we “deeply sympathize” and vigorously assert our hope and belief that justice will one day triumph.

GUN FEVER in LATIN AMERICA . . by Claudio Veliz

This is the fourth article of a series appraising America's "arms diplomacy" in various regions.

Santiago de Chile

SOME months ago Latin America was tremendously amused when Brazil purchased an old British aircraft carrier at the bargain price of \$47,-600,000. Today the purchase, which at the time seemed to be only a pay-off to the Brazilian navy for political services rendered to the Kubitschek government, is being re-interpreted as marking the beginning of a new stage in the life of this continent. For the first time in history, Latin America is becoming directly involved in a situation which at worst will bring war — atomic war — to its territory, and at best will result in the acquisition of large masses of complicated and useless war material from the United States.

The new situation has been developing rapidly. Last November, critics of the Brazilian purchase were warning that it would precipitate an armaments race in Latin America. It did. Now Argentina wants an aircraft carrier and so does Chile, and Peru has just increased her navy budget by 90 per cent with the obvious intention of buying one, too. But the beginning of an armaments race is not the whole story. Of greater moment is the fact that the continent is confronted with a broader issue: whether to abandon the present position of "sympathetic neutralism" (sympathetic to the United States) in favor of participating in the creation of a South Atlantic NATO.

Argentina was the first nation to propose this idea, inviting Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil to attend a preliminary conference to study the possibilities. At first Brazil was opposed, arguing that a South Atlantic Defense Organization (SADO) would be superfluous in view of the

existence of the Organization of American States, the Caracas Pact and the United Nations. Furthermore, Brazil's traditional international policy has been against regional alignments in Latin America which excluded the United States. Argentina promptly answered that the United States would by no means be excluded; indeed, the new organization would be open to every member of the OAS. Whereupon Brazil pointed out that if anybody could join who was already a member of the OAS, why a duplicate organization?

The situation was still unresolved last December, when the United States was busily trying to get Brazil to allow an American guided-missile tracking base to be built on the island of Fernando de Noronha, about 200 miles east of Natal. Brazilian nationalist sentiment was strong-

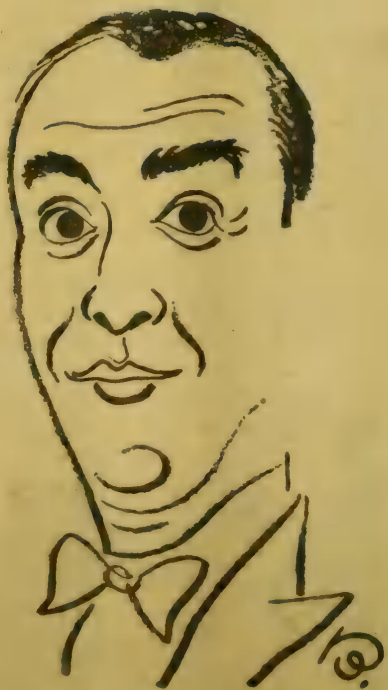
ly opposed to the base and President Kubitschek was having a difficult time making up his mind. It took a wayward American guided missile, launched from Patrick Air Base in Florida, to solve the problem. The lost missile, it will be remembered, fell somewhere in the vast Brazilian jungle. The Brazilian right-wing press thereupon argued that unless a tracking base were installed, such "accidents" might happen again and perhaps cost lives.

The government then publicized the following set of conditions designed to satisfy nationalist demands and at the same time prepare the public for establishment of the guided-missile base:

1. Only the Brazilian flag would be used on the island.
2. Military control would rest permanently in Brazilian hands; the only Americans allowed on the island would be civilian technicians.
3. The base would be built by Brazilians and Americans cooperatively.
4. The base would be granted for five years, at the end of which period Brazilian technicians would replace the Americans.

Early in January it was announced that the United States had suggested that it would be "convenient" if Brazil would cooperate with Argentina in the formation of SADO. A few days later, Brazil granted Washington the guided-missile base on Fernando de Noronha. The agreement provides for the establishment of certain "complementary" military establishments. At the moment, U. S.-Brazilian talks are now under way regarding an American radio transmission center and three navigation-aid stations to be erected on Brazil's northeast coast.

The jig-saw puzzle can be put together in different ways. According to the supporters of SADO — the center- and right-wing parties in Argentina and the extreme Right in Brazil — its creation would help



Drawing by Berger

President Kubitschek

CLAUDIO VELIZ is foreign editor of *Ultima Hora*, Santiago daily.

restore international confidence in the internal stability of the member countries. This in turn would create a great flow of foreign capital, in the form of investments and loans, into mining, industry and the construction of public works such as roads, port installations, airports etc.

Also, SADO's supporters argued, the Suez crisis indicates the possibility of future closures of the canal. If this were to happen again, a great increase in shipping along the South Atlantic coasts would result, entailing in wartime an increased risk from submarines. Against such a contingency, it was held, establishment of SADO is a necessary and appropriate step.

The opponents of the scheme — the Radical, Socialist, Democratic-Nationalist and other extreme left- and right-wing parties in Argentina, as well as the Labor coalition in Brazil — argued that SADO would embroil Latin America in the cold-war military maneuvering and would end the "neutralist" hopes of the Latin American left-wing. More important, they said, SADO would enable the United States to gain control over the strategic industries and the raw-material production — especially oil, iron ore, manganese, uranium, etc. — of Brazil and Argentina. This point is buttressed by the following suppositions:

1. SADO is formed and is soon found to be a weak and inefficient organization.

2. The aid of the United States in technicians and materiel is requested in order to strengthen SADO's Latin American members. America grants the aid, but at a price which must be paid in strategic raw materials.

3. The efficiency of the extractive industries which produce the materials is found to be below average. Thereupon these "strategic" industries, necessary for continental defense, would come under the direct or indirect control of SADO and the United States. This would mean — according to SADO's critics — that all Argentina's and Brazil's efforts to keep national control over their important mineral resources would prove unavailing.

Additionally, SADO's opponents argue that their important mineral resources would become integrated into a military organization which, in case of war, would offer a large number of first-rate targets to atomic bombardment.

But SADO's supporters insist that the conditions laid down by Brazil in granting the missile-tracking base at Fernando de Noronha are the best evidence that SADO members need not fear loss of territorial sovereignty in any way. All new agreements, they argue, will probably be patterned after the one for the island base. To this, the opponents say that the apparently severe Fernando de Noronha conditions will prove meaningless in the long run. A prominent Argentine Radical Party leader commented to me the other day: "Can you imagine a government such as the present Bolivian regime coming to power and nationalizing the mines, abolishing the army and implementing a fairly drastic agrarian reform in a nation studded with United States military bases? I can't." And even after the five-year period is over, the anti-SADO spokesmen point out, it would be impossible for the host nation to "take over" the bases and run them independently, for by that time each base would have become part of a great organization, impossible of functioning in isolation. Needless to say, the great organization—SADO—would be directly or indirectly controlled by the United States.

UNDERSTANDABLY enough, least vociferous in the opposition to the SADO project have been the Communists. Presumably, they fear to "taint" the opposition by becoming too conspicuous in it.

The formation of SADO and the more general problem of the integration of Latin America into the cold-war strategy will be vital issues in the forthcoming Argentine presidential election. It must be remembered that one of the important factors behind the overthrow of Peron was his agreement with the California Standard Oil Company for the exploitation of Argentine oil. Today no party in Argentina dares to support openly any form of for-

Brazil Buys Subs

The worst fears of Those who attacked Brazil's recent acquisition of a British aircraft carrier were confirmed when the Brazilian Admiralty recently announced the purchase of two modern United States submarines. The immediate outcome of this announcement has been the stepping up of pressure within the Argentine and Chilean governments to make similar purchases in order to "keep up with the Brazilian potential." Unofficial reports say that Argentina will probably augment the number of submarines and navy aircraft.

*Newsletter of the South American
News Distribution Association,
February 1, 1957.*

eign intervention in the national economy, and the Radical Party of Dr. Arturo Frondizi has the most outspoken "anti-imperialist" platform of all.

If free elections take place in Argentina this year, it is almost certain that Frondizi will win. This fact has led the present *de facto* regime of General Aramburu to press all the harder for the immediate establishment of CADO. In fact, despite widespread public distaste for the project in both Argentina and Brazil, nobody would be very surprised if it becomes reality in the near future. In Brazil, Kubitschek's popularity will help him to overcome part of the opposition, and the conviction that Brazil—now that she has an airplane carrier—would dominate the organization could dispose of the rest. Kubitschek is still in the midst of a serious economic crisis and he knows that only dollars will get him out of it. In such a predicament, he is not likely to oppose a scheme which is considered "vital to the interests of the West."

There is already talk of U. S. economic and military concessions to be granted Brazil in return for her cooperation on the guided-missile project. Brazil is seeking jet planes for her carrier and needs help in repairing highways and airfields, both of which have military significance.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Violence of Virtue

THE FALL. By Albert Camus.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Harvey Goldberg

CAMUS once said of his times: "I grew up to the drumbeat of the First World War, and since then our history has been murder, injustice and violence." From the depths of such self-evident nihilism, he sent forth in novels and essays the most damaging charges—against progress, purpose, revolution; he denied God and castigated history. But he yielded neither to suicide nor to absolute despair; for Camus is the man of the Resistance, founder of *Combat*, the author (not too many years ago) of this moving hope:

I, for one, have never ceased to struggle against this degradation, and I hate only the cruel. . . . Not out of virtue, or because I am blessed with rare loftiness of spirit, but because of an instinctive fidelity to the light which shines at our birth, and which, for thousands of years, has taught men to hail life, even in suffering.

But that hope has never been easy for Camus; and now the affirmation of *The Plague* (remember Rieux's summation: "There are in men more things to be admired than things to be scorned.") has been modified by the shattering dissection of human motivation in *The Fall*.

This brief novel, so spare and lucid (like the best of Gide), burning with wit (like pages from Voltaire), is a protracted monologue on the human condition. A man in an Amsterdam bar confesses his past to a silent interlocutor. He calls himself Jean-Baptiste Clamence, once from Paris, that "magnificent stage setting inhabited by four million silhouettes." He had been a lawyer of renown,

HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department of Ohio State University, is completing a biography of Jaurès. *American Radicals*, edited by Mr. Goldberg, is just published.

specializing in noble causes and serving virtue with apparent constancy. "You would have thought that justice slept with me every night."

What, then, could have disturbed a man so pure? He had come, he says, to recognize an inner perversity—that his virtues were often what La Rochefoucauld called "vices disguised." Through "purity" Clamence had escaped judgment upon himself, for there were none who would believe ill of this servant of justice. He suffered periodic pangs of doubt, but real self-analysis crowded in upon him only after a strange experience while walking one night "up the quays of the Left Bank toward the Pont des Arts. . . . I felt rising within me a vast feeling of power and completion. I straightened up and was about to light a cigarette, the cigarette of satisfaction, when, at that very moment, a laugh burst out behind me."

It carried him back, Clamence reveals, to a central symbolic episode, the final shock of recognition. On a November night, "two or three years before the evening when I thought I heard laughter behind me, I was returning to the Left Bank and my home by way of the Pont Royal.—On the bridge I passed behind a figure leaning over the railing and seeming to stare at the river." It was a young woman; Clamence hesitated, passed by. Then there was a splash, several screams, silence. "I told myself that I had to be quick and I felt an irresistible weakness steal over me. . . . Then slowly under the rain, I went away. I informed no one." The event was without witness; purity of deed would have had to be its own reward. "Then I realized, as a result of delivery in my memory, that modesty helped me to shine, humility to conquer, and virtue to oppress."

Riveted in a moral dead end, Clamence sought escape. Death? No, "lets not beat around the bush; I love life. . . . The question is to

slip through and, above all, . . . to elude judgment." And life—callous, debauched, blindly selfish—can be lived, explains Clamence, because there are no infallible judges. For the fall, the ripping away of the mask, applies to all; and if none are devoid of guilt, none can judge. So now he holds court at the "Mexico City" on Amsterdam's waterfront, confessing to others and involving others, since "the portrait I hold out to my contemporaries becomes a mirror." Original sin is universal, and it is everlasting. In traditional Christianity, the sinner received the monumental second chance. But not so in the universe of Clamence. "It's too late now. It will always be too late. Fortunately."

CAMUS once warned his readers against identifying his views with the *Weltanschauung* of his heroes. "Simply stated, it is frivolous to attribute to me the notion that nothing has meaning." As writer, he has tried to be the objective observer, crystallizing in men and events the terms of the human dilemma; but as *l'homme engagé* he has been the impassioned partisan, searching out the terms of human action. At the very start, in *Noces*, he made the motto which might still stand: "If it is true that every truth carries its own bitterness, it is also true that every negation contains a germ of affirmation."

Faced with Nazi evil, Camus forged his central principle of revolt, the pure, unsullied act of refusal before injustice and brutality; and he summed it up clearly in *Combat* (September 19, 1944): "What supported the Resistance for four years was revolt; that is, the complete, obstinate, almost blind rejection of an order which sought to force men to their knees." Thus, when Camus did finally identify himself with one of his characters, it was (as he revealed in an interview in *Le Monde*) with Rieux in *The Plague*, that doctor who came to accept with quiet dignity the collective struggle against pestilence, physical or social.

But there was a hard core of puritanism in his concept of revolt. Camus became increasingly concerned with the falsity, pretense, even tyranny that masquerade as noble purpose. In *Terre des Hommes* (January 26, 1946) he was already warning of those philosophies and movements in which "man is made for history and not history for man." And in the *Rebel* he applied his standard of pure revolt to the range of modern history. It became less a treatise on historical events than a sustained cry of anguish and hope—anguish over the slavery of those rebellious "with no other limits but historical expediency"—and hope for "the commune against the state, concrete society against absolutist society, deliberate freedom against rational tyranny, finally altruistic individualism against the colonization of the masses."

It broke like thunder from a new Port Royal. Sartre called it "virtuous violence," and it led to the break between these comrades of the Resistance. Camus accused his former friends of corruption by Marxism, acceptance of Stalinist terrorism, and betrayal of rebellion in leaving man "to the mercies of any political party operating by the rules of expediency." Now, in *The Fall*, he has written the latest chapter in this *crise de conscience*. Camus is not Clamence; he is still the man of rebellion. Clamence is rather the corrupter of the ideal, Everyman as hypocrite. Camus has forced man to the mirror. Good! For so long as he writes, there will be no rest.

IN a striking passage in *The Mandarins* Lambert exhorts Henri, the Camus-like character, to act as moralist: "No frankly, when you begin asking yourself questions, nothing stands up. There are a lot of values you're supposed to take as fundamental facts. In the name of what?—First of all, we need a set of principles, an approach to life.—That's what you ought to give us; it would be a damned sight more worthwhile than helping Dubreilh write manifestoes." To which Henri replies, ironically enough: "Formulating a set of principles, an approach

to life doesn't exactly enter into my plans."

But it is precisely as moralist that Camus now approaches the human condition, revealing explicitly the nature of man while approaching implicitly the basis for moral action. The move is unassailable, since nothing is more imperative for the incorruptible revolutionary than to step aside from battle to survey the terms of action. Like Niebuhr, the devout Christian (whose description of corrupted secular causes is remarkably akin to the analysis of Clamence), Camus, the unbeliever, has refused to proceed before exposing those self-deceptions upon which only the most futile history can be built. In so doing, he has rescued the *clerc* from treason and restored him, in the definition of Benda, to his valid place.

Yet two questions impose themselves with disturbing insistence, one about the sources of morality and

the other about the limits of history. Pascal too despaired of man's nature ("What a monster, what a chaos, what a contradiction!"). But for him God provided both the standard of perfection and the means of salvation. Are there, however, infallible standards for the unbeliever? Can he speak of a Fall, which presupposes an original innocence? The problem must weigh heavily upon Camus, as he utters through Clamence this cry of pain: "Ah, *mon cher*, for anyone who is alone, without God and without a master, the weight of days is dreadful." Far from vulgar pragmatism, however, Camus assumes the permanence of right and wrong. Goodness and justice go essentially undefined, but they exist as constants behind the shifting course of history, the categorical imperatives of Camus.

In setting out the ideals of human behavior, however, the moralist may lose that tolerance of historical real-

Flood Valley

(Near Decatur, Alabama)

Fields where we slept
Lie underwater now
Clay meadows of nightmare
Beneath the shallow wave.

A tremor of speech
On all lips and all mirrors;
Pink sweater and tornado
Act out the spiral dawn.

South lies evocative
On one fine Negro mouth.
Play of silver in streams
Half lake under.

High on the unplowed red
And waterweeds respond,
Where Sheriff Fever
Ordered me to trial.

Where once hatred and fear
Touched me the branch of death,
I may float waves of making
Hung above my lost field.

Remember they say and Incarnatus Est,
The fire-tailed waves, never forget the eyes
Of the distorted jailers or their kindness
Even while they were torturing Mr. Crystal.

Psalms awake and asleep, remember the man-made
Lake where those barren treecrowns rode.
Where air of curses hung, keel of my calm
Rides our created tide.

(The time of this poem is the span from the second
Scottsboro trial to the water-system of the TVA.)

MURIEL RUKEYSER

ity which Montaigne urged upon man. He then finds every good tainted by evil. Jaurès once said to Péguy: "You have one serious fault: you get your own idea about people and then expect them to live up to it." So it was that the Socialist who gave a lifetime to the human cause stood finally accused by the Catholic poet for "setting out on the marshlands of politics, the swamps and brackish flats." Camus too has found that men coming to grips with history are often immoral, compromised by expediency. This outlook, bordering on the intransigent, is likely to serve as justification for the faint-in-heart and the strong-in-cynicism. To go to history with morality is essential; to expect them to be

the same is to invite despair. In the Resistance Camus confronted history with his comrades and emerged with affirmation. It was not a movement of absolute purity either in action or motive, but it faced a common enemy and made a collective protest. He remains passionately committed to the revolt against slavery; and some three years ago Domenach insisted thus upon his continued search for valid collective action: "I say simply that if in France there existed a non-Stalinist revolutionary party which could offer the working class an alternative to absorption by Stalinism, Sartre and Camus would both be in it." A magnificent hope; the historic process cries out for the understanding of a Camus!

the Socialist Left-Wing from which the CP arose.) And there are also vivid portraits of such half-forgotten figures as Louis Fraina and Louis Boudin, men who helped establish communism as a distinct form of politics in this country. Toward the individual figures at the head of the party Mr. Draper can be objective and discriminating. In short, he knows his way around the obscurities of old radicalism and is gifted at organizing a narrative about them.

IT IS when one thinks of the more imaginative and analytical demands of historiography that Mr. Draper's book proves somewhat disappointing. There is a curiously abstracted and uninvolved air to this book, as if he were devoted to hunting down every fact about his subject but did not really feel very strongly about the subject itself. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has pointed out, in a review of the book, that Mr. Draper writes without the bitterness found among so many ex-Communists; and this is both true and a virtue to be praised. But he also writes without the intensity, the feeling of history as living pain, that makes the work of some ex-Communists so relevant to our time. My impression is that Mr. Draper is fundamentally estranged from his topic, and hence can write so well-bred a book about so unruly an experience, a book in which there is exhibited very little anger or passion or strong feeling of any kind.

Another way of saying this is that Mr. Draper does not really seem to be working from any coherent—I do not mean, explicit—point of view. He is acceptably, conventionally anti-Communist; he is liberal in the conservative style of the fifties; but he does not really credit the reality of his subject. Yet anyone who is going to try to bring to life the responses and moods of the early American Communists, anyone who writes with an intention of suggesting more than mockery, has to be able to credit, if only provisionally and if only for the purposes of composition, the sense of revolutionary expectation and exhilaration which swept American radicals in the years directly after the Bolshevik revolution. He also has to be able to give a tentative credit to the significance of the doctrinal disputes—as, for example, Franz Borkenau could in his first history of the Comintern, but as Mr. Draper seldom can. In its tones and assumptions, Mr. Draper's book reflects more of our age of moderation than of the age of excess about which he writes. But whatever the virtues of modera-

American Communism Before Stalin

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By Theodore Draper. The Viking Press. \$6.75.

Irving Howe

THIS BOOK, which provides an extremely detailed chronicle of the origins and first few years of the American Communist Party, is the opening volume of a projected two-part history, and also the first of twelve specialized studies in American Communism being financed by the Fund for the Republic. Before getting to the book itself, two preliminaries:

First, it seems fair to say that I am myself working on a study somewhat similar in subject-matter to Mr. Draper's and that the reader ought to bear this fact in mind when he reaches my critical remarks.

Second, a word ought to be said in support of Mr. Draper against the sly attack which he and the Fund were recently subjected to by Will Lissner in the *New York Times*. Mr. Lissner announced the remarkable discoveries that the Fund, in supporting Mr. Draper, had reversed a previous decision not to use ex-Communists on its Communism project, and that Mr. Draper was advancing—the temerity of it!—a "controversial" theory about the origins of the American party which conflicts with one provided by the theoreticians

of the U. S. Air Force. This is pretty strong stuff for the *Times*, and it is also not very bright: for we simply cannot ask people to stop being Communists if we keep punishing them long after they have stopped. Besides, Mr. Draper happens to have written a rather conservative book.

He has conceived of his project on a large scale and has worked on the sensible assumption that, no matter how many other studies may follow on American communism, his two volumes are likely to provide an authoritative record of facts. He has researched his material with care and thoroughness. He does not seem troubled by the fact that most readers will find his reports of Communist factional struggles somewhat tedious, perhaps because he is addressing himself more to the specialist than to the general reader.

Regarded as a chronicle and a source book, *The Roots of American Communism* is admirable. Mr. Draper writes simply and clearly, without yielding very often to that lamentable impulse to "jazz up" his material which has recently become fashionable among some American historians. He is particularly good at relating the history of the American party to the intrigues of the international Communist movement: there are some lively pages, for example, on the activities of Borodin and Trotsky in the United States (though, in accord with his impulse systematically to understress the domestic sources of the American Communist party, he almost surely exaggerates Trotsky's role in helping to form

IRVING HOWE is associate professor of English at Brandeis University and an editor of Dissent. He has written a history of the United Automobile Workers, and critical studies of Sherwood Anderson and William Faulkner.

tion may be, they make it difficult for a writer to bring to imaginative life the past of revolutionary movements.

Throughout his book Mr. Draper hews very closely to the institutional history of the American party, charting with genuine skill each turn and twist of doctrine, each flare of factional dispute. Now these disputes were often absurd enough, but it seems to me an oversimplification to see the entirety of early American Communist history as a reflex of the Bolshevik Revolution. In their curious, distorted way the early American Communists were reacting to events in this country as well—not intelligently or realistically, to be sure, but reacting nonetheless. And Mr. Draper tends to make his narrative into too self-contained a sequence of events, showing almost nothing of the American social context in which the party was formed. One does not gain from his book an appreciation of the social excitements and struggles characteristic of the years immediately after the First World War; and without this the story

of early American communism tends to become too insulated and parochial.

Mr. Draper is committed, finally, to the view that "in its infancy [the American party] was transformed from a new expression of American radicalism to the American appendage of a Russian revolutionary power. Nothing else so important ever happened to it again." The first of these sentences is true, though it requires more qualification than Mr. Draper allows. The second sentence is totally false, and characteristic of Mr. Draper's inclination toward analytic oversimplification: for the most important thing ever to happen to the Communist Party was its "Stalinization," its transformation from a sickly revolutionary sect into a significant totalitarian movement.

These criticisms notwithstanding, I would say that any reader with a particular interest in this subject will find in Mr. Draper's book a thorough, skillful and orderly marshalling of the facts. As such, his book is a valuable contribution.

I don't remember them), and the streets of Paris as a beautifully grey and unobtrusive set. The idea is original, charming and hilarious—the boy, who seems a lonely boy, has a balloon for a playmate. It is a balloon like Mary's lamb—it follows him through streets and markets, sneaks into school after him, torments his adult oppressors, plays with him games of tag and hide and seek. Once it strays off after a beautiful blue balloon owned by a little girl, but except for that lapse it is a merry and faithful friend (This involves superb trick photography and I pray no one tells us how it is done).

Like all great fairy tales, there is a hint of something dark about *The Red Balloon*. Toward the end, some bigger boys hurt the balloon and it slowly falls to the ground and collapses. Then from all the neighborhoods of Paris balloons break away from their rightful owners and sweep down to the disconsolate child. In no time he is surrounded and gaily buffeted by balloons of every size and color. He laughs with joy, takes all their strings into his hands—and they carry him off into the depths of the sky. It is dangerous to dream too well.

THE OTHER picture on the bill, *The Lost Continent*, is a travelogue of great excellence—but still a travelogue. Its terrain is Indonesia and that is the

THEATRE and FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE RENATA THEATRE on Bleeker Street, newest of the off-Broadway houses, has begun its career with a handsome staging of Joyce's *Exiles*. John Boyt has designed the best-looking production I have seen downtown. His two sets and his costumes have a coherent style and an unobtrusive wit. There is no suggestion here of warehouse hand-me-downs—on the contrary, Mr. Boyt manages to imply a lavish budget which I don't for a moment suppose he enjoyed.

Against this look of success Walt Witcover has mounted a vivid interpretation of Joyce's play. You can scarcely fail to be caught up in it or to withstand the very considerable charm of its powerful egos. It is played with assurance and a warm individuality by a handsome and competent cast.

But it must be said that, for all its strength and color, *Exiles* is a curiously evasive play. It suffers from the fact that the characters are all so preoccupied with stating ultimate truths about themselves that they have little time to heed one another. Communication flags

and they are indeed all exiles. Joyce wrote the play at a time when he greatly admired Ibsen, and it comes perilously close to being a parody of Ibsen. Everyone is both attracted and repelled by everyone else and everyone is motivated by the noblest and/or basest impulses. Four egomaniacs on one stage is surely a parody of something. I rather sided with the wife (Jutta Wolf) for the old fashioned reason that she was a damn' fine looking woman and I didn't care at all for her husband's fishy smile. As a matter of fact, a director of *Exiles* has to make up his mind whether we are for or against this husband. Mark Lenard played him with equal measure of pale suffering and fishiness, and this contributed to the atmosphere of limbo.

THE double bill now playing at two movie houses in New York (Fine Arts and Victoria) is unusual in the fact that the short is the real feature. *The Red Balloon*, directed and produced by Albert Lamorisse in Paris, runs for only thirty-four minutes; I suspect, however, that it will run forever. It is not only a perfect fairy tale, but one told in the most elegantly simple movie terms. It has one main character (Lamorisse's small son), no dialogue beyond a few scattered words (if there were subtitles,

HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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by HARRY L. GOLDEN

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in the Spring, 1957 issue of

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**Best Book
Contest for 1957**

CORRECTION

The heading which was added to B. H. Haggin's review of *Olin Downes on Music* incorrectly listed Howard Taubman as editor. The volume was edited by Irene Downes.

March 30, 1957

trouble. An hour and a quarter is not enough time to investigate more than the usual tourist curiosities in so large an area. *The Lost Continent* shows marriage ceremonies, Buddhist temple rites, a wonderfully merry funeral, an elephant round-up, some shuddery ex-headhunters and, yes indeed, a bevy of dusky maidens with bare bosoms. Fine photography made, I'm sure, under the most difficult conditions by an Italian team headed by Leonardo Bonzi. If it had attempted less it might have accomplished more.

THERE IS a difference between reporting a murder and writing a detective novel. It is a difference not only of degree, but of original intent—in one you are describing a situation involving people, in the other you are creating people in a situation. The distinction applies as well to documentaries and narrative films, and it is risky to try to break it down. That is, you can readily insert documentary elements into a narrative film (if you do it conspicuously well, you will be called a neo-realist), but it is usually fatal to add fiction to a documentary.

In the case of *On the Bowery*, pro-

duced and directed by Lionel Rogosin and photographed by Richard Bagley, it is not fatal because the subject matter is so extreme that it commands shocked attention, but the film is seriously compromised by the "story." For example, at the end of his first night on the Bowery, the hero of the picture passes out and his buddy of the evening steals his suitcase. Next morning he wakes in a doorway and never even glances about for his property. How come? A one-night binge doesn't ordinarily make a man forget he had a suitcase (particularly when it contained a valued watch). Is he, perhaps, so drowned in remorse that he no longer cares that he has been robbed? Why, by the way, has this seemingly healthy, rather rural looking fellow fled to skid row in the first place? Why is he so fond of that watch? If it is a documentary about bums under the el, we accept what we see; but if it is becoming a story about a fellow named Ray, we want some explanation of his sorry behavior, some indication of how his background equips him to get along in the city jungle, some outcome to his history.

On the Bowery cannot answer such questions because it is merely recording a state of affairs. It has no real story to tell and no actors to tell it with; its producer thought that a "narrative thread" would help to hold their

journalism together. It is late in the day to make that mistake.

Ignoring this confusion for a moment, *On the Bowery* is a vivid report of skid row scenes and types, but it is not a particularly distinguished documentary, for all its European medals. It shows you the filth, futility, sickness and occasional flash of grim humor which you can see for yourself by walking any day through any of New York's flophouse districts. A documentary should do more than that—by patience, sensitive observation, selection, juxtaposition it should extract the quality, the composition, of its subject. The men who made this picture, it seems to me, had not the patience or the sympathy to get that result. A few scenes—notably some early mornings on the street and some night saloon carousings—suggest what might have been done. But right away the film makers begin to stir the pond they are supposed to be observing. The bums start acting—in some places they even attempt to speak lines—and the truth vanishes in embarrassment and a desire to oblige.

From whatever viewpoint, *On the Bowery* is a "made" picture with actuality sometimes breaking through. It may be a terrible warning to apprentice alcoholics, but it will scarcely take a place with *Drifters* or *The Plow that Broke the Plains*.

Bridges

tile by green tile
through spring the trees
build bridges
breaching boughs
through blue river
in a gaudy palatial summer

baroque arches
vaulted into rambling
acres of sun
exploded
in mosaics of flame
disintegrated against
seared earth

ashes settle
in curling pools
in their gnarled girders
winter wails

and the end of a world
is misunderstood
lacks a human word
or will for what is ultimate
or what is good

else all spring
through sky
tile by tile
the human bridges would
rise till summer high
they stood and a fall
before the will of winter
would seem small fee
for that green sky

HAROLD DICKER

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

PUBLIC SERVICE programs — the shows which aspire to enlighten, inform and even occasionally inspire viewers—were the subject of a recent conference in Boston, sponsored by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company. Impatient with the "educational equals dull" tag, several hundred broadcasters labored to share ideas and techniques with their peers.

Something happened during those three days in Boston that wasn't planned at all. Maybe it will prove significant. The first hint came when a panel of distinguished men spent two hours trying to find a formula for "Showmanship in Public Service," their topic for the evening. The subject was tossed back and forth by some of the best creative minds in the business: Robert Saudek; Louis G. Cowan; TV-minded professors Frank Baxter and Bergen Evans; Edward Stanley who has just launched NBC's Educational Series; and James MacAndrew, moderator of *Camera Three* who also directs

broadcasting for the New York City Board of Education. No one came up with a prescription which would inject showmanship into the skinny arm of public service.

In session after session thereafter, it became clear that there is no suitable injection, that the best public service programs do not come from trying to ape mass entertainment shows at all. Ralph Renick, a quiet young man from Miami's WTVJ, showed film of citizens of Del Ray Beach working out a dangerous segregation dispute over swimming facilities. He had made no effort there to provide either showmanship or entertainment, but it was an absorbing half-hour.

Listening and watching the proceedings, we gradually become certain that serious TV programs are not the poor relations of fat-budgeted entertainment shows. They are not even distant cousins, and the attempt to force them into the same family could not possibly have worked. From three days of earnest

talk we reached the conclusion that a serious subject should be treated seriously for a serious-minded audience, and that such programs may even find a sponsor who wants to reach such a group. We might have known this without going to Boston, but the important thing is that some of TV's most influential voices have now demonstrated it.

SOME people have already shown that a well-conceived idea can be put successfully to an audience interested in thoughtful, creative and informative TV. They haven't tried for the big ratings; mercifully they have courted the interest of a limited group. *Omnibus* has done a lot, with special Ford Foundation support, and hopefully will keep to the same approach now that it is independent. *Camera Three*, which started as a local New York show, is a multi-award winning CBS network public service series. My Sunday mornings have been illuminated by its interest in arts, literature, history. The Socratic dialogue, "Freedom vs. Law," was the subject of one program. Socrates' jail—a few strands of rope strung from ceiling to floor—was made as real as bars in an elaborate stage set by the words. Two skilled actors in business suits allowed the ideas of the great reasonable mind to penetrate without distraction. A study of Max Beerbohm brought out the essence of the satirist with the help of Louis Kronenberger's lucid comments and a brief dramatization of *Enoch Soames*. Recently I saw an experimental work by Igor Stravinsky—"The Story of a Soldier"—which combined drama, dancing and music in an old Russian folk tale with a Faustian theme. The set was a winding strip of canvas on the floor to represent the road the soldier travelled, a pallet and a chair or two.

"We have been accused of having a budget," said Jim MacAndrew. "I would like to deny that." He could not add that although his budget may be low in dollars it is sky-high in the intelligence and taste with which he and producer Lewis Freeman approach their weekly half-hour. CBS' *Odyssey* uses similar themes, but tries to be a big spectacular. Elaborate, most *Odysseys* leave me desolately shipwrecked, awaiting rescue by the refreshing simplicity of Gerald McBoing Boing who immediately follows.

Good television need not be dull, nor need it be fenced off in an educational pasture. NBC's Educational Series, produced for the country's twenty-five educational stations, suffers from being thus isolated. From conditioning, I find myself waiting for the moderator of the

day to reveal himself as a school teacher after all, instead of regarding him, as I do MacAndrew, as a friendly guide to the subject at hand. It was against some odds that my attention, in Monday's literature course, was captured by exquisite readings from *Drums Along the Mohawk* by Julie Harris, Ed Begley and James Daly. On geography Tuesday, I began to get an inkling of what mountain ranges mean to man and society. Mathematics, government and opera fill out the week.

But NBC has relegated its stimulating series to TV's doghouse. In the largest city in the world, where there is no educational station, the series can only be seen two weeks later on kinescopes. And NBC's flagship station in New York has chosen to run these on Saturday afternoons and early on Sunday. Such scheduling will undoubtedly be followed in other cities. At the moment, public service programs must either attempt to compete on the entertainment circuit or be pushed aside. The viewers who want this level of fare on their home screens are not in the majority, and cannot be reached by mass devices. But why not throw the minority viewers an occasional half-hour bone to gnaw on through the rest of the day's TV inanities?

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 31 through April 6

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 31

CINDERELLA (CBS). A 90-minute version of the fairy tale, set to a free-flowing Rodgers and Hammerstein score, with Julie Andrews in the title role, supported by Jon Cypher (Prince Charming), Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney (King and Queen), Edith Adams (Godmother), Ilka Chase (Stepmother), Kaye Ballard and Alice Ghostly (Ugly Sisters). Keeps close to the original story—with mice, pumpkin, glass slipper and all.

POLAND, 1957 (CBS; See It Now). A Murrow-Friendly report compiled since the start of the Poznan riots.

THE BIG BUILD-UP (NBC; Alcoa Hour). Another in the currently fashionable show-business-is-ruthless dramas. This one by Roger Hirson.

DEAN PIKE (ABC). Dr. Alonzo Moran, president of Hampton Institute, will be Dean Pike's guest to discuss the future under integration of Negro churches, colleges and other institutions.

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION

(CBS). One of the nation's most popular dance teams in the first of their bi-weekly shows.

Monday, April 1

THE GREAT SEBASTIANS (NBC; Producers' Showcase). TV debut of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in an adaptation from the Broadway original made by Lindsay and Crouse.

Tuesday, April 2

THE LAST SIGNER (ABC; DuPont Theatre). Czechoslovak immigrant is moved to sign his name to an historic copy of the Declaration of Independence. An original drama by Frederick Brady.

Friday, April 5

MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS). Sports special from Augusta, Ga. Also on April 6 and 7.

Saturday, April 6

EDUCATIONAL SERIES (NBC). Mathematics and American Government (by kinescope recordings) on commercial stations. Geography, Opera History and The American Scene will be shown on Sunday, and the same schedule will continue for thirteen weekends.

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# MUSIC

## B. H. Haggin

OF THE New York City Ballet's additional new works the first, Todd Bolender's *The Masquers*, offers poor Melissa Hayden in still another distressing sexual misadventure, this time one that ends with her murder; and Jacques d'Amboise, who in *The Still Point* was the youth whose pure love redeemed her, this time is the brute who mistreats and finally kills her. The important thing is not the unpleasant story but the uninteresting dance movements in which it is realized on the stage. Bolender has given us delightful invention for comedy in *Souvenirs*, but nothing comparable in his serious ballets. The music was an inconsequential piece by Poulenc; David Hays designed the costumes and scenery which included a movable gateway, the significance of whose changed positions was not clear.

Francisco Moncion, who contributed the arresting "Music Box" episode to *Jeux d'enfants* last year, offered his first full-length ballet in *Pastorale*, which is about a blind youth's encounter with a blindfolded girl who has strayed away from her fiancé and companions, and the distressing situation when they find her. Again the important thing is the dance movements in which the incident is realized; and for me the piece comes alive when Moncion begins to

move in his encounter with the girl, and what precedes and follows this dance of their involvement is only competent use of familiar materials. The effectiveness of the central encounter is heightened by Moncion's force of presence and projection as a dancer, and by the similar contribution of Allegra Kent in the part of the girl. The luxuriantly nostalgic music is by Charles Turner; the scenery, mostly a striking tree, by David Hays; the costumes by Ruth Sobotka.

It was not only in *Pastorale* that Allegra Kent was impressive: in her every appearance—and most notably in *Divertimento No. 15* and *The Four Temperaments*—she compelled fascinated attention with her exquisite modulation of bodily configurations and movements, her clarity and exactness, her fluidity and grace, her projection of personal radiance and force. All these made her advent to the first rank of soloists more eventful than the new ballets.

WHILE I am at it I will add a word about the achievements of some of the other dancers: Janet Reed's side-splitting performance in the drunken pas de deux in *Filling Station*; Bliss's execution of his enormously difficult variation in *Divertimento No. 15*; Barnett's brilliance in the solo parts he has been given, and especially his dazzling speed and delicate precision in the "Candy Canes" dance of *The Nutcracker*, his soaring elevation in the finale; Richard Thomas' miming of the benign and sinister Herr Dresselmayer in the first act. And I will also mention Ottavio de Rosa's perfunctory hurrying of much of the beautiful music of *The Nutcracker* in the performance he conducted.

Anyone too young to have seen Alexandra Danilova would, I think, do well to see her in her guest appearances in *Gaité parisienne* with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe in April. Her entrance solo in this piece, in which she enchanted one with her grace and distinction, her wit and feminine charm, is well within her present powers; and she should be able to manage the famous waltz with Frederic Franklin.

SEVERAL valuable recordings previously withdrawn by RCA Victor have been reissued in its new *Vault Treasures* series. Two of the most important are Schnabel's post-war recordings of Schubert's Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142 on LVT-1019 and Beethoven's Concerto

No. 4 on LVT-1010, both of which require stepping up of bass for adequate solidity. The famous Glyndebourne Festival *Marriage of Figaro* conducted by Busch is on LVT-2000, reprocessed with stepped-up treble which not only brightens the orchestra but changes the voices; and if one gets the voices back to natural by cutting down treble, the orchestra is as dim as it was on LCT-6001. In addition the voices are distorted in the part of Act 4 originally on side 24, which has been dubbed this time from an obviously defective 78-rpm source.

Stravinsky's *Dances Concertantes*, performed by Stravinsky himself, is available again on LVT-1029, with the *Divertimento* from *Le Baiser de la fée* on the reverse side. And it is good to have Monteux's performances of Debussy's *Images* again on LVT-1036; for he makes the texture and the progression of "*Rondes de printemps*" clearer than Van Beinum does on Epic LC-3147. Luckily Victor hasn't changed the recorded sound of this piece and "*Gigues*"; but "*Iberia*" has been given a coarse and confused "brilliance" by "enhancement."

That brings me to the Toscanini recordings that have, for some reason, been transferred to this series. The Tchaikovsky *Manfred* on LVT-1024 and Beethoven's *Leonore* No. 3 Overture on LVT-1025 are still damaged by "enhancement," but listenable. And the Act 2 of Gluck's *Orfeo* is less strident in the climaxes but also has less solidity, requiring the stepping up of bass.

And that concludes my writing in this column.

THIS is Mr. Haggin's final column.

BEGINNING next week, Lester Trimble will discuss music regularly in these pages. For the past six years Mr. Trimble has been reviewing for the New York Herald Tribune; he has also written for Musical Quarterly and Notes. Mr. Trimble is a composer of distinction. His musical education began at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and for a period he studied with Darius Milhaud at Tanglewood. He then went to Paris for further study with Milhaud and with Arthur Honegger. He is a member of the American Composers Alliance. His compositions have been performed frequently in New York and have been broadcast in Europe over Radiodiffusion Française and the Swiss Radio. His Concerto for Winds and Strings was played for the first time in Copenhagen last year; it has recently been recorded by M.G.M. in a performance conducted by Carlos Surinach.

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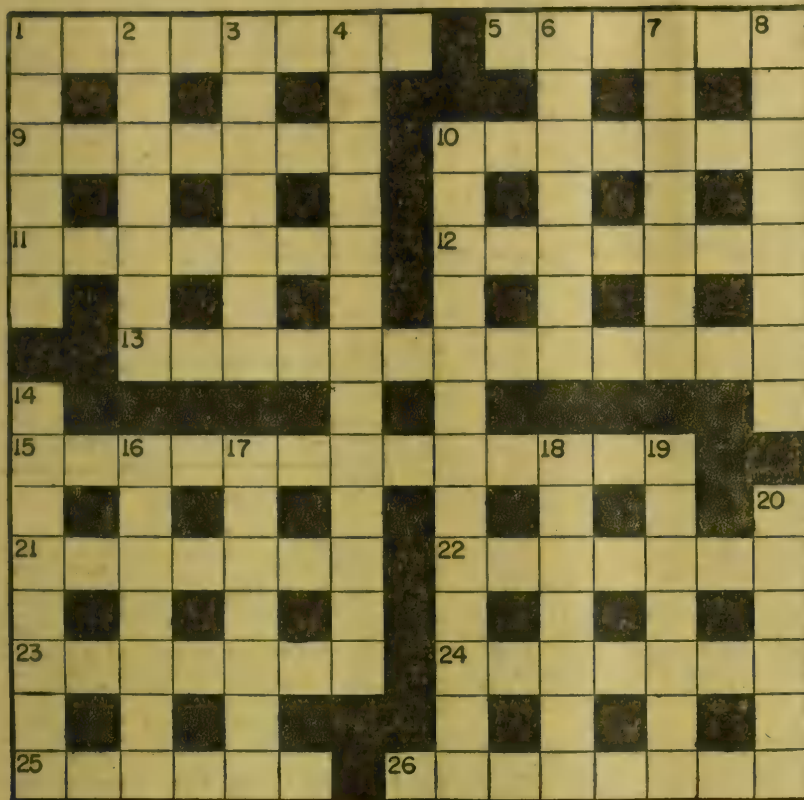
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 717

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 The way to send around and almost come in, only to have it put away again. (8)
- 5 Deep-seated enmity sounds as though it wasn't commissioned. (6)
- 9 The laziest Able Seaman could demonstrate a lot of stalling! (7)
- 10 Watch with both eyes the construction of a town. (7)
- 11 Would he be considered unfaithful? (7)
- 12 It's reasonable to return after a short period of time for such devotions. (7)
- 13 Dogmatic pronouncements with high spots and side projections to make up the rules. (13)
- 15 The making of such a grand time is in directing the execution. (13)
- 21 At least there's one Russian who died after '51 in a different country! (7)
- 22 Facsimile. (7)
- 23 See 4 down
- 24 French dramatist who took the wrong alternative to be upright. (7)
- 25 Waste one's due reward? (6)
- 26 Following loser implies a miss is sad, but one might be cleaner. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 Crusty bread in an essayist. (6)
- 2 Rallied. (7)
- 3 Should be descriptive of the air. (7)
- 4 and 23 across Time for a Friends Meeting? (Implies a continual carnival environment!) (3, 6, 4, 7)
- 6 The House is recessed, in these parts. (7)
- 7 Drink concocted by 10 across with the North rather than the West. (7)
- 8 Take stock again. (8)
- 10 The alternative to success or failure seems to be art work. (3, 4, 2, 4)
- 14 A candle might be big, but not paid for. (8)
- 16 Certainly not riot-squad helmets! (7)
- 17 Wind of the plain or the region west of it. (7)
- 18 Cul-de-sac which seems to make itself out-of-date. (7)
- 19 I'm in favor of it, but such an expression wouldn't imply as much! (7)
- 20 The country is like Kenesaw Mountain. (6)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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# LETTERS

## A Curious Anomaly

Dear Sirs: Professor Alfred R. Lindesmith has again "hit the nail on the head" in his perceptive analysis in your March 16 issue of the effects of the Narcotics Control Act of 1956 on the general problem of narcotics traffic and addiction. It is indeed, as he points out, a curious anomaly that the Act will result in further punishment of the victim of an incurable and irresistible disease, and at the same time, if it has any effect at all on the traffic in drugs, that effect will be to make the product scarcer, the prices higher and the profits greater, continuing the vicious cycle.

A side angle of the peculiar recent development in our social system of dependence on political authority is brought out in this field, as in others, in the blind trust the public is beginning to place on the reports of Congressional investigating committees. These have become in some cases a substitute for individual thought, with the public naively assuming that the investigating committee is always entirely thorough in its investigations and completely unbiased in its recommendations. While this is undoubtedly often true, an attitude of healthy skepticism with due regard for the political ambitions of the investigators is always indicated, especially with the high visibility some such committees strive to attain.

Certainly, no one reading Professor Lindesmith's comments with an unbiased mind could disagree with the evidence he presents that the police approach to control of narcotics traffic is futile and needs to be replaced by a more sensible attitude. This is a medical problem with more reasonable and effective control possible along the lines suggested for many years by the late Dr. Hubert S. Howe, and explained in detail in the report of the Committee on Narcotics of the New York Academy of Medicine in June, 1955.

N. H. COOPER, M.D.  
Director of Health  
Community Council  
of Greater N. Y.

## Escalator Budget

Dear Sirs: In your issue of March 9 you report that the Defense Department has publicly conceded that General LeMay's requests for increased Air Force appropriations were based on

"greatly overestimated" assumptions about Soviet air power. You comment that "it would be unfortunate if the public gained the impression that estimates of 'the enemies' potentialities invariably rose as budget time approached, only to be revised once a budget has been approved."

Shouldn't that word have been *fortunate*?

The record—as published in our press and news periodicals—confirms the fact that our political and military leaders control their estimates of the Soviet Menace, turning them up or down as easily as they could adjust a gas-burner, depending on the exigencies of their own "positive policy." It would clearly be fortunate if our electorate would note this and call a halt.

The unknown factor, however, is not whether military requests for appropriations are justified by objective estimates of Soviet military power, but whether the electorate is interested in objective reality. By now it is a rare citizen who does not recognize the close relation between government spending for military preparations and his own "prosperity." And this means that our collective unconscious will struggle to prevent any general admission that we are not "forced" by the Soviet Menace to maintain our military expenditures.

HELEN MEARS

New York

## Honoring Dr. Lothrop

Dear Sirs: A testimonial dinner to honor the Reverend Donald G. Lothrop, who is serving his twentieth year as minister of The Community Church of Boston, will be held on Wednesday evening, April 10, in the Hotel Lenox, Boston. Guests will include Roger Baldwin, founder and past director of the American Civil Liberties Union and currently accredited to the United Nations as representative of the International League for the Rights of Man; the Rev. Clayton Brooks Hale, President of the Boston Council of Churches; Rabbi Joseph Shubow of Temple B'nai Moshe; the Rev. Dana McLean Greeley of the Arlington Street Church; and Dr. Harlow Shapley, Professor Emeri-

tus at Harvard and former director of the Harvard Observatory.

Reservations can be made by writing to me at 34 Esmond Street, Boston 21, Mass.

EDWARD HEARTZ

Boston, Mass.

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### THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN

Few Nation articles in recent years have aroused such interest as has the symposium on the American undergraduate printed in our March 9 issue. A final collection of letters on this subject will appear next week.



## EDITORIALS

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### The Labor Probe

Senator McClellan's investigation of racketeering in the labor movement is meeting with nearly universal approval and for obvious reasons. Flagrant breaches of trust have been disclosed. A less lovely cast of characters has not appeared in the spotlight of a Congressional inquiry for many seasons. Naturally the public is enthusiastic and will insist that the probe be pressed with the utmost zeal and energy. All the same, the circumstances under which the investigating committee was constituted, and the manner in which its hearings have been conducted, point to the conclusion that we are witnessing another dangerous extension of the Congressional power of investigation.

Initially the so-called "permanent subcommittee" of the Senate Committee on Government Operations undertook the probe for the purpose, so it was stated, of determining the adequacy of certain reports which trade unions are required by law to file with government agencies. Faced with a challenge by officials of the Teamsters Union, the subcommittee was quick to realize that it was proceeding on a shaky jurisdictional premise. The leaders of both parties, meeting behind closed doors, then decided to set up the present bipartisan Select Committee composed of Senators Ives, Goldwater, Kennedy and McNamara of the Senate Labor Committee, and Senators McClellan, Mundt, McCarthy and Ervin of the Senate Committee on Government Operations. Senate Resolution 74, setting up the Select Committee, authorizes a study and investigation of "the extent to which criminal or other improper practices or activities are, or have been, engaged in in the field of labor-management relations" and to determine whether any changes are required in the laws of the United States to guard against the occurrence of such practices and activities. The committee is given broad powers to conduct the inquiry, but is not authorized to report legislation directly to the Senate. The report, to be filed on January 31, 1958, will be in the nature of a grand jury presentment; it will point to the need for legislation in certain fields, but

whatever legislation is proposed will then be referred to appropriate committees for hearings. What the Senate has done, therefore, is to create a special grand jury.

The fact that vicious persons have engaged in detestable practices does not warrant the establishment of a Congressional grand jury. Dave Beck has been in *The Nation's* rogue's gallery for many years and his colleagues, Messrs. Hoffa and Brewster, have consistently failed to arouse our admiration. But such considerations do not obviate the danger that the Select Committee may abuse its powers. Nor are the procedures of the committee altogether reassuring. For example, the spectacle of a Congressional committee planting a decoy in its staff to entrap "Jimmy" Hoffa is offensive. In times past the Senate has been righteously indignant when attempts were made to entrap some of its own members by similar tactics (see: *The Federal Bureau of Investigation*, by Max Lowenthal, p. 291.)

If federal statutes have been violated, those guilty should be prosecuted. Hasn't the Senate, therefore, lost sight of the subject-matter that should be investigated? Instead of setting up the Select Committee, the Senate might better have asked the Judiciary Committee to call in Mr. Brownell, the various United States District Attorneys and the Directors of Internal Revenue in an effort to discover the causes for such lax law enforcement.

Public enthusiasm for the work of the Select Committee should not be permitted to obscure the fact that Congressional committees act outside the legitimate scope of the power of investigation when their prime purpose is to "set up" individuals for prosecution or to function, generally, as a grand jury for the nation.

### Fragile Twigs

Washington

There is one key which, better than all others, unlocks the mystery of American policy in the Middle East. It is the belief of the State Department's policymakers that the Russians can be pushed out of that

area. This group, which has Secretary Dulles' ear, sees three means of accomplishing the Russians' exodus.

First, there is always American cash. President Eisenhower's special envoy, Mr. James P. Richards, is now touring some eighteen Mideast countries, his rucksack bulging with folding money.

Second, there is King Saud of Arabia. The State Department thinks he has seen the light following his recent visit to Washington. The U.S. government is relying on him to swing his wavering fellow-Arabs into line with American anti-Soviet policy.

Third, the expansion of direct American influence in the area. American power, short of sending a gunboat up the Nile, has been engaging in one demonstration after another in the Middle East. Congress passed the resolution elevating to high policy the Eisenhower Doctrine against Communist aggression in that region. Vice-President Nixon has just completed a goodwill tour which embraced several Mideast lands. At Bermuda, President Eisenhower announced American readiness to join the Baghdad Pact's military committee.

The administration's policy-planners are confident that by these means the Russians will be forced before long to fold their tents and steal away as silently as they entered the Mideast a year-and-a-half ago. However, the assumption has one little flaw: it may be wrong. It may be difficult to get the Soviets out while so many people in the Middle East want them there.

It isn't communism which makes the Russian presence seem desirable to the Egyptians, Syrians and Yemeni. Then what is it? For one thing, the Soviets are supplying them with weapons at cut-rate prices. To make this the more tempting, Moscow is accepting payment in cotton and other commodities which aren't so easy to market. For another thing, the Russians have been throwing their political support to the Arabs at the United Nations and elsewhere. And, above all, the Soviets' presence in the Mideast gives the nations there a wonderful lever with which to pry more aid from the United States.

Now, as to the means with which our State Department hopes to drive the Russians out of the Middle East. If the truth were known about the funds at Mr. Richards' disposal, we fear his sex appeal would be heavily discounted. He is said to have authority to commit roughly \$70 million for economic aid. If the sum be partitioned among, say, only half the nations he is visiting, it becomes obvious at once that he is utterly incapable of assuaging their appetites.

As for Saud, he is, indeed, as anti-Communist as anyone could wish. Unfortunately, he is even more anti-Israel. He hates Britain because he covets the British-protected Trucial Coast and Buraimi Oasis with their presumed oil reserves. Finally, owing to his old grudge against the Hashemite dynasty, he is cold

towards Iraq—with which the U.S. government ardently wants him to form an anti-Soviet rampart.

So the more closely we look at the whips with which we intend to chase the Russians out of the Mideast, the more they resemble fragile twigs.

## Change of Style

The seven scientists who signed the report of the Study Group on Smoking and Health—sponsored by the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, the National Cancer Institute and the National Heart Institute—conclude that cigarette smoking is “beyond reasonable doubt” a cause of lung cancer. The report notes that at least sixteen independent studies carried on in five countries during the last eighteen months have established a statistical association between smoking and lung cancer. (On May 23, 1953—four years ago—*The Nation* published *Smoking and Lung Cancer*, by Dr. Alton Ochsner, one of the first authoritative reports on the subject.) The study group concludes that “the smoking of tobacco, particularly in the form of cigarettes, is an important health hazard.”

The report may produce, among other minor consequences, a change in the style of cigarette advertising copy. The Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 invests the Food and Drug Administration with jurisdiction over food, drugs, cosmetics and devices. It does not mention cigarettes. But the FDA has asserted jurisdiction in cigarette cases where the manufacturer claimed that the product has therapeutic value. In such cases the FDA's position is that the label on the package transforms the cigarette into a “drug.” The major cigarette manufacturers have not claimed specific therapeutic values for their products, but their advertising copy often suggests that cigarettes are invigorating, soothing, restful, exhilarating, etc. To avoid a claim of jurisdiction by the FDA, will the new style in cigarette advertising copy warn the consumer, perhaps, that the product has no—absolutely no—therapeutic value?

## High Cost of Empire Salvage

*Washington*

A fortnight's stay in our national capital is about to end for Ngo Dinh Nhu, brother of the Vietnamese President, Ngo Dinh Diem, who may himself come here later this year. Ambassador Nhu has been making the rounds of top brass here, culminating in a conversation with President Eisenhower. He has been discussing military and economic problems with John Foster Dulles, Allen Dulles of the Central Intelligence Agency, Foreign Aid Chief John Hollister and the Pentagon luminaries.

Vietnam would like to snuggle closer to SEATO, the



Southeast Asian alliance which Secretary Dulles fostered, although there is no immediate suggestion that Vietnam should join. The 1954 Geneva agreement forbids participation of Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia in any military bloc. At present SEATO eludes the ban by unilaterally extending protection to all three Indo-Chinese states.

Now it's reported that Vietnam may send observers to SEATO's future military maneuvers, especially to those in proximity to Indo-China. As co-signatories, Russia and Communist China may decry this as violating the spirit of the Geneva protocol. But SEATO is ready to point to the Communist grip on Laos' two northern provinces as an infringement of the Geneva understanding by the other side.

Ambassador Nhu has also been discussing the character of American aid for Vietnam. The Vietnamese

want U.S. economic assistance, mainly in the form of capital equipment, to increase their textile output, to build paper mills, modernize their coal-mines and create more hydro-electric power. U.S. authorities go along with part of these aspirations, but insist that American consumer goods ought to find a significant place in the aid program.

When conflicts like this arise, Uncle Sam is in the driver's seat. His dollars are footing the bill for the 150,000-man Vietnamese armed forces. In the fiscal years 1955-7, the United States will have supplied Vietnam with aid valued at about \$750 millions, besides tanks, aircraft, guns and other military equipment.

Almost unnoticed, Ambassador Nhu's visit here should remind American taxpayers that salvaging the wreckage of the French and British empires is no cut-rate business.

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## Banish Hunger from Tomorrow . . by William Hammatt Davis

IN A Challenge to America—The Atomic Crossroads, published in these pages last September 15, an attempt was made to clear away some of the underbrush that entangles our thinking along the path to peace—not “the peace that passeth all understanding” or “the eventual element of calm,” but peace on earth among men of goodwill. It was then suggested:

1. That in the realm of human conflict, creative results flow not from forcible coercion but from reasonable persuasion;

2. That the release of atomic energy marks a revolutionary change in human affairs, for it deters resort to war and gives us a new tool for creation far better than anything we have ever had;

3. That in the arena of the cold war prospects of disarmament by agreement are remote indeed, since the war-deterrent hydrogen bomb may on no account be put aside until we have built up among the peo-

ple of the world enough mutual confidence to sustain a reliable peace.

4. Finally, that in the area of economic development the door is now wide open to progress from rags to riches—the driving of hunger from tomorrow's history; that in this arena the processes of creative agreement by reasonable persuasion are in their natural element, and the prospects are good.

Surely world events since last September, while exposing the growing pains of the United Nations in its progress toward adolescence, have dramatized the fact that progress in human relations—indeed the very core of civilization—lies in the development of order out of chaos in the hearts and minds of men by reasonable persuasion. These events have also underscored the significance of the hydrogen bomb, for there can be no doubt of the potent influence of this war-deterrent to stop the spread of warfare in the Middle East. As to disarmament by agreement, there has been no progress.

The particular topic of the present discussion is, therefore, a return to the final suggestion of the September, 1956, article: the improving prospects outside the arena of the cold war in the area of economic

development. When we look at current events from that point of view we see that the picture begins to come into focus. It is an exciting one.

Of primary interest among these events is President Eisenhower's Second Inaugural address. With eloquence that had the tone of deep conviction, he put before America its unavoidable task: the building of international peace and goodwill by economic development under the shield of sustained military preparedness. And he has pictured the basic attitudes of mind Americans must develop, and the principle of behavior they must accept, to achieve that end.

Thus, he declared “our firm and fixed purpose—the building of a peace with justice in a world where moral law prevails.” He warned that this is “a bold and solemn purpose” and that to “serve it will be hard,” but that “we must be aware of its full meaning and ready to pay its full price” which “will be high.” He has presented the task not as unselfish benevolence but in its true colors as something indispensable to our lasting economic and social welfare. “We recognize,” he said, “our own deep involvement in the destiny of men everywhere. . . . No people

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*WILLIAM HAMMATT DAVIS, a New York attorney, was chairman of the National War Labor Board, 1942-5; Director of the Office of Stabilization, 1945, and has been a member of various federal and state labor mediation boards.*

can live to itself alone. . . . Not even America's prosperity could long survive if other nations did not prosper."

Beyond these positive assertions of purpose and justifying need, the President spoke of certain necessary postures in our dealings with others. "The law of which we speak," he said, "affirms the equality of all nations, great and small"; "Only in respecting the hopes and cultures of others will we practice the equality of all nations." And—of major importance in the art of problem-solving by reasonable persuasion—"Only as we show willingness and wisdom in giving counsel—in receiving counsel—and in sharing burdens, will we wisely perform the work of peace." Finally, as to what we seek in return from other nations who ask for help and who, like ourselves, are or would be free, he says, "We no more seek to buy their sovereignty than we would sell our own. . . . We seek neither their military alliance nor any artificial imitation of our society."

THESE are penetrating words. They greatly clarify the picture of what lies before the United States in the task of world-wide economic development. If they are understood and justly weighed by public opinion, they can afford a broad and solid base for that essential enterprise.

The President's precepts are, of course, no more than a foundation. The victories of civilization are won when, and only when, men and women by their own creative efforts develop a noble idea into reality by working out and putting to use means adequate to its realization. In this instance, the Administration has not yet announced any concrete plans. The author of this article professes no special qualification to do so. But our history shows that the American people are capable of such things if they know what they are asked to do and are given the opportunity to understand and approve concrete ways of doing it. There is no doubt that events are bringing into focus the picture of the necessary implementation. The author does, therefore, venture to comment on how far this picture

seems to be in step with his experience in problem-solving by mutual discussion in industrial-relations disputes.

A first principle of stable problem-solving by agreement is that there should be available, within the control of the parties, means adequate to meet the requirement of the settlement agreed upon. If, for example, there is not enough to go around and some have to be excluded, then the unavoidable discrimination gives rise to disruptive forces which will ultimately undermine the settlement.

This principle is the central concept in *A Proposal—Key to an Effective Foreign Policy*, by Max F. Millikan and W. W. Rostow (Harper), perhaps the most publicized item of the large amount of current research in the field of economic aid to underdeveloped areas. The proposal is the result of a prolonged economic and sociological study under the auspices of the Center of International Studies, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; it was discussed by Dean Acheson in the *New York Times Magazine* of January 6 and in his statement to the House Foreign Affairs Committee on January 16; and it is one of several studies now before the Special Committee to Study the Foreign Aid Program of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Its basic thought is that the United States, in participation with other developed countries, should set up a development fund large enough to assure "to every underdeveloped Free World country . . . as much capital as it can use productively in accordance with strict criteria of productivity."

THIS IDEA goes to the heart of the matter. Some such arrangement is essential to exclude discrimination and the suspicion of ulterior (political) motives. Only by assuring the availability of economic aid subject to wholly objective tests can reality be given to the President's assurance that "We no more seek to buy their sovereignty than we would sell our own"; that "We seek neither their military alliance nor any artificial imitation of our society."

Let us take a closer look at the two parts of this basic idea: (1) the

size of the development fund and (2) the proposed criteria.

1. The outside limit of the estimated commitment of the contributing—i.e., the industrially-developed—countries would be \$3.5 billions a year. This sum is, of course, insignificant in relation to the contributors' available economic resources. Thus, the estimated *maximum* annual commitment of the U.S. Treasury would be about two billion dollars, while actual demands are not expected ever to exceed 60 per cent or \$1.2 billions. Of this sum, it is estimated that over 80 per cent would be loans, leaving unsecured U.S. expenditures of something like \$250 millions a year. Of this amount, it is believed that about fifty millions would be covered by the export of surplus agricultural products.

THE two billion *maximum* estimate for the United States, it should be noted, is less than one-half of one per cent of our annual production of goods and services, i.e. 50¢ out of every \$100. It is less than one-tenth of the annual *increase* of our productive output. It is much less than we have recently decided to spend annually on the single item of our own highway development! In other words, it lies very well indeed within what we can easily afford.

The somewhat surprisingly low level of the estimate is, we are told, due to the fact that the undeveloped countries which *most need* grants of foreign capital to get their economies off the ground are the countries which are capable of using the *least* amount productively. As the economy rises from the ground the local capital build-up increases, government loans become supportable, productivity increases and public and private capital markets are opened to the country's requirements. Thus the studies agree that the size of the required development fund is not a significant burden.

2. The proposed criteria for measuring objectively whether the development capital for a particular country or a particular project will be advanced or withheld, are in precise accord with President Eisenhower's precept, as clearly stated in his Second Inaugural address,



that "not even America's prosperity could long survive if other nations did not prosper." Hence, the economic status of the receiving country is the test. The fact to be determined is, therefore, "whether a given application of resources is likely to justify itself in terms of increased productivity."

This determination involves such factual economic and sociological questions as whether the purpose for which the capital requested is within the technical and administrative resources of the receiving country; whether the rest of its economy is being developed within the time period of the project sufficiently to make it fully productive; whether the receiving country has an overall national development program designed to make the best use of its own resources (including educational and training programs); whether its program is consistent with the requirements of expanding world commerce, etc. In short, the fixing of the objective criteria is a matter of judgment based on carefully ascertained economic and sociological facts and supported by the voluntary acceptance of the participant suppliers and receivers.

IT IS IN these aspects of the common problem that the processes of reasonable persuasion — collective bargaining, if you please—present a fruitful opportunity. For a second basic principle of problem-solving by agreement is joint conference where each party in interest, however humble, is given opportunity to express himself, and experience shows that when given that chance, and only then, his mind begins to open to the view of others. Thus, experience in "collective bargaining" indicates that the criteria, whether in world-wide planning or in regional plans, must be the product of agreement among the parties concerned—the capital-receiving countries as well as the capital-supplying countries—to be determined by negotiation. Bilateral grants could not escape discrimination, or—which is just as bad—the suspicion of discrimination. In formulating the criteria we shall indeed, as President Eisenhower said, have to "practice the equality

of all nations" and "show willingness and wisdom in giving counsel—in receiving counsel—and in sharing burdens."

WITH that understanding, the promise of creative negotiated agreements on sound criteria is excellent. There is a common problem which serves as a powerful urge toward agreement for the receiving country and for the supplying country as well. The fact that the problem involves judgment after realistic fact-finding calls to mind a saying we had on the War Labor Board of World War II, that "Sincere men, however much they may disagree in judgment after the facts are found, cannot really disagree about a fact, they can only be ignorant about it." And the process of clearing away that ignorance calls into play knowledge, communication, understanding, emotional maturity and empathy—the ability to put one's self in the other fellow's place. These are the very handmaidens of the processes of reasonable persuasion. It is no overstatement to say that there is nothing so productive of enduring mutual respect and confidence—the ultimate building blocks of peace—as such mutual fact-finding.

We must finally take note of the two recently published advisory reports to the Eisenhower Administration: the Fairless Report of the Mutual Security Program appointed by President Eisenhower about a year ago, released on March 5, and the Johnston Report, released on March 7, of the International Development Advisory Board set up under President Truman's Point Four Program in 1950.

The Fairless Committee was asked to cover the whole Mutual Security Program. There was in it no partic-

ular concentration on the best way to effect economic development abroad; but it did find that "economic development is—in the long run—as important to the collective security of the Free World as the military measures we have taken"; that "in a number of countries the capacity for saving is as yet so slight, and the need for capital so great, that foreign investment is essential—just as it was in the development of the United States" and that "the uniquely productive United States economy" can without doubt "afford the essential programs of foreign assistance which our national interest requires."

The report recommended administrative and legislative "separation between economic and military contribution" but without any suggestion that the economic development program should be divorced from military defense build-up. On the contrary, the two are always entwined in the recommendations. Economic-development expenditures by our government are thought of as helping to "bring the recipient countries more completely into the orbit of free society, to expand the economic activity of the free world, and to increase the capability of our allies to carry their defense costs." It is remarked that "the best security for Americans is collective security, and . . . the best hope for diminishing the burden is economic development." Further: "In foreign-assistance programs a higher priority should be given to those countries which have joined in the collective security system" (i.e. our military allies), excluding countries that do not share with us "the same judgment as to the measures necessary to defend against" the Communist conspiracy (i.e. the neutral coun-



tries). The report recommends the continuance of "sound public loans" under close restrictions, advising the elimination of loans by the United States "repayable in the inconvertible currencies of foreign nations" or where there is "grave doubt as to the ability of the borrower to repay." The possibility of approvable grants is recognized only in "those exceptional cases where it is clearly in the national interest" of the United States, and apparently only for "educational exchange and technical-assistance programs." It favors contributions by other economically advanced nations, but sees no "need for yet another world-wide bureau, such as the Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development, for the distribution of grant economic assistance," although our support for the United Nations technical-assistance work "should continue at about the present level." The disposal programs under the Agricultural, Trade, Development and Assistance Act should discontinue "associating the sales with additional grants or soft loans . . . separating the disposal program from our foreign-assistance activities."

On the whole, it is reasonable to conclude that the President's Citizens Advisers on the Mutual Security Program are out of sympathy with the President's Inaugural Address; that they see in the economic development of underdeveloped countries advantages for us only when the country is an ally and thinks as we do; that they do not "recognize our own deep involvement in the destiny of men everywhere"; or believe that "Not even America's prosperity could long survive if other nations did not prosper."

In short, the report might well be said to confuse leadership with bossism.

THE Johnston Report of the International Development Advisory Board is quite different. It is a concrete recommendation for immediate action by the United States to set up an International Development Fund within the International Cooperation Administration to provide technical assistance and development

capital to underdeveloped countries "in Latin America, Asia and Africa, including the Middle East" for "helping these people to improve their training and skills to the level required for sustained economic growth" and to "supply the vital, though marginal, amounts of capital needed to promote economic progress, to avert the lapse into economic stagnation." Congress "would replenish working capital as the fund's needs are demonstrated." Loans from the fund would "encourage both the borrower and the lender to be frugal in using the fund's resources" and encourage also "healthy economic policies in the recipient countries" and "the desires of these countries for increased national self-reliance and dignity." But some grants "from a portion of the fund would be required" for "financing technical assistance" and in "situations where the giving of assistance is in the United States' national interest, but where the expectation of repayment is neither practical nor reasonable." The report says: "Loans and grants should be made only after recipients have demonstrated their ability to effectively use the funds, including the availability of trained manpower essential for success. Thus, productiveness of the fund's resources would be increased and the foreign nations would be encouraged to develop integrated plans which are vital to economic development."

HERE IS indeed a beginning of realistic implementation of President Eisenhower's Inaugural Address. It is in full accord, so far as it goes, with the basic thought of the Millikan-Rostow *Proposal* in providing for replenishment of a fund large enough to assure to the underdeveloped country "as much capital as it can use productively in accordance with strict criteria of productivity" and therefore without invidious discrimination or ulterior (political) motives. It is a first step, recommended to be taken by the United States now. Although the worldwide extent of the need for technical aid and economic development is delineated in the report, contribution by other nations is not par-

ticularly dwelt upon. The emphasis is rather upon coordination of the fund's expenditures with those of already existing agencies. Specialized agencies of the U.N., such as the International Bank and the International Finance Corporation, are spoken of. The proposed Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development (SUNFED), long under discussion by the U.N., is not named, but the director of the proposed United States fund should, it is suggested, have "the authority to contribute to international agencies devoted to economic development in underdeveloped areas." There is no hint that the Advisory Board shares the view of the President's Citizen Advisers who "see no need for yet another world-wide bureau such as" SUNFED. The Millikan-Rostow *Proposal*, on the other hand, does deal with contributions by other capital-supplying countries and discusses SUNFED at some length. Its authors believe that the basic issues have not been "explored thoroughly enough to permit us to present a detailed blueprint of the ideal solution," and they express on several grounds skepticism of SUNFED's suitability as a sustained, adequate and non-political source of international financing. They conclude that "the United States should urgently undertake serious discussions with the governments of other supplying countries both as to the order of magnitude of the contributions they might be willing to make . . . and as to what institutions they might want to set up to handle their share of it."

THUS, as coming events cast their shadows before, so the shadows and the highlights of these current events disclose the general outlines of the great adventure that confronts us. For the American people, conscious of their ancient heritage and confident of their practical "know-how" and still youthful energy, the time seems to have come to lift up again the torch of liberty for all the world to see; and incidentally to solidify the foundations of their own most excellent fortunes.

The question now seems to be, "What are we waiting for?"



# MARINE CORPS TAKES A THUMPING... *Bem Price*

AMONG CAREER members of the U.S. Marine Corps, combat is accepted as a trade. The Corps itself is geared to immediate war. It trains on the theory that it may have to go to war today and that recruits now in the pipeline may be tomorrow's casualty replacements.

As a result, and aside from the single-mission Strategic Air Command, the Marine Corps exists today as the nation's only combat-ready force—three self-contained infantry divisions and three tactical air wings for the close support of ground troops.

To maintain this state of constant readiness, the Corps demands that the recruit depots at Parris Island, S.C., and San Diego, Calif., turn out physically fit, tautly disciplined men on a swift, mass-production basis. The sole function of these depots is to teach discipline and to introduce the new Marine to his basic weapon, the rifle. Real combat training is carried out elsewhere.

Because of the peculiar mission of the Corps, discipline to a Marine means the conditioning of men until prompt, unquestioning obedience to orders is an automatic reflex. Marines are essentially shock troopers. It is their job to punch through the hard outer crust of enemy defenses long enough for other troops to pour through the breach.

In the process of meeting this demand for disciplined men, the Corps has evolved a unique breed of non-commissioned officer known as the drill instructor, or "DI." Until a tragedy last April 8, in which six raw recruits, presumably on a night disciplinary march, were drowned, the DI was for all practical purposes solely responsible for production of the disciplined marine.

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*BEM PRICE, a Washington, D.C., newspaperman, got his basic training as a marine at Parris Island in 1942, served with the Marine Corps in World War II and in the Korean War and won the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star and Purple Heart. His highest wartime rank was Captain.*

April 6, 1957

The April 8 tragedy involving former Staff Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon, brought about a drastic revision in Marine training methods—chiefly the dilution of the DI's authority. McKeon's court-martial produced considerable evidence that until April 8 there had been only cursory officer supervision of recruit training and that, in fact, the officers did not know of the extra-legal training methods employed by the drill instructors. Anyhow, those who testified said they didn't.

On the basis of the McKeon trial alone, it would be easy to indict the training methods of the Corps, but the story isn't quite that simple. There is no doubt that the training methods employed by the DIs in the pre-McKeon period—and to some extent since—have been marked by a strongly Prussian tinge, a fact which is not particularly surprising. Back in the 1920s, the Marines received a heavy influx of former officers and non-commissioned officers from the German and Russian armies of World War I, many of whom became DIs. In those days the Corps was small, tough, professional.

Historians at Headquarters Marine Corps agree that the model for today's drill instructor was molded in the two decades following 1920. The DI who helped to whip 500,000 civil-

ians into Marines during World War II usually was one of these old-timers or had been trained by one.

The drill instructor just prior to World War II usually was a man who had had considerable experience in handling troops. He had developed those indefinable qualities known as leadership ability to a high degree. His chief weapon was his voice. He could plead with surprising gentleness. His sarcasm was biting. He could simulate anger and employ a rock-hard roar to reduce bewildered recruits to abject fear. On occasion he employed mild, usually ridiculous, forms of hazing. One type was to make a recruit stand with a bucket over his head and shout 500 times "I am an idiot" while his platoon mates counted aloud. If the DI was really irritated at a recruit, he might take the latter's freshly laundered clothes and throw them on the ground.

As a matter of pride the old-time DI rarely resorted to force. When he did encounter a rebellious recruit on whom none of the normal methods worked, the DI would resort to the woodshed. This involved a cold invitation to meet behind the barracks after dark. Usually there were no witnesses. It was strictly a man-to-man affair. The DI usually won for the simple reason that he was better trained and in better physical condition. After such an encounter a recruit platoon could be counted on to become a model of decorum.

In the pre-war days, the DI had a higher type recruit on which to work. Because it was small, the Corps could afford to be highly selective. A volunteer had to pass a rigid physical examination and, about as often as not, was a high school graduate. But during World War II the Marines were forced to use the draft to fill their battle-torn ranks and the ranks of the old-time, experienced drill instructor were sadly depleted by demands for trained non-commissioned officers in the field.

Under wartime pressure, supervision of drill instructors relaxed progressively. I date the develop-



ment of the Marines' current troubles from about 1945.

After the McKeon incident, General Randolph McC. Pate, Marine Corps commandant, remarked, "Since World War II some practices have crept into the handling of recruits which are not only unnecessary, but do not comport with the dignity of the individual or his self-respect. Such practices were extremely rare in the past. While they are still relatively rare, I attribute their increasing appearance in recent years to the lack of mature judgment on the part of a certain few drill instructors."

WHILE DI personnel had been undergoing change, so had the caliber of recruit. Just prior to and during the Korean conflict there were complaints from the other services that the Corps was siphoning off the cream of the volunteers and the draftees. To meet these complaints, the Marines were forced by the Department of Defense to accept a quota of what is known as "Mental Group IV." In this classification are the illiterates and the slow learners. I made a check of the "IV" group quota for the Corps. During one month last summer it comprised nearly 40 per cent of all recruits.

For the harassed DI the addition of the "IV" group was just about the last straw. How do you make a good Marine out of a man who is mentally slow and who finds the pride and traditions of the Corps beyond his grasp?

To understand the DI of the pre-McKeon days, you must realize that he was on duty anywhere from 120 to 148 hours a week. When a married man became a DI he was, almost automatically, a candidate for a divorce. If lucky, he lived in drab government quarters. Otherwise he lived off the base in a trailer or such civilian housing as he could find and afford. As a single man, he lived in a barren room with other DIs.

With luck and perseverance he turned out a good platoon. If he didn't, his efforts, however strenuous, were rewarded with a poor fitness report which impaired his promotion chances. To be a drill instructor at all required an extra-

ordinary sense of dedication to the Corps and an almost fanatic belief that the job was the foundation stone of the Corps—which it is.

In the pre-McKeon days, the pressure was on the DI to turn out a good basic Marine in ten weeks. If a given platoon was overburdened with "IV" group recruits, the task became one of immense frustration. There were strong temptations to employ teaching methods which were clearly illegal.

The McKeon court-martial produced testimony that the "thumping," or striking, of recruits was fairly commonplace. Since the trial, thirteen DIs have been court-martialed at Parris Island alone for mistreating recruits; ten were convicted.

At this point I must say that after spending ten weeks at Parris Island over the past year, I believe that most DIs "thumped" only as a last resort. A few "thumped" for pleasure and among these were the men who also engaged in a dangerous, sadistic form of hazing. One of the post-McKeon courts-martial involved a drill instructor who made a recruit balance on his elbows and toes while an unsheathed bayonet was held below his stomach. Then there were exhaustion marches, sometimes into the marshes abutting Parris Island, in the dead of the night.

The natural question at this point is: Why does the DI feel he must resort to force? There is a military remedy for the recalcitrant recruit—the court-martial. To a man, every DI to whom I've talked has said something like this by way of explanation:

"Sure, I could run 'em up for disobedience of orders, but why get the kids off to a bad start? Hell, he don't know nothing. A court-martial could ruin his career before it gets started. No, sir, I want to handle this my way. If I got to thump a little, I'll take my chances. Besides, it don't hurt."

Whatever the merits of the DIs' arguments, the fact remains that the Marine Corps is determined to stamp out "thumping" and hazing. It has forbidden DIs to touch a recruit except for the purpose of correcting posture, adjusting clothing or to demonstrate a military movement. The

order is so severe and rigid that under a strict interpretation a DI could be court-martialed for shaking hands with a recruit.

Further, the Corps has inaugurated an officer-inspection system which demands that the DI keep his assigned officer informed of where he is and what he is doing at all times. The day of the DI as the sole arbiter of the best method of instilling discipline is gone.

This officer supervision plus the existence of the rigid order against touching has put the DI in an awkward position. The officer demands that the DI turn out good Marines as before, but poses the threat of a court-martial for the least infraction of the rules. A result of this situation has been the undermining of the authority and prestige of the DI and of his non-commissioned rank. It could result in a dangerous impairment of the Corps, which long has boasted that the non-com is its true backbone.

THE concern of the Corps has not been solely for the recruit. It finally has recognized some of the problems of the DI. The training period has been extended two weeks to a total of twelve. The number of drill instructions per platoon has been doubled. An effort is being made to provide the married DI with more adequate housing. At Parris Island, the Corps has turned over a former officers' barracks to the single DIs. There have been a host of similar minor improvements in the DI's lot.

How does this add up? I believe the Corps is now evolving a better training system; the recruit today, for example, undergoes eighty hours of hardening exercises—triple that which he received in the pre-McKeon days. On the other hand, in seeking to eliminate mistreatment, the Corps has gone to extremes, and already a recruit has falsely and maliciously accused his DI under the new regulations. I expect that in time the Corps will reach some compromise. Certainly I don't think the practice of "thumping" will be eliminated entirely, but I do expect it will be sharply curtailed—and at no expense to the traditional efficiency of the Corps as a fighting unit.



# HOW TO TREAT SEX OFFENDERS

by Ralph Brancale and F. Lovell Bixby

*Recent news dispatches described New Jersey's handling of sex criminals, in which the New Jersey Diagnostic Center plays a key role, as singularly successful. The Nation asked Dr. Ralph Brancale, director of the Center, and F. Lovell Bixby, director of the Division of Correction and Parole in the New Jersey Department of Institutions and Agencies, to describe the New Jersey experiment.*

FROM TIME to time the country gets stirred up about some particular area of crime and resolves to "do something about it." Doing something usually consists of passing a law invoking the severest kind of penalties—death, life imprisonment, twenty-five years without benefit of parole. The fact that these penalties are only infrequently imposed, and encourage "bargain pleas" to a lesser offense, escapes public notice, although the evil effects on law enforcement of such a practice is generally recognized.

Spectacular and brutal sex crimes have a special power to inflame public resentment which quickly embraces all sex offenders, the harmless as well as the dangerous. Those whose conduct merely offends good taste and moral standards become statistically amalgamated with the far less numerous seriously aggressive, truly menacing "fiends" whose deeds shock and frighten everyone.

In the realm of sex crimes, however, the past few years have witnessed a tendency to move away from an enhanced punitive point of view to a so-called medical solution. "These people are *sick*—they should be treated, not punished."

Acting under this newer philosophy, many states passed special legislation during the late 1930s and the 1940s which sought to bring the "sex psychopath" under the same legal umbrella as the insane or mentally deficient criminal. The protections afforded the individual by requiring his conviction under due process of law and the fixing of a statutory maximum time beyond

which liberty may not be taken away or abridged have been scrapped in favor of clinical judgments on whether he is potentially dangerous to himself or others. In some jurisdictions no crime or even charge of crime is required to put the suspect under indefinite institutional commitment.

The threat of such proceedings to due process and individual liberty was recognized by the New Jersey Commission on the Habitual Sex Offender, created by the state legislature on March 10, 1949. In its recommendations for new laws covering the treatment of sex offenders, the commission advocated that they come into play only *after* a proper conviction or guilty plea had been rendered. It further recommended that incarceration or other abridgment of liberty must terminate when the maximum period prescribed by statute is completed.

IT HAS BEEN said that the New Jersey law, for this reason, fails to give society full protection against the offender who is still deviant in his sex attitudes and behavior when his sentence expires. This is acknowledged, but it does protect the individual against the faulty or careless judgments of a clinical science still in its infancy. The New Jersey law is an awkward but practical combination of legal rights and clinical evaluation and treatment. It goes as far as our knowledge of behavioral science can safely carry us.

Specifically, the law provides that before convicting any person of a sex offense, the court must send the offender to the New Jersey Diagnostic Center for examination.

It is the responsibility of the psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and others who comprise the Diagnostic Center staff to determine, through clinical findings, whether the offender's conduct was characterized by repetitive-compulsive behavior or other evidence of mental, emotional or physical aberration.

If they find such evidence of aberration, they may recommend to the court that the person be placed on probation under psychiatric outpatient treatment or that he be committed to an institution (usually a state hospital) for special treatment.

In providing for the release of sex offenders on parole, the New Jersey law avoids the term "cure" and leaves it to the hospital staff, a Special Classification Review Board appointed by the State Board of Control, and the State Parole Board to agree that the person is "capable of making an acceptable social adjustment in the community." Each hospital must report to the Special Classification Review Board on each patient every six months. Parole supervision is furnished by the Central Parole Bureau of the Department of Institutions and Agencies.

The experience at the Diagnostic Center, where approximately 2,600 convicted sex offenders have been studied and reviewed, gives further confirmation to the theory that a large segment of sexual crimes may be ascribed to individuals suffering from psychiatric and psychological disorders.

Improved clinical testing and increasing experience in the psychopathology of offenders permit the clinician to separate the pathological from the normal offender, the dangerous from the inoffensive. There is no absolute line which separates normal behavior from abnormal, but from a practical point of view, clinical teams, through competent evaluations, should be able to determine whether the sexual crimes arise out of disturbed compulsive-instinctive needs or whether they are the expressions of more normally patterned individuals. The former require medical and psychiatric attention; the latter may respond to correction or probationary technique.

A careful, well-prepared social history is the first asset in adequate diagnostic work. Improved probation departments with clinically oriented

## Pattern of Sex Crime\*

(1,200 Consecutive Cases Reviewed  
at New Jersey Diagnostic Center.)

Approximate  
Percentage

|                                                                                                     |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Assault and Rape<br>(usually associated with<br>force)                                              | 10 |
| Statutory Rape<br>(victim, usually co-<br>operative, under 16<br>years old)                         | 22 |
| Non-Coital Abuse<br>(so called pedophilic cases<br>where victim is child;<br>force rarely employed) | 18 |
| Exhibitionism                                                                                       | 26 |
| Homosexuality                                                                                       | 19 |
| *With cooperation of Douglas H.<br>MacNeil, New Jersey Bureau of So-<br>cial Research               |    |

personnel are able to provide clues and identifying data that point to the elements of psychogenic disorder. At the Diagnostic Center, the history is reviewed and further elaborated to crystallize the clinically significant findings which point to the genesis and development of pathological reactions in the sex offender. It is safe to say that a good history represents half the diagnosis.

Electroencephalography — "brain-wave" testing—is now employed only in those cases where an atypical epilepsy may exist. The psychologist, through greater experience in projective testing today, measures not only the intellectual capacities of the patient, but the level of function. The ink-blot test may point up findings of significant disturbances in the personality, some of them of serious import.

The psychiatrist depends upon the oral interview to search not only for gross psychiatric deviation, such as an early organic deterioration seen in arteriosclerotic or incipient seniles or the readily recognized symptoms so characteristic of schizophrenia. More important, he tries to study the manner in which the individual has handled his intimate life conflicts, and how intimate experiences and emotional situations may have contributed to what may appear to be an abnormal expression of the sexual impulse.

Many of these experiences may be

blotted out. For this reason the clinician resorts to deeper techniques, such as narco-analysis or hypnosis. With a drug interview, the patient may recall forgotten situations, feelings and unconscious motives which make the offense more understandable. Such techniques are of immense help to the offender, as they assist him for the first time to understand the deeper factors that move him to his acts.

CLINICAL examination of offenders who are convicted for sexual crimes, as we see, run a whole gamut of behavioral reactions, ranging from normal at one end of the scale to highly psychotic and dangerous types at the other. From a practical point of view, we have mainly three clinical groups: (1) normal, (2) neurotic, (3) psychotic. In the first group are those individuals whose personalities are reasonably integrated and who have adaptive capacities to get along. These individuals, who comprise about 27 per cent of those examined by the Diagnostic Center, have committed an unlawful or pathological act, but close examination uncovers circumstantial stress and situational conflicts that have contributed to the behavior, and the examination of the personality would indicate no deep-seated compulsions or deviations. For the most part, such individuals are expected to make good adjustments without the benefit of institutional commitment. Their hazard to the community is minimal.

In Group II, which in the study of twelve hundred cases represents 35 per cent of all sex offenders, we find that the basic mechanisms are of a neurotic type. In other words, the external repetitious pattern of behavior observed is symptomatic of an underlying repressed instinctive need which has been impeded by psychological factors from constructive expression and, because of inhibiting and repressive activities, has created underlying pressures which find pathological outlets. Many of the exhibitionists, the peeping-toms, the fetishists, the arsonists and the pedophiles fall in the neurotic group.

The study of the patterns of behavior of neurotic offenders will show that they vary in degree of chronicity

as well as in response to the treatment efforts. These two factors are extremely important, as they serve to guide the examiner—and for that matter, the court—in the matter of treatment and disposition. One important element in treatment is to bring the nature of the problem to the surface, to explore and expose the often deeply repressed trends. Even this initial process of exploration and ventilation may show remarkable therapeutic results. The principal problem with neurotic offenders is to work with them on a fairly sustained basis and to help them surrender their neurotic modes of expression for more realistic and less destructive methods of solving their problems. It is for this reason that psychiatrists are trying to emphasize that the problem of the compulsive sexualist is predominantly a psychological one and that it is important to develop a procedural method for diagnosis and treatment, and then to develop the resources providing maximum results.

The third group, classified as psychotic and comprising 22 per cent of our cases, again shows a wide range of pathological reactions. In some the psychosis is quite overt and immediate hospitalization is required. We find many more, however, where the disintegrative psychotic process is latent and where ordinarily a commitment to a hospital would not be possible. However, the New Jersey Sex Law permits types that are not overtly psychotic, but who show underlying disintegrative reactions, to be hospitalized.

Among the psychotic group, too, we find some whose disorder is of a functional type, but we also have an increasing number in whom the problem is organic and whose sex behavior is a regressive manifestation of brain disease. We are thinking

## Main Diagnostic Types

(1,200 Cases reviewed at New Jersey Diagnostic Center.)

Approximate  
Percentage

|                              |    |
|------------------------------|----|
| Normal                       | 27 |
| Neurotic Types               | 35 |
| Psychotic & Latent Psychotic | 22 |
| Mentally Defective           | 4  |



primarily of individuals undergoing arteriosclerotic or senile changes whose sex expression, now incidental to these changes, become childish, immature and infantile. Such individuals are not ordinarily dangerous, but they have a tendency to direct their attention to young children and thus become a threat in the community. In the "functional" group, of course, the schizophrenic reaction is the most common. It is among the psychotic that we may anticipate the greatest degree of dissociation of behavior. It is again among the psychotic that acts of violence most commonly occur. Fortunately, the so-called homicidal, fiendish sexualist is relatively rare, even among the psychotics observed at the Diagnostic Center. This contradicts the popular notion regarding sex offenders.

We may also add a fourth group, making up the balance of sex offenders, whose sexual misconduct is part and parcel of a general antisocial disposition. Such individuals would be more effectively treated at correctional rather than at hospital levels.

A practical scheme of classification can be developed from the above. We see at once that in Group I the make-up of the individual is essen-

tially normal. From a penal standpoint, he is a correctional case, and while many of this group are committed to a correctional institution, a large proportion can do well under probationary plans. Group IV, which manifests a history of continued antisocial behavior, is usually classified as correctional, a type that is better treated in penal institutions. Group II and III provide most of the psychiatric problems, and again the Diagnostic Center staff must determine whether a sexual offender who has a psychiatric disorder should be treated either on an ambulatory basis or in a hospital set up for their care. Where the motivation to treatment is good, where the chronicity of the disorder is not too deeply fixed, where the hazard to the community is minimal and where the subject has many assets which would permit him to provide for himself and his family, his case is frequently recommended for ambulatory treatment. In instances where the reaction appears to be compulsive and deep-seated, where the examiners doubt that the patient will cooperate in treatment, where the nature of the offense itself has been relatively serious (especially where children are involved), and where a hazard

to the community is rather clear, the recommendation is for hospital placement until such time as both the hospital and the parole authorities are assured that the offender can be safely returned to his home.

The New Jersey sex legislation has provided a mechanism of dealing with pathological sex offenders which, in the opinion of the authorities, is designed to improve the rehabilitative opportunities of sexual offenders and at the same time assure the community of adequate safeguards. It is encouraging that of 438 men committed to a state hospital under the provisions of the sex law, 234 have been released and only twenty have a record of subsequent violations.

This is only a beginning of a very important penological experiment—a beginning made without sufficient financial support or personnel. A great deal of further experimentation and research is needed. Nevertheless, it should be stressed that the sex statutes of New Jersey and of those states which are following a somewhat similar plan are essentially ushering in a new and hopeful penological principle—the hospital concept as worked out within a correctional framework to assure maximum protection to society.

## SOVIET YOUTH DEMANDS DEBATE . . *Ralph Parker*

*Moscow*  
THE PICTURE that the world has formed of Soviet youth has changed radically in the past few months. Instead of the heroic, starry-eyed young men and women whom the literature of Stalin's Russia showed us, as it were, frozen in the attitude of Vera Mukina's World Fair statue of factory boy and peasant girl, stands a student with a look of be-

wildered resentment on his face. The confident forward-thrusting pose is replaced by a hesitant step, the head is turned to cast a long, searching glance at the past, and that fist—is it clenched in the traditional Communist gesture, or in anger?

This new conception of the young people of the Soviet Union stems from material published in the first place in the Soviet press and widely reproduced abroad—material which provides indisputable evidence of a considerable ferment among Soviet youth in the post-Twentieth Congress period, of new attitudes towards values hitherto accepted unquestioningly. Some commentators have gone so far as to interpret the evidence as proof of the failure of communism

to grip the young people of the USSR, of the withering away of communism as a vital "religion."

Is this new picture a true one? And if it is, what measures are the Soviet leadership taking to protect their system against this new internal "threat"? Before we can answer these questions, we need to submit the post-Congress period to an analysis that takes into account the main factors affecting the attitudes of Soviet youth.

The death of Joseph Stalin marked the end of an epoch, for Soviet youth as for everyone else here. No one who spent those February days and nights on the streets of Moscow with the Russian people could fail to sense the mood of expectation that was

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mingled with the grief and the dismay. Youth expected change; when change came it was of a nature that deeply affected the young people's picture of their own country's achievements, striking at the very heart of what had been known as Soviet patriotism. "We were taught to love our country because it was better in every respect than any other country. We were taught that the Russians had invented everything, that Soviet life was superior in every respect than life elsewhere. After Stalin's death, the new government dropped this line. We were encouraged to study foreign achievements, were told that in many branches of our life we had a long way to catch up with capitalist lands. Thus the very *raison d'être* of Soviet patriotism à la Stalin was removed." Thus spoke a Soviet student of technology, adding with a touch of cynicism that the formula "My country right or wrong" is a surer method of achieving loyalty than "My country is always right."

BUT DESPITE the disequilibrium it caused in young minds, the Soviet leaders' new policy of speaking frankly about the true state of the nation's economy, their abandonment of empty exhortatory phrases, was proving popular. New writers like Valentin Ovechkin and Vladimir Tendriakov, who rejected the practice of making their picture of reality conform to an idealized future, won widespread popularity among young readers for their truthful treatment of facts, however ugly. The hundreds of thousands of young men and women who responded to the appeal to settle on virgin land in Siberia and Central Asia went there with their eyes open to the hardships awaiting them. They went, as some of them told this writer in a tent amid the Altai steppes, "to get our country's farming out of the mess it's in"; went, too, because for many of them the city life they had known during the later years of Stalin's life had become intolerable with its eaves-dropping, its denunciations, its ever-present terror.

Then came Khrushchev's denun-

ciation of Stalin's methods at the Twentieth Congress. Perhaps future historians will dwell on this "secret report" as the act of a man determined, in the face of more cautious counsellors, to make a return to Stalinist methods impossible by revealing their true nature in the harshest possible colors. Notwithstanding, the immediate effect on youth was one that was bound to cause the Soviet leaders considerable concern. People who have seen their god toppled from his pedestal not unnaturally begin to question the tenets of the religion he symbolized. As 1956 proceeded, party ideologists had to busy themselves increasingly with the defense of the system. A wave of irreverence swept over Soviet youth, expressing itself at one end of the scale in scathing political anecdotes, at the other in open questioning of the value to them of Marxist-Leninist education and of the Komsomol itself, the handmaiden of the party. Veterans of the Revolution and the Civil War complained that the factory youth were growing indifferent to their stories of the Soviet state's heroic past. Student rags held during the November holidays turned mainly on the debunking of words and slogans that had been well-nigh sacred a few years before. Articles in influential journals whose authors went to extreme lengths to denigrate all Soviet art, drama and literature of the past twenty years evoked a lively response among youth.

Serious account was taken of these manifestations of nihilism at meetings of the party presidium during November and December. To judge, however, from the tone of a confidential letter to party members now in circulation, the Soviet leaders appear to be less perturbed by the restlessness of youth than by the inability of party propagandists to find a language that commands young people's attention. The letter calls for frankness and patience in replying to questions raised by youth. The right to raise questions is not denied; indeed, a frequent target of criticism in the youth press recently has been the "question suppressor." As an example to others, a number of Soviet lead-

ers have recently addressed audiences of university students and factory youth, going out of their way to avoid stereotyped phrases and to give their listeners that "news behind the news" hitherto sought in foreign radio broadcasts.

Parenthetically, it may be noted that the Soviet student body is in an interesting stage of transition. The recent introduction of free universal secondary education has greatly increased the competition for higher education, which is no longer confined to children of parents who could afford to keep their youngsters at school until they are seventeen. This democratization is producing certain strains within the student body; the strains have been increased by the introduction this year of a system by which scholarships and grants are given only in cases of proved need.

A CLUE to the present mood of Soviet student youth is provided by the extraordinary popularity of Vladimir Dudintsev's controversial novel *Not By Bread Alone*.\* Two aspects of this book have particularly stirred youth—its attack on tightly-knit groups of influential people who, while paying lip-service to the cause of socialism, are in fact interested only in maintaining themselves in office, and its revelation of the inefficiency and waste caused by this group's ruthless suppression of young talent and bold innovation. The scientific workers, technologists and engineers of tomorrow who form the majority of the students of today are painfully aware of the fact that until management and administration are improved and the powers of the bureaucrats reduced, they are going to find themselves sharing Dudintsev's inventor-hero's sense of frustration. Their faith in the possibilities of science is enormous (it is perhaps the dominant feature in the youth mind today), but Soviet life in its everyday aspects does not inspire them with great confidence in the ability of the administration to make the best use of science. The present gap between the

\*American edition to be published in late spring, by E. P. Dutton and Co.



world they are educated for and the world they live in is an important factor in the mentality of Soviet youth.

Hence their impatience, their desire to see "socialism given a chance" (as some of them say), their fierce resentment of privilege, their widely-expressed feelings that if they were given greater freedom to organize their own leisure activities they

could greatly enrich their lives. There are other factors, too, in their make up: many feel resentful that their intelligence was insulted, their youthful enthusiasm abused, their patriotism wrongfully suspected during the Stalin period, and this has put them on their guard against anything which appears to them as a return to the past.

Perhaps the sculptress Vera

Mukhina foresaw this new Soviet youth when, shortly before her death, she designed the figures of Soviet students for the approaches to the new university on Lenin Hills. Here is nothing of the ecstasy, the theatricalism of her pre-war group. Her young man and woman sit bowed over books, their brows furrowed in thought, their jaws taut with the effort of comprehension.

## Letter from a Soviet Student

*Following are extracts from a letter, written by a Soviet student, which appeared in the February issue of Forum, an Austrian monthly. The English translation is by Helmut W. Bonheim.*

Moscow

NOVEMBER 30, 1956 is a memorable day for us Russian students; some say, a historic day. After Professor B. E. Syrojetschkowitch's required lecture on Marxism-Leninism [in Lomonossow University, Moscow] there followed the usual discussion, during which a student . . . posed a question of decisive importance, perhaps the question which will determine the destiny of our form of Marxism: How was it possible for a general strike to occur in a Socialistic state—to speak plainly, in the Hungarian People's Democracy—since a general strike against workers' and peasants' government was impossible?

Professor Syrojetschkowitch was only able to give as an answer what we could read in our daily newspapers. For a discussion at the university level this was too little. He began to speak about the terror of Horthy-fascistic officers and diversionist Western imperialists, but his words were drowned in the protests of the students, who proved to him with a flood of Lenin quotations that he had not attempted to answer the actual question. . . . The discussion became noisy and confused and the professor preferred to withdraw. . . .

On the following day the notice boards of the Komsomol organization of the Lomonossow University carried hand-written sheets demanding an honest report and a frank discussion of the situation in Hungary. By lecture time, the notices had been removed, but their contents spread

that morning from mouth to mouth.

At midday fresh notices were posted announcing a meeting of the Komsomol at which the "shameful" events of the previous day were to be discussed. The meeting took place in the Ostrowskij Clubroom and was opened by Linkow, the secretary of the Komsomol Organization. His first remark necessarily acted as a provocation to most of those present: he declared that it was the Komsomol's duty to avoid in the future "such excesses as had degraded the academic halls" the day before. The result was only that a new "excess" immediately developed. In a quickly improvised vote, "The Hungarian Question in the Light of Marxism-Leninism" was declared the only item on the agenda and thus the control of the discussion was wrested from the officers. The very first speaker spoke of an "over-bureaucratized system" which had estranged itself from the masses and was therefore trying to maintain itself with the methods of the recently unmasked Beria.

This referred to Hungary, but the comparison with the Soviet Union was obvious and was even . . . spoken of openly: if the conclusions reached by the Twentieth Party Congress are not followed up, must we not expect a similar development here and will not our workers rise one day under the banner of Lenin against those who have developed into their bourgeois, bureaucratic exploiters? When Linkow objected to these "anti-party sentiments," and tried to get the floor from the speaker, he encountered such vehement opposition among the students, that he left the hall together with his associates. But the discussion continued and even involved several activists of the Komsomol. . . .

On December 3 the administration actually expelled 140 students

because of "chuliganstvo" (rowdiness) and at the same time announced that the lectures on Marxism-Leninism would be suspended until after the New Year's holidays.

It was the first time in the history of the Moscow university that the administration found itself forced to suspend lectures because the teaching staff was not equal to dealing with questions which might arise in the discussions. The student body recognized in this a victory which they had bullied out of the Komsomol. Contrary to the expectations of the Komsomol secretaries, who counted on an ebbing of excitement, the discussions in the clubs and student quarters continued. . . .

The significance which the Komsomol attributed to the discussions at the university had the interesting result that similar discussions broke out in other places too. In the middle of December, the Komsomol activists of the Moscow army district were forced to convene in order to deal with similar developments in the garrison. We in Moscow also heard of occurrences at the Leningrad Universities. . . . Lively discussions are also in progress at the universities in Kiev, Charkov, Sverdlovsk, Novosibirsk and even in central Asia, in Tashkent.

Almost the whole of the Soviet youth has been seized by the wave of discussions. This is undoubtedly one of the most interesting political movements to have emerged since Stalin's death. Significantly enough, however, it was not started by the men in power, not "from above," but spontaneously and from within the Socialistic camp itself. Probably the solution to this movement will also have to be found within the Socialistic camp, a solution which those above can advance but can hardly hinder. . . .

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## A Guide to Perfect Security

*INTERNAL SECURITY MANUAL, REVISED.* Compiled by Senator Alexander Wiley. Government Printing Office. 409 pp. \$1.

Jay G. Sykes

IT IS RARE that a compilation of Federal laws published by the Government Printing Office turns out to be an historic document; this one is. To provide Americans with a "handy tool which they and their government must use in combatting subversive forces," Senator Alexander Wiley and staff have gathered together all laws, orders and directives defining and proscribing treason, communism, disloyalty and subversion. The resulting catalog is an awe-inspiring volume. Its most significant feature is that it contains 409 pages, most of which are filled with laws of the past twenty years. Deciphered, this manual is the account of a gradual, subtle, at times imperceptible journey toward the elusive goal of total security. In its prodigious aggregate, it tells the story of a true revolution, and provides a sobering perspective for those who believe that liberty was destroyed by a Senator named McCarthy and then restored with his political decline.

One may trace, for example, the evolution of our federal employee loyalty program. It requires careful attention to syntax, to semantic nuances, to subtle changes in definitions and standards. In the beginning, the Hatch Act (1939) merely made it unlawful for a federal employee to belong to an organization advocating the overthrow of our constitutional form of government. Then in 1941, the Civil Service War Regulation dropped the "reasonable grounds of disloyalty" standard for firing an employee and adopted the "reasonable doubt as to loyalty" criterion. A lawyer could readily appreciate the violence of this change,

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but who else not directly concerned could be expected to be disturbed by a word-and-a-half amendment? Thence to 1947 and Executive Order 9835 which institutionalized the loyalty program. The Attorney General's list was ordained, and loyalty investigators were authorized to consider "evidence of disloyalty" in FBI files, Military Intelligence files, files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; school, college, and employment records were decreed relevant. When Executive Order 10450 appeared in 1953, a new article of faith was announced: "Whereas the interest of the national security requires that all persons privileged to be employed in the Government shall be reliable, trustworthy, and of complete and unswerving loyalty to the United States. . . ."—a declaration of principle that brings to mind a passage from Hannah Arendt's *Origins of Totalitarianism*:

Their (totalitarian movements') most conspicuous external characteristic is their demand for total, unrestricted, unconditional, and unalterable loyalty of individual members.

With Order 10450, also, precise acts of disloyalty were for the first time enumerated: establishing or continuing a "sympathetic association with a saboteur, spy, traitor, or anarchist, or with any group designated fascist, communist, or subversive." Order 10491 (1953) added another: invocation of the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution before a Congressional Committee.

THE WILEY manual reminds us how unobtrusively the ramparts were built up to protect our unswerving loyalty. First, the Voorhis Act required the registration of "foreign-controlled" organizations; then the McCormack Act of 1938 compelled the identification of "foreign propagandists"; then in 1940 the Alien Registration Act, with its

Section 2—the so-called Smith Act—outlawed conspiracies-to-advocate-overthrow-by-force-and-violence and added its lesser-known: "Whoever, with intent to interfere with, impair, influence the loyalty, morale, or discipline of the armed forces, advises, counsels, urges, or attempts to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty shall be guilty of a felony."

Formal bureaucratization came in 1950 with the Internal Security Act which created a Subversive Activities Control Board—though a subversive activity had not yet been officially defined—and created the potential enemy and the prospective crime: "Whenever a state of internal security emergency exists, the President, through the Attorney General, is authorized to detain each person as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person *probably will* engage in, or *probably will* conspire with others to engage in acts of sabotage or espionage."

Once the superstructure was secured, the embellishments came quickly and easily. In 1954, the "communist-front" and the "communist-action" groups were, by amendment to the Internal Security Act, joined by the "communist-infiltrated" organization (defined as one which is directed by *past* members or supporters of the Communist Party or by persons who "have contributed to the impairment of the military strength of the United States to furnish logistical or other support required by its armed forces"). This amendment also requires all "communist-front" groups to register with the Attorney General all their "printing presses, rotary presses, platen presses, lithographs, mimeograph machines, and ditto or monotype machines." How reassuring Section I-b: "Nothing in this Act shall be construed to authorize, require, or establish military or civilian censorship or in any way limit or infringe upon freedom of the press or of speech as guaranteed by the Constitution."

What must surely be the ultimate



refinement in security legislation is the Communist Control Act of 1954 which directs juries to consider as evidence of Communist Party membership: whether the accused has "executed orders or directives of any kind on behalf of the Party; written, spoken, or communicated by signal, semaphore, or sign any order or directive of the Party; indicated by word, action, conduct, or writing or in any other way a willingness to carry out in any manner the plans, designs, objectives or purposes of the Party."

A striking feature—perhaps the most foreboding—of this quest for security is the application of the principle of presumptive-retroactive-prospective misconduct to our immigration and naturalization laws. Read the McCarran Act slowly. It excludes aliens believed by consular officials or by the Attorney General "to be seeking entry in order to engage in prejudicial activities" or who "probably would after entry engage in public disorder . . . or in any activities subversive to the national security." An alien who has been a member of a subversive group within ten years prior to his petition for naturalization is "presumed not to be attached to the principle of our Constitution" and is not eligible for naturalization. For the already nat-

uralized, membership in a subversive group within five years after naturalization raises a "presumption that the person was not disposed to the good order and happiness of the United States at the time of naturalization," and may be grounds for denaturalization.

Thus are we reminded how we have come, with small steps, from outlawing force-and-violence, to jailing those who "conspire to advocate," then to proscribing "subversives" and registering printing presses. We began by outlawing espionage and treason, and have now come to investigating "sympathetic associations," looking for pro-Communist semaphores, and demanding unswerving loyalty. How did we come so far and so quickly—as legal revolutions go? Why was there no great stand? Milton Mayer may well have been answering these questions when he wrote of the decline of liberty in post-1933 Germany in *They Thought They were Free*:

Each step was so small, so inconsequential . . . All the crises and reforms so occupied the people that they did not see the slow motion underneath . . . Each occasion is a little worse than the last, but only a little worse . . . You wait for one great shocking occasion thinking that others will join in resisting somehow. . . . But it never comes.

## Military Model for America

### THE SOLDIER AND THE STATE:

The Theory and Politics of Civil-Military Relations. By Samuel Huntington. Harvard University Press. 534 pp. \$7.50.

Matthew Josephson

"IF THE American public, in the cold-war decade, has occasionally felt anxiety over the mighty sway of our military bureaucrats, such feeling has been expressed only in desultory fashion and, at that, in rather limited circles. The ground of nearly all open debate over our atomic-age militarism has been narrowed by common acceptance of the bi-polar conflict as foreordained. It is assumed that the Russian and Chinese

Communists are so infernally clever and "realistic" that they are determined to bring about nuclear war and mass-suicide in their own good time. No agreement for arms reduction is foreseeable; hence we must be just as "realistic" in raising the genocidal power of our military establishment. Most works of military "scholarship" that are issued nowadays under respectable and right-thinking auspices confine themselves, therefore, to questions of patching up the military organization here or strengthening it there. *The Soldier and the State* by Samuel Huntington, an instructor in government at Harvard, though having its own special mixture of brutal sophistries and naiveties, is based on the familiar set of assumptions mentioned above.

Nearly half of the work is devoted to an historical review of the evolution of large-scale military organizations and

mass-war doctrine since Napoleon's time. The rehash of Clausewitz, Scharnhorst and St. Cyr offers us nothing new, except Mr. Huntington's discovery of the old professional officer corps of Prussia as the military ideal. Its virtue was that it was "unpolitical." Yet is not all military action, in itself, political, we ask with Clausewitz? Here Huntington also endeavors to define and explain the "military mind" and the military ethic—which "emphasizes the irrationality, weakness and evil in human nature . . . the importance of order, hierarchy, the nation state . . . the continuing likelihood of wars."

ALAS, too many Americans still cling to a "liberal," therefore false, world-picture; they hold to visions of man becoming more reasonable in the future, of war being abolished. Even among business men there is a small faction, typified by Mr. Weir of National Steel, which, disliking military controls, or craving lower taxes, or simply wishing to enjoy peaceful vices and pleasures, favors arms reduction and overtures to peace. What is worse, our old-fashioned democratic and constitutional form of government has long imposed the supremacy of civilian over military authority; the separation of powers in this country hampers the all-out military planners at many points. The streamlining of our government into the forms of a garrison state will clearly require much study and effort. Fortunately an improved equilibrium in civilian-military control seems to have been reached, according to Huntington, in the presidency of the soldier-diplomat, Eisenhower.

Yet too many ordinary patriotic Americans have what Veblen called a "plodding sense" of the rightness and wrongness of things. They see dimly that nuclear war, or preparation for it, may yield temporary advantages to a few, but in the long run not for the many. This creates tension again for the generals and flag-officers, and all their associated experts, planners and suppliers, who press for a maximum military power. The remedy, Mr. Huntington urges, is to have not less but more military professionalism of the nineteenth century German type, and to win popular acceptance of its austere ideals. He holds:

A strongly integrated, highly professional officer corps, immune to politics and respected for its military character would be a steady balancing wheel in the conduct of policy.

Was it not because Hitler, as demagogue, overruled the old military profes-

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of *The Robber Barons*, is at work on a study of the effects of our military establishment upon the national economy.

April 6, 1957

sionals that Germany came to grief in the last war? It is an erroneous belief, Huntington pleads, that the military specialists seek only war. On the contrary they are a force for "sanity, caution, realism" in Russia as well as in America. If the officer corps of the Red Army tames communism in Russia and their opposite numbers here make America more conservative they may likely get together (it is suggested on page 463) to keep the peace and enjoy long lives of good salaries, bureaucratic authority and retirement pensions. This is an original, in fact, paradoxical view of the military role, wholly inconsistent with the rest of Mr. Huntington's treatise, and he soon reverts to his ruling idea that we must make over America as a "fighting society."

What is needed, in order to bring about the fullest deployment of American military power, is really a change of heart among the civilians. Indeed,

Mr. Huntington derives much hope for such a change from signs of the rising influence of publicists who preach the power-politics of the New Conservatism, such as Reinhold Niebuhr, Hans J. Morgenthau, and even T. S. Eliot.

The requisite for military security is a shift in basic American values from liberalism to conservatism. Only an environment which is sympathetically conservative will permit American military leaders to combine the political power which society thrusts upon them with the military professionalism without which society cannot endure.

Do men fear the garrison state? Let us gladly go toward it, embracing "the military values America most needs today—loyalty, duty, restraint, dedication."

Mussolini's old slogan had more style: *Believe, obey, fight!*

## The Novel in France

**THE UNHEROIC HERO.** By Raymond Giraud. Rutgers University Press. 240 pp. \$5.

**AN AGE OF FICTION.** By Germaine Brée and Margaret Guiton. Rutgers University Press. 242 pp. \$5.

**Katherine Hoskins**

THESE two books pretty well cover the "main stream" of the French novel from Stendhal to Camus.

In *The Unheroic Hero*, Dr. Raymond Giraud of Yale charts the rising tide of the bourgeoisie in France during the nineteenth century and its effect on the three great novelists of the period: Stendhal, nostalgic for a mythical eighteenth century; Balzac down in the cock-pit, admittedly corrupted; Flaubert, growling and at bay. Choosing one novel of each for special and painstaking analysis, he constates a somewhat ambiguous attitude on the part of his writers to their heroes and to the civilization of their day. In fact, the *Bourgeois* hero would be a more apt description of the general tenor of the book. And if he seems to have loaded the dice by his choice of novels—*Lucien Leuwen*, *César Birotteau*, *L'Education Sentimentale*—that is his privilege.

Dr. Giraud pleases by his conscientious documentation, but he often

seems to mass his artillery against a citadel already invested. He finds it odd that his three authors should have dealt as they did with the milieux they wrote about because,

However violently and harshly a writer attacked the bourgeoisie, he could not easily escape the central condition of his own life: He was a bourgeois too . . . On the other hand, through some quirk of fate, he had been fired with the ambition to enter a profession that, thanks to his romantic heritage, he thought was dedicated to values irreconcilable with those of his family, his class and his century. Bound to the bourgeoisie by his origin and by tastes and needs inculcated in him since childhood, such a writer felt himself split in many ways and prey to numerous disagreeable feelings of solitude, insufficiency, guilt, shame and resentment.

But when the most conformist child must revolt a little in order to grow up; how should not these for whom growing up meant creative eminence? The need is both simpler and more fundamental than "quirk of fate" or "romantic heritage" suggests; its demands something more than "disagreeable."

Later on, he quotes Flaubert, apropos of *L'Education Sentimentale*, "Just the anticipation of portraying bourgeois turns my stomach." And comments, "One would think that there were enough subjects to pick from without

Flaubert's having to condemn himself to five more years of torment . . ." It would seem that Flaubert understood even if Dr. Giraud does not, both the fatal miasma of exotica and the necessity of most novelists to be immersed in their own time and class, no matter what they may think of them. Nor was it in Flaubert's aesthetic to abstract his characters from time in the way of poets and painters and thus, as Malraux said of Tintoretto, turn the (Venetian) divers into angels.

THE EMPHASES of this book do, however, provide an interesting foreground to the one offered by Germaine Brée and Margaret Guiton. *An Age of Fiction* deals with the inheritors of the great bourgeois revolution and of its writers. More quiet in their own class, the writers of this period from Gide to Camus, can look out from it and see cruelty, vulgarity, cowardice (and their corresponding virtues) as the condition of man. In their extremely lucid introduction, the authors state that the French novel of the last five decades, "makes no pretense of offering an accurate description of reality . . . This novel is no more than a point of view on reality, perhaps only a means of pointing out the gap between literature and life, mind and existence, the human consciousness and the world in which it moves." The newer novelists, then, abstract and are at liberty to traffic with angels—or devils. As the authors point out, this is both a liberation and a limitation. Among a great many other things, Proust was the last great creator of characters that we "know" in the same scandalized and delighted fashion that our great-aunts knew their friends and enemies in Dickens.

Given the above definition of the twentieth century novel; how then, we wonder, was Duhamel included, or Romain; conversely, if everybody was to be forced to the same pattern, why leave out Colette and Rolland? Moreover, to deal with twenty-one names in the space of two hundred and forty-odd pages gives an effect of once over gracefully that not only weakens the authors' thesis but does scant justice to their very real gifts of interpretation and description. Half a dozen writers treated with the delicacy and thoroughness of which these critics are clearly capable would have served everyone better—with the possible exception of a procrastinative French major faced with an examination. The paraphrase of almost any disquisition in *An Age of Fiction* would fetch an A.

It may be that shaft mining is not



any more the best way to work the literary field. For one professional novelist who produces, biennially, parts of a world, there are half a dozen writers who write perhaps one novel, maybe another, then maybe a play or turn their attention to other matters entirely. Gide, after all, wrote but two novels in the strict sense, but several récits or novelettes and his best work is an allegorical essay, *Thésée*; Cocteau wrote but one novel; Malraux wrote three or four and then went off to the plastic arts. It seems that placer treatment—lateral and international—might be rewarding, if only for a change. A comparison of forms, say, or even of subject matter. *The Counterfeiters* placed beside *Point Counter Point*: the récit in Gide's hands and in Faulkner's, and their common availability to motion pictures: the literature of flying—from Hardy boy to Mystic: or types—the sensitive drunk, the philosophic bum, those descendants under the rose of the Milord and the American Gentleman.

Our authors are by no means unob-servant of these matters. And I can think of few better equipped to deal with them.

## THEATRE

### Robert Hatch

ONE CRITIC of *Orpheus Descending* (Martin Beck) is struck by its extreme bitterness; another finds that this revision by Tennessee Williams of an early work is noticeably less baleful than the plays he has been writing in recent years. It is a matter, I suppose, of whether the observer is more oppressed by exterior brutality or interior cruelty.

*Orpheus Descending* is social protest, almost a tract; it is as ugly as bigotry and as vicious as power in mean hands. It is also relentless. Williams loathes the vacuous bully-bosses of his rural South, and fears them. In his story the impulses toward life and generosity of spirit are overwhelmed; the law of ignorance is enforced by flaming gasoline and half-starved hound packs. Nevertheless, compared with such a work as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, this play has almost a sunny disposition.

Orpheus, a vagrant folk singer, finds himself stranded in a town that is itself stranded. He becomes the sustaining son to an old woman who paints visions, the corrective brother to a girl who employs debauchery as protest, the lover of a wife married to hatred and death.

## Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?

### THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

### This FREE BOOK will prove what your mind can do!

Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to



learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life*.

That book opened a new world to me. I advise you to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Use the coupon below or write: Scribe Z.P.T.

#### USE THIS GIFT COUPON

SCRIBE Z.P.T.  
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)  
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of *The Mastery of Life*, which I shall read as directed.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

## The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA • NOT A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION

He is not a remarkable boy and he does not assume these roles deliberately, or even willingly; but he is alive and what still lives in the desert immediately responds to his presence. No one who lives survives; still they have recognized one another and they are a promise.

It is easy to say, and it is being widely said, that *Orpheus Descending* is discursive, indecisive, awkward as to its machinery. I could quote lines so ringing with philosophy that they were obviously written by a much younger Williams. But it is a great thing at a play to be able to take sides; to know that a war has been waged, that virtue spoke even though it did not prevail. Anger and sorrow are valid experiences in the theatre. The later Williams of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* uses shock to induce audience reaction in a situation too extreme for allegiance.

It is hard to separate the vigor of *Orpheus Descending* from the vitality of Maureen Stapleton in the central role of a live woman among the cruel dead. She is so bold in her broad characterization, so precise in the enlightening details of manner, she shifts mood with such accurate pose and inflection, that you laugh aloud from the pleasure of

such creative skill. Williams wrote a rich part in this Italian wench so improbably and unhappily cut off from decent joy, and Miss Stapleton embodies her magnificently.

Harold Clurman has built the production around her, which was the obvious thing to do. Less obvious was the construction of a supporting cast that would give her a wall to beat upon. The hateful and pathetic gargoyles of Southern lust, suspicion and vulgar gentility he establishes with quick, sharp statements from extremely apt performers. The difficult title role he keeps exceedingly quiet and uncomplicated. Cliff Robertson, who plays it, is a graceful young actor with what seem instinctive good taste and good ideas. He has as yet no great power, but he does have a stubborn presence that admirably supports Miss Stapleton's virtuosity. Boris Aronson has designed an intricate set that nevertheless looks open and untricky and on which the sweeping action can move without stumbling.

The play is ragged in spots, sententious in spots, but it is *about* something and cares about it—which makes it as welcome as spring in this winter of sterile theatre amusements.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM offers until April 14 the work of thirty American painters and sculptors under thirty-five who are representative of present-day trends. Last month the American Institute of Arts and Letters showed the work of the thirty-five artists selected by the painter and sculptor members of the Institute as applicants for its annual grants. Both shows draw from the same pool, but were chosen according to different points of view.

The selecting committee of the Whitney contains no artists. The Museum is extremely sensitive to critical currents and is closely associated with the educational program of the Museum of Modern Art. The show it offers can be taken to represent an advanced critical and academic opinion—an official view of American contemporary painting from outside the profession.

The selecting body of the Institute, on the other hand, consists entirely of artists. Its choice represented another view of the same field, but this time from within. The two views have very little in common.

The Whitney's is the more arresting,

Certainly its show is the more violent, due to the number of pictures whose theme is caricature and to the quantity of large, bright, non-objective pictures in the "action painting" style. The theory behind action painting, as it has been explained to me, is this: The real subject of a picture is not, as one generally thinks, a visual idea. The real subject is the muscular pleasure the painter takes in the unhampered motion of his brush. The spectator's pleasure in the resulting picture comes from his sympathetic motor responses to the bodily movements the painter has recorded. Consequently, action pictures must be large—to give the painter space for large and ample movements (This must be what the apologists for these severely two dimensional canvases mean when they praise the painter's "exploration of space")—and the paint put on must be heavy. In the present show, of the twenty-four painters represented, thirteen lie somewhere within this category, eight in that of caricature, one is a pure abstractionist, and two have a naturalistic subject matter, these figures including several borderline cases.

One has the impression that the pictures have been chosen from considerations of visibility rather than of subtlety, of wit rather than of visual idea, of brushwork rather than of color. This would account for their impact. Brushwork, visibility and wit in painting, like skillful orchestration in music, can be appreciated at once. Whereas subtlety of composition, harmony of color and interest of visual idea, like the beauty of a melodic line, take a certain amount of living with to be recognized.

Among the most interesting of the non-objective paintings are those by John Levee—layer on layer of rich and creamy paint in very harmonious colors—and by Paul Jenkins whose decorative canvases resemble enlargements of the polished cross section of a mineral. Gerald McLaughlin, whom I place among the caricaturists, is perhaps the most entertaining. His cities (or battles or mob scenes, as you will) of tiny monsters—potato-like shapes, phallic and wiggling—are fascinating and appalling, and beautifully executed. Among the sculptors, caricature—as represented by Elbert Weinberg with his *Procession* of life size rabbis in full regalia, by Richard Stankiewicz with his personages welded together of old machine parts, and Paul Frazier, with his handsome *Dog Trying to Go to Heaven*—is more skillful and interesting than the abstract work displayed.

Except for action painting, caricature, and their intermixture there is not much of interest. The one pure abstractionist shown is thin and trite, and of the two representational painters who do not employ caricature, one is weak and the other inept and over-ambitious.

AT the Institute there was no such simple opposition. Caricature, in fact

### Soft Hope

Year on rounded year  
The damson plum tree  
Reached into the earth for buds and  
blossoms;  
Year on year  
The earth  
Tightened  
For the chalice limbs.  
Braced by soft hope one year  
The tree  
Bent  
With April's snow.  
Year on slanted year  
It buds and blossoms  
Bears fruit  
Drops leaves.

ROSE HIRSHMAN



was almost entirely absent. One found instead the opposition which is most interesting to a jury of painters, that age-old problem of the *Painter and his model*—the opposition of style and subject matter.

I am sure that no one who does not paint himself can possibly understand the importance of subject matter to a painter. Subject matter, even if in the end it is entirely eliminated from the picture, is the germ which has made painting the picture possible. And stylization to a painter is almost synonymous with the act of painting. It is how the subject is to be got on canvas. So that it is not surprising that the pictures of this show, chosen by a jury of painters, range from the naturalistic to complete abstraction, with all the gradations between.

THE SHOW here was not as brilliant as the Whitney's. It was more uneven. But it had greater variety and contained a greater number of individually interesting pictures. The abstract works of Paul Burlin, John Von Wicht, and Kenzo Okada (whom I suppose to be classed among the action painters) are finer by far in color and in general elegance than corresponding pictures at the Whitney. A painter jury is apt to have a good eye. And the one painter present in both expositions, John Kingstein, was represented here by much better

pictures, in particular by a *Sicilian Altar*, with the saint glittering and dripping with candle light and gold, more accomplished than anything of his the Whitney shows. A work by Joe Lasker especially sticks in the mind: *Naples*, loaned by the Whitney, a composite view of the city done in the colors and textures of a Pompeian fresco.

A group exposition is almost bound to be a portrait of the jury that chose the pictures. A non-painting jury will select what it considers to combine the most striking with the most up-to-date. The most striking qualities today would appear to be violence and caricature. The artist jury selects pictures that it considers to offer contemporary solutions to the problem always facing the artist—the problem of presenting an idea in visual terms.

Both exhibitions contain many fine works. Their common weakness lies in the frequent exploitation of tricks—tricks of air brush, knife, spatter and drip, formulae of drawing and of stylistic evocation—employed more for their own sake than for any useful expressive purpose. Tricks such as these are what give both shows what they have of an "official" aspect. For, just as we apply slightly "academic" to painting which pays undue reverence to things learned at school, so "official" has come to imply the incontinent exploitation of fashionable novelty.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, after giving Verdi's *Don Carlo* a one-season rest, revived the work in mid-March before a capacity audience.

This opera holds a position of special interest in the Metropolitan repertory, for it was the first luxurious new production sponsored by Rudolf Bing when he assumed his managerial post in 1950. Margaret Webster staged the opera and achieved results of an almost classic simplicity and order. Indeed, many of her arrangements are so formally poised that they seem like painted tableaux, cool, pastel and static, in which one or more characters have come to life. The costumes and sets, designed by Rolf Gérard, display an opposite delicacy of taste.

*Don Carlo*, however, remains an opera of rather specialized appeal. Carlo Gatti, Verdi's biographer, referred to its original five-act version as "long-winded" and "intolerably boring." In his

more experienced years, Verdi reduced the work to its present, four-act form. But it is still more than a little tedious, even when Fritz Stiedry is its energetic conductor.

The static quality which Margaret Webster captured in her staging is present in the music and the drama as well. Verdi seldom achieved in *Don Carlo* the flights of melody which he attained in other operas. We are subjected to a sombre, horizontal flow of sound, much of it lovely, but attenuated. And when occasional lifts in melodic intensity do occur, they carry us from the second to the third floor—never to the roof.

Then, too, the tenor, title role has a peculiar dramatic pallor. For *Don Carlo*, despite his central position in the story, remains a pawn in the play of power and intrigue. Almost without exception, scenes in which he appears have their dramatic focus deflected to an-

other character, most often to that of his intimate friend, Rodrigo. He does, it is true, draw sword in the second act and challenge the despotic authority of his father, Philip II. But even here, in a really crucial moment, he is peaceably disarmed and dissolves into a sort of boyish confusion. At other points, he is either in helpless upset over frustrated love for Elizabeth or planning verbally to do great things which fate decrees he shall not accomplish.

VOCALLY, however, there was nothing ineffectual about Jussi Bjoerling, he held forth as Don Carlo with all the silvery brilliance and muscularity of tone one associates with his most telling performances. Excepting Delia Rigal, whose portrayal of Elizabeth was a bit pale and even occasionally unsteady, each member of the cast contributed a top Metropolitan performance which is to say that the level would be hard to match elsewhere. Ettore Bastianini made a handsome Rodrigo, urbane and aurally rich. The American contralto, Irene Dalis, despite a bit of over-excitement (she was making her Metropolitan debut), drew attention to

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herself as the Princess of Eboli. Her voice and her person had a simply golden glow, and curtain calls brought her an ovation accorded to few debutantes. Cesare Siepi, as Philip II, gave a vocal characterization which, on the grounds of monumentality, ranges in one's memory beside the great impersonations of Moussorgsky's *Boris*.

It was therefore a matter of personal chagrin to note that, despite these extravagant appeals to eye and ear and this sumptuous display of musical wealth, I was moved to abstract admiration, but felt only a mild pleasure.

DAVID DIAMOND'S SIXTH Symphony was brought to Carnegie Hall recently by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It proved to be a searching, but not particularly "pretty" piece. Certainly, it was far removed from the composer's earlier, gentler music, and I am not at all sure that Diamond has subdued the insurgencies of this later style. The composition has the earmarks of a craftsman's revolt. The old tools have been tossed aside, but the new ones do not yet function smoothly. When they are made to do so, I suspect that Diamond's music will flow with the same internal strength, but with a bit more graciousness. It is evident that he seeks to make a succinct, original statement within a large format. And that, in itself, is admirable.

One of the most impressive aspects of this Symphony is the organic manner in

which the composer has stated and employed his materials. Nothing gives the impression of being mere decoration or seasoning. The melodic material comes in great, organized gasps—almost brutal in their avoidance of surface prettiness. The colors (which are not always fetching in themselves) are flung onto the canvas in gobs and made to function structurally rather than cosmetically. The result is vaguely expressionistic, and despite the lack of actual exterior resemblance, I had the feeling that Diamond's message was not entirely removed from that of Berg's *Wozzek*. The last of the three movements is less convincing than the others, partly because a certain monotony of technique (and, perhaps, listener-fatigue) has set in by that time. But the explosive opening movement and its poignant successor are rich in substance and belligerently honest.

The Mozart A Major Clarinet Concerto, which followed the Diamond work, was played by Gino Cioffi of the Boston Orchestra's woodwind section. Neither it nor the Franck D Minor Symphony were up to the visiting group's usual standards. The latter work, particularly, was objectified to a degree which robbed it of all mystery. Unsentimental the playing was, and texturally clear. But it was also rather disenchanted. Franck emerged in certain spots as a sort of second-rate Mendelssohn; slightly banal, and tinged with Brahms and Wagner. Surely he was more distinctive than that.

## Lent

Now as the flesh parts, weakened by the cold,  
The season, probing, shivers on the bone:  
Iron will enter, and the Lenten soul  
will sepulchre behind a winter stone.

Yesterday, over the shoulder of a drift,  
A sun-shaft struck a wellspring where the wind  
Blustered the driveway clear. I felt it lift  
An odor from the ground. The clearing burned;

Above, a travelling vector of brave geese  
Drove to the northward and I felt a yearning  
Crying beyond hearing, and I cried it cease—  
I, knowing ice hard at the heart of burning.

Beyond the river other gathering flights  
Wild with the lying rumor in their fledge  
Made ruffling stir. How could they chance those heights,  
As though their sense and season made a pledge?

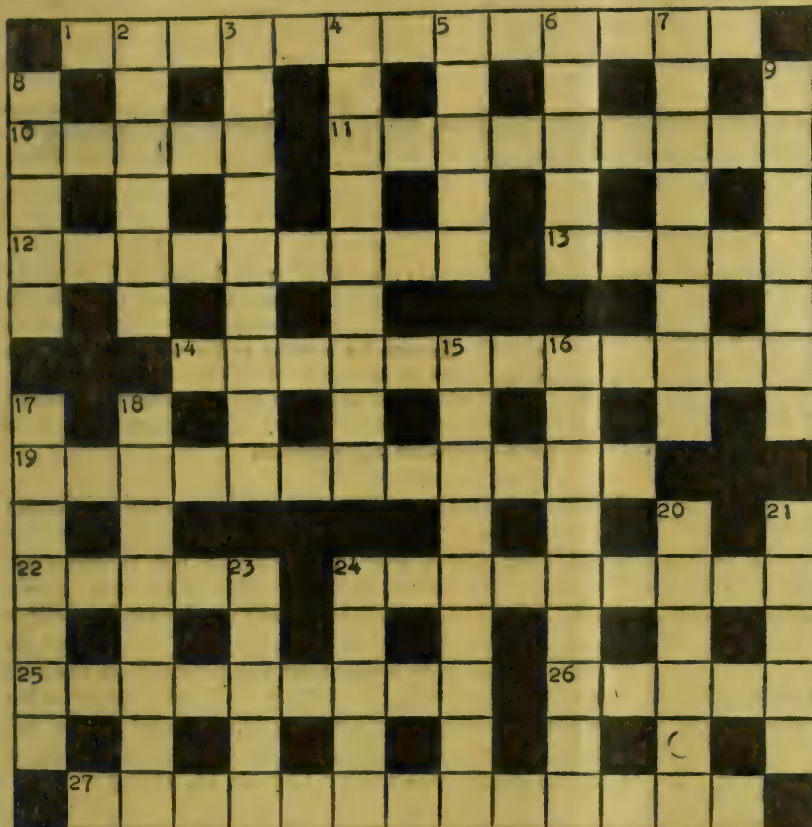
Yet equal with the clouds that pondered snow  
They struck for altitude and northern ground,  
Far beyond March, beyond whole years they go  
In search of promise given, lost and found.

LOUIS O. COXE



# Crossword Puzzle No. 718

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 I often help his construction of what would hardly be one of the weaker vessels. (4, 2, 3, 4)
- 10 Coach, or mainly coaches? (5)
- 11 Melly Chlistmas! (9)
- 12 Memoranda rather than music probably contained therein. (9)
- 13 Get back at what Markham's man had here. (5)
- 14 and 2 down Evidently what the doctor presents is sanitary. (1, 5, 4, 2, 6)
- 19 and 22 across At such times does one wait for half-a-minute? (6-6,5)
- 24 His lot is not happy, according to Gilbert. (9)
- 25 It goes rather shakily with a twitch. (9)
- 26 The 19 sort aren't likely to be found in 12. (5)
- 27 It's certainly not compatible, and quite the opposite from a reputed jewel. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 See 14 across
- 3 Quiet Caledonian about the backbone of the river and bay. (9)
- 4 Look up! It's found inside flora, as a 10 across. (9)
- 5 Possesses scissors, bars, and locks, perhaps. (5)

- 6 Let the sound of it get the lowest degree. (5)
- 7 The result of a ten-penny withdrawal. (8)
- 8 Be sparing with the quantity of task assigned. (5)
- 9 Give in vassalage. (7)
- 15 They make the scene lack things of value, perhaps. (9)
- 16 Blake made songs of this. (9)
- 17 Began like the first-billed entertainer, Mr. Lewis. (7)
- 18 Certainly doesn't live up to the clue, as a fire sometimes does. (4, 4)
- 20 The meticulous physician has a rather drastic remedy for poisoning. (6)
- 21 What's in the pan is evidently related to the carrot. (5)
- 23 A number is about to go under in Ireland. (5)
- 24 Strokes. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 717

ACROSS: 1 RECOMMIT; 5 RANCOR; 9 STABLES; 10 WICHITA; 11 INFIDEL; 12 NOVENAS; 13 DICTATORSHIPS; 15 ADMINISTERING; 21 LIBERIA; 22 REPLICA; 24 ROSTAND; 25 DESERT; 26 SWEEPERS.  
DOWN: 1 RUSKIN; 2 CHAFFED; 3 MEL-ODIC; 4 and 23 across IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER; 6 ALCOVES; 7 CHEERFUL; 8 REASSESS; 10 WIN LOSE OR DRAW; 14 TALLOWED; 16 MOBCAPS; 17 NORTHER; 18 IMPASSE; 19 GRIMACE; 20. LANDIS.

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# LETTERS

## Which Side Whittaker?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on March 23 dealing with the nomination of Mr. Justice Whittaker to the United States Supreme Court discusses his opinion in the case of Dr. Horace Davis, who sought to enjoin the University of Kansas City from denying his tenure rights and to order his reinstatement. Reading Judge Whittaker's opinion, one would come to a conclusion opposite from that of your editorial.

In the Davis case, Judge Whittaker said: "Plaintiff had a lawful right, under the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, to refuse to answer, and no inference of criminality can be drawn from his failure to answer. But he did not have the constitutional right to remain a public school teacher." In the Slochower case, Mr. Justice Clark wrote: "At the outset we must condemn the practice of imputing a sinister meaning to the exercise of a person's constitutional right under the Fifth Amendment..." The Supreme Court said further: "To state that a person does not have a constitutional right to government employment is only to say that he must comply with reasonable, lawful, and nondiscriminatory terms laid down by the proper authorities. *Adler v. Board of Education of City of New York* upheld the New York Feinberg Law which authorizes the public school authorities to dismiss employees who, after notice and hearing, were found to advocate the overthrow of the Government by unlawful means, or who were unable to explain satisfactorily membership in certain organizations found to have that aim."

Thus so far it can be seen that the views of the Supreme Court and of Judge Whittaker were quite similar.

In the Davis case, Judge Whittaker insisted that it was a responsibility of the university to determine whether he was a fit teacher by questioning him as to his Communist connections. He concluded by saying: "It was clearly open to the University officials to find, upon notice and hearing, as they did find, that plaintiff's failure to answer their questions as to whether he was a member of the Communist Party, constituted 'adequate cause' for plaintiff's dismissal as a teacher in the University of Kansas City." Mr. Justice Clark, in the Slochower case, said: "It is one thing for the city authorities themselves to inquire into Slochower's fitness... This is not to say that Slochower has a constitutional right to be an associate pro-

fessor of German at Brooklyn College. The State has broad powers in the selection and discharge of its employees, and it may be that proper inquiry would show Slochower's continued employment to be inconsistent with a real interest of the state."

Is there any real difference between the conclusions reached in the two cases?

PAUL L. ROSS

New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the Slochower case, the Supreme Court noted that the questions put to the professor by the Senate subcommittee were "... admittedly asked for a purpose wholly unrelated to his college functions." The fact is that Professors Slochower and Davis were asked substantially identical questions by the same Internal Security subcommittee investigating the same field: subversive influences in the American educational system. If the questions asked of Dr. Slochower were irrelevant to his college functions, so were those asked of Dr. Davis. But Judge Whittaker considered the questions quite pertinent. In fact he declared that "... the University officials would have been derelict in their duties had they not asked plaintiff—in the light of his refusal to answer the Senate subcommittee's questions as to whether he was a Communist—whether he was or had ever been a member of the Communist Party," and had they not fired him for declining to answer.*

*The whole point is that Judge Whittaker's opinion in Davis is permeated with a crusader's zeal to put "godless" teachers to the sword lest they continue to occupy "... a most intimate position to mould the minds of the youth of the country..." Justice Clark, in Slochower, on the other hand, places his emphasis on the need to protect the individual from unfair and arbitrary state action.*

## Abreast of Censorship

Dear Sirs: The Committee on Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association announces that its *Newsletter*, a quarterly over-view of censorship activities in the United States, especially as related to libraries, books, the press and other communications media, is now priced at \$2.00 a year (four issues) starting with the March 31 issue. Subscriptions are being handled through the Subscriptions Department of the American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

DONALD E. STOUT

Urbana, Illinois

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## EDITORIALS

**Contempt for Counsel**

The House Committee on Un-American Activities, which has cited a good many citizens for contempt, now stands convicted of contemptuous conduct. The Board of Governors of the State Bar of California has issued a report sharply criticizing the conduct of hearings by the committee as "improper . . . lacking in dignity and impartiality" marked by "grossly offensive" personal remarks "directed at counsel for witnesses." In the hearings on which the report is based, witnesses were asked if they knew as a Communist one of the lawyers who had entered an appearance, although he was not one of the witnesses whom the committee intended to call. In response to a question by the committee's counsel, an informer was asked if she knew one of the attorneys appearing for another witness as a Communist. Thereafter this attorney was referred to by the committee's counsel as "Comrade." Attorneys who insisted on making objections for the record were summarily ejected from the hearing room, even though their behavior, according to the Board of Governors, was at no time disrespectful, unruly or boisterous.

This is not the first occasion in which one of the inquisitorial committees has shown its contempt for the right to counsel. Harry Sacher, an attorney who has represented a number of defendants in political prosecutions, is currently appealing his own conviction for contempt in refusing to answer certain questions before the Senate Internal Security Committee (he did not plead the Fifth Amendment). Mr. Sacher, under interrogation about his representation of left-wing clients, objected that the questioning invaded the lawyer-client relation; the questioning then turned to his personal political beliefs. This happened while there was pending in the courts a motion for a new trial in a Smith Act prosecution in which Sacher represented certain defendants.

The right to have "the Assistance of Counsel" is guaranteed by the Constitution; Congressional committees exhibit contempt for the right when they attempt to intimidate counsel. Perhaps the courts cannot compel Congressional committees to conduct their hearings fairly, but they can refuse to sustain contempt convictions arising out of hearings in which the right to counsel has been denied or unduly restricted, or where there is an attempt to intimidate counsel.

**Bases of Discord***Washington*

We habitually point to our record in the Philippines to show how much wiser we've been than the colonial powers. We have some reason for pride in having freed the Filipinos and supported them while they learned to toddle independently, or semi-independently anyway. It's all the more unfortunate that American-Philippine friendship is now threatened with disruption.

The trouble comes from the ten-year-old pact under which the United States got some thirty-two military bases in the Philippines. The government and people there are asking questions. They want to know why we insisted on ninety-nine-year tenancy for our bases in the Philippines, while we were content with a ten-year lease for Spanish bases. They object to the sprawling size of our larger bases—one covers 160,000 acres, another 175,000—which withdraws land from cultivation.

What rankles most, however, is that the American bases are a privileged judicial sanctuary. American military authorities are said to have refused even to disclose the offender's name when an American sentry shot a Filipino. Filipinos contrast such practices with arrangements America made elsewhere. For instance, our bases agreement with Iceland forbids U.S. military courts from exercising jurisdiction over Icelandic citizens and grants Iceland's authorities jurisdiction over American troops if they break Icelandic law.

Last year we negotiated with the Philippines about all this. The efforts to produce a fairer arrangement were deadlocked. On American initiative, the talks were recessed. Now our new ambassador to the Philippines, Charles Bohlen, is to try again.

There's good reason for haste. On November 5 Filipinos go to the polls to choose a new president to succeed Ramon Magsaysay, killed in a plane crash last month. Privately, the White House, State and Defense Departments are hoping that the winner will be Carlos Garcia, primarily because they distrust and dislike his principal opponent, Claro Recto. What put Recto in the U.S. government's bad books wasn't his subservience to the Japanese overlords while he was Philippine wartime foreign minister. Nor is it his opposition to Magsaysay's agrarian reform. Recto is distrusted here because he has been crusading against the unequal bases agreement.

The Eisenhower team has excellent cause for ordering Ambassador Bohlen to hurry to Manila. If he concludes an equitable new agreement on time, he may silence the drum with which Recto could lure an anti-U.S. majority to the polls. We could push the Filipinos into the neutralist camp if we remain stubborn about the bases and if we take this ally for granted.

## The Unremarkable Mr. Rich

One of the less pressing but nonetheless humanly entertaining mysteries of the year is the identity of Robert Rich. He has won an Oscar for writing *The Brave One*, which the Motion Picture Academy considers the best original screen play of the year, but the King Brothers, producers of the film, seem curiously unable to identify him. Certainly he never wrote anything for Hollywood before, and he does not seem to be reachable by any of the means of communication normally available to film executives.

Of course, in the absence of *the* Mr. Rich, other candidates bearing the same name have come forward. Their claims have not held up very well and the Oscar is at present resting in the King Brothers safe awaiting a call from a little man with a goatee whom Frank King says he remembers buying a six-page story outline from five years ago in Munich. Mr. King thinks he may have moved to Turkey.

We don't know what happened, but we do know that there is a lot of script-writing talent in the world today that Hollywood can no longer admit to using—Fifth Amendment talent. If a studio happened to stumble on a story from this literary oubliette, and happened to be hungry for a picture that could win an Oscar, it might just think of resorting to a *nom de plume* (see *The Nation* of March 30 for William Wyler's unhappy experience with the writing credit for *Friendly Persuasion*, which the Screen Writers' Guild insists belongs to a Fifth Amendment writer). "Robert Rich" is a plausible, unremarkable name for such a purpose—it doesn't arouse any curiosity and the King Brothers may have forgotten that when you win an Oscar you have to produce a human being to take the bows. The trouble with a name like Robert Rich is that it is almost too unremarkable. There are eight men of that name in the phone books of greater New York and there must be dozens of them across the country—some of whom would like to have an Oscar for the trouble of growing a goatee.

## The Eagles In New York

Senator James O. Eastland came to New York last week to deliver the final lecture in the annual AWARE-Alliance series in the Hunter College auditorium before a crowd evidently starving for his words. Shouts of

"Right," "Yes, yes!" and "You tell 'em" gave the gathering the flavor of an old-fashioned revival meeting as the man from Mississippi drove home the gospel that the NAACP and the Communist Party were working hand in hand to destroy segregation, and thus, the nation. The Senator qualified himself as a magnanimous gentleman by first explaining that he wasn't at all for depriving the Negroes of their "economic rights" and that, as a case in point, back on his plantation in the Delta, one of his four top managers was "a member of the nigra race."

The tone of brotherly love, in fact, was set from the start of the meeting by a master of ceremonies who read the full text of the resolution passed by the Louisiana legislature in praise of Manning Johnson, a Negro former Communist who testified before the legislature that the NAACP and the Communist Party were working hand in hand to overthrow the government of the United States. Mr. Johnson was dropped as a paid consultant to the Department of Justice in 1954 after solemnly identifying Ralph Bunche as a member of the Communist Party. The emcee of the Eastland rally announced with pride that Mr. Johnson had been at the door that very night taking tickets, and that his devotion was a wonderful thing. "We call him 'The Black Eagle,'" the announcer said.

As Senator Eastland cried out the words of his cause, proclaiming that "in the heart of Dixie" nothing had changed in three years despite the Supreme Court ruling, and that nothing was going to change, he flung his arms wide at shoulder height and stood in all his glory as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and defier of the law of the United States of America—no doubt unmistakable to the admiring throng as "The White Eagle." And in the meantime, Manning Johnson was nowhere to be seen inside the auditorium. He probably understood that "his place" was outside at the ticket booth.

## The Menace of Abundance

Washington

Last month the Administration suddenly announced that long-staple cotton has ceased to be in critical shortage and that the United States will consequently sell its strategic stockpile. Under the law, the plan for disposing of these supplies must lie before Congress for six months and then be approved before the cotton may be marketed. Mainly used for fabrics requiring strong thread, long-staple cotton completely dominates the economics of Egypt and the Sudan, and occupies a major sector in Peru's economic life. Of Peru's total export revenues, 28 per cent are derived from the sale of long-staple cotton. The corresponding figures for the Sudan and Egypt are respectively "more than 80 per cent" and 92 per cent.

The U. S. government has withheld information



about the amount of long-staple cotton we intend to release. In a protest delivered to the State Department the other day, the Peruvian Ambassador estimated it at 250,000 bales; the Egyptian and Sudanese have heard that the figure is between 300,000 and 400,000. If unloosed on the world market, any such quantity could be a threat to the livelihood of these countries. The Sudan's entire annual export, for example, is in the neighborhood of 300,000 bales.

The Egyptian and Peruvian embassies in Washington have presented strong notes to the United States; the Peruvian note called our cotton export policy "a menace." The Ambassador of the new-born

Sudanese Republic visited the Assistant Secretary of State for the Middle East, William Roundtree, and spoke of his country's grave foreboding. This is the beginning of the season when these nations begin sales, and they fear that buyers will hold back in the hope of picking up American cotton later in the year at cut-rate prices.

The Egyptian memorandum said U.S. marketing of its long-staple cotton stockpile would directly hurt that country. There was a special irony in its plaintive message because the bulk of the American cotton stockpile to be thrown on the market was imported from Egypt.

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## COLLUSION: the HIDDEN ISSUE . . by Bernard D. Nossiter

*Washington*  
AFTER FLOUNDERING for three weeks in the fantasy-world of a penny ante "rackets" operator, the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field at long last began to reach out for the root cause of union corruption—collusion with management. Playing unwitting Virgil to the Committee's Dante was a leonine, white-haired Chicago "labor-relations advisor," Nathan W. Shefferman.

A self-described spreader of "good will" between management and labor, Shefferman offered some suggestive but incomplete testimony concerning his Labor Relations Associates firm which, he said, has separate offices in New York, Chicago and Detroit. The amiable, sixty-nine-year-old witness emphasized that he has only employers as his clients. But, he explained, to get "recognition" from old clients and potential new ones, he ingratiates himself with union leaders. For twenty years, he was a friend of Dave Beck, Teamsters president. Testifying that he had bought at least \$85,000 worth of goods and services for Dave at wholesale, he explained that it was only recently that he discovered that Dave was "reimbursing" him with

Teamsters dues money. In effect, Shefferman was one channel through which Beck allegedly siphoned off his union's dollars.

At least three times in his two days on the stand, Shefferman tried to tell the Senators about another \$400,000 he said he had spent for union officials and employers. Most of this, he said, was for employers.

The witness raised a question in the mind of at least one Senator, John F. Kennedy (D., Mass.): was Shefferman's spreading of "good will" simply the buying off of strikes or the buying off of union organizers from unorganized shops? Behind this question lie more fundamental ones: are modern business unions really not so powerful as they are popularly portrayed? In fact, have not industry's Sheffermans acted as brokers draining away the unions' ultimate power? Are unions becoming instruments to tame workers rather than to advance their economic interests?

There is no guarantee that the committee will follow Shefferman's lead with any enthusiasm. Committee Counsel Robert F. Kennedy assured brother John that it will. But time passes, Senators are busy and overt crime catches more headlines than this complex area. However, the committee's announced intention to point up some "examples" of collusion almost guarantees that a record of sorts will be written.

Close observers of the committee

have noted the remarkable capacity of both Chairman John L. McClellan (D., Ark.) and Counsel Kennedy to learn and absorb. If at first they seemed like wanderers in a strange land, nobody questions their cunning now. The trap sprung for James Riddle Hoffa demonstrated that. Moreover, Beck's cat-and-mouse game in Europe with McClellan, and the Teamsters president's subsequent plunge into McClellan's net at the perfect moment confirmed this.

The hearings have now passed through three stages:

1. The opening weeks showed that sex makes page 1 and that "vice" in a Northwest city of 471,000 largely depends on the recreations of low-income minority groups. The committee fell far short in its self-assigned task of substantiating the dream of a Portland, Oregon, "vice" figure that the Teamsters were trying to take over his rackets. But at the very least, the Senators demonstrated that the union's leaders had far bigger fish to fry.

2. The next phase dealt with Frank W. Brewster, the Teamsters power west of Hoffa, and Brewster's free-spending ways with the union's treasuries. This showed the committee's remarkable capacity for tracing checks through devious paths to document a point. But perhaps the most interesting item—the \$440,000 that the Teamsters "invested" to take a truck company from one employer and hand it over cost-free to

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another employer—was barely explored. The public still does not know what *quid pro quo*, if any, Brewster and other Teamsters leaders are getting for this handsome gift.

But with Beck and his clown prince, Shefferman (who, among other services, entertained the pudgy Teamsters president with Jewish dialect stories), the committee broke fresh ground for the Senate—though not for the labor historian. How far will Chairman McClellan and his colleagues now go? A reporter following the proceedings can only draw inferences from the public manners of the principals; private intentions remain private.

ON THE Republican side, the committee is a mixed bag. Irving Ives (N.Y.) is the most knowledgeable of all eight committee Senators in the collective-bargaining area. But at the hearings, he was interested only in Shefferman's services to union officials, not to employers. With Brewster, he raised but never pursued the interesting questions of why the broker handling Western Teamsters welfare funds grosses a \$400,000 annual fee and what economic function is performed by the insurance company that skims off about \$2.8 millions a year from these funds. Senator Ives's primary interest appears to lie in testimony supporting his bill requiring disclosure and filing of union health and welfare funds. He also favors tightening the Taft-Hartley Act's financial-reporting provision for unions.

Barry Goldwater (Ariz.) relentlessly tracks down material on union political spending to bolster his bill to curtail these outlays. Goldwater's aim is to prevent unions from spending in state elections (there are now relatively few bars to this) and to plug up the loophole that permits unions to spend for "education" in federal campaigns.

Karl Mundt (S. Dak.) makes jolly jokes about the plight of "John C. Truckdriver" (presumably there will be more to come about John C. Operating Engineer, John C. Garbage Collector, etc., as the committee goes into other unions).

Mundt also solemnly praises Teamsters witnesses who loudly proclaim their hatred of communism and other forms of sin.

Joseph R. McCarthy (Wis.) has apparently picked Walter Reuther as his issue in the 1958 Wisconsin Senate primary and election. McCarthy, who has been in close touch with Westbrook Pegler, promises to show that Beck smells like "attar of roses" compared to Mr. Reuther. Joe may "have here in my hands" documents showing United Auto Workers' payments to underworld figures (made in the course of UAW's intensive search for the never-discovered hoodlum who attempted to assassinate Reuther). He may also have dug up routine union payments to local police and other officials for "cooperation" during strikes. Such payments, of course, are stock-in-trade for many of the most reputable trade unions, just as they are with many employers. Joe could have some fun with them, however. On the other hand, the Senator's own record is so peculiar and Reuther's personal life is so clean that this sideshow may never hit the bigtime.

The committee's Democrats ride hobby horses, too. Sam Ervin (N.C.) of the astonishingly popping eyebrows is a dedicated spokesman for legal rights. He has already read Mundt and McCarthy a stern lecture on the sanctity of client-lawyer relationships (although the client in question, Beck, and the lawyer, former Senator James H. Duff, are no friends of Ervin's). The North Carolinian has also found it necessary to demolish the notion that lie-detector evidence is worth a hoot in any court, whatever its use to cops seeking "quickie" confessions.

Pat McNamara (Mich.) is the troubled, old line A. F. of L. craft trades unionist. He doesn't enjoy seeing the dirty linen washed. But if the job has to be done, he appears to be saying, let's do it manfully because the consequences of unanswered charges could be far worse.

Chairman McClellan is the hardest to characterize. His firm but courteous control of the committee, replete with *prima donnas*, is a treat to behold. He combines the shrewd-

ness of a courthouse lawyer with the dignity that seems appropriate to the marbled Caucus Room stage where the hearings are held. His wry look is that of a Fundamentalist preacher anticipating—and deploring—man's sin. But like his fellow Southern Democrats and at least three of the four Republicans on the committee, he has won no laurels as a champion of the labor movement.

John Kennedy, the political glamor boy, has appeared least at the hearings. But in one quick flash on the morning of May 27, he drove for the jugular: Shefferman's possible role as a broker in collusion. Counsel Robert told brother John that the committee was developing "evidence" on this point. (Several days after Shefferman left the stand, Ives toyed with Kennedy's notion that Shefferman may have violated the Taft-Hartley Act's ban on employer gifts to union officials with whom they bargain. Ives, however, told a television audience that the committee had *already* compiled a record on this!)

DESPITE Shefferman's careful avoidance of the self-incriminating, he talked a lot. He talked about getting "recognition" from employers by establishing a reputation for being friendly with labor officials; he talked of buying hard-to-get goods at a discount for his friends (for thirteen years, Shefferman had been labor-relations consultant for Sears, Roebuck & Co.); he talked about his mission in life—the ending of "misunderstandings" between labor and management. The witness told of making more than \$139,000 net for himself, his son, Dave Beck, Dave Beck, Jr. and Mrs. Dave Beck's cousin by selling toy trucks, furniture for headquarters and a "visible file" system to the Teamsters.

Shefferman minimized the work his firm does in negotiating contracts. He indignantly denied that he was a party to collusive union-employer dealings. But in a private conversation, an associate filled in a few more details. This man noted that the firm represents employers in both union and non-union shops; that its "morale building" among non-union workers would



tend to soften demand for unionization. In unionized stores and plants, this man noted, one objective might be to maintain a "warm" relationship with the union's business agent to reduce costly worker grievances.

Neither Beck, Shefferman nor Shefferman's associate would talk on or off the record about Teamsters breaking strikes by making deliveries to strike-ridden stores. But such tactics are not without ample precedent for the Teamsters. James Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers is passing material on this point to the AFL-CIO's Ethical Practices Committee. It could enter into the federation's case against Beck.

In shadow form, then, there emerges the picture of a union which is turning its founding purpose upside down. Instead of being a workers' instrument for winning higher wages and better conditions, it is making under-the-table deals with employers affecting the union's own membership or the members of other unions. To be sure, this picture may be accurate for only certain segments of the Teamsters; moreover, the business agent or higher official who sold out some local yesterday may be fighting an orthodox trade-union struggle today.

**BUT THIS** crude model of a sell-out union is not confined to Teamsters. Unions serving employer interests are in many industries and are almost as old as organized labor. They flourish in raw form in jungle industries where there are many highly competitive employers. They often serve to rationalize the uneconomic practices of small firms. Retailing, trucking and the building trades are inviting fields for them.

As for the committee, it has already said it will look at one "pure" specimen, the Long Island (N.Y.) Operating Engineers "union" of heavy equipment construction workers. This outfit is ostensibly run by the DeKoning family. A National Labor Relations Board trial examiner ruled in September that four out of five rank-and-file members of the DeKoning "union" are "constitutionally" prevented from choosing their own officers. The remaining

fifth, the NLRB ruled, comprise either contractors or their agents.

The Operating Engineers are a classic example of employer domination of a union. But throughout non-rationalized industry, variants are present; the employers may control locals through business agents, local officers, a middleman "fixer," higher union officials or politicians. But regardless of the mechanism, the aim is the same: maximize profits by reducing costs, specifically labor costs.

**ANOTHER** classic case of almost an entire union operating as an agency for employers was the International Longshoremen's Association, particularly in its dominant Port of New York local. But an intensive New York investigation led to unexpected protection for rank-and-file activity. The dockers' almost inarticulate demands and the watchful eyes of local policing agencies have frightened many of the I.L.A.'s old leaders. Pushed by a few decent officials, they have opted to hang onto their jobs by playing a legitimate trade-union game. Festering spots still remain, but major I.L.A. segments have been transformed. Today, the union has won a high-wage contract and its first coast-wide pact (which prevents sell-out leaders from sabotaging a New York strike by sending ships to other ports). Moreover, the I.L.A. is making efforts to organize front offices of shipping companies. These clerks in the past have always been rushed through longshoremen picket lines to load and unload struck passenger vessels.

A much more complicated question troubling some labor theorists is what is happening to unions in the rationalized, price-administered industries. Here, a handful of corporate giants prevail. They, too, seek to maximize profits, but have much more sophisticated notions about long-term objectives and short-term tactics. Examples are autos, steel, electrical machinery and the like. Union leaders in these areas enjoy a clean reputation in the public mind (political and ideological questions aside). But a new trend is growing. The giants avoid unprofitable fights

with their unions. They are more inclined to treat and meet with union leaders; perhaps pass on to them stock market tips; get them and their followers important government jobs, and the like. What does this new status do to the union leadership? Some theorists suggest that given the natural bent of any bureaucracy to aim at perpetuating itself by avoiding real crisis and difficulty (note the growth of long-term contracts), the industrial union leaders have become complacent. Strikes may be fought to reduce burdensome inventories for employers rather than to win higher wages and better conditions.

Moreover, cost questions enter the picture. United States Steel can save money by paying steel-union workers to alter plants instead of subcontracting work out to building-trades employers who pay high hourly scales. General Motors would infinitely prefer to have Walter Reuther's men drive its trucks loaded with cars for dealers instead of the marauding and unreliable Teamsters.

If the above analysis is correct, then it contradicts the stock image that unions *qua* unions have never been more powerful. In fact, this theory suggests the very reverse. The "powerful unions" theory rests in large measure on the size of union treasuries. But the best survey of organized labor's income, that by the industry-backed National Industrial Conference Board, said that in 1955 the total income of unions—dues, assessments and initiation fees—totaled about \$500 millions. General Motors' gross sales that year were about thirteen times as much at \$12.44 billions. Total American output in 1955 was valued at \$391 billions. Thus, all unions' income amounted to about 1/8 of 1 per cent of the economy's gross.

Judging by the Teamsters, much of this pittance, moreover, is squandered by officials aping the expense accounts, stock-option plans, bonuses and other legitimized treasury raids conducted by the corporation officials with whom they bargain.

Union power, of course, has precious little to do with money, Beck's \$9 undershirts notwithstanding.

Union power lies in the united action of workers to offer or withhold their services. Unions whose leaders are bought by employers or unions whose leaders are taken into camp by more sophisticated techniques are actually draining away workers' power.

To the Soviet Union goes the credit for first discovering that trade unions are fine instruments to tame workers (just as the American Communist Party invented the technique of providing a union with an outward show of democratic, rank-and-file control while actually sewing up in-

ternal power in the hands of a few faithful). In Russia, the function of unions is to increase production. Unions also serve the ruling bureaucracy as a handy channel to siphon off worker discontent.

It would be overdrawing the picture to contend that American unions are becoming Sovietized. But the sketchy evidence is intriguing. If industry is to be rationalized in the brave, new, depression-proof world, why not rationalize unions? The worker may have no dignity, but think of the cars, television sets, suburban homes and other amenities

he can have in this richest of all possible worlds. Moreover, stable and high-level mass purchasing power would clear industry's markets of goods.

These problems, however, would appear to lie outside of even the extensive jurisdiction of McClellan's committee. To explore them would probably require extraordinary subpoena power, as well as the shrewdness of the Senator, the enthusiasm of his young counsel, the analytic ability of a Wassily Leontief and the synthesizing insights of a C. Wright Mills.

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## THE LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

# NATO'S VANISHING ARMIES... *by Paul Johnson*

*London*  
HAS AMERICA'S policy in Europe since the war been a failure? Are we in a better position to meet the threat of Soviet aggression now than in 1949? Has NATO proved, in the long run, an obstacle to European security? These are some of the questions being asked in Europe today. Only a few short years ago, there was unanimous agreement, outside the West European Communist parties, for a collective defense system for the area. The discovery that Russia possessed the A-bomb destroyed the illusion that Europe could safely disarm under the shelter of the American atomic umbrella; the Berlin blockade and Korea appeared to show that Russia had the intention, as well as the means, to impose her aggressive policies of expansion by military force, to which West Europe had no effective defense. It was therefore decided to create a joint army of twenty-two modern divisions, one-third of them

armored, as a protective screen which would delay the onslaught of 180 Soviet divisions until the massive retaliatory power of the American Strategic Air Command could come into action. To realize this vision, the Atlantic pact was approved by overwhelming majorities in the European legislatures; SHAPE was created; defense budgets were doubled, in some cases tripled; a Europe which had recently been devastated by German military power swallowed, though with great reluctance, the bitter pill of a rearmed Germany; and America contributed, in direct or off-shore military aid, some \$20 billions, together with an army of 150,000 men.

Nearly eight years later, the vision is still receding into the future. America's five divisions in Germany still constitute the bulk of NATO's land-defense power. Apart from Britain's four-division Rhine Army, soon to be cut by half, SHAPE disposes of only two under-strength divisions from Holland and Belgium, the equivalent of one division from Canada and Denmark, and a skeleton division, mainly of training units, from France—scarcely thirteen divisions in all, backed by air units which, it is calculated, represent only

one half the force envisaged in NATO's original plans. The German legions will not begin to take the field for another two years; by that time, the British cuts will have been put into effect, and it is likely that her example will have been followed by NATO's smaller members. Nearly all the West European governments are cutting their defense budgets, or planning to do so. Though publicly deploring NATO's failure to meet its targets, and disseminating optimism for the future, SHAPE's experts privately admit that between thirteen and fifteen divisions are as much as they are ever likely to get.

Despite this, NATO's failure to reach military targets considered by its creators as the irreducible minimum is not regarded here in Europe as a major catastrophe. To be sure, SHAPE commanders—with the single exception of Eisenhower, who then as now exudes an atmosphere of unfounded optimism—have sounded notes of stern warning from time to time. But they have found no echo in the actions, and precious little in the words, of European statesmen. Two years ago, General Gruenther stated emphatically that any further reduction in NATO's

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effectives would be "fatal"; but this did not prevent the French government from withdrawing their remaining active units in the vain attempt to suppress the Algerian rebellion. America's two principal European partners have tended increasingly to give their needs as colonial powers priority over the requirements of collective security in Europe. The pathetic Anglo-French invasion force which gathered in Cyprus was composed partly of units, and largely of material, withdrawn from the European theatre. The bulk of the bombers used to destroy Egypt's war potential, and almost all the fighters which escorted them, had been built, under the off-shore agreements, with funds supplied by America for the defense of Europe, and their employment in this task was a flagrant breach of a solemn contract. Yet when this was pointed out to Sir Anthony Eden, he merely retorted that it was impossible, in practice, to "separate" the two types of war material. In Algeria, the French have been even less scrupulous, and it could well be argued that, without American military aid, their attempts to subjugate the rebels would collapse overnight.

NATO, it might be said, has merely provided these old colonial powers with the opportunity to pursue outdated policies which otherwise would have been beyond their resources. It has not materially increased their capacity to defend themselves against Soviet attack, since on the one occasion such an attack seemed imminent—when Marshal Bulganin delivered his "ultimatum" on November 5, threatening Britain and France with long-range rockets—they were no more able to defend themselves than they had been before NATO was founded, and their security depended solely, as in 1949, on America's powers of atomic retaliation. In this respect, it would appear that there is little difference between Europe and Southeast Asia: in neither theatre has American policy succeeded in its primary object—to decrease the dependence of the "free" nations on American military power. The only difference would seem to be that whereas in Southeast Asia American

arms diplomacy has given local governments the means to pursue reactionary policies at home, in Europe it has reawakened the temptation to pursue them abroad.

Following this line of argument, it is easy to conclude that NATO has been a disastrous and costly failure. Indeed, it is possible to go further and maintain that it is the principal obstacle to a peaceful settlement of Europe's problems. Rightly or wrongly, Russia has always regarded NATO as a threat to her security; and the common denominator in all her various proposals for a compromise on German reunification—let alone the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Eastern Europe—has been a fundamental modification in the military provisions of the alliance. It could be argued that, until NATO was created, our diplomatic position was relatively fluid, and we were in a position to negotiate; but that, once having created NATO, we could not, in order to secure a bargain with Russia, disband it without admitting either that the Russian threat no longer existed, or that we would no longer take steps to meet it.

THERE IS AN element of truth in these arguments, but it is not the whole truth. Given the circumstances of 1949, it is difficult to imagine any viable alternative to NATO. America did not then possess the H-bomb; Europe was disarmed and virtually defenseless against the massive power of the Soviet divisions; Stalin was still alive, messianic, unpredictable, drifting on the threshold of insanity. Although America possessed a growing stock-pile of A-bombs, she did not then possess the means to deliver them on an inter-continental scale, and it was generally maintained in military circles, perhaps with reason, that tactical atomic striking power, in the form it existed at the time, would not be a decisive weapon in a campaign, fought mainly with conventional weapons, in which overwhelming military strength rested with one side. If Russia struck, it was felt, Western Europe would be rapidly over-run, and America would be forced once again—and this time without the decisive assistance of Britain—to mount the lengthy and

costly operation of re-establishing herself on the continent.

Perhaps even more important than these purely military considerations was the psychology of the Europe of 1949, a Europe painfully recovering from the economic effects of World War II, a Europe which was only beginning to receive the assistance—and had not yet reaped the fruits—of Marshall Aid, a Europe where the accession to power, by legitimate means, of mass-based Communist parties was still a real possibility. To many people, NATO was a physical instrument whereby Europe's will to survive could be saved and nurtured, for it must be remembered that the primary lesson which the European democracies drew from World War II was that it could have been averted by a system of collective security, by specific pledges to resist aggression in specific circumstances. Looking back from the vantage-point of 1957, we may be tempted to dismiss such a view as illusory, to argue that the existence of such systems is as great a danger to peace as their absence. But it would have been difficult to foresee this at the time, and we cannot expect from our political leaders that they should learn the lesson of the next war, as well as of the last.

INDEED, if in retrospect one is obliged to criticize the concept of NATO—and hence the fundamental American policy that Europe could be saved by arms and money alone—the criticism must be directed not against its creation but against its failure, or rather its inability, to adapt itself to changing military and political conditions. NATO was the last politico-military institution to take shape before the advent of the thermo-nuclear age. Before the Russians reached H-bomb parity in 1953-4, it was conceivable that an East-West struggle might be of considerable duration, that the conquest or the defense of territory would be one of its features and that therefore conventional forces would play a major, or even determining, role in it. Up to the Geneva summit conference, where the great powers tacitly admitted the existence of the thermo-nuclear stalemate, NATO had a mil-

itary *raison d'être*. Since then, however, it has become not merely an anachronism but a political embarrassment.

The tragedy is that the West has been slow to realize, or at any rate publicly to admit, this fact, and has therefore been unable to reap the political advantages which flow from it. To put it bluntly, we are now back where we started in 1949; Europe's security once more depends exclusively on the American deterrent, and NATO's function, if it has one at all, is merely to act as a "tripwire" which will set the deterrent system in action. Instinctively almost, this salient truth is beginning to be realized in West European capitals. Governments, hard pressed by economic problems and in particular by the consequences of the oil crisis, are perceiving that the military value of NATO, in its present

form, no longer justifies the immense strain which it places on their economies. They are therefore beginning, as in Britain, to disband their troops, or, as in France, to employ them in projects more directly related to their national interests.

Unfortunately, although NATO is withering away, it is doing so in a furtive and unsystematic manner. Unwilling to admit that the system is being dismantled as the result of a deliberate political decision, the West is foregoing the chance to extract, through negotiation, concessions from Russia in return. We appear to have forgotten that the original object of the NATO policy was to erect a position of strength which could be used at a bargaining-counter in an eventual compromise with Russia; that NATO was simply a means to an end. Instead it has become an end in itself, a sacred cow which must be

preserved at all costs—at least in appearance. Meanwhile, the substance trickles away, and every month the value of NATO to the West, not only as a military but also as a political asset, declines.

THE inherent weakness of a foreign policy based mainly on military considerations is that, though military factors change rapidly, the politico-military institutions which the policy creates tend to become rigid and self-perpetuating, and in time constitute positive obstacles to the objectives which the policy sets out to attain. Except in periods of acute crisis, an arms diplomacy is no substitute for diplomacy as such. Some elements in the West—the British Labor Party, for instance—are beginning to remember this elementary fact. The sooner America follows suit the better for us all.

## KNIGHT in TWO-TON ARMOR . . by David Cort

BY FAR THE bloodiest of all Congressional hearings—and possibly the least publicized—have just been released by the Government Printing Office, in 927 pages, for the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The subject was highway traffic accidents.

Everyone seemed to know the famous figures: 20,000,000 traffic-court cases a year, 9,000,000 accidents, 1,300,000 people injured, 100,000 totally and permanently disabled, and about 40,000 killed immediately, plus an unknown number who died later of the effects. The money cost was \$4,500,000,000 annually. In the fifteen through thirty-five age brackets, one out of three deaths is caused by the motor vehicle, said one witness, who thought it incompatible with the American philosophy that we ignore our leading cause of death.

In the parade of witnesses, the automobile industry was brilliantly



Drawing by Virga

represented. Its claim that the horsepower race is not at all dangerous was corroborated, oddly, by a National Safety Council official. Ford, Chrysler and American Motors engineers gave evidence of elaborate, intelligent and sincere research into how to make cars safer for the driver and passengers. (General Motors was quoted as opposed to this endeavor.) The old steering-post that could hit the driver's chest with a six-ton force even in case of a 15 m.p.h. crash (deceleration magnitude: eighty gravities) has been eliminated.

Hurling passengers will bounce off Ensolite-padded dashboards and be held inside the car by doors with improved locks; the foresighted will prosper in seat-belts. Even General Motors, while insisting that power is what is for sale in an automobile, gave proof that it, too, is wondering what happens to the people when an automobile ends its career suddenly.

When a witness working on a Ford research grant at Cornell said that the first step toward highway safety was to get all the old cars off the roads, I thought I had had a preview

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of next year's advertising campaign for the new cars. If safety can be used to promote obsolescence, perhaps it will get sold.

Other witnesses filled in another reason why Detroit may soon have to embrace safety, willy-nilly.

Police captain, highway patrol: "The automobile is too fast for the person, the driver of today. . . . It is a weapon of destruction."

Supervisor of safety education: "We also recommend that automobile manufacturers place less emphasis on the higher-speed potentials and devote more emphasis to safety features."

Director, department of highways: "I am of the belief that the automobile industry could broaden its views and assume a greater share of the responsibility for driver and passenger safety. The power of sales promotion and advertising of the automobile industry might well be put to use in promoting safety on the highways. . . . With this change in attitude the industry might well consider real honest-to-goodness efforts toward designing safer automobiles. . . . [It] can do much more than it has."

Chairman, governor's traffic safety committee: "The manufacturer's defense is that it is reserve speed for emergencies. What emergencies? On today's graded highways, emergencies calling for such extreme power are so few they hardly justify the building of potential suicide and murder into every man's every-day vehicle. . . . Why design bumpers with bullet-like protrusions front and rear—veritable ramrods? . . . Why use so much chrome so placed on dash and hood as to blind the driver when the sun is at certain angles?"

Ex-chairman, judicial section, National Safety Council: "Automobile manufacturers must assume their proper share of responsibility for the attractive and destructive equipment they are willing to place into the hands of anyone who has a down-payment and knows how to make an X. . . . Perhaps Congress ought to modify the existing excise-tax laws so that we tax motor vehicles on the basis of their rated, developed or advertised horse-power, whichever

is the greater." He put into the record two automobile advertisements: "See this beautiful package of dynamite. . . . Meet the new boss. . . . High-stepping strato-streak power-plant. . . . The blazing action of 227 horses is yours in a flash. Right here is the team that puts you in a performance class all by yourself. You're driving the one that's clocked from zero to sixty in ten seconds flat." "What kind of a fool," the witness asked, "would want to drive an automobile on our public highways at 147 miles per hour, or accelerate from zero to sixty miles per hour in ten seconds flat? These advertisements are designed to appeal to the highway idiot."

County coroner: "The manufacturers have claimed that a lot of safety features have been installed . . . beginning in 1952 and 1953. The study did not reveal any difference [in injuries to occupants] in the accidents to the automobiles of the vintage of 1940-49 and the vintage of 1952 and 1953 . . . I believe that the automobile manufacturer must assume some responsibility. . . ."

Chairman, legislative study commission on traffic safety: "Our commission made a trip to Detroit to study this problem. We returned convinced that the industry was giving only lip service to traffic safety while continuing to build more and more horsepower and speed in its products. . . . The industry is still putting sharp pointed spears on the front of vehicles and calling them radiator ornaments. . . . We legislate for the health, welfare and safety of our people. May it not be necessary to begin to legislate to get safer cars on our roads? . . . The President's White House Conference has been very helpful but even last year they took the word 'Action' out of that so they wouldn't offend anybody. This is not a business you can be in and not offend anybody." The witness cited a twelve-year-old boy in Fort Wayne who had been impaled on one of the aforementioned spears, which in the new cars vary between two and five inches of working blade. The longer bayonets are on Chevrolet, Buick, Ford, Packard—all at the height of a pedestrian's heart, though

such marksmanship is well beyond the average driver.

The unkindest cut to Detroit was a Chicago lawyer's brief in the Chicago Bar Record that all victims of the automobile should sue the manufacturer under the rule of manufacturer's liability according to the Restatement of the Law of Torts.

THE DAY seems near when Detroit will have to bow before this gathering storm. Make no mistake, it is a real storm. The probability that Detroit has already planned it that way was hinted at by the peculiar indifference of the new cars' designers to criticism of the 1957 cars (*The Nation*, Dec. 22, 1956).

There was a culprit, other than the industry, uncovered by the investigation. The driver, of course. Evidence was given of a man whose wife had to read the signs to him, of another filling out his accident card with the aid of a large magnifying glass, of others with one eye and truck drivers with one leg who used an iron bar to work the clutch pedal. All had licenses and, if they are alive, probably still have them.

The Congressmen were evidently loath to interfere with state and local government in regulating license examinations, periodic re-examinations, traffic rules and signals, etc., etc., so that such evidence was as useful as a horror movie.

A conclusion of the testimony was that no one generalization or no one solution will cover all the drivers and situations everywhere. In urban areas, where the killed are chiefly pedestrians, the driver's only sins may be impatience and irritability. In rural areas, where the killed are overwhelmingly the drivers and passengers, the driver is essentially an unintentional suicide.

The situations in Ohio and Indiana were gone into thoroughly.

Ohio seems to have concentrated on publicity, education, school driving courses and a driver file-card system. The legislature has refused to pass several highway safety bills. December is the deadliest month. Two-thirds of the deaths occur in rural areas. In the whole state, alcohol was a factor in 19.4 per cent of the

deaths. Montgomery County (Dayton) in six months of 1956 had thirty-seven deaths caused by twenty-eight drivers. Of the twenty-eight, 57 per cent were in the sixteen-twenty-five age group and of these about 90 per cent of those examined showed 0.15 per cent alcohol in the blood or more, indicating either six ounces of whiskey or six small bottles of beer. Two-thirds of the killers had had prior arrests. Here youthful drinking was the primary cause of fatal accidents.

INDIANA, on the other hand, seemed to have successfully got those boys out of the driver's seat. It suspends about 40,000 licenses a year. The superintendent of state police said: "You can ask people on the street and they will say it is the drunken driver operating after midnight who is contributing to all of our trouble in the fatal accident picture. This is not so." He meant it was not so just then in Indiana. The Indiana drunks are so scared that, instead of December, October is the deadliest month, presumably on the way home from football games. A safety expert said sensibly: "We can have about as much traffic safety as we the people are willing to pay for in cash and in restricted privileges and mobility."

One Congressman who had been generally quiet perked up at the alcoholic evidence and contributed that he had read, or heard, that four tablespoonfuls of honey would sober up a drunk: was this true? The state police laboratory lieutenant assured him it was true in some cases because the honey sugar (fructose) accelerates the burning of the alcohol sugar. Black coffee, it was added, does not reduce alcohol blood content at all; it only offsets alcohol's depressive effect. The Congressman leaned back, satisfied. Perhaps we will get a bill compelling bars to add honey to all drinks.

Some witnesses tried to warm up the old story that the great killers are the railroads, but quickly sawed themselves off that feeble limb. A director of highway safety grew a little poetic. "The thing that is hardest to see in all the world, I think, is a freight train crossing a

rural highway on a slightly rainy evening . . . If the track happens to be elevated a little bit the lights of the approaching traffic will shine under, and they are broken because the wheels roll past."

The fourth possible culprit was frequently given as government, but the Congressmen kept pointing out the democratic hazards of saving people against their will. About 30,000 drivers and passengers are killed a year: the reckless, incompetent or unlucky drivers may not have to rest on the conscience of the state. They are largely the masters of their fate, playing a very large and relatively safe game of Russian roulette. Statistically, one can ride 400,000 vehicle miles before one has to be injured; one can spin the revolver barrel over five million more miles before one must be totally and permanently disabled, and then one has a chance through nine million more miles before one must be killed. However, any of these can happen the next time out, too. Remember, it's Russian roulette.

The pedestrian, however, did not agree to play any game and ought to lie on government's conscience. Though only about 10,000 of him are killed a year, these are second-degree murders. On a main artery where drivers make a left turn to get on a bridge approach, I have seen an elderly lady bringing a child home from school intimidated by the cars for ten minutes until she was hysterical. Dozens of times I have seen cars whirl around a corner (to get out of the way of the following traffic) so that some pedestrian saved his own life only by mysterious intuition (crossing with the light at the intersection). The pedestrian does not get six million miles of chances in an exciting game; his murderer comes looking for him. Pedestrian deaths have declined, but this is because people's reflexes are getting better in situations where theoretically they are absolutely safe.

The best drivers takes care of their passengers, but what is their record as against pedestrians? An indication would be given by the safety records of taxi drivers. Such statistics (broken down by type of ve-

hicle) are hard to come by, but the New York City Police Department did a fifteen-month survey from August, 1954, through October, 1955, a period in which New York cabs, going 752 million vehicle-miles, killed thirty pedestrians and injured 1,795. The United States rate of killed per hundred million vehicle-miles is 6.4 fatalities, of whom 1.6 are pedestrians. The New York cabs killed not 1.6 but four pedestrians per hundred million miles. This, though not good, is not as bad as it sounds, for most pedestrian deaths are in urban areas, such as that covered by the survey. My observation, however, is that cab drivers are far too proud of their genius at short bursts of speed, especially around corners. I have been in three cars that hit pedestrians. All three were taxis, at night.

Though the driver will be a pedestrian again an hour later, I think some of his subconscious impatience with pedestrians derives from the fact that he has spent up to \$5,000 for his form of locomotion while the pedestrian gets around on an investment in a ten-dollar pair of shoes.

AND SO, of course, we have a fifth theory as to the guilty party on the highways. A Los Angeles judge named Pfaff wrote in *This Week* for February 24, 1957, "What we need to inaugurate is a 'get tough' campaign directed at the careless, discourteous and law-breaking pedestrian. . . . A pedestrian who crosses an intersection against the red light should be treated the same as a motorist who drives through it." Drivers who are convinced by Pfaff's peculiar legal concepts ought to be able to deposit 20,000 pedestrian corpses on Pfaff's front lawn this year. This odd judge not only overlooks the relative weights and speeds of pedestrian versus car, but seems ignorant of the pedestrian's sovereign right as owner of the highway versus the merely licensed and controlled right of the driver to be there at all. Pfaff is probably more dangerous as a driver than as a judge. Keep him, Los Angeles, but take away his driver's license.

This sort of murderous frivolity



(always expressed as virile efficiency) underlay some engineering testimony at the hearings, but not the enforcement testimony, as the quotes given above show. We are all pedestrians, except for the babies, the bed-ridden and wheel-chair cases. In medieval times, the armored knights at full gallop had every legal, as well as impact, advantage over the serf on foot. I had thought those days were gone, but they seem to have returned to Los Angeles.

The kind of thought that was not

aired at the hearings, but is central to them, was the fact that it is economically absurd for an American citizen to spend a third of his income on his car and use up the equivalent of a barrel of petroleum every week in order to commute twenty miles to his job. One train can carry a thousand of them to work. This fact is currently invisible to the American public, and will remain invisible until the very day it becomes plainly and horribly visible. The automobile as now used is an extravagance that

no ecology can afford; nor can this one. Some future day may well see 120 million cars on the American roads, and the oil reserves down to one year's consumption. The day after will see perhaps thirty million motor cars, mostly trucks and buses.

On that day, with car owners a voting minority, Congress will doubtless get very serious about highway safety. For the present any bill that comes out of the hopper will be a model of tact toward the driver and the industry.

## THE VULNERABLE STRANGER .. by Dan Wakefield

A NEW AND little-publicized phenomenon of union-management cooperation is taking place today in New York City. In impressive numbers, union leaders and employers have joined together in a common cause: exploitation of the Puerto Rican workers.

There are 550,000 citizens of Puerto Rican birth or parentage living in New York City, and an estimated 150,000 of them are members of unions. The policy of a number of unions toward these members ranges from planned exploitation, often in cooperation with employers, to an unorganized neglect that leaves the workers in almost as poor conditions as those who are victimized by the racketeers. The fact that many of the Puerto Ricans cannot speak English makes it easier for the racketeers to exploit them and the merely indifferent unions to neglect them. There are drastically few individuals or agencies willing or able to help them.

LAST FALL a group of Puerto Rican workers brought the following letter to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, a private organization which has offered its services to help the Puerto Ricans. The workers asked that the complaints reach the appropriate labor authorities. The unaltered text reads:

*DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff writer.*

*April 13, 1957*

New York City, October 29, 1956  
American Federation of Labor:

Dear Sir;

We, the employes of the Starke Design Co. are writing this letter to call your attention about this problem. We belong to local union No. 122, I.J.W.U. and we are not in accordance with the agreement of this union.

We have to pay \$3 monthly dues and we don't know the benefits we derive from this.

We want somebody come to investigate this. If not come in this week.

Thanks for the attention to this letter.

Employes of Starke Design Co.

The letter was signed by forty-nine Puerto Rican workers. Within a month, all of them were fired.

This is but one of a staggering number of complaints and tragedies of Puerto Rican workers in New York City that have poured into the office of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Since October 1, the ACTU has processed nineteen legal actions involving eighteen unions, approximately 2,500 Puerto Rican workers and 100 individual cases, all without charge. The ACTU has no paid employe, and all of its lawyers worked without fees.

The first case aided by ACTU was in many ways typical of what was to come. In March of 1955, Local 1648, Retail Clerks International Association, AFL-CIO, signed a "backdoor" contract—that is, with-

out the knowledge of the workers involved—with Morgan's Leather Goods and Rudee's Leather Goods of New York City. The workers first learned that they had been "unionized" in April of 1955 when the employers at Morgan's and Rudee's called them in to give them the choice of joining the union picked by the employer or losing their jobs. Under this pressure, the workers signed membership cards and had \$4 a month taken out of their pay each month for dues. The average weekly pay of the workers was \$42. (The president of Local 1648, David Lustigman, was indicted last June for extortion in a scheme between employers and labor leaders to monopolize the \$10,000,000 a year pickle and condiment industry, and is now on trial.)

Two workers who asked the union to let them see the contract were fired by their boss. Last August, the workers in the Morgan and Rudee shops formed their own union, the Workers Organizing Committee, and petitioned the National Labor Relations Board for an election on October 2. The employers and the union leaders held a meeting of the workers and told them they would have to pay dues to Local 1648 or be fired. The workers began to picket the shop on October 3 and the employers brought suit to enjoin the pickets. Lawyers provided by the ACTU represented the workers be-

fore the New York State Supreme Court and the employer's suit was dismissed. The strike was broken, however, when employees of the New York City Welfare Department took new workers through the picket lines.

This story was publicized in *El Diario*, New York City's largest Spanish-language daily newspaper, and from then on the cases began flooding in to the offices of ACTU. The ACTU reports that the majority of the complaints have these things in common: the contracts are never seen by the workers; the pay averages \$40 to \$42 a week with a general high of \$45; no union meetings are held; no union elections are held; no grievances are processed by the union; lay-offs usually come to workers just before they are due vacation or holiday periods with pay; there is seldom any seniority; there are seldom any welfare or sickness benefits; the workers are signed up in the union under threat of firing by the boss. For these "benefits," the members pay dues of \$3-\$4 (which are average for unions that, unlike these, provide the highest pay and benefits in the country) and initiation fees ranging from \$3-\$35 (the top ranges are much *higher* than those unions providing the highest pay and benefits in the country).

THE PRACTICE of employers and unions working together for these conditions has become such an institution that it has developed its own terminology. A Spanish-speaking organizer who has worked for several unions in New York explained two of the most important concepts of the trade—the "black and white contract" and the "milk date." A "black and white contract" is one which provides no clauses for wages above the legal minimum wage, no provisions for sick pay, no provisions for rest periods, no provisions for seniority and, in general, the minimum benefits that the employer can give the worker. The "milk date" is the day the contract runs out and the union leader returns to the boss to extract (milk) a fee from him for the continuance of the contract, which protects the boss against the

possibility of demands from the workers.

Last December 17, Thomas Rizzo, one of the lawyers handling the ACTU cases, called the Ray Mont Company of 85 Crosby Street, New York, to inform them that the Workers Organizing Committee was going to ask for an election for union representation, which was then held by Local 122 of the International Jewelry Workers Union. Harry Harrison, the manager of the company, told Mr. Rizzo that the shop had a contract which was "about to expire." At an NLRB hearing on January 8, however, Mr. Rizzo was told by the company and the union that a new contract had already been signed on October 26, 1956. Marwin Goldman, business agent for Local 122, testified that he and Pat DiPeppo, the recording secretary of the local, and Maurice Deiter, owner of Ray Mont, were the ones who signed the contract and were the only people present at the signing.

Mr. Deiter explained that he had just taken over the business in September of 1956, and was told then that there was a union contract. Mr. Rizzo asked Mr. Deiter why, since there was a contract in existence, and since it had until 1957 to run, he had found it necessary to sign a new contract. Mr. Deiter said, "I wanted protection for myself."

Ramon Marrero of 207 Eldridge Street, New York City, was one of the workers who was treated to the "benefits" of this contract. Marrero had dues of \$3 deducted from his paycheck on the first Friday of every month for membership in Local 122. For some reason unknown to Marrero, the dues were not deducted from his or his fellow workers' paychecks last January and February. Then, Marrero said, dues of \$3 were again deducted from his pay on February 22 and March 1, without explanation. Marrero said that his foreman, Harry Harrison, "called myself and four of my fellow workers into the office and told us that the production standard was to be raised from its present level of slightly over 200 cases per day to 275, 285 or 290 cases. He further said that unless these new production standards were met, we would be laid off.

Under normal circumstances, it is impossible to meet the new production standards."

Marrero said that from February 22 to March 1 he repeatedly asked both the union and the company for a copy of the contract. He said that "The company informed me that the contract was an agreement between the company and the union and that I, as a worker, could not see it. The union informed me that they did not have a copy of the contract."

THE CONTRACT between Local 122 and Ray Mont, when finally "found," had the following articles completely or partly X'd out:

Article 23—"The employees shall be entitled to . . . days sick leave per year with pay. If at the end of the year any employee has not used up the sick leave privileges then he or she shall be compensated in wages for the unused portion of sick leave at a rate equal to the rate of pay being received by him at that time."

Article 24—"Each worker is to have a rest period of . . . minutes in the morning and . . . minutes in the afternoon."

Article 6—A wild flight of fancy stating that the employer supply and launder work uniforms.

Article 8—The vacation provisions had all parts X'd out except provision for a week's vacation with pay for workers employed one year or more by the company.

Article 9—Six holidays with pay were X'd out and five left in.

The members of Local 122, which provided them with this contract, pay \$13 initiation fee plus \$3 monthly dues.

The union's lack of concern for the welfare of the workers is impressive. Jose B. Morales of 230 W. 101st Street, has borne testimony to this. He was employed by the Macon Umbrella Corp. of 2 Inghram Street, Brooklyn, for \$46 a week, and was a member of Local 229, United Textile Workers of America, AFL-CIO. With complaints by workers that the union did not hold meetings, did not process grievances, that representatives of the union were never seen, that the boss appointed the union shop steward, and that on



top of all this the union was raising dues from \$3-\$4 a month, a group of employees in the shop circulated a petition requesting an NLRB election asking for withdrawal of union-shop authority. Jose Morales submitted the petition to the NLRB last November 30.

In a sworn affidavit to the NLRB charging an unfair labor practice against Macon Umbrella Corp., Morales gave the following report:

That during the afternoon previous to the first informal conference at the National Labor Relations Board regarding the request for such an election, the employer, Mr. Cohen, attempted to discourage any of the employees from attending that conference and promising that anyone who changed his mind about going to said conference a "surprise" the following month. By this statement I inferred that I would receive a raise if I did not go to this conference.

Morales goes on to say that he attended that conference and

... That I attended a meeting held on Wednesday, March 6, 1957, at the office of the above-mentioned local union in the union's offices at 325 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York. Present at the meeting, held at about 6 p.m., were Archie Katz, president of the union, one "Waldman" who is a business agent for the union, Mr. Cohen, president of the Macon Umbrella Corp., and Mr. Marshall Miller, Mr. Cohen's representative. Also present were several of my fellow employees, including Emma Vega and Jesusa Portuguis.

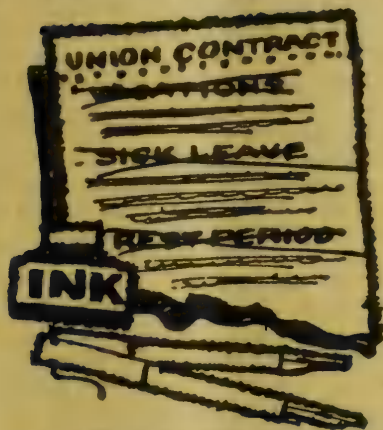
That at this meeting both Mr. Miller and Mr. Cohen promised the seven original signers of a petition requesting the National Labor Relations Board to conduct an election regarding the withdrawal of the union shop authority that they would receive a wage increase of \$2.00 per week if they withdrew their signatures to this petition.

So goes collective bargaining with Puerto Rican workers.

MARSHALL MILLER, labor-relations advisor who has a plaque in his office of praise from Local 229 for helping them set up a welfare program and being so cooperative over the years, happened to be the company representative at the NLRB hearings for each of the three companies called there who had con-

tracts with Local 229. One of the ACTU lawyers asked Mr. Cohen of Macon Umbrella how he happened to call on Mr. Miller, and Mr. Cohen said he found Mr. Miller's name in the classified phone directory.

At the NLRB hearing on the Macon petition, Mr. Miller charged that Jose Morales had intimidated the employees into signing the petition for election, and that he would be fired for this. The next day Morales was fired when he reported for work. In his sworn affidavit supporting the unfair labor practice charge, Morales denies that he intimidated the workers and states that "I was fired for attempting to exercise my rights under the National Labor Relations Act and help my



fellow employees." The case is pending, and in the meantime Jose Morales waits—without work.

There is the story of Jose Rivera, a \$40-a-week worker at the Sun Ray Electroplating Company, who was talking to a union representative about joining while the boss was deciding on a different union for the shop—one that his boss said was "good" because "I won't get into trouble with this union. They won't picket me." The next week Rivera joined the boss's choice of unions—Local 679 of the A. F. of L. Pulp, Paper, and Sulphite Workers. He got a promised \$2 raise; and \$3 union dues were deducted from his pay monthly.

There is the story of Rapahel Duran, a worker at the Lenscraft Optical Company, Brooklyn, who swore in an affidavit that his boss called in representatives of Local 122 of the IJWU and signed a contract with

them which set the wage at the legal minimum of 75c an hour and eliminated the sections providing two weeks' vacation with pay, seniority and health and welfare benefits. The Puerto Ricans struck, called in Local 810 of the Teamsters, who would not lower their contract demands to match those of the former contract, and the Lenscraft Company and IJWU Local 122 went to court together and enjoined the strike. They were able to do so because Local 122 was officially the legal "representative of the workers."

THE International Ladies Garment Workers Union undoubtedly must be classed among those unions which have the best record for helping to get fair treatment for Puerto Rican workers; but there is little doubt that the ILGWU leaves plenty of room for improvement. There can be no instances here of bad individual contracts with largely Puerto Rican shops, since the ILGWU contract is negotiated on an industry-wide basis. The union provides a booklet in Spanish and English stating health and welfare benefits that workers are entitled to, although, according to Charles Zimmerman, head of Local 22, there are no copies of the contract in Spanish. He said, however, that the contract is always explained to the workers.

Mr. Zimmerman's local holds monthly meetings in Spanish, as well as the regular meeting held in English, in order to clear up any problems or questions that Spanish-speaking members may have. Local 22 also holds English classes, but Mr. Zimmerman said that it is difficult to get Puerto Ricans to attend, especially since most of the members are women who must get home right after work to prepare meals and take care of household duties. The local, in cooperation with the New York Public Schools, is holding classes to train members for skilled jobs, and Mr. Zimmerman says that "a substantial number" of people in these classes are Puerto Ricans.

Yet such incidents as the following can occur within the ILGWU.

(Continued on page 321)

# THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN T

With these three pages of reader reaction to *The Careful Young Men*, a symposium on the American undergraduate published in the March 9 issue, we are forced by space limitations to close the debate—at least temporarily—on one of the most provocative features *The Nation* has published in many years. We say “temporarily” because, out of the voluminous correspondence we have received (see also the Letters columns, issues of March 23 and 30), there emerges a valuable suggestion for continuing the discussion on another level.

Many correspondents have questioned the validity of *The Careful Young Men* as a representative symposium because its contributors were limited to teachers of English; science teachers, it is pointed out, may have quite a different impression of today's students. We are, therefore, now surveying the possibility for a second symposium in which the contributors will be drawn from among experienced teachers in the physical and social sciences.—EDITORS

## Embers of Faith

Dear Sirs: Your analysis of tomorrow's leaders by today's teachers was a rare exposé of the vices of a generation of teachers; their anguish over our reserve, the reserve of the “careful young men,” is not paternal but carping. They want to revive in their classrooms the embers of faith they helped to destroy and scent the old perfumes that poisoned them. As a member of a reluctant but enlightened generation, as an undergraduate without a cause, I protest.

To say that we careful young men have no god is false. To say that we do not carry on the campus rituals of the idolatrous decades is true. We are so intimate with our god that worship is unthinkable, so much in communion with reality we do not trifle to play at heaven. The reality is this, that a faceless corporate fate is waiting for all of us, regardless of what intellectual opiate we keep in the cabinet—reams and reams of paper sex, comfortable visions of wastelands, or Faulkner's ringing note that man will prevail. Destiny is at our right hand, you see. The cities of God have already been built and are ready to cancel one another out. Destruction is too imminent in the mortar of our security for us to do anything but what St. Francis would do if he knew the world would end today. We go on hoeing our garden. We are sweetly innocent, as we should be at the crushing moment. There is no use not to enjoy the grip of dying leviathan.

It is still possible, of course, to feel nostalgia for our fathers' past and to report that so much that our fathers revered too much is set for the fall: not only old-hat socialism, the temples of Freud, and galvanized Christianity, but also Ph.D.s and scientific priestcraft. Over all these institutions hovers the same bomb and behind them the same trail of errors that initiated our fathers

into the Age of Anxiety and spawned us. We shouldn't be blamed therefore for taking slow and skeptical draughts of a civilization that has, every few years, murdered its best men with their drunken dreams still in their heads, and is now taking the same risk. Rather, we should be praised for our pettiness and hymned for our indifference to a phantasm inheritance.

That our teachers, who were radicals in college, are now merely academic *debauchés*, should be a lesson for us. They did not become sages, only intellectuals. We too may become lost among titles and fictions unless we remain the careful young men, not smashing the costly idols, political, artistic and religious, that our forebears fashioned out of lust, but not throwing ourselves down before them either. Something there is that says that somewhere there is a cup of wisdom; yet we cannot drink deeply from the hands of a generation of teachers who may unwittingly mistake a vial of death for the fruits of the vine.

NORRIS MERCHANT

Louisville, Kentucky

## Solemn But Not Serious

Dear Sirs: I wouldn't presume to criticize what your contributors have said of other colleges, for I know only what takes place here at Princeton. So I will criticize the article of Mr. Baker [Professor Carlos Baker, chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University] and what I believe to be an internal fallacy in the argument of Leo Marx [Associate Professor of English at the University of Minnesota] and your leading editorial.

Mr. Baker says of us: “They are serious, but not solemn.” I say we are solemn, but not serious. “Serious” means “not given to trifling”: we trifle, our trifling comprises a solemn and continu-

ous affair covered—it is true—with tinsel. But this tinsel is as thin and as sparse as our laughter. The slightest breath blows it away, leaving only the hideously awkward solemnity. In incessant rout from the two extreme poles of life—creation and death—we are in a terrible sense “*via media men*.” In every area of life we pretend that living is harmless, and that the cost of living has been cut to nothing. We just won't pay: but, more than this, we make believe until we truly believe that the bargain-basement existence we end up with is the best of all possible ways of life.

Deep, real, free laughter springs only from a tragic vision—the laughter of Shakespeare or of Beethoven down the years. Otherwise, we can expect nothing but our present cheap and plastic laughter. This laughter is the laughter from faces which have turned themselves from possibilities—both the nullity and the magnitude, the glory as well as the horror—and only boredom accompanies it. We are rid of the Furies, but where are the Graces?

Only if Mr. Baker's “good sense” is interpreted as the deadening of vast patches of our sensitivity and consciousness, and the toning-down of those that remain into near-somnolence; only if by “balance” Mr. Baker means that balance which comes of hacking down awareness until the world, in our view, attains a perfect—if rather stunted—equilibrium: only then would I agree with him that “they are better off in good sense and balance than my generation was at their age.”

Stanley Kunitz [Visiting Professor of English at Queens College, New York City], in his excellent contribution, quotes the following: “What we all lack who are under thirty is some guiding passion, some *moral vision*”—that is it, exactly. But your leading editorial and Mr. Marx's article both seem to equate being excited with being opinionated. The editorial says: “To us, they seem prematurely aged, old beyond their years, lacking in gaiety and a sense of life. But, on reflection, would we want them *more* opinionated?” And Mr. Marx: “All told, they are probably better students than the pre-war generations. They are less opinionated, less excitable....” Better students? More exact in a mouselike grey way: but anything great comes from a dynamic will subjected to an even greater reason. We sit and listen, as Mr. Marx remarks,

The NATION



# K BACK: A Readers' Symposium

and information sits on us like a princely robe; but we grow no bigger, we do not assimilate wisdom. And, as for the editorial, cannot one be enthusiastic without being foolish? Do commitment and conviction presuppose inexactitude? If we are more critical than the *enfants de 1920-30*, we are so in the worst and popular sense of that word: carping, fault-finding. From some of your articles, one would think we weighed and sifted everything with care. In the twenties, students accepted everything new and threw off all antiquities; today, despite the neo-conservatism of a very few, we mostly throw away everything, just to throw it away, just because keeping it means possible criticism. More sheer *interest* and *esprit* would break down many of the more boring follies we have exchanged for the rather splendid intemperance of the twenties. But we must not think our new way of life more sane, less naïve and opinionated just because our minds no longer burn, but only coldly smoulder.

We are just as insane, opinionated, naïve. But in the last tally we are worse, because we're *dull* to boot. And dullness can never be right! Or at least, never forgiven.

KARL HAFFENREFFER

Princeton, N. J.

## Faulty Choices

There is not a scientist, mathematician, or philosopher among the group of men whom you selected to sample the opinion of the present generation of college students. Whether English teachers are as competent observers as men trained for careful observation and exact thinking is a moot question, but certainly the students they know best, the men and women who major in English, are not likely to be those with the most inquiring minds. Any educator knows that the brilliant students, with spirit and imagination, will be found in greater numbers in fields that offer more challenge than English or any of the other literatures.

THEODORE B. MASSELL, M.D.

Los Angeles, California

## Justice and Order

Dear Sirs: May another professor of English add his judgment of the Careful Young Men and observe that Jonathan

Swift remarked that finding fault with human nature is the most universal and the most futile of human pursuits?

Undergraduates of today are not uncommitted. They are committed to (a) justice and (b) order; not to fighting injustice and damning disorder. What could be more human or natural after depression and war?

They read Orwell and Salinger to read about injustice and disorder, and they are forming their judgments. They believe in action within the realm of the possible rather than romantic rebellion. Every generation has a wisdom proper to itself. Where are the undergraduate rebels of yesteryear? Presumably criticizing their juniors, as formerly they did their seniors.

These boys had better have justice and order, or they will, in their own time, act to seize it themselves, as university men have done in Hungary and Cuba.

I am selling them long.

DONALD R. ROBERTS

Associate Professor of English,  
Norwich University

Northfield, Vermont

## Science Claims the Best

Dear Sirs: Modern youth may possibly be the most callous generation in history. Basically the younger generation has said: "We'll let the older generation dribble on and holler all it likes. It can give all the meaningless, flowering Lincolnesque speeches it desires. It looks as if it is up to us to do the work. Besides, there is more fun in action than in words." The result is that modern youth will listen to what the older generation has to say, evaluate it, take what seems to be useful; but basically the youngsters have Crossed The Older Generation Off As Hopeless. The reason is that the world has revolved so completely under the feet of the older generation that it still might be called the Lost Generation.

This is the scientific age. The best students go into the sciences—chiefly into mathematics and physics, a few into economics and the rest into medicine and the other sciences. If the English professor is disgusted because modern youth finds Shakespeare too tough for leisure-time reading, modern youth is disgusted at the look of absolute horror that comes over the English professor's face at the sight of an integral sign. No, our heroes are not the

men of sugared writings and meaningless rantings, but men whose words mean something: Paul Samuelson, V. M. Goldschmidt, de Broglie.

Our heroes are not in the entertainment fields of philosophy and fiction, but in the laymen's publications like *Time*, *Harpers*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Newsweek* and *Scientific American*. We are committed to the Age of Science, which is not a shouting and hollering age, but a patiently and quietly working age, an even more critical age than you realize, and, yes, an age of fear, as much for you as for us.

BRUCE R. DOE

California Institute of Technology  
Pasadena, California

## The Fortunate Generation

Dear Sirs: The symposium appealed to me particularly because I am a college graduate of less than a week from the University of Tennessee. "Indifference" is unquestionably one of the salient features of contemporary college undergraduates. Among the intellectually active students whom it has been my pleasure to know, there is a definite disdain for any type of general movement or special plea or clever shibboleth, be it political, economic, religious or otherwise.

It is very fortunate that such a disposition exists among America's potential leaders. Perhaps they will be less susceptible to the fustian contagions which, in the two preceding generations, have hoisted megalomaniacs like one Adolf Hitler to power, or which have induced the morbid, adolescent disillusionment of the so-called "lost generation"—including The T. S. Eliot School for Retarded Intellectuals—or which have engendered the myopic prodigality of pouring staggering amounts of financial aid into the European drains, and receiving in return a polite contempt for the giver's fatuity.

Today's undergraduates who are intellectually active scorn "schools," philosophical and literary, because they have intelligence enough to perceive the fallibility of each; they ignore revolutionary causes because the inherent impracticalities of most such movements have been demonstrated historically time and again; and they give lip service—if that much—to institutionalized religion because the churches, for the most part, reek with patent hypocrisy. Regard for

the traditionally proven no more indicates meek conformity than violent enthusiasm for change promises progress.

FREDERICK EDWARDS

Knoxville, Tenn.

## A Lesson Well Learned

Dear Sirs: As a student, I found the symposium remarkable not for what it told me about my contemporaries, but for what it told me about the authors—the teachers of my generation, the intellectual leaders who bemoan their students' "lack of enthusiasm," "fear of commitment" and "quest for security." You teachers unanimously refuse to take the responsibility for the "Brain-Washed Generation" upon yourselves and the institutions in which you teach.

As Mr. George Stewart points out, the student body "takes what its professors tell it"; perhaps we have learned our lesson too well. During the period of your own early education—or so I learn from the autobiographies of your generation—fathers, teachers and leaders told you that the greatest painting had not yet been painted, the greatest literary work not yet written, the greatest thought not yet expressed; they added that these things could be done—perhaps by you, yourselves. Certainly they encouraged you to try. The enthusiasm that must have been generated from the lecture platforms, in the conference rooms and professors' private offices in those days seems incredible to my generation. Today's teachers tell us not only that the greatest poem hasn't been written, but that it can't be written—and certainly not by us. We are taught that nothing a student does is creative or significant—that nothing we can do can possibly be new. Perhaps this is true, but I at least am concerned by your evident and pathetic need to reiterate this "truth" to us so unceasingly.

With T. S. Eliot, you tell us "to sit still" and wait for "the peace that passeth understanding"; with William Faulkner, you ask us "to believe" but give us nothing in which to place our faith—not even life itself; with the scientists, you tell us that unless something is done to prevent war we face a final cataclysm, and yet you do nothing. You have lost faith in us because you have lost faith in yourselves. More important, you have lost faith in the affirmation of democratic, liberal ideals (how few professors stroll outside the ivory tower or even fight battles—the loyalty oath in California—within it!).

I think Mr. George Stewart typifies your generation when he wrote, "There

is, of course, a third possibility." You teachers are the generation of the "third possibility"—the generation of qualification (reading your contributions to the symposium, I find your favorite phrases are: "there's a sense in which," "it seems to me," "it may be the case," "I would suggest," and "possibly"). You are the generation of acquiescence, as demonstrated when, after you sum up our lack of enthusiasm and our desire "to keep our mouths shut," most of you say, "Perhaps it's all for the best." Or, with Mr. Wallace Stegner, you suggest: "And if I am inclined, as I sometimes am, to disparage this attitude as dull, faint-hearted and unproductive, I am reminded that it is... one way to play the game." Thus, it doesn't really matter; we are no better or worse than anyone else!

But, perhaps, as you say, you haven't had any influence over us; yet, if this is the case, isn't it an equally strong indictment of your leadership?

CHRISTOPHER KOCH  
Reed College

Portland, Oregon

## Rebels with a Cause

Dear Sirs: The following developments at the University of Colorado may throw some light on the validity of the thesis inherent in the title of your symposium, *The Careful Young Men*.

A recent series of editorials in the student newspaper, the *Colorado Daily*, charged that C.U. students were as "intellectually sterile as a Band-Aid." The editorials blamed the "stifling cultural climate" on the influx of thousands of pimply youths who view college as a four-year whirl of social events and Saturday football games. To these students, a college degree is a "union card, guaranteeing the bearer higher pay in the world of business." The editorials also placed part of the blame on the Red hunt which raged through the Colorado campus in the last decade. Students and faculty were extremely cautious in discussing intellectual issues and averse to express political views, the editorials said. The paper noted the problems Colorado faces are shared by most other state universities.

As a result of the editorials, the C.U. Faculty Senate requested that the new president, Quigg Newton, take all necessary steps to improve the intellectual level of the university. Students reacted, too. Two thousand of them signed a petition demanding the Board of Regents to institute a lecture series which would feature some of the outstanding

intellects of the country. If the regents would not have enough money available (because of plans to raise the average faculty salary level \$1,000 a year to \$6,500), *the students said they would foot the bill themselves with increased fees.*

Student Harvey Averch, economics major who describes himself as a "rebel with a cause," lashed out at the students, the faculty and the administration as the three "institutions of stagnation at the university."

"We are the Silent Generation," Averch said. "But this aphorism is not enough for identification. For there is the Silence of Wisdom and the Silence of Sterility. It is with regret I am forced to say the Silence of Sterility permeates and envelops the university environment."

SOL BIDERMAN

Boulder, Colo.

## Not His the Power

Dear Sirs: I took particular interest in the symposium because I am one of the "careful young men." The contemporary college student with intellectual interests is more sophisticated, more skeptical, less articulate and is more conscious of the past than his predecessors of the twenties and thirties. His caution, open-mindedness and moral concern make him a better, if less exciting, student. He is rebelling against what he feels to be the misguided and excessive enthusiasms of his parents. He knows that history is filled with passionate controversies, that controversy is a sign of intellectual vigor; but he is equally aware that some of the greatest furors have been aroused over matters of little lasting import. Controversy in itself is not valuable. The invective of Mencken, for example, seems dated and inconsequential after only thirty years.

The contemporary student does not become deeply involved with social problems because he takes a pessimistic view of the influence of intellectuals. He feels powerless to affect social decisions. These decisions are made by others who are not only non-intellectual, but, in many instances, anti- (Stevenson was forced to acknowledge that in order for an intellectual to have a chance, politically, he must mask his real nature.) Convinced that his social criticisms will go unheeded, he prefers to cultivate his private world, converse with a few like-minded persons, and, more indirectly, with the intellectual world as a whole.

PAUL GILCHRIST

San Francisco, California



(Continued from page 317)

In February, forty-two Puerto Rican women workers at Q-T Knitwear, Brooklyn, got together and typed a list of complaints about conditions in the shop which they felt Local 62 of the ILGWU had failed to deal with properly. Three of the signers have sworn to the following facts. The chairlady of the shop, who did not speak Spanish, had refused to process the complaints. The union delegate, Mac Shatnoff, after some delay, "angrily" promised the meeting for February 28. The girls who signed the petition rented a bus with their own money to attend. The bus was to leave at five o'clock, but at one o'clock the shop employer forced one half of the girls to leave the premises. Most workers under these circumstances would have gone home and not bothered about an evening meeting. However, those girls waited outside until the rest were off work at five o'clock, and they took the bus together.

At the meeting a list of complaints was presented to Mr. Shatnoff, including complaints such as "In the ladies rooms the tanks do not flush, they are broken, the water remains there indefinitely. There is never any paper towels. The ladies room should be swept and cleaned occasionally . . . What right has the chairlady to threaten . . . and use vulgar and profane language to the workers? What right has the chairlady to make discriminatory remarks about the Spanish speaking workers? Calling them Spics." When Mr. Shatnoff was presented with these and other grievances, according to three of the girls there present,

. . . He immediately began to berate us, stating that they (the grievances) were "illegal" and that he would not in any way consider them. He then demanded to know who had typed these grievances.

The girl who had typed them identified herself, and then, she said, Mr. Shatnoff "began to insult me and attempt to intimidate me for daring to present such 'illegal papers' to him." The girl is now no longer working at the shop, and at this

writing, the union was still undecided as to whether it would try to get her reinstated. The union delegate had said she was "a troublemaker."

Neglect as well as exploitation of Puerto Ricans by unions can only lead to future loss for the unions themselves. The Puerto Rican migration to New York City is expected to continue at around 50,000 per year for at least the next five years, and a New York City Puerto Rican population of close to a million has been estimated for the early 1960s. Norman DeWeaver, executive secretary of ACTU, says that in the light of his organization's recent experiences, "Soon, Puerto Rican workers in New York will grow to totally distrust the American labor movement. In fact, some observers feel that it is already too late to do anything to regain the confidence of these workers."

JOSE PEREZ, director of the AFL-CIO Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, said he believed that "There is no systematic discrimination in any union in New York City, including the racketeering unions—which don't care whether the men are Puerto Rican or not; they would make slaves of whoever the workers were." But because of language and cultural barriers, the Puerto Ricans are the easiest prey. Even in the worst unions, English-speaking workers are able to get "more for their money," and sometimes at the expense of their Puerto Rican fellow workers. A group of workers from the Gund Manufacturing Co., 40 W. 20th Street, who are members of Local 223 of the Toy and Novelty Workers of America, reported to the ACTU that although half of the 300 workers in the shop are Spanish-speaking, the shop steward, who has had the job for fifteen years, does not speak Spanish; that when there are lay-offs, the Spanish-speaking men usually get laid off first with no regard to seniority; that although non-Spanish speaking workers in the shop make from \$50-\$55 a week, there is among the Spanish-speaking workers a man who has worked there nine years and gets \$49, a man who

has worked there seven years and gets \$47.

If the Puerto Ricans in New York have lost confidence in unions and employers, they also have reason for losing confidence in other institutions. They have often looked for help and found only pamphlets.

The only special instrument of assistance from the U.S. government in guarding the rights of the Puerto Rican laborer on the mainland was abolished three years ago. Two Spanish-speaking minimum-wage investigators who recovered more than \$200,000 in wages for Puerto Rican workers in a little over two years, had their jobs eliminated when the Eisenhower Administration executed its cut in the number of "non-vital" federal employees. This economy measure came while 43,434 Puerto Ricans, 91 per cent of whom were volunteers and 3,450 of whom became casualties, were serving in the U.S. Army during the Korean war.

The only official recognition of the special problems of the Puerto Rican laborer by the city of New York was the Mayor's Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, formed in 1949 and primarily devoted to publicity for itself and its good intentions. It is now incorporated into a Committee on Intergroup Relationships which has only been in existence about a year and has yet to take any notable action.

Although New York State does not have any special agency for aid to Puerto Rican citizens, a recent newspaper report proclaimed that the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, in addition to its customary work, had handled 155 complaints from Puerto Ricans in the first three-quarters of 1956, whereas the high for any previous year had been twenty complaints in 1955. Charles Abrams, commissioner of the SCAD, was quoted as saying that "a large number of the complaints were unfair labor practice charges." When recently asked about the quoted number of cases, Mr. Abrams explained that there were a total of 155 workers involved in all the cases handled. The number of cases handled was six.

The Migration Division of the

Department of Labor of Puerto Rico, headed by Clarence Senior, has had an office in New York City since 1948, and does the major job in assisting the Puerto Rican migrant to find employment, housing and adjustment on the mainland. But it is not equipped to handle complaints against unions, and as these complaints kept increasing, it asked the unions in New York City to take some responsibility in handling such problems themselves. The result of this request was the AFL-CIO Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, formed in 1955. It has one full-time staff member and is supported by \$5-\$15 monthly contributions from its sixty member locals. It is "limited" in its work.

Jose Perez, the committee's director, says that most of the committee's complaints are due to misunderstanding between the workers and the bosses or the workers and the union delegates, and that most of the complaints can be handled by a phone call. When asked what happens to complaints that are not due

to misunderstandings, but to unions being at fault, Mr. Perez said it would be necessary to call a meeting of the executive board to deal with such cases. When asked how many times it had been necessary to call such a meeting, Mr. Perez said "never."

"When the complaints are about dishonest unions there is nothing that I or anybody could do about it because labor hasn't cleaned up yet. Being a labor representative myself, I couldn't take action of any kind," Mr. Perez said.

The committee holds an annual conference, at which time it passes resolutions. At its last annual conference, the committee passed resolutions "On the Hungarian Situation," "On a Citation to Governor Munoz Marin of Puerto Rico," "On Civil Rights," "On Mayor Wagner's Acceptance of Spanish Citation" and "On Discrimination in Housing and Schools." It also passed a resolution noting that "It has been the sad history of every generation of immigrants to be exploited by unscrupu-

lous employers and by so-called 'unions' which are in reality nothing but rackets which hang on the fringe of the labor movement in order to exploit the new immigrants," and it called upon the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO "to come into New York City to help us once and for all get rid of the so-called 'unions' which are blackening the name of the trade union movement." At the time of this writing, Mr. Perez said he had as yet had no reply on the matter from the Ethical Practices Committee, but explained that "those things take a long time."

So the Puerto Ricans work, and wait. Contrary to popular mythology, the New York Department of Welfare has reported that Puerto Rican workers are quicker to leave the welfare lists than any other "national" category of workers. They have come here to work—our industry needs them. They come as American citizens, but because of language and cultural background, they come as strangers. You have just read something about the welcome they get.

## PROGRESS: Promise and Problems . . by Kenneth Burke

AS OUR TEXT for today, let's begin by recalling that ingenious French film, *Generals Without But-tons*. The situation there exploited for comic effect concerns two adjoining towns that want different kinds of weather, and petition their saints accordingly. One town wants dry weather, for grapes; the other wet weather, for cabbages. And this conflict of material interests, involving rival processions each designed to enlist the special favors of Heaven at the expense of the other faction, leads to picturesque quarrels even in the midst of attempts to make peace.

Despite these positive grounds of conflict, we might say that, in the

last analysis, the decision here still lies beyond the realm of human jurisdiction. The primary responsibility still depends upon "acts of God" in accordance with the hallowed principle, "Man proposes, God disposes."

But to expose a further problem here, let us suppose that men do perfect their ability to control the weather by sheerly "scientific" or material means. From then on, obviously, God will let them make over some of His traditionally heavy work in this area of motions and motives. From then on, the subject of each day's weather will not be merely a matter of prognostication and/or prayer. It will also become decidedly a Controversial Issue, with squabbles that could become quite tough.

For millions and even billions of dollars would become involved in "decisions on weather-policy," since

the diverting of precipitation from one area to another would have effects not only upon the crops or reservoirs immediately involved, but also upon property values in general. All told, tremendous sums could change hands; and intestine brawls about the "bureaucratic" allocating of good weather could make the altercations between Communism and Capitalism look pale by comparison.

For very good "positive" reasons, we'd be in a position like that of the superstitious savage who believes that the yams in his garden can flourish only if the yams in his neighbor's garden wither, since there is not enough good fortune available for both gardens (a malicious state of mind which our grand mixture of industrialism and world politics has recently been expanding to "global" proportions).

Already, though the Scientific Co-

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ercing of the Weather (as practiced by skilled Climatogogues) is still in its infancy, newspapers have published many reports of grumbling. Cloud-seeding in some states has been said to rob other states of their rightful share of rainfall, as established by ancient meteorological custom dating from times before weather became subject to control by legal contract. Or, on exactly the opposite side, there have been reports of complaints that cloud-seeding in the Far West shows up several days later as extra rainfall in areas of the East where agricultural investments, established on the basis of previous conditions, call for but light rainfall. And we have often heard speculations about the possibility that the weather is being affected by the various thermo-nuclear experiments now methodically poisoning the world's atmosphere.

ALL SUCH claims are necessarily tentative and inaccurate. But at least they serve to indicate just how gravely Controversial the subject of the weather could become, once a technique for the scientific coercing of the weather is established.

I can even think of ultimate ironies involving exactly opposite theories on the care and cure of weather. Thus, one school of weather-doctors might favor an allopathic treatment of hurricanes, contending that they should be discouraged from the very start. Others might incline towards a homeopathic remedy in accordance with the Hahnemann principle of *similia similibus curentur*, or the equivalent in Milton's view of tragedy as stated in his preface to *Samson Agonistes*:

Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath ever been held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and suchlike passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used

against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors.

That is, thinking along such lines, some theorists and practitioners might hold that the systematic frustration of little hurricanes would but outrage Nature to the point where in exasperation she burst the bonds imposed upon her by man-made meteorological policy, and broke into a tempestuous rash that made her present Hazels and Connies seem by comparison like mere chicken-pox. So our best protection against a super-hurricane, according to this school, would be got by inoculating the Caribbean area daily with doses



of tiny hurricanelets—and thus the morbidity would be avoided by booster shots that kept it always with us, but in a non-virulent form.

WE COULD go on and on. For the weather is a perennial subject of conversation. But I want to drive home one particular point, which I think bears directly on the matter of the part that applied science ("technology") can be expected to play in matters affecting human relations.

So far as our present "fable" about weather-control is concerned, the conclusion seems obvious. Insofar as the means and methods of controlling the weather do become a recognized part of our positive scientific powers, then necessarily a corresponding new batch of moralistic controls will be needed. We should need a whole new area of *regulations*, established by *legislation*. Similarly, since any law is powerless unless there are penalties to enforce it and agencies to impose and enforce those penalties, this will mean new areas of crime (crime being made by law, since no act is a crime until it is legally so defined). Also, it will mean a new set of institutions ("bureauc-

racy") designed to "implement" the methods, with corresponding conflicts as regards jockeying for office, arguments over policies, the honest or corrupt favoring of rival interests, plus the rhetorical agon whereby the advocates of honest policies are made to look corrupt and the crooks are made to look honest.

PLEASE GET me straight. I'm not saying that men should not tinker with the weather, to the best of their ability. Nor am I saying that they should not perfect any other positive power over the resources of nature. I am merely asking that we bring ourselves to recognize explicitly what kinds of *problems* will necessarily accompany all such "progress." Too many people become so dazzled with the promise of the "positives," they unconsciously conspire with one another to overlook the negatives (the corresponding moralistic thou-shalt-not's, with the institutions appropriate to those negatives, and the particular problems that go with those institutions).

There's too much of an easy-going tendency to assume merely that "if we were just scientific enough," all this pother would be eliminated. And I submit that, if we view the "promises" of applied science in that light, we're in for a mighty bump.

In sum, I'd propose that we form our expectancies along these lines:

Every new positive *power* must be a source of *conflict*, the occasion for a new battle over *property rights* (with all the negativity of the "Keep Off—No Trespassing" principle that hedges all property, as divinity doth hedge a king). Every new power must raise new demands upon our moral scruples, plus corresponding increase in legislation to make up for the deficiencies in moral scruples and for moral though troublous tendencies toward disobedience, plus corresponding increases in actual or imagined corruption to do with the exercising of this particular power, plus the incentive to protect special interests not only by identifying these interests with love of God, country and good old Speldunk Academy, but also by identifying opponents with whatever name or movement happens at the time to

be uppermost in the public imagination as the perfect instance of Unadulterated Evil.

Say, if you will, that all this negativity would not be (that the dialectic of material positive and moral negative would be abolished), "if men were but scientific enough." And unquestionably, you can define "science" in such a way that this "positive position" follows from your definition.

It's not my purpose here to argue with that view, which is by definition unassailable. I would but have us admonish ourselves that, at least "for a long time to come," "until people do become scientific enough," *every addition to the positive powers of applied science will be an addition to the realm of human conflict.*

You can also observe, if you will, that there are sources of conflict just as pressing, and maybe even more pressing, in any *failure* to perfect the resources of technology. And you are right, alas. For regardless of whether technology holds out the promises that its apologists claim for it (the material "positives" without the corresponding batch of ethical "negatives"), there certainly seems to be no other "hope" (at least if people must go on proliferating like the plague, and if all the world is to pick up our bad habit of making no distinction between gadgetry and a high standard of living—for this equation helps stimulate the fabulous wastage of our resources in timber, land, minerals, water and man-hours resulting from the production and distribution of commercial products most of which are culturally worse than worthless).

To argue about whether we "should" or "should not" subscribe to technology is like being halfway over Niagara Falls in a barrel and asking yourself whether or not to turn back. You go right ahead, and maybe you'll break your neck, and maybe you won't. The New Powers are here, and that's that, including the Grand Bombastic Apocalypse of atomic energy, with its mighty contribution to the transforming of scientific truth into conspiratorial secrecy. What burns me up is the "positive" unction so often asso-

ciated with the "promissory" position.

It makes things look too damned simple—and precisely at a time when they are becoming more and more complex.

SO LET ME end on a polemically slanted sloganizing of mine enemy's position:

"Man in the state of nature was comparatively weak. But with the aid of his inventions, he has become comparatively strong. In his weakness, there was bondage; in his strength there is the hope of freedom. Above all, the kinds of technological strength which man has developed hold out hopes for us, since they so clearly testify to the powers of human reason. Accordingly, the more thoroughly we learn to act in accordance with the rational genius of the instruments and methods which applied science has perfected, the more freedom we can expect to acquire for ourselves and our progeny. Science can be said to have 'failed' us only in the sense that we have failed science through not being scientific enough. But we have already made great strides in the direction of scientific rationality. And with the help of education and of organizations like the United Nations, we can hope for continued improvement.

"Accordingly, a 'positive' attitude is justified—and any who speak otherwise are but 'neo-mediaeval prophets of gloom and doom who would turn back the clock of progress.' Every advance that we now point to with pride was first viewed with alarm. So don't make the mistake of selling mankind short, or you'll be caught by the upswing. True, there are temporary fluctuations, and the in-and-out trader may get badly burned—but an investment in culture for the long pull is safe. The investor can be confident that things will go on appreciating of themselves. Particularly if he has a backlog of sound industrial stocks, he can feel confident; for in addition to real appreciation in the worth of his holdings, their market value will keep pace with whatever degree of inflation the culture runs into. So be 'positive' in your attitude, and

peace of mind will be your reward.

"What do the calamity-howlers want? Do they want us to go back and live in trees? Our escape from nature, great as it is, is but a beginning as compared with the great heights we are yet to attain, once man has perfected science to the point where he can have complete control over his own destiny. Man's ability to develop New Needs is but in its infancy. Just as we progressed from movies to radio and television, so we shall invent the tasties and feelies, not to mention the smellies. We shall have artificial insemination in artificial wombs. We shall perfect our educational mechanisms to the point where, if you want to learn something, instead of the present antediluvian methods of study, with their corresponding wasteful expenditure of energy, you will simply take a pill and acquire the new aptitude by suggestion in your sleep. We'll have a high-class real estate boom on the far side of the moon, with cheap lots on the side that fronts on the backyard view of Earth. And if there is any one still crude enough to sleep soundly enough to snore, science will perfect his bazoo by clamping upon it an Eolian Harp that, in the process of his respiration, will give forth a resonance of heavenly concordances. So enjoy the Great Adventure. And to enjoy it, above all *be positive in your attitude.*"

THE POSITIVE is such a sure-fire slogan, I'm sure that, if the minus sign in mathematics were only now invented, the device would be advocated in the name of *Positive Negativity* (in contrast with the previous absence of this symbol, a past deplorable condition that would be characterized as *Negative Negativity*). Yet I feel positively certain that the full implications of this current stylistic unction (presumably so different from the days when the Ten Commandments were formulated as a code for the guidance of human conduct) are not understood—and above all, these implications (as regards the relations between positives and negatives) are concealed from us when we adopt too "positive" an attitude towards the "promises" of "progress."



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Power and the Relevance of History

**SIX HISTORIANS.** By Ferdinand Schevill. University of Chicago Press. 200 pp. \$5.

**HISTORY IN A CHANGING WORLD.** By Geoffrey Barraclough. University of Oklahoma Press. 246 pp. \$4.

### Pieter Geyl

NO TWO historians of outstanding ability can be more unlike in viewpoint than the late Ferdinand Schevill and Geoffrey Barraclough are shown to be by the two volumes of essays which it is my present task to review.

Shevill's portraits of six historians range in time from Thucydides to Henry Adams. Each writer is approached with discriminating sympathy, assisted by impressive learning. I have been particularly impressed by the essays on Thucydides and on Ranke, but they are all beautifully done. They are also filled with respect and love for history itself, as it is now understood by the majority of professional historians. The writer of history, so Schevill had been insisting for the last twenty years and more of his life, should scrupulously attend to the facts, but he should not therefore imagine that his accounts and interpretations can have the validity of scientific conclusions. Into them there enters, inevitably and rightly, his own time-bound and individual philosophy, his own personality.

Does Schevill, then, range himself on the side of Charles Beard, who challenged the ascendancy of Ranke and of "historicism?" Far from it. To

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claim untrammelled freedom for a philosophy, to make history the servant of progress, or socialism, or whatever, seems to him to debase it. "Historicism" in the true Rankean sense, so he says, was far removed from a naive belief in the possibility of reconstituting the past in objective actuality. It was inspired by a humble reverence for history as the expression of God's will and acquiesced in a recognition of its ultimate mystery. Discard, if you like, the mystic garb; be sure to guard against the moral indifference and political passivity which are undeniably present in Ranke—the basic attitude remains one that enriches and ennobles modern civilization.

PROFESSOR BARRACLOUGH, who for a number of years occupied the chair of mediaeval history at the University of Liverpool, recently succeeded Arnold Toynbee as Research Professor of International History at London University. His essays, fifteen of them and for the most part quite short, give evidence, no less than do those of Schevill, of a vast range of learning. But instead of a firm rooting in the Western cultural tradition, the balance and mellow understanding characteristic of the older man, we find here a restless dissatisfaction with the old ways of historical scholarship, carping—wildly, as it seems to me—at prejudice, convention, antiquated methods, and calling on us to cast all our textbooks onto the dustheap and learn the world's history anew.

For Barraclough, "historicism" is the enemy. Historicism, which sees history as a process of continuity, to which one period is as important as another, by which everything is related, is judged according to time, place, context and environment, etc.—I abridge the eloquent passage. No doubt such tendencies have at times been promoted by historicism, but it seems to me absurd to write as though they constituted the prevail-

ing attitude among historians of the last generation. Historicism is not for me a term of reproach because I regard these demoralizing and deadening kinds of relativism as excrescences. I find its true significance in the fact that it enables us to feel ourselves, not enslaved by the past, but in touch with it—a touch which is invigorating as well as restraining.

But here comes Professor Barraclough to bid us study the periods of crisis, of change and revolution, for continuity is a delusion and we are ourselves in just such a period of crisis, which makes all our inherited notions of the past "irrelevant." What exactly does the new prophet mean? In his introduction he lays much stress on the immorality of historicism, but his own philosophy, as he develops it in a variety of contexts, is not preoccupied with morality or the free choice of the individual, but with power.

Western Europe has lost its dominant position: America, Russia, Asia now make world history. Let us not shrink from the conclusion, then, that we have been wrong all along in picturing to ourselves a world history centering on Europe. So runs Barraclough's argument.

The loss of the dominant position is indisputable, though to suggest that "in the late twentieth or in the twenty-first century Europe is destined to enjoy (if that is the right word) something not unlike the colonial status which in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries it imposed on Africa, much of Asia and the New World," seems to me just shock tactics unworthy of a serious historical argument. But admitting that the dominant position is gone and irretrievable, does it follow that in our views of the past, when the dominant position was undeniable, Europe must no longer be seen as the central force in world affairs?

To me it seems obvious that the peoples of America, Asia and Africa, all of whom have been deeply and permanently affected by the traditions and enterprises of Western Eu-

rope, will for a long time need to study the history of that region in its period of greatness if they want to understand themselves. But it does not seem obvious to Barraclough:

The traditional Europe—the Europe of our history books, the Europe of Louis XIV and Napoleon and Bismarck—is dead and beyond resurrection, and we may disabuse our minds of the illusion that there is any special relevance, from the point of view of contemporary affairs, in studying these neolithic figures.

It was in 1943, when Stalingrad was relieved by the Russians, that Professor Barraclough suddenly awoke to the fact that he had mis-spent his life. Why, he asked himself, had he and all Westerners been so blind to the actual distribution of power? It was because he, who knew a great deal about the machinery of the papal chancery in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, knew nothing of the piasts, the Przemyslids and the Ruriks; because, in short, he knew nothing of Eastern European history. This strikes me as an extraordinarily naive remark. In the first place, why wait until 1943? And although the victory at Stalingrad may have been an unanswerable power pronouncement, was it the natural culmination of a process beginning with the Przemyslids and the Ruriks? One has only to read the story of the 1941 campaign to realize how uncertain were the chances of war and how near Stalin came to ruin. Would we then have had to accept Germany as the true center of world history and re-write everything accordingly?

IT IS not only the decline of Western Europe's world position, it is the rise of Russia and of communism which often makes our "universalists" give way to what I regard as a detestable defeatism with respect to the vitality and prospects of Western society. They are so obsessed with the idea of change that they no longer care to preserve our heritage. Their outlook is akin to that truly revolutionary mentality which Croce, twenty-five years ago, described under the name of "anti-historicism":

That feeling that true history is only about to begin, and that we are

## Sea Monster

We were not even out of sight of land  
That afternoon when we saw it. A good day  
With the sea making but still light. Not  
One of us would have hesitated  
As to where we were, or mistaken the brown  
Cliffs or the town on top. Just after  
The noon watch, it was, that it slid  
Into our sight: a darkness under  
The surface, between us and the land, twisting  
Like a snake swimming or a line of birds  
In the air. Then breached, big as a church,  
Right there beside us. None of us will  
Agree what it was we saw then, but  
None of us showed the least surprise, and truly  
I felt none. What I say, its eyes  
Were like the sea when the thick snow falls  
Onto it with a whisper and slides heaving  
On the gray water. And looked at us  
For a long time, as though it knew us, but  
Did not harm us that time, sinking at last,  
The waters closing like a rush of breath. Then  
We were all ashamed at what we had seen,  
Said it was only a sea-trick or  
A dream we had all had together. As it  
May have been, for since then we have forgotten  
How it was that, on sea or land, once  
We proved to ourselves that we were awake.

W. S. MERWIN

at last escaping from the bonds of false history and struggling into freedom and space.

I used the term "our heritage." *The European Heritage* was the title of a three-volume collective work which appeared in England two or three years ago. Barraclough devotes a largely sarcastic article to it, the title especially moving him to scorn. Though some of his remarks are to the point, his bias appears in the use he makes of Geoffrey Bruun's gloomy description of the state of affairs, especially in France, after the miscarriage of the Revolution of 1848 and of the 1871 Commune: "A runaway technology; the implicit contradiction at the heart of liberal philosophy: the unresolved contradiction between political equality in theory and economic inequality in fact; the confident premises were no more." All this is quoted from Bruun, Barraclough seeming to forget that it is related to one particular period. But the final sentence of the paragraph: "When the end came, old Europe's last breath was a sign of relief, as it concluded the unequal struggle, cast aside its burden, and gave up the ghost," is not based on

Bruun, though the reader must think so.

Has old Europe indeed given up the ghost? One might maintain with greater justice that the twentieth century, which has seen the ruin of Europe's power, has also seen a new proof of the vitality and resourcefulness of its society and civilization—seen it in the welfare state, which has largely resolved the distressing contrasts of the preceding century. But the welfare state comes in for nothing but sneers from Barraclough:

In Russian eyes today [he said in a lecture] western society is a weary decadent society, the relict of a dying bourgeoisie, which has lost faith in itself and is incapable of renewal from within. To you, luxuriating in the manifold delights of the "welfare state," this may seem a curious and perverse judgment.

He does not actually say that he considers the judgment sound, but this is the impression one gathers from his many pronouncements. And indeed he tells us in so many words that our civilization has nothing to look forward to but gradually being superseded by "the coming civilization," of which he can already see



"the dim shape." Elsewhere he holds out the comforting thought that "European values, though they may be modified and re-assessed, will not perish, because they are embedded in both American and Russian civilization."

But he warns us not to think of America as an integral part of Western European civilization. He is at pains, on the contrary, to argue that Russia is more truly of Europe than most of us are inclined to believe. He does not, in fact, seem to find much to choose between America and Russia:

Already the Soviet Union and the

United States have their European satellites; already eastern Europe can only defend itself with Russian help against American domination [!], and western Europe can only defend itself with American aid against Russia.

Power, I said, is the dominant factor in Barraclough's view of the world. Nowhere in his book is there a clear indication of the true nature of the Soviet system in which we are to be glad that "our Western values" are being "embedded." The tendency of this latest prophecy of a historian (in a book, let me add, abounding in acute and stimulating remarks) seems to me pernicious.

## The White-Collar Negro

**BLACK BOURGEOISIE.** By E. Franklin Frazier. The Free Press. 264 pp. \$4.

Everett C. Hughes

**NOBODY**, that is, who the black bourgeoisie of the United States are becoming. So says E. Franklin Frazier, of Howard University, in his introduction. His last line is in the same tone: "The black bourgeoisie suffers from 'nothingness' because when Negroes attain middle-class status, their lives generally lose both content and significance." And this is not a plea by some unreconstructed white person for a return to that Eden where all Negroes were faithful servants and all white men kindly aristocrats. It is the castigation of his racial fellows by an eminent American, whose professional fellows, the sociologists, have justly awarded him their MacIver Prize for *Black Bourgeoisie*.

And what is this *Nothingness* or *Nobody-ness*? One must go back to the beginning of the book for that. The beginning is a very readable, semi-popular social and economic history of Negroes in the United States. In that section the author emphasizes the ups and downs of whatever rudimentary middle class there may have been in each epoch; and there were small ups as well as downs. Landowners, artisans, business and professional men arose in small or moderate number in the South

in quite early times. Some Negroes got to the North and acquired land or city real estate; others found their way up by other means. Frazier tells the story of the migrations and social changes well; if the reader wants it in more detail he should go to Frazier's bigger book, *The Negro in the United States* (1949), of which a revised edition is announced for early publication.

The history leads up to the two main themes. The first of these is that American Negroes have built a great and empty myth that there is such a thing as Negro business and Negro wealth in this country. There is none. The illusion is preserved by a lavish and conspicuous spending of their substance, and then some, by those who do have a little more income than others; and by a Negro press all too willing to cherish the illusion. In fact, there is not much beyond a few beauty and funeral businesses, entertainment, sports and the "policy" racket. The professional people have no very solid clientele; the so-called intellectuals who teach in the Negro colleges often sit in a second-rate security behind the walls of segregation.

The second theme is that of the illusion itself, its causes, and its effects. The causes are racial segregation and discrimination and the humiliation every Negro American has had to suffer and to fear from the moment when the first were landed in North America right down to this moment in 1957. Because of the fairly complete break-down of African social units among the slaves, who were brought as individuals not as families or tribes, the Negroes here built up a completely new life—an American life patterned after that of

the white people around and above them. Imitation and self-hatred, this is the combination to which Frazier attributes the emptiness and the maintenance of false front. At one point he speaks of the Negro as an "exaggerated American." The effect is a sumptuous banality in the lives of those who can afford it, a pompous banality in the lives of those who can't quite, but who fancy themselves as of "society."

As to the economic facts that Frazier presents there can be no doubt. One is tempted to correct the picture a bit by saying that the middle class of any group coming up from below is likely to rise by performing services—or disservices—for their fellows rather than by getting a firm footing in the main industries and businesses of the country. Frazier would answer, and in effect has answered, that in this as in other things, the American Negroes are an exaggerated case.

I DO NOT quarrel with Frazier on any of his points. Nor do I object to his rhetoric, which is that of tearing away the screen of illusion. Yet I think it important that there is a bigger Negro middle class here than anywhere in the world, in number and probably in proportion, in spite of the fact that the race-caste barrier has been stricter here than anywhere except South Africa. In the past few years, the economic base of American Negroes has broadened tremendously. Perhaps there will soon be a new Negro lower middle class of people who work in industry and offices and who will live well but not conspicuously or pretentiously; and who may very probably have children who will have no marks of exaggerated Americanism, good or bad, upon them. Perhaps the integration of churches, schools, colleges, professional services, life of the mind and of the arts, and of just life and work, will take away both the temptation and the possibility for this group of Americans to pursue nothingness more (or less) than other Americans.

And that brings us to the point that permeates every line of the book; that no good ever came of injustice. Every line of it is a ten times more devastating condemnation of discrimination than recounting of material inequalities would be. Jordan River can destroy the body, but not the soul. Frazier seems to be telling us that, in its latter days, the lingering on of discrimination can indeed destroy souls which stood up against the harsher physical oppression of the earlier time. He has not bothered to say what it does to the minds of the white people who are both creators and victims of the racial barrier. There is no

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comfort in the book for any white person who would like to make the weaknesses of Negro Americans an excuse for postponing racial justice to some other day.

Franklin Frazier has devoted his scholarly career to the single problem of race relations. Having written his

big books, full of footnotes and objectivity, he has now written a little book, for all to read, not the less scholarly for being more passionate than the others. Every scholar should do it when he has attained full stature. But that is not quite true: it is just this that brings him to full stature.

## Veteran of the Committee Wars

### *FREEDOM IS AS FREEDOM DOES.*

By Corliss Lamont, with a foreword by Bertrand Russell, and an introduction by H. H. Wilson. Horizon Press. 322 pp. \$3.95.

Irving Dilliard

CORLISS LAMONT has been in the forefront of human rights contests one way or another approximately half his lifetime. Millions of citizens of the United States who do not know his name owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the battles he has fought and is still fighting for them.

But if millions of Americans could not identify this protector of their basic constitutional rights, there are people around the globe who do know Corliss Lamont well and favorably. Bertrand Russell is one of those overseas who appreciates what Corliss Lamont is doing for the cause of freedom here in the United States and hence throughout the world. The celebrated British philosopher has taken the time, at the age of eighty-five, to provide a foreword to the second printing of *Freedom Is as Freedom Does*, which is designed primarily for readers in England.

Excepting "perhaps Holland and Scandinavia," nations generally are liable to waves of hysteria, with varying amounts of damage, Bertrand Russell writes. Listing some of the worst of these manifestations, he notes that there was such a wave in France in 1793 and another during the Dreyfus case in the 1890s. Germany had it "in the worst possible form" in Hitler's time. Russia had it under Stalin.

A youthful nation, the United States has been plagued, so the Briton counts them, with three major outbreaks: in 1798, at the time of the Alien and Sedition Acts; in 1919-20, when A. Mitchell Palmer's "deportations delirium" raids followed World War I; and through much of the last decade, but particularly after the start of the Korean war.

IRVING DILLIARD is editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

The British need not flatter themselves, Bertrand Russell reminds his countrymen. In reading what has happened in the United States in recent years, he feels constantly as if he were reading about England under the Stuarts. Congressional committees "are the counterpart of the Star Chamber." Wisconsin's Senator McCarthy "seems like a reincarnation of Titus Oates." And "the younger Pitt, if he found himself now in Washington, would feel quite at home."

Whether or not Corliss Lamont has felt altogether at home, he has acted on the sound assumption that every citizen ought to do his part in making the home what it should be—and could be. His book tells of the main battles in which he has personally taken part. At the same time, the author attempts to give the reader an over-all survey of the recent "onslaught against the Bill of Rights."

Both purposes are splendid. There have been, as Lamont readily agrees, many first-rate books on special aspects of the current civil liberties crisis—particularly the Cornell University Press's excellent series under direction of Robert E. Cushman. But Osmond K. Fraenkel's *Our Civil Liberties*, published in 1944, remains the last preceding book which attempted to draw together the main lines of attack against individual freedom in the United States.

UNHAPPILY for us all, the task which confronted Corliss Lamont had grown to be a staggering one in the decade and a half since Mr. Fraenkel undertook his inventory. So *Freedom Is as Freedom Does* makes no pretense at being an "encyclopedia of the all-but numberless violations of civil liberties" of recent years. It selects for discussion "a limited number of laws, decrees, investigations, cases and incidents that illustrate the general pattern of repression." The important field of race relations is not treated in the text, but the author notes in his preface that here "there has been genuine though spotty progress."

Corliss Lamont is quite clear in his mind as to why he came under attack by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the first area of personal participation that he describes. It was because he was "a radical in economics and politics, in philosophy and international affairs, and—most unpardonable of all—an advocate of American-Soviet cooperation and of peaceful coexistence between the capitalist and Communist blocs."

Recalling how John E. Rankin of Mississippi, when a member of the committee, yelled at him and otherwise displayed vindictive ill temper, Corliss Lamont expresses the judgment that "Rankin, fortunately no longer a member of Congress, was the most arrogant and abusive public figure I have ever met."

THE House Un-American Activities Committee's contempt citation, voted 240 to 85, was dropped by the United States district attorney in Washington, in March 1947, because he decided it would not hold up in court. The contempt citation voted against Lamont by the McCarthy subcommittee some six years later was pushed through a grand jury and into the courts. Senator McCarthy undertook to question Lamont about his beliefs and the books he had written. The author challenged the jurisdiction of the subcommittee to inquire into a citizen's political opinions, religious ideas, associational activities or any other personal and private affairs. He answered a few questions concerning recorded facts, but declined to reply to most of the McCarthy inquiries. He did not once invoke the Fifth Amendment but gave as his constitutional basis the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of expression.

Although the McCarthy attack brought out a substantial and gratifying support for Corliss Lamont, the Senate almost a year later voted 71 to 3 to cite him for contempt. The three Senators who made the most of the opportunity to vote to curb the McCarthy committee's brazen excesses were Lehman of New York, Chavez of New Mexico and Langer of North Dakota. Some two months later came indictment by a federal grand jury in New York.

The defendant's motion to dismiss the indictment was granted in July 1955 by Federal District Judge Edward Weinfeld largely on the ground that the McCarthy subcommittee had no legal authority to carry on such inquiries. Attorney General Brownell's Justice Department appealed Judge Weinfeld's dismissal only to have the Federal Court



of Appeals unanimously uphold the lower court.

Bookburning, passport trouble, denial of a hall in which to speak—Corliss Lamont has been through these and other civil liberties battles as a participant. Yet the controversy which he recounts that will most disturb many readers he reserved for his final chapter, "The Decline of the American Civil Liberties Union." The thesis here is that the ACLU has had increasing inner stresses, as the pressures mounted on the outside, with the result that it has compromised and weakened its defense of the Bill of Rights.

This reviewer does not have the requisite information for fair appraisal

of this matter, but he can say that no part of a distressing book distresses him more.

Is the tide turning? Corliss Lamont thinks it is to some degree, but that so much ground has been lost in the last ten years that the tide must flow long and powerfully if we are to recover all our freedoms. In short: "McCarthy the man is in eclipse, but McCarthyism remains strongly entrenched throughout the country."

It is not necessary to accept without reservation each of his summaries or all his conclusions to say that Corliss Lamont has given us a book of great value to all who care what happens to freedom in the United States.

is wholly earnest, wholly verbal, is finally unbelievable.

IN DORIS BETT's *Tall Houses in Winter*, love is presented as a flight of memory, a pilgrimage by the hero, dying of cancer, to the southern town where a decade before he had had an affair with his brother's wife, now dead. In its descriptions of love-making, in its evocations of moods which we associate with old houses or with changes of weather and seasons, *Tall Houses in Winter* sometimes has the power to stir our own flights of memory. But the novel joins other good company in not quite making it as a serious piece of fiction. Perhaps the writer is aiming higher than the strength of her imagination will take her. Here is the sort of novel one would be glad to have succeed, but one is left with the unhappy feeling that, despite the calling forth of one's deepest feelings in a few scenes, the fictional world created in *Tall Houses in Winter* is not strong enough to hold together.

IN HOWARD SWIGGETT's *The Durable Fire*, love is presented as mindlessly wholesome, and I confess myself, as a reader of fiction, more at ease with the partially created, adulterous love of *Tall Houses in Winter*. In style and plot, Swiggett's novel recalls *Point of No Return*, though Swiggett lacks Marquand's flickering satirical awareness and has definitely crossed the line into the non-world of popular fiction. The inhabitants of his non-world recognize themselves as alive when they find themselves in a Brooks Brothers' suit, entraining for the office from an acceptable suburb, and late in the afternoon having a cocktail at a university club.

The hero of *The Durable Fire*, Stephen Lowry, aged forty, leaves the foreign service to enter the executive suite of Continental Industries, of Rockefeller City, where a \$35,000 a year salary is mere subsistence. His problem is to remain afloat despite the handicaps of having driven a truck for the Loyalist Relief in Spain, having a latent desire to retire at fifty to write a book, and having a foreign-born wife. Stephen finally arrives as one who has "a vision of the unbounded future of industrial America." He attributes his success to the character-building effects of conjugal love, to the fact that he has watched his wife "get ready for bed three or four thousand times and each time it's like seeing a New-Found-Land."

The only legitimate question to ask of this novel is whether it will outsell *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*.

## Four Views of Love: New Fiction

*THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE*. By John Cheever. Harper & Bros. 307 pp. \$3.50.

*THE SERAGLIO*. By James Merrill. Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. \$3.95.

*TALL HOUSES IN WINTER*. By Doris Betts. Putnam. 383 pp. \$4.50.

*THE DURABLE FIRE*. By Howard Swiggett. Houghton Mifflin. 366 pp. \$4.50.

David L. Stevenson

JOHN CHEEVER'S *The Wapshot Chronicle* is a specialty number, an adult entertainment tenuously but amiably held together by its author's casual wit. In part, it is a series of loosely related sketches of the more eccentric members of the Wapshot family, living and dead, who have inhabited the New England town of St. Botolphs since 1630.

In the main, though, it is a rather aloof look at the fretful anxieties and the pleasant rewards of sex—both as they are recorded in his journal and mulled over by the somewhat lecherous, present-day Leander Wapshot, and as they are experienced by Leander's two sons, Moses and Coverly.

Reviewers' adjectives of praise have begun to pile up around *The Wapshot Chronicle*, and I find myself in disagreement with only one. Both Jean Stafford in her dust-jacket comments and Carlos Baker in *The Saturday Review* refer to the novel as "gamy." I think this word misses the point. Leander's debaucheries and his terse des-

cription of them, Moses' sentimental journeys across the roof tiles of his aunt's Victorian castle to assignations with Melissa, and Coverly's temporary fright, when his wife leaves him, that he is a homosexual virgin, completely lack the flavor of the smoking-room story. They rather illustrate Cheever's wry and compassionate view of human behavior. Cheever insists that we take a cosmic point of view toward love. And it is his great achievement, in *The Wapshot Chronicle*, that we find ourselves (in his company) for once outside the clinic, in the open air, taking the complexities of sex in a cheerful, twentieth-century stride.

NOT SO in James Merrill's first novel, *The Seraglio*. He is very earnest about the nature of love. His story of Francis Tanning who must compete for his identity as a male against a father who is enormously powerful because of his wealth, and who is fanatically besieged by his wives and mistresses, is a Freudian diagram enlarged to the shape of a novel. As the father takes on a new wife, the son attempts to castrate himself, to shear away his need to do further battle.

The conversation in Merrill's book is convincing, and here and there one of his scenes comes beautifully alive. But a disintegrating air of unreality prevades his seraglio. One has the feeling that his characters are engaged in a diverting charade, and that sex, for them, is something one merely talks about. They remain disembodied after the fashion of the characters in Eliot's *Cocktail Party*. One can no more imagine one of them crawling across tiles to a tryst than one can imagine Eliot's Lavinia in the arms of her lover. A novel about love which

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## LETTER from CEYLON

Paul Bowles

JUST what would one's first impressions of Ceylon be? Mine were formed a little over seven years ago, but although the country has changed considerably since then, very likely I should notice the same details today: fireworks, flags and lanterns of festival time, thousands of clowning and chattering crows, Christmas-tree bulbs strung through the branches of the trees, catamarans like primitive wooden sculptures beached on the sand, zebus pulling enormous painted carts, umbrella-shaped shrines in the Buddhist temple precincts, the Sinhalese with their frail bodies and betel-stained lips and, more than all the rest put together, the reckless luxuriance of the vegetation. It is hard to visualize any scene here without its backdrop of trees, so completely do they dominate the landscape. They are always there, the vast rain-trees and the ancient bô-trees with their quivering sequin-like leaves, the bread-fruits and the jaks, the abnormally tall cocos (in the neighborhood of my home they grow to eighty feet) and the incredibly thin areca palms. If there were no verdure more noteworthy than the tea bushes and the rubber trees, the countryside would be rather more monotonous than most.

Ceylon has no true rain forest such as you see in South America; that is a phenomenon too forbidding to be thought of in purely esthetic terms. Here, on the contrary, no matter how primeval the scene, you have the feeling that it has been studiously arranged to please the eye: once you leave the city, any vista looks like part of a lavish botanical garden. If you go to the Yala Game Preserve you get the same impression with regard to the animals. At sunset you can come upon a score of elephants at a water hole half a mile away, but if you want to photograph them you must do it from inside your car, since for safety's sake it is forbidden to circulate in the area without a tracker, whose principal function is to see that no one under any circumstances ever gets out of his automobile. In the final analysis you feel as though you were in a tremendous zoo whose inmates had been placed there for your amusement. The rogue elephants and buffaloes are dangerous enough; it is not uncommon for a car to be attacked and its occupants

injured or even killed. But knowing this does not change the impression you get of being in a place which for some reason seems artificial. Perhaps it is because a few miles outside the sanctuary you see what look like the same buffaloes working placidly in the paddy-fields, and very similar elephants moving slowly along the roads, tinkling their bells, being led and talked to by their mahouts. As for the leopards and bears, you're lucky if you find even the footprints of one outside the kitchen of the circuit bungalow when you wake up in the morning.

Friends in Ceylon used to insist that if I liked tea I must never visit a tea-factory. And it is true that the coolies walk in with cow-dung on their bare feet and shuffle through the heaps of tea, and that from then on the tea is in no way sterilized before it reaches your cupboard. However, I still drink it with as much enthusiasm as ever. There is a local brand, called Tangana, which is quite the best I have ever tasted.

You hear a good deal of talk these days about plans to nationalize the tea industry. About ten million rupees have been spent in acquiring several estates and setting them in motion on a cooperative basis. The aim is not so much to raise the living standard of the workers as it is to keep the money in Ceylon. And it is no surprise to be told by the planters that estate land for which the government pays nine hundred rupees an acre is "really" worth three thousand.

Tea-growing used to be a highly remunerative occupation here for the man with the capital to acquire a few hundred acres of land. Let us suppose you have a small to middling estate of four hundred acres of tea; you will need five hundred laborers to work them, and you will get approximately four hundred thousand pounds of tea each year from your bushes. Yet each plant, which is picked every fifteen days throughout the year, gives only four and a half ounces per picking. This means that the picker, who is paid according to the number of pounds she can gather in a day, must move fast. It is significant that the people who perform this poorly paid work are not only Tamils, but Tamil women. No particular skill is required; the picker needs only to recognize what is called the "soap leaf" on each stem, and count upward from there in order to take exactly the right leaves. The same plant can give five different grades of tea,

depending on the size of the leaves, which are put through sieves of varying mesh; the best Ceylon variety is Broken Orange Pekoe. Tea-processing is simple; from plant to cup can take as little as twenty-four hours, although thirty hours are recommended. Tea is everyone's drink here; at each little station on a local train, vendors hand it up through the windows to the passengers. Alcoholic drinks are more difficult. There is a great deal of legislation about how, where and when arak and toddy can be sold. (These two Ceylon institutions are analogous to Mexico's tequila and pulque respectively; the difference is that they are made from the areca palm rather than from the maguey plant.) Imported drinks are for the very rich; a fifth of gin costs \$8.20 in U. S. currency. Ceylon is no longer a cheap country for the tourist. On each of my five visits I have found prices higher, until this time hotel rates and meals are double what they were in 1950, although both the official and the black-market rate of the dollar have remained the same.

ON the front page of this morning's *Daily News*, ("Largest Circulation in Ceylon") appears an article bewailing the fact that anti-Chou posters cropped up here and there in the streets on the eve of Chou En-lai's arrival in Colombo. "Who could have been responsible, when almost all political parties approved of this visit? Could it have been done through some foreign agency?" demands the *News*. This xenophobia is ridiculous; not native to the average man, it is being carefully manufactured, along with the rabid intolerance of non-Buddhist citizens, by the demagogues of the moment. It is, of course, mistrust directed solely at the West. According to the editors, China is the greatest Buddhist nation in the world. Says the *Times of Ceylon*, (today's edition) "Ideological differences need not stand in the way of political and economic co-operation." But the *Times* does not go on to say whether the ideological differences are religious or social; obviously they are not political. Today's *Ceylon Observer* reminds its readers that Wendell Willkie was dazzled by Chou's personal charm to the point of writing: "If this man is a Communist, I say, let's have more of them."

Everyone seems to agree that there are no Moscow-trained Ceylonese in the local Communist Party. It is an intimate, provincial affair, in which the leaders themselves will appear with their wives on the scene of a strike and give out handbills to the passers-by. A characteristic note was struck a few years ago in Matara, a Communist stronghold

PAUL BOWLES is on his way to Kenya, from where he will send *The Nation* another of his reports.



on the south coast, when party members, on learning of the defeat of their candidate, shaved off their eyebrows as a token of mourning. Another Ceylonese political oddity is the existence of the Lanka Sama Samaja, a Trotskyist Party which is an active influence in the political life of the land. Since I first arrived I have been assured many times over that a wedding between the local Third and Fourth Internationals was imminent, but since the latter is still around, it would appear that the announcement was only an expression of wishful thinking by the former.

THE organization running the country at present, called the Mahajana Eksath Peramuna, or M. E. P., is a coalition group which at the time of its formation gathered into one pile most of the disaffected elements of Ceylon's political life, including the Sri Lanka, (Bandaraike's own Socialist group) the Sama Samaja and the Communist Parties. There was great discontent with the conservative United National Party, which had held power since the beginning of the independent regime. The very fact that its official name is in English rather than in Sinhalese is considered to indicate its orientation. By the time the U. N. P.'s Sir John Kotelawala had reached the end of his term, he had managed to alienate just about everyone in the country (if for a variety of opposing reasons); even so, the landslide accorded to the M. E. P. with Bandaranaike as candidate came as a big surprise to everyone, perhaps most of all to the victors, who were incompletely prepared to take over the responsibilities of government.

An employee of CARE, which is administering an extensive school-lunch program here at the moment, tells me it is not an uncommon occurrence for him to arrive at an isolated country school whose master casually confides to him that his salary has not been paid for the better part of a year. "How do you live?" the American asks. "I borrow," says the schoolmaster. "People will lend because I work for government. Presently government will pay." Each time the American has checked with the Department of Education on such a case, he has discovered that the poor schoolmasters are quite wrong; procrastination is not at all the reason why their checks have not come through. They have been teaching in schools which do not appear on any official list; the Board of Education has not even been aware that their schools existed. The CARE man adds that at the time of the switch of government a good many records were lost or destroyed, sometimes by design, in

order to make the incoming group's task the more onerous — a bit of spitefulness which turned out to be largely gratuitous, inasmuch as the disparity between the M.E.P.'s grandiose Utopian promises and its record of achievement is fast becoming all too clear even to M. E. P. enthusiasts. There is a widespread conviction now that the U. N. P. (not headed by Kotelawala) will take over at the time of the next elections, if not before — i.e., in the event the present government falls. But it looks as though there will be some very difficult terrain to cross before then. Those who assume that it will be possible for the country to step back peacefully into pre-M. E. P. conditions would seem to show a certain lack of imagination.

There is little of the much-touted non-violence of the Indian in the Sinhalese. It would be difficult, for instance, to imagine him adopting the strategy of satyagraha: his emotional responses are too much like our own. Fortunately he has a natural civility and a capacity for tolerance which have not yet been totally destroyed by his politicians. But he does not take kindly to the presence of Europeans in Ceylon — a natural reaction to centuries of exploitation by outsiders. The visitor who is not an obvious tourist making the traditional tourist's pilgrimages to Anuradhapura, Polonnaruwa, Kandy and Sigiriya will find himself the object of a constantly repeated inquisition, conducted by complete strangers and in a manner not necessarily altogether friendly. "What do you want? What are you doing in Ceylon? Why have you come here?" The government's attitude is similar; it loves to play tough with visitors, particularly American ones. I may have been lucky all these years, but the fact remains that no other government has happened to slap me into a concentration camp (the local euphemism is "screening camp") for forty-eight hours because through a self-admitted technical error made by its own consular service my visa was not valid. Nor, save in Ceylon, have I ever been stripped naked by customs inspectors while their assistants fingered the seams of my garments. In the first instance they told me I was suspected of being an international spy. "But spying for whom?" I insisted. "Spying for International," said the camp's temporary director (his boss was on holiday). In the second instance they were looking for sapphires and rubies. In both cases they went about their business impersonally and with deadly seriousness.

Through all the years of Portuguese and Dutch occupation the interior of

the country remained independent and hostile to invaders. It was only in 1815 that the British finally managed to conquer the last King of Kandy; the tradition of independence never had time to be totally extinguished. Spirit is not lacking, but the need now is for a program of internal cohesion, a rational attempt to achieve some kind of unity. There are other dangers to the autonomy of the country besides the obvious one of Communist domination. The more literary-minded Sinhalese used to say: "Ceylon is like a tear-drop falling from the face of India." They don't say it any more. It is too likely to become a political truth. The fierce nationalism inspired by this realization engenders religious chauvinism under which Buddhists prosper at the expense of Hindus, Moslems and Christians; it also gives rise to discriminatory laws aimed precisely at the Tamils — the minority group from whose indirect retaliation via India Ceylon has the most to fear. Outbreaks of violence such as last year's tragic massacre at Gal Oya or this year's fatal Independence Day riots in the towns of the Tamil-inhabited northern and eastern regions thus become an inevitable concomitant of governmental policy. No one religious group is confined to any single section of the country; in each town you will find Hindu temples, Mosques, and both Catholic and Protestant churches as well as the sacred Buddhist vihara. Pilgrims to sanctuaries like Adam's Peak and the unforgettable jungle shrine of Kataragama include members of all cults. For centuries it has been the custom of the land for divergent faiths to be practiced side by side in the harmony provided by mutual tolerance. The necessity of enforcing a continuation of this custom, and enforcing it at all costs, ought to be self-evident, if any semblance of unity within the nation is to be maintained.

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# TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

"IT isn't the way I dreamt it, Mom." My small daughter's firm rejection of *Cinderella*, last week's ninety-minute musical extravaganza, was echoed by a half-dozen young viewers. "It's not a fairy story anymore." "The stepmother isn't mean enough." "Julie doesn't seem to be really sad." "What's the matter with the sisters—are they feeble-minded or something?" By the second commercial, indignation gave way to boredom. Soon the fairy tale on the screen was competing, in our living room, with a tussle on the floor, a bowl of popcorn and the Sunday papers. Thus the young tossed away the half-million dollar CBS production. The fact that Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote the music and book, that their adored Julie Andrews was the star, that an expert cast was performing in lavish settings did not redeem the show. To them, as to many older viewers, it was a resounding, disappointing flop.

What happened to the fairy story that has held certain enchantment for many generations of dreamers? Maybe the fairy godmother gave her baton one twirl too many to turn the tale into a real life drama with all the subtlety of a comic strip. Somebody certainly gave the gossamer quality the axe. I suspect that the bosses decided to keep the story line but "adapt it for TV." Make it new, Hammerstein, make it different. Give it the witty, satirical touch, the worldly, sophisticated know-how. But don't forget, thirty millions will be watching. We've got to be sure they all understand the story and we don't want to offend anyone. Hammerstein's adaptation did all that. For the timid-hearted, he so blurred the villainy of the stepmother and stepsisters that the former became a daffy Ilka Chase; the latter, cartoons too stupid to be either amusing or wicked, with an assortment of bovine noises which would be vulgar in cows. He invented a Beatrice Lillie-Marilyn Monroe cross to impersonate the fairy godmother, added an insipid king and Billie Burke-ish queen whose dialogue would scare a much stronger man than their son away from marriage.

Explaining the complexities of the plot was quite a trick, especially as the dramatic line had to allow for song pockets, interjected at regular intervals en route from fireplace to palace. Rodgers and Hammerstein were thorough. "The Prince is giving a ball!" announced

a royal herald, "The Prince is giving a ball!" echoed the happy townspeople. I lost count of how many times the great news was repeated before reaching its climax in a song entitled "The Prince Is Giving a Ball." And when it came to justifying the hit tune of the show—"Do I love you because you're wonderful, or are you wonderful because I love you?"—the Prince and Cinderella did a masterful job. "Let's look back over our history together," he said, explaining that he had to understand why. Not Cinderella. Staunch member of the second sex, she explained, with a trill, "But I don't know why—I'm a gurrll" (Professor Higgins would have winced).

The production did nothing to lighten the dragging treatment. One expected that imagination with sets and lighting and camera tricks would make a fairy land, but all the screen showed was crowded pretension. "Oh, how I love this room!" said Cinderella, admiring what appeared to be a large closet with a fake fireplace. And the ball—the huge glorious ball—was squeezed into a long-ish hallway, presumably in a sub-basement since the only entrance was down a long steep flight of steps. True, the special effects department came through with some honest-to-God white mice and a pumpkin that did turn into a perfect coach—but we were allowed to see that wonder for only a few seconds.

Even the enchanting, light-hearted Julie Andrews—whose special brand of gayety soars so happily through *My Fair Lady*—did poorly as the cinder maid. Puppet-like, she dashed from position to position, postured, closed her eyes tight (to demonstrate wishing for and/or being in love), seemed constricted by the set and always conscious of the camera. Her songs were faultlessly delivered—with no discernible feeling. Jon Cypher was a bit better as the prince, although his performance had the same mechanical quality. The whole performance was rigid.

*Cinderella* was a most imperfect union of Broadway and television, the Rodgers and Hammerstein genius being thoroughly lost in the living room. And the more lavish the production became, the further it turned from the dream that everyone has dreamed. Perhaps nobody at CBS watched NBC's *Mayerling*. If they had, they might have been forewarned to keep their eye on the essence of the story and let the pro-

duction complement it, not swallow it in magnificence. Should it really cost a million dollars to tell a couple of love stories, even if one is a fairy-tale love story? *The Great Sebastians*, on NBC the night after *Cinderella*, gave the answer. It allowed the Lunts to rollick through the Lindsay-Crouse play, with the simplest of settings and an unobtrusive cast. The production was effectively scaled to the intimacy and informality of the home screen, and in this case a very light yarn was more effective on TV than it had been on Broadway. Super-magnificence is too rich for TV's blood. In spoils its fluidity, its imagination, and leaves it groaning with the effort of conspicuous waste. Viewers want to dream a little over their screens. It's hard to dream in the face of rhinestone bedazzlement.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

April 14 through 16

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 14

**ALL ABOUT MUSIC (ABC).** Second in a three-part series with Milton Cross as host. "Country Music" is the subject today; next week, jazz.

**AIR POWER (CBS).** Also part two of a trilogy, this one dealing with early days of Korean War and first appearance of American jet fighter.

**ODYSSEY (CBS).** Timeless of subject, "A Pilgrimage to Mecca," may help to rescue this shaky series. Film of the Holy City has rarely been seen by non-Moslems.

**MEDICAL HORIZONS (ABC).** "Blue Print for Epilepsy" will come from Los Angeles Guided Missile Defense Plant which is completely manned by epileptics, under supervision of UCLA Medical Center and the Veterans' Hospital.

**NOTHING TO LOSE (NBC; Alcoa Hour).** An attempted prison break and a knowing warden, played by Ralph Bellamy.

Monday, April 15

**THE RICE SPROUT SONG (CBS; Studio One).** Drama of contemporary China, adapted from a novel by Eileen Chang, directed by Sydney Lumme, produced by Herbert Brodtkin.

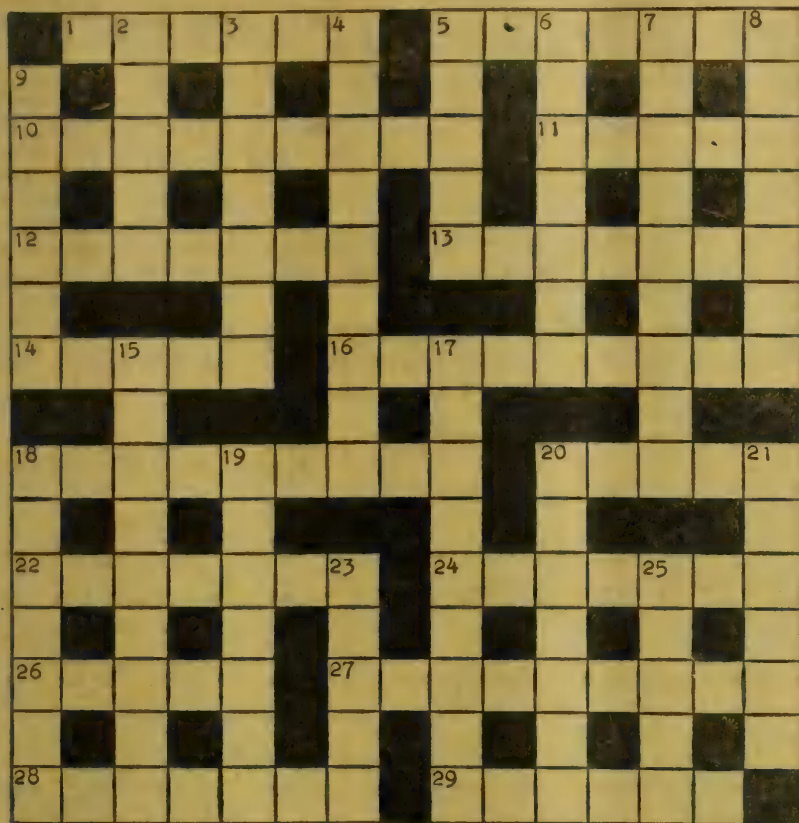
Tuesday, April 16

**SLOW ASSASSINATION (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre).** Subtitle — "Peron vs. La Prensa."



# Crossword Puzzle No. 719

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 5 across Is this a cry of London? (4, 2, 3, 4)
- 10 Proving I invent an authentic snake-bite remedy. (9)
- 11 See 22 across
- 12 Fatherly characterizations given by or to trusted individuals. (7)
- 13 A lover of Wagner. (7)
- 14 When applied to the ball of 16, it's the country type, as most balls are. (5)
- 16 Resistance, apparently. (9)
- 18 Aline a rug in a rather painful manner. (9)
- 20 Whole meal, perhaps, or just part of it. (5)
- 22 and 11 across Searching for the document? (It's useful in obtaining a copy.) (7, 5)
- 24 Some try to grow rich on this account. (7)
- 26 It might be material that I'm in love, and all broken up! (5)
- 27 Certainly a malevolent act. (4-5)
- 28 A logical place for retreat. (7)
- 29 Volunteer to be silent. (6)

## DOWN:

- 2 and 18 down They presumably involve an election, and change the character of the local inhabitants. (12)
- 3 Made the evening complete? (7)
- 4 and 25 down What the manicurist might be doing, of no little

value to the carpenter. (9, 5)

- 5 This can be held either way. (5).
- 6 The score is indistinguishable after bringing me back to the piano recently vacated. (7)
- 7 Compete in full strength? Quite the opposite! (9)
- 8 Not exactly angered by disorder. (7)
- 9 A rather large number in 11 indulge this way. (6)
- 15 Would a loud one be described as a howling success? (9)
- 17 Certainly not the smoke of battle. (5, 4)
- 18 See 2 down
- 19 Food full of citric acid in the middle and formic acid in the outside. (7)
- 20 A man is suggestive as to how the old sewing machine worked. (7)
- 21 Implying the medical man is nervous, and used to drag. (6)
- 23 Transient illumination. (5)
- 25 See 4 down

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 718

ACROSS: 1 SHIP OF THE LINE; 10 TRAIN; 11 LALLATION; 12 NOTEBOOKS; 13 TAHOE; 14 and 2 A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH; 19 and 22 THIRTY-SECOND RESTS; 24 POLICEMAN; 25 EGOTISTIC; 26 NOTES; 27 INCONSISTENCY; DOWN: 3 PENOBSCOT; 4 FOLLOWERS; 5 HOLDS; 6 LEAST; 7 NAILHOLE; 8 STINT; 9 ENFEOFF; 15 NECKLACES; 16 INNOCENCE; 17 STARTED; 18 DIES DOWN; 20 EMETIC; 21 ANISE; 23 SLIGO; 24 PUTTS.

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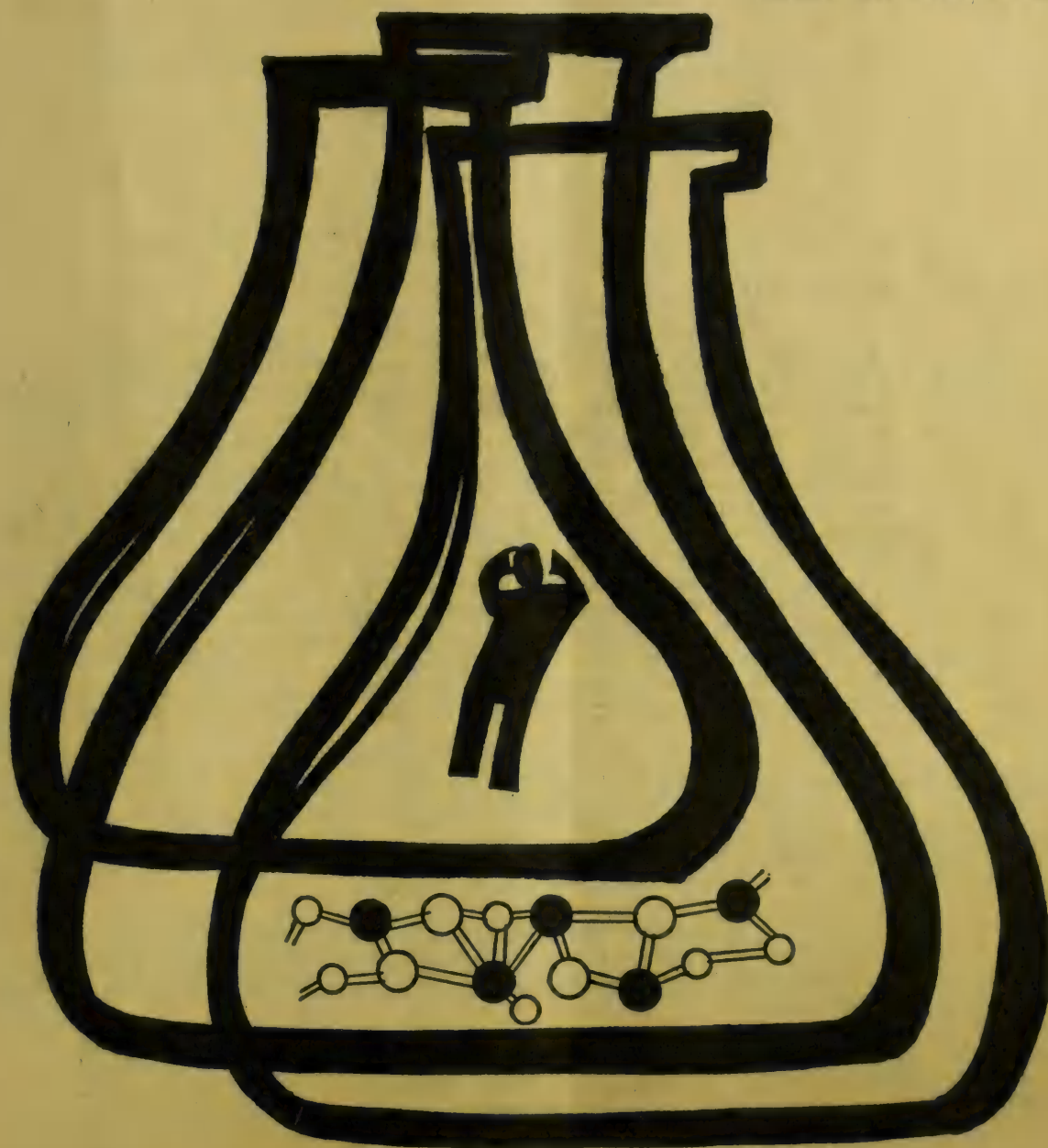
## About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at \$10.50.



THE  
**NATION**

APRIL 20, 1957 . . 25c



**MOLECULES and MENTAL ILLNESS**

New Era in Medical Research . . by *Gene Marine*

# A Letter Smuggled Out of Chile

The following is a reproduction of a letter received from The Nation's Latin American correspondent, Claudio Veliz of Santiago, Chile. Mr. Veliz was foreign editor of Ultima Hora, Santiago daily, and the director of the South American News Distribution Association,

an English-language news service with headquarters in the Chilean capital. The letter is addressed to Carey McWilliams, The Nation's editor.

See also editorial on opposite page for some of the background to recent events in Chile.

## SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS DISTRIBUTION ASSOCIATION

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CABLES: "SANDANEWS"

Santiago, April 3rd, 1957.

Dear Mr. McWilliams,

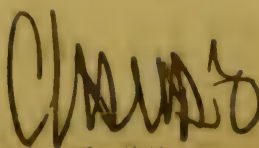
please forgive extreme haste. I am writing this note from a friends house where I am hiding from police. Last night, police and troops attacked our newspaper offices, destroyed our linotypes and rotaries and demolished all other equipment. Three of our ~~men~~ were shot and a dozen are injured seriously. Troubles started last week with a raise in public transport fares decreed by the government. This ~~was an~~ extremely unpopular move and student riots followed. Police repression of these was so brutal and ill-advised that indignation increased instead of diminishing. Monday night a young medicine student (girl, 22 years old) was shot dead by a trigger happy cop who managed to place five carbine bullets in her pelvis. When this was published next day in the morning papers, the crowds ran wild. Students staged a march through the downtown area while thousand of onlookers encouraged them from office buildings and roof tops. In the afternoon, the shooting started. The mob attacked the cops with stones and sticks and they answered with heavy fire. The battle lasted two hours. Score: eighteen civilians dead and 276 injured.

Last night (3:30 AM) a police detachment armed with machine guns and supported by troops attacked Ultima Hora. (our Monday evening edition had been pretty frank about what was going on) They shot three of our technicians - one of them will probably die this afternoon and they proceeded to destroy all of our equipment including the typewriters. Now arrest warrants are out for the staff.

I am sorry this is so jumbled up. Please try and give us a hand with a short editorial note. The death of Ultima Hora means that the only independent, non-communist paper in Chile is dead. A great victory for general Ibañez.

This letter has a slim chance of getting through. I am giving it to a friend in the post office who thinks he can manage it. The city is under martial law and I can't cable.

Saludos from your friend,





## EDITORIALS

## The World Will Watch

The letter reproduced on the opposite page tells its own dramatic story. *The Nation* has since received another communication from Santiago, this one unsigned, which makes several additional significant points. On the very day police and soldiers destroyed the equipment of the Horizon Publishing Company, which houses the *Ultima Hora* offices, the newspaper was scheduled to print an appeal by the Chilean Popular Front, a coalition of left-wing parties, calling on students and workers to cease their violent demonstrations against the government. The paper's editors and the Popular Front leaders feared that continuation of the demonstrations would play into the hands of government agents provocateurs and bring about savage retaliation (it must give the editors little satisfaction, now, to know how right they were). Furthermore, by destroying the Horizon equipment, the Ibanez government has crushed the entire opposition left-wing press with one blow. The magazines *Golpe*, *Vistazo* and *Entretelones*, as well as the newspapers *El Espectador* and *El Siglo*, were all printed on the Horizon presses. With the exception of the Communist *El Siglo*, these were non-Communist, independent publications.

Within ten days, then, the Chilean government could credit itself with the following accomplishments: eighteen civilians shot dead, 276 injured, six opposition newspapers destroyed, twenty-eight journalists arrested and scores more in hiding, and the rest of the country's press and radio placed under strait-jacket censorship. Not content with this, the government is now seeking—and considering the right-wing nature of the Chilean parliament, is likely to get—emergency powers which will place Chile as firmly in the hands of President Ibanez as Spain ever was in the hands of Franco.

President Ibanez is an old hand at this kind of game. In 1938, as leader of the Chilean Nazi party, he engineered a Nazi coup d'état which was subsequently repudiated by the Chilean people at the polls. He was elected president in 1952 with the help of the Agrarian Labor Party, an offspring of the country's pre-war Nazi party.

The world will hold President Ibanez and his regime directly responsible for what happens to Claudio Veliz

and his colleagues of *Ultima Hora*. In this, the American press can play an important role, as it did in the ultimate rehabilitation of another great South American newspaper, *La Prensa*, which had been shut down by Peron.

## Nasser Holds the Aces

Washington

The United States has failed to cajole Egypt into a satisfactory Suez settlement. In the latest round of Washington-Cairo negotiations, we have been trying to persuade Egyptian President Nasser to share responsibility with the Canal's users in four fields: fixing the tolls; giving the Canal's operational rules the character of an international agreement rather than that of Egyptian dicta; impartial arbitration of disputes; accumulation of an ample fund for widening and deepening the waterway.

With some reason, Nasser suspects that the users would in time turn cooperation into domination. So he has been intent throughout to impress on the world that Egypt is in charge and means to keep things that way. Since we rejected a solution by armed force, we and the other users appear almost ready to give a reluctant yes to Nasser's terms.

Yes, but, that is. Led by the United States, the principal users are preparing three methods to insure against Nasser's abuse of his power over the Canal. First, the Western governments will urge shippers to throttle their Suez traffic. Second, plans will be pressed for building alternative pipeline routes. Third, the users will vastly enlarge the number of super-tankers.

Unfortunately for the West, each of these means of minimizing the Canal's importance suffers from defects. Thus:

1. It's all very well for France to urge a boycott of the Suez waterway, as she has been doing. But which oil companies or other traders can afford to choose the long route around the Cape if their competitors take the Suez short-cut?

2. Two pipelines are envisaged. One would extend across Israel from Elath to Haifa; the French are far advanced in their plans to finance and help build it. A serious weakness of the project is the refusal of all Arab oil-producing countries to supply petroleum to

Israel. The only other effective source is Iran. But the Iranians, while ready to provide enough for Israel's small domestic needs, are unwilling to ship oil to Israel for re-export. This alone is enough to wreck the idea of a trans-Israel pipeline as an alternative to Suez. Furthermore, the State Department regards the plan as a provocation to the Arabs.

The other and incomparably more ambitious plan envisages a pipeline from the Mosul and Kirkuk fields of Iraq across Turkey to the Turkish Mediterranean port of Iskenderun. If enough capital could be mobilized, pipeline forks would be laid to Kuwait and Iran. However, Iraq has been opposing it. It would put the Iraqi at the mercy of their relatively strong Turkish neighbor. And by condemning to insignificance the present Iraqi pipeline through Syria, it would arouse the bitter enmity of Damascus.

The international oil companies, interested in the plan, do not take Iraq's refusal as final. But even among the big oil concerns, opinion is divided. Cost of constructing the Iraq-Turkey pipeline with branches to Iran and Kuwait would probably exceed \$500,000,000. The petroleum firms regard the Turks as fairly reliable. They would insist on international treaties guaranteeing their rights and investments in this venture. Yet they know that the lines would be vulnerable in war.

3. The vulnerability of pipelines is one reason why the interested governments and oil giants are inclining more and more to super-tankers. Some of these might be sunk in war, but others would get through. With some 45,000,000 deadweight tons of tankers afloat, almost 30,000,000 tons are on order. Others are continuing to be placed at an average rate of about 2,000,000 tons a month. The snag in this program, and another temporary stroke of luck for Nasser, is that a tanker ordered in the United States today will be delivered only three years from now, while the lag in European shipyards is four years (see Suez: The Indispensable Ditch, *The Nation*, March 23).

The Suez Canal users' answer to the Egyptian dictator will probably be a combination of all three

methods: curtailment of Suez traffic; new pipelines; vast new armadas of tankers of 65,000 tons each, or more. Thanks to its grip on the Canal, Egypt nevertheless seems assured of a key position in the world's economy at least for several years ahead.

## This Man Should Go

Robert Morris should resign as counsel for the Senate Internal Security Committee. But should he fail to resign—he appears to be quite without shame—the committee should dismiss him. And if the committee does not recognize the necessity for his removal, the Senate should act. Apologies for his behavior will not suffice. Robert Morris should not be associated with any phase of the government of the United States. (See Harold Greer's article, p. 339 of this issue.)

## The Logic of Peace

The British White Paper on Defense is a refreshing document. In a single bold statement, the MacMillan government has announced important cuts in military manpower, a drastic switch to atomic-missile defense, curtailment of global garrisons, the ending of conscription and the banishment of battleships. The conclusions follow quite logically from the premise that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the whole country against the consequences of nuclear attack; hence the over-riding consideration must be to prevent war rather than to prepare for it. The impact of the report stems not from the conclusions, radical as they are, but from Britain's decision to restore the rule of logic in public policy—a shocking notion to statesmen who have been governed by the blind illogic of fear for over a decade.

Throughout the cold-war years, Western military planning—and general strategy—have been dictated by the logic of a revolutionary military technology. The new weapons have made us their prisoners. As each new "ultimate weapon" has been projected—A-bomb, H-

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bomb, guided missile—negotiations have been suspended until the latest series of the latests tests could be staged, regardless of the dangers or the consequences. Each test, like each innovation, has simply added to the existing tensions. Today we stand on the threshold of the era of guided missiles and the same fantasy-ridden minds are assuring us that over-all strategy and world policy must be determined by the technology of the latest “ultimate weapon.” But beyond the missile another phase already looms: the contest to control outer space. There is no end to the process. For what Washington knows today, Moscow will know tomorrow. Neither side can hope to triumph in the technological encounter nor to control the process itself. Hence the folly of permitting a logic-of-weapon to replace a logic-of-peace. Sooner or later other European powers will join Britain’s revolt against the nightmare illogic of the cold war and, eventually we, too, will be driven to acknowledge that the new weapons should not dictate policy. The shape of things to come in the weapon field must remain, of course, an important phase of strategic planning, but it cannot be the prime determinant.

## New Program for Foreign Aid

The new program on foreign aid outlined in Mr. Dulles’ statement on April 8 has two conspicuous merits. The Administration now proposes to establish a special development fund, sufficient for several years, so that it will not be necessary to keep returning to Congress for additional authorizations. Of greater significance is the proposal to sharpen the distinction between military and economic assistance by making military aid part of the regular Department of Defense budget, where it properly belongs. A recent Senate report on The Military Assistance Program calls attention to the widespread belief of program administrators that requests for economic aid run the risk of being regarded by Congress as “giveaways” and the like, whereas it is always easier to get Congress to appropriate funds for military purposes (“placing arms in the hands of allies to meet a common threat is a policy of such patent self-interest . . . that there is apt to be less confusion over motives”). But the surprisingly favorable reception accorded the remodeled program would indicate that Congress, like the public, appreciates candor in such matters. If the Administration wants a foreign economic-aid program it should ask for it; there is no point in asking for tanks when you want tractors or requesting tractors when you really mean tanks. If the new program meets with Congressional approval, the Administration should adopt the principle of “collective bargaining” in extending aid—an important component of a sound policy. But already, as Mr. W. H. Davis pointed out in our issue of April 6, the foreign-aid picture is beginning to come into clearer focus.

April 20, 1957

## The Red-Eyed Censors

In that sub-moral Murk where the red-eyed Censors live, nothing ever changes. There is no light, no progress, no thought. There are only words—dirty words. And dirty words are bad. A letter from the publisher of City Lights Books in San Francisco tells us:

. . . the U.S. Customs in San Francisco has just seized the Second Edition of Allen Ginsberg’s *Howl and Other Poems*, Pocket Poets Series No. 4. It was on its way to us from our British printer, Villiers Press.

According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, it was seized by Customs Inspector Chester McPhee with the statement that it is “obscene” and “not fit for children,” an interesting statement considering the recent Michigan decision. This official evidently considers himself not within the jurisdiction of the United States.

. . . I intend to fight the case in the courts.

Now *The Nation’s* review of this book (Feb. 23, 1957) did not give it unqualified praise. Nevertheless, the review said that the poet “has brought a terrible psychological reality to the surface with enough originality to blast American verse a hair’s-breadth forward.” Granting that the poems exploit the “vocabulary of obscenity,” enough other poets and critics have testified to the serious purpose of this writer—whatever his success—to take his work out of the class of deliberate pornography. Mr. Ginsberg’s book contains an introduction by a distinguished elder poet, William Carlos Williams. It has been printed by a reputable press with a special interest in unconventional but genuine new poetry. It is not the place of customs or police officials to determine the moral bearings of such work.

## Competition in Truce-Breaking

Washington

President Syngman Rhee of South Korea is the man who made that shocking speech before a joint session of the House and Senate here on July 28, 1954. On that occasion he proposed that we end the Korean armistice, go to war against Red China and hope for Soviet intervention. Such intervention, he explained, would justify the American air force in destroying Soviet centers of production.

It is timely to recall the speech. For the Eisenhower Administration is considering a strengthening of South Korea’s twenty divisions as well as the two American divisions still stationed there. Certain State Department officials, to their credit, have been questioning the wisdom of the proposal.

Beyond doubt the Communists in North Korea have imported hundreds of jet aircraft and built airfields in violation of the truce. The Communists, in turn, have accused the United Nations Command—under U.S. leadership—of 556 truce infringements, of which we

have admitted forty-five—mostly encroachments on their air space.

Almost unnoticed, Syngman Rhee's defense minister, Yong Woo Kim, came to Washington at the end of March for confidential talks with Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Radford and the secretaries of our Army, Navy and Air Force. He was especially interested in obtaining tactical atomic artillery and possibly guided missiles. As elsewhere, the atomic artillery and missiles would remain in possession of American troops, but we could train South Koreans in their use.

Washington seems to have laid the groundwork for this development about a year ago. At that time, because the Communists were denying adequate inspection facilities to the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission, we banned the commission—or rather its Czech

and Polish members—from travel South of the armistice line. The four-nation group, including Swiss and Swedes, has since been confined to the demilitarized zone.

Some allied diplomats in Washington, like a handful of men in the State Department, question the plan to re-equip the South Korean forces. They argue that such action would lower the moral position of the U.N. and the United States vis-a-vis truce violations. Moreover, they doubt that nuclear weapons and more modern jet aircraft for South Korea offer real strategic advantages. They point to the U.S.-South Korean alliance, which would bring great American air power, now based on Japan and Okinawa, into action against a renewed attack from the North. Finally, the doubters suggest that the massing of ultra-modern weapons in South Korea would tend to rekindle Syngman Rhee's impatience for World War III.

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## MOLECULES and MENTAL ILLNESS . . by Gene Marine

*Pasadena*

DR. LINUS PAULING, already a Nobel Prize winner in chemistry, in 1956 was awarded the John Phillips Medal by the American College of Physicians and Surgeons for distinguished contribution to the field of medicine. This is an honor which can be bestowed upon a chemist who is not even a physician only if his contribution is truly outstanding. In this case, the story of the award is the story of one of the most significant shifts in the study of medicine in generations.

A few months ago, the Ford Foundation gave Dr. Pauling \$450,000 for a five-year study of the chemical bases of mental disease. Shortly thereafter, I came here to the California Institute of Technology, where Dr. Pauling is carrying out his researches, to get the story on "the chemistry of mental illness." I got it—and with it, the story of a revolution in medical research of which the study of mental disease is only a small, if vital corner.

This story begins with a kind of anemia called "sickle-cell anemia" because the red blood cells in the arteries "sickle"—that is, they as-

sume long, rigid shapes. As with certain other diseases, it had always been assumed that sickle-cell anemia was due to a faulty cell structure. In a chance conversation, Pauling hit upon a different idea. Suppose, he said, that the building is put together well enough, but that something is wrong with some of the bricks in the building: specifically, the molecules of hemoglobin, the ingredient of the red blood cell that carries oxygen through the bloodstream.

To explain further, let's go back a bit. We know that any given molecule is not simply an aggregation of atoms; the atoms have to be put together in a certain way. So molecules can be said, in a sense, to have a "shape" ("shape" makes the difference, for instance, between otherwise identical water and ice). When, around 1930, some scientists were wondering how the body forms antibodies to fight a disease, they hit upon the notion that the antibody's "shape" interlocks with that of the invader's. Pauling himself, in 1940, developed a detailed theory of the exact way in which this formation of a "complementary" molecule might take place.

The premise that some molecules can be complementary to others in structure is now so widely accepted

that it is taught in freshman biology courses (where it is often called the "lock-and-key" mechanism), and it has had many applications in biochemistry. Pauling's theory was that, in sickle-cell anemia, the molecules of hemoglobin might be "misshapen" in such a way that they become complementary to *each other*; you might say, just for illustration, that the "top" of one such molecule interlocks with the "bottom" of another. Thus they form the long, rigid, "sickle" shape, and literally force the cell walls to conform. Experiments at Caltech proved the conjecture correct, and in fact several abnormal hemoglobins have now been found, leading to identification of several diseases not previously known to be separate disorders.

The startlingly new part of all this was in the idea of a *molecular disease*—disease in which the source of the trouble is that one particular kind of molecule, out of the hundreds of thousands of varieties in the human body, might be "defective."

This is a tricky notion. A molecule of water, for instance, contains two hydrogen atoms and one oxygen atom. Take away the oxygen atom, and put in its place, say, an atom of sulphur, and you don't get

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a "defective" water molecule; you get a perfectly good molecule of hydrogen sulphide. But a hemoglobin molecule has not three atoms, but perhaps ten thousand. You can change one or more atoms in each molecule, and still get a substance that continues to act like hemoglobin—most of the time. Perhaps the only difference may be that one hemoglobin "sickles" and other hemoglobins don't. And that difference, of course, is enough to make a molecular disease.

In a sense, since every substance in the body is made up of molecules, every disease is molecular. In another sense, too, because genes are themselves molecules (of deoxyribonucleic acid, in case anyone asks you), any hereditary disease must be molecular, because it proceeds through a gene which is somehow doing a faulty job. But the term "molecular disease" is reserved by Pauling to mean any disease which can be traced directly to a "faulty" or "defective" type of molecule among the thousands in the diseased individual's makeup.

THE impact of this idea on the form and direction of medical research has been phenomenal. At Berkeley, a University of California scientist is already seeking a possible molecular basis for some types of virus-caused cancer. Across the country and around the world, other researchers pursue other goals with a new enthusiasm. Top chemists, at home in the world of molecular structure that is so new to many doctors, can work creatively and unfettered on medical problems, free from the supervision of strictly medical scientists who often suffer from shaky backgrounds in chemistry.

With the concept of molecular disease established, medical research is now passing from empirical methods to a truly scientific approach in which discoveries can be the result of logic. Until now, most major medical discoveries have been found by accident (e. g., penicillin), by checking "relatives" of a known substance (e.g. aureomycin, found by checking mould substances after the accidental discovery of penicillin), or

by tediously trying everything on the shelf in the blind hope that something will work (e. g., salvarsan, used in treating syphilis). When something is found, we usually don't know *how* it does what it does; among recent discoveries, the sulfa drugs are the only highly tentative exception.

But the idea of tracing down the "faults" in molecules in a diseased person makes it possible to foresee a situation in which the researcher plots, on a drawing board as it were, a "complementary" molecule that will work to fight an illness, and thus to build logically a specific agent to combat a specific disease. This difference in approach, alone, is enough to constitute a revolution in medical research.

When a colleague of Pauling's left Caltech recently, he took the hemoglobin research with him by arrangement, and Pauling cast about for another study. "I must confess," he told me, "that I am not the perfectly pure scientist. To me, human hemoglobin has always seemed more interesting and more important than horse hemoglobin." Consequently, wanting to continue with the molecular-disease work, he elected to turn to a major human medical problem; for a variety of reasons, he chose mental illness and other mental difficulties.

In my conversations with Dr. Pauling, we fell naturally into the use of the term "mental disease" to cover a broad field subdivided into

the two parts: "mental illness"—the type of mental disease with which psychiatry is chiefly concerned, at least in the public mind—and "mental deficiency," or what most people inaccurately call feeble-mindedness. Pauling's Ford Foundation grant was for the study of "mental disease, including mental deficiency," and it is among the mentally deficient that he feels his first work will come. Specifically, he and his staff of fifteen or so will take a look at a condition called phenylketonuria.

AMONG the many substances that play vital roles in the body is one called phenylalanine. In the liver, this chemical is changed to another substance, tyrosine. An enzyme (a protein that helps chemical reactions to take place) in the liver makes this change possible—an enzyme, incidentally, that has never been specifically identified. If the change does not take place, the body winds up with fifteen to forty times too much phenylalanine, and not enough tyrosine. Concomitantly, you have an I. Q. of about twenty, and a condition called phenylpyruvic oligophrenia, or phenylketonuria. Phenylketonurics make up about 1 per cent of the mentally deficient population of mental institutions.

One of two things seems to be wrong with the phenylketonuric: the enzyme in the liver isn't there, or it isn't doing its job. Either way, the trouble is probably molecular.

By accident, it was found that ferric chloride turns the urine of phenylketonurics green, even when the victim is only a month old or so. If babies are caught this young, they can be placed on a diet free of phenylalanine, and they will apparently develop normally. This idea is to be tested on a large scale; if it works out, the means are there to cut the population in hospitals for the mentally deficient by 1 in 100.

But that would be only a by-product of research, however desirable. It provides neither a molecular understanding of the disease nor a logical remedy; it doesn't tell us, either, why an excess of phenylalanine should affect the brain. For that, detailed knowledge must be



gained of the molecular structure of the substances involved. Should that be accomplished, Pauling predicts the possibility—fantastic as it may sound, even to scientists—of making, artificially, a catalyst that will replace the one that doesn't work in the liver. The artificial catalyst could be introduced into the body, perhaps in an arterial tube, and throughout the subject's life the phenylalanine will be changed to tyrosine the way it's supposed to.

Phenylketonuria is only one possibility for research along these lines. There is galactosemia, for instance, in which the body is unable to handle the substance galatose, though it has no trouble with glucose (the difference being in a single carbon atom). There is gargoylism, in which the patients take on the appearance of medieval architectural gargoyles. There are other diseases. But phenylketonuria will receive the first attack; in studying it, procedures will be set up and a strong foundation laid for the budding science of molecular-disease research.

RESULTS WON'T turn up in next week's headlines. Remember that every atom in a molecule has to be just right. The difference between phenylalanine and tyrosine (and therefore between "normality" and mental deficiency) is an atom of oxygen. Insulin, one of the simplest proteins, has two thousand atoms in each molecule; hemoglobin has ten thousand; some of the disease-producing viruses have ten million. It's like looking for a broken fingernail among the population of New York City. But this kind of problem has been licked before, and it can be done again.

So far, so good. But what about mental *illness*—schizophrenia, paranoia, and so on? Where do the molecules fit into these familiar and tragic ailments, if they do? Don't ask a psychoanalyst; it can be dangerous. Just about a year ago, Dr. Pauling spoke before the American Psychiatric Association, whose membership is heavily weighted with analysts. Characteristically, he came to the point in his opening words:

I am sure that most mental disease is chemical in origin, and that the chemical abnormalities involved are usually the result of abnormalities in the genetic constitution of the individual.

This did not go over big. Pauling was kept at the lectern, answering angry or incredulous challenges from the floor; but he clung steadfastly to the contention that "the root of the matter" might as logically be molecules as mother love. Some of the psychoanalysts reacted to Pauling as if he were a logical positivist at a backwoods Baptist revival. (Later, an amusing sidelight came when a prominent analyst, following Pauling on the platform, suggested to his colleagues a probable motivation for their own disturbed reaction: fear.)

"But if everyone talks so glibly of psychosomatic medicine," Pauling smiled to me, "why do they get so excited if someone suggests somatopsychic medicine?" To pin the point down, I asked specifically whether he thought molecular research would eventually replace the present emphasis on Oedipus and toilet training—whether, in other words, physical science would actually *replace* psychoanalysis and some other psychiatric methods. "Oh, yes, certainly," he said without hesitation; but he added immediately that this was a long time off.

Any "fear" that psychoanalysts might feel in the face of Pauling's assertions is not for loss of function (or income), but for loss of faith.

Certainly, whether or not the whole field can be reduced to a study in molecular structure, there is new emphasis on the physical in the study of mental aberrations. Few psychiatrists, even, would endorse the flat statement made by one of their colleagues recently in the *New Republic*. "The answer to mental illness can never be biochemical, pharmacological or physiological." (The author later backtracked under challenge.) Many psychiatrists agree that the physical study of mental illness might ultimately make the adjective "mental" completely superfluous.

Pauling's is not the only path

being pursued. Recent work in communication has prompted a burst of studies of the communication processes in the body; a neuropsychiatrist, Amedeo Marrazzi, wrote recently—that "restriction of communication in the brain . . . can produce mental disease," and went on to note that this restriction can be "brought about by an abnormal accumulation of, or abnormal sensitivity to, some natural substance in the body, such as serotonin." Serotonin is a substance related to adrenalin; the connections to Pauling's work are obvious, though the approach is completely different.

Injection of a substance from the blood of schizophrenics into the blood of "normal" volunteers produces schizophrenic behavior. The inhalation of fumes from a drug does likewise (as does the ingestion of mescaline, subject of a recent book by Aldous Huxley). The "tranquillizers" are familiar by now to all of us. An excess of an enzyme called ceruloplasmin—an excess familiar in some types of physical disease (including some cancers) and in pregnancy—has now been found to be a condition in many mental patients as well. All of these findings, presented here in only bare outline, dramatize physical, *chemical* differences between the mentally ill and the rest of us.

The coming of the new medicine—medicine based on detailed knowledge of the structure of the molecules in human protein—gives an entirely new dimension to the problem. Other approaches cannot be neglected, of course, so long as they offer even a possibility of aid. But molecular medicine has already revolutionized research in dozens of fields, and in mental disease as elsewhere it is science's best hope for a new freedom from the accidental and haphazard gropings of more familiar methods.

"There can be," said Dr. Ralph Gerard of the University of Michigan, "no twisted thought without a twisted molecule." This uncompromising statement has been loudly and vigorously challenged; but molecular medicine has come close to miracles already, and no one who has ever talked with Linus Pauling is likely to bet against its future.





member of Wittfogel's study group at Columbia University in 1938, although latterly Harvard and 1937 have been mentioned. Norman studied at the University of Toronto, Trinity College, Cambridge, and for three years on a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship at the Harvard-Yenching Institute. He was never a student at Columbia, but he did spend a year at the Institute of Pacific Relations after leaving Harvard.

WITTFOGEL'S charge was encouraged by testimony of Major General Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's chief of intelligence in Japan, who subsequently retired to Franco Spain. Willoughby knew Norman as chief of the Canadian liaison mission to SCAP from 1946 to 1950; he also knew that Norman, widely respected as an authority on Japan, was a leader among diplomats who distrusted MacArthur and his empire-builders—and particularly Willoughby, whose intelligence estimates concerning Chinese Communist intervention in Korea were responsible for the disastrous failure of MacArthur's "Home by Christmas" drive on the Yalu. Willoughby's organization investigated Norman, turned up the usual guilt-by-association information; the lunatic China First fringe of the U.S. right-wing believes to this day that Canada, i.e. Norman, played a large part in MacArthur's eventual dismissal.

Wittfogel's allegation was angrily rejected by Canada at the time, and Foreign Minister Pearson hotly asked the State Department to inform Morris and Jenner to stop smearing Canadian officials across the front page. Pearson asked that if Canadian names came up at the hearings, they should be transmitted through diplomatic channels and Canada would do its own investigating. The subcommittee replied by leaking closed-session testimony that a Communist espionage courier had received secret information from two Canadian officials of high rank. It was clear from the story that one of the officials was supposed to be Norman; the courier was subsequently identified as Elizabeth Bentley.

The atmosphere of suspicion

around Norman was further deepened by the Canadian government's heavy-handed handling of his defense. Norman himself was a babe-in-the-woods against Morris and Jenner. A shy, sensitive, aloof man, given to Oriental scholarship—he would make his own translations of Japanese texts to be sure of their accuracy—he had a disdain for the world of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee which amounted to a fatal naivety. His first reaction to its charges was to laugh at and ignore them; then, after preparing a detailed statement in his defense, he accepted his superiors' suggestion that he let the Canadian government handle it. The External Affairs Department proceeded to treat the charges as old hat by revealing that it had received such reports after Norman had joined the foreign service, had investigated them thoroughly, and had given him a "clean bill of health." Such expressions of confidence in Norman, as well as "rejection" of the charges abound through the official statements, but nowhere in them is there a specific statement that Norman was not and never had been a Communist. Indeed, the department asked the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to question Norman again with a view to publishing its report; the interview took place but the report was never released.

THE truth of the matter was that Norman, during his student days, was quite Marxist in his thinking. He was never a member of the Communist Party, but his intellectualism led him into discussion groups in which the Communists were interested; one paper he prepared for such discussion was entitled "American Imperialism." It also seems clear—although the point has never been officially established—that the Communists were sufficiently interested in him to have his name in the little black notebook which was used as evidence in Canada's 1946 Soviet spy trials. The notebook belonged to Israel Halperin, one of the arrested—but acquitted—spy suspects, and contained the names of 150 Canadian, 163 American and five British residents. Although one

of the entries read "Klaus Fuchs—ours," most of the names were innocent enough and the contents of the notebook were never divulged during the spy trials. The FBI and British intelligence were informed, however, for investigative purposes.

Morris and Jenner therefore knew of Norman's leftist associations at college. They also knew—such was the power of McCarthyism at the time—something about American executive agency reports on the Soviet espionage information supplied to the FBI by Canada. At a closed subcommittee hearing last March 12, Morris read from such a report (almost certainly obtained from Scott McLeod's office in the State Department). The published transcript said it "indicated that Dr. E. Herbert Norman had been recalled from Japan when his government discovered certain Communist connections, specifically with Israel Halperin." (This is a gross distortion of what happened; Norman was asked about, and disposed of, the Halperin matter, but he was never called home about it.) The transcript, however, shows a most significant interjection at this point by counsel Morris: "You will remember, Senator Jenner, when you tried to have Gouzenko testify, that the Canadian authorities would not let you ask any questions whatever about anyone who was a Canadian personality."

Senator Jenner might well remember, because his 1953 attempts to question Igor Gouzenko, the cipher clerk who fled the Soviet embassy in Ottawa to disclose the Communist spy network, revealed beyond reasonable doubt that the attack on Norman was simply a stepping stone to an attack on Lester Pearson himself. Those attempts were touched off by a most providential interview with Gouzenko by the *Chicago Tribune* stating that Gouzenko felt a meeting with the subcommittee would be worthwhile. They were preceded, however, by a long buildup of press leaks of Elizabeth Bentley's 1951 testimony in which it was revealed that the other "high Canadian official" who gave her information was Pearson when he was minister in the Canadian embassy at Washington during the war. And

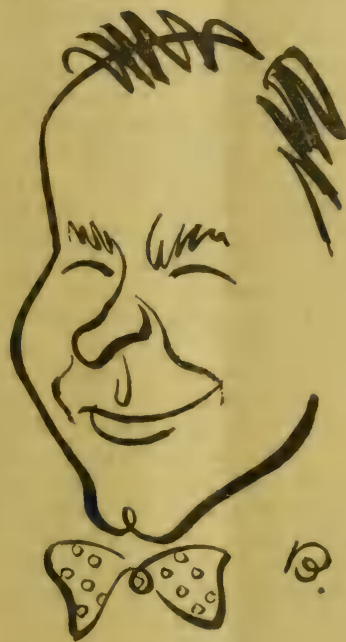


they were attended by a parade of anti-Pearson editorials ("the most dangerous man outside Russia today!" said the *Washington Times-Herald*) and sinister speeches by such anti-Red professionals as Victor Lasky, co-author of *Seeds of Treason*, who stumped American Legion posts in New York State relating Bentley's fantasy and accusing Pearson of "consistently sabotaging U.S. efforts to unravel the skein of Soviet intrigue in Washington and Ottawa."

In the end, Jenner got his interview with Gouzenko, but in Canada, in private and with the Chief Justice of Ontario in control. It was so dreadfully dull and unproductive that it was a full year before he got around to having the transcript printed as a Senate document. Meanwhile, the power of the witch-hunters ebbed with the retreating tide of the McCarthy era. Counsel Morris found it expedient to accept appointment to municipal court in New York City; when he returned to Washington last year, he could get no better than a cloak-room off the rotunda in the Senate Office Building in which to jam four desks, assistants and himself. Last autumn, the Canadian government returned Norman—who had been sent to New Zealand as high commissioner early in 1953—to usefulness by appointing him to Cairo, with accreditation to Lebanon.

On his first visit to Beirut, Norman called socially on John K. Emmerson, counsellor at the American embassy, and an old friend in Japan. Somehow Morris heard about it. Emmerson's name had come up at the subcommittee's I.P.R. hearings and was one of the "four Johns"—John Carter Vincent, John Stewart Service, John Paton Davies and John K. Emmerson—who were supposed to have tried to turn China over to the Communists during the war. For some reason, Emmerson had never been questioned by the subcommittee; Morris lost no time in correcting the omission. A hearing was arranged with two officers from McLeod's office present and on the understanding—indeed, an explicit promise from Jenner—that the evidence would not be made public. It was published two days later. Mor-

ris claimed the decision was taken unanimously by all nine members of the subcommittee; in fact, the subcommittee never voted on it. It was done by circular, with seven of the Senators—absent at the hearing—simply following the Senate's practice of letting the chairman decide. The only other committee member besides Jenner who knew what was in the transcript was Arthur Watkins of Utah, who said subsequently that he had first checked with the State Department to see if "clearance" had been given and was told that it had.



Lester Pearson

Emmerson said nothing unfavorable to Norman in any respect. But his admission that he worked with Norman in Japan was sufficient pretext for Morris to read a "security report" on Norman into the record alleging, *inter alia*: Wittfogel's old 1951 charge; the Halperin charge that he was secretary of the "American Friends of the Chinese People" and executive secretary of "The Canadian Friends of the Chinese People" (both Communist organizations, according to Morris); that he was identified in February of 1940 as a member of the Communist Party, and that one of the witnesses at his wedding in 1935 was a man active in Communist underground in Ottawa. "It goes on with

quite a bit more about Herbert Norman," said counsel Morris . . . "we have quite a few security reports which have a great deal of information to the effect that he is a Communist, that he was involved. . . ."

The State Department quickly disowned Morris and disassociated itself from his charges, but Canada insisted on depositing a formal protest. Morris claimed he had never heard of Canada's angry rejection of these same charges in 1951, indicated he couldn't care less (the subcommittee's staff organization was nevertheless capable of producing, for staff use, photostats of wire service despatches of Pearson's statement on Norman's suicide). On March 21, Morris had Emmerson back again, purportedly to correct the record of the first hearing; the session was important only in that it enabled Morris to announce his understanding that the State Department had asked the FBI for its information on Norman, "and apparently the FBI information does confirm the security report that we put in the record." The transcript of this second meeting was published despite a personal appeal to Senator James Eastland, committee chairman, from Undersecretary of State Christian Herter.

AFTER Norman ended his life, State Department officials took the view that since the department had no control over, or responsibility for, Morris and the subcommittee, it could hardly apologize for them. Morris wanted no apologies; he issued a statement in the names of Eastland and Jenner—Watkins refused to sign it—which claimed the subcommittee had been hearing "testimony about Communist activity in the United States," that "evidence" had been received "indicating certain foreign nationals" have engaged in such activity, and that "we would not be living up to our obligations of presenting a record to the Senate" if references to such nationals were "deleted." The subcommittee would carry on, Morris declared, "because it is our duty to do so." When Morris was asked by a reporter who the next "victim" was to be, he just grinned stupidly.

# FAILURE OF A HATE MISSION

by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely

A SOUTHERN segregation leader shakes his head ruefully and confides: "When John Kasper crossed the Mason-Dixon line, it set the cause of white supremacy back twenty years."

Yet white (Protestant) supremacy was precisely what the tall young zealot from New Jersey, via Washington, D.C., came down to sell the South. Of course, it was a luxury it already had plenty of, but with a true pitchman's optimism he was confident he could whet the appetite for more. He used all the right words: "mongrelization," "opposed to placing the fair white bodies of our children in the schools beside niggers," "Communist agitation," "blood will flow in the streets," "we will have to have our martyr . . . the federal government means death to all of us." Why, then, has his career been meteoric? Why, after only seven months (from August 1956 until March 1957), during which he is credited with organizing, practically single-handed, one riot, several branches of his Seaboard Citizens' Councils, and many cross-burnings, has he been so suddenly dropped?

The itinerary of Mr. Kasper's travels may indicate the foundation of both his failure and success in refurbishing old prejudices for new crises. More important, it may reveal some changing realities about the current situation in the South.

After brief scouting trips into Delaware and Maryland, John Kasper began the more public phase of his career with forays into Virginia, using his Washington bookshop as home base. When Charlottesville, in the summer of 1956, was ordered to desegregate its schools during the coming term, Kasper really went to work. Your reporters first encountered the resistance to his "super-sell" in Charlottesville in mid-August. A pro-segregation leader sat on the

lawn of the old county courthouse there and told us, early in the soft summer morning, of the lawyers, businessmen, professional men, who were members of his organization, the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties. "We're the home of Thomas Jefferson and we're proud of that. We're the home of the University of Virginia and we have a gentleman's reputation, you know. Nobody can make us desegregate the schools in Charlottesville, but we're going to fight this tyranny with law. Over last week-end this Seaboard Citizens' Council group appeared here, a fellow named Kasper from out of Washington with a lot of hand-bills and a mass meeting. They had a talk with the mayor and police chief, but they didn't get any encouragement from our officials. They passed out this inflammatory material, white girls kissing niggers, all that sort of thing—we don't want any part of that."

A few days later Kasper added a last touch to his Virginia sales campaign: he and a handful of friends broke up an interracial church meeting of the Charlottesville chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations. A cross was subsequently burned on the lawn of a widely respected Council leader, Sarah Patton Boyle (*The Nation*, September 15, 1956).

BY NOW, word reached the traveling salesman that new territory was opening up. At Clinton, Tennessee, twelve Negro children had been ordered admitted to a white high school with some 800 students. On Tuesday, August 28, three days after John Kasper's arrival in Clinton, we sat in the Clinton courtroom and studied him—the narrow face, the slouchy clothes, his contrived disdain of the lawyers and his frequent and searching looks into the audience. These were hard, desperate, work-bitten people in the courtroom, shrewd and yet with a kind of innocence which left them gullible to any medicine-man. Essentially rural,

they look with suspicion on urban devices for coping with difficult situations. As the mystery writers say, "had we but known" that within a few days Clinton would be a new word in the growing vocabulary of desegregation history, we would have looked with greater alarm on this young fellow who was so obviously an opportunist, a second-rate go-getter whose incentive was not so much money as fame. "We need all the rabble rousers we can get. We want trouble and we want it everywhere. We need a band of roving patriots. A collapse of law and order is near at hand." Yet in the town of Clinton, the handful of leaders—from school principal to lawyer to editor to preacher to mayor—who held firm in a shifting quagmire, had finally brought failure even here, at the site of his greatest triumph, to Kasper's sales campaign.

WHEN Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins, in his inaugural speech on January 8, 1957, said that the Supreme Court was the highest tribunal in the land (although, he added, schools in Florida would not integrate in the foreseeable future), a few segregationists felt that their cause had been struck a body blow. John Kasper thought he sensed another soft spot in the South's solid front for segregation. "Looks like Collins is trying to out-nigger Chandler of Kentucky and Clement of Tennessee." He arrived in Florida's watermelon-growing belt and began hawking race—and now, stronger than ever, religious—hate. In Miami an attempted cross-burning, reports of a dynamite cache waiting for "John's" signal, and bitter denunciation of the Jews, aroused the state to action. "Damn all race-mixers . . . Roose, Harry & Ike . . . alien, unclean, unchristian . . . hang the nine swine." Kasper was summoned to Tallahassee and questioned by a legislative committee. At the hearing, and in a series of well-timed newspaper articles in the *Miami Herald*, accounts of the friendship

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between Kasper and certain Negroes during his Greenwich Village bookshop days reached even his strongest supporters. Suddenly he saw his customers melting away. The Citizens' Council of Clinton, Tennessee, which Kasper had formed, was dissolved. Even his staunch sidekick, "Ace" Carter of Birmingham, said, "That will about fix Kasper in the South." Said a former dragon of the Florida Ku Klux Klan who is now a private detective in Tampa: "We have had enough. . . . To encourage a race riot or to start a revolution is worse than integration."

ACTUALLY, it had already become popular to be against Kasper in most of the South. "Why does Kasper talk that way?" many puzzled Southerners asked. "He's smart, educated, went to Columbia University. He's had advantages. How can he believe all those things?" The answer is, obviously, that he does not believe many of the statements he makes. He "talks that way" because he thinks that is what the South wants to hear. In New York and Washington he had formed a stereotype of the South so strong in his mind that he hardly recognized the reality when it faced him—and rejected him.

And this brings us to two facts which seem to emerge from John Kasper's failure—whether temporary or final—as a traveling salesman of the old fire-eating white supremacy. The first is inability of many people outside the region to really comprehend that the old stereotypes are fading in the South. In Arthur Miller's memorable play, *Death of a Salesman*, Willie Loman was battered to defeat because he could not adapt his old techniques of personal salesmanship to a more streamlined impersonal era. What John Kasper found in Virginia was the "respectable" Old South which wanted to keep its reputation clean, and in Florida the Chamber of Commerce New South which wanted to keep its coffers full. He could comprehend or cope with neither. Clinton lies in between; it fits the stereotype just enough to mislead Kasper and others—both within and outside the South—into thinking the days of Vardaman and Bilbo still

exist and that the unashamed yokel-racist reigns supreme. Certainly he still exists—Mississippi boasts Eastland as well as P. D. East—but he no longer reigns. Lynching is old-fashioned and the country-club crowd does not relish talk of blood in the streets when an economic boycott will be just as effective. Although many Northerners do not seem to realize it, Tobacco Road and Main Street have heard of Madison Avenue. There is a "new sell" on in the South.

THE majority of Southerners have come to see themselves in a new light, and this is fact number two which is borne out by Kasper's adventures. "We're a pure 'public relations' mentality now in most of Florida," a resident told us a few weeks before John Kasper's arrival. "The majority of us don't want anything to do with the KKK and we're even suspicious of the White Citizens' Councils. Their agitation might hurt property values or disturb business. Oh, there are a few councils scattered around, mostly in North Florida, but they haven't got a real grip because we're just too busy making money and we're too damned set on being respectable."

From Virginia to Florida, the image the New South has managed to sell itself is that of genteel lawlessness. In South Carolina, where the councils flourish, one man told us: "I think some of the councils are perfectly sincere when they say they do not advocate violence. They think they can get what they want without it." Time and again, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, you hear these contradictory words: "We won't obey the Supreme Court—but we're going to do what we have to legally." An astute politician in Arkansas told us recently: "To me, the worst thing about that Southern Manifesto was the fact that it gave official sanction and hope to the poor devils down here who really believe there's some legal way to defy the Constitution as interpreted by our highest court!"

Herman Talmadge has discarded Old Gene's galluses, although he still wears the same pants, and in Alabama, council leader Sam Engle-

hardt, Jr., state legislator who has adapted the grey-flannel techniques, has far outstripped, both in influence and membership, "Ace" Carter's overalls - and - bluejean approach. ("They don't build a Federal government big enough," "Ace" has said, "to integrate my daughter with niggers . . . we'll settle it like white men ought to settle it.") And when John Kasper holds up the mirror to this non-conforming conformity, and reminds white supremacists of what they must do when their legalities fail, they slap him down in fear and anger. When it also develops that the stranger they momentarily trusted has flagrantly violated those social taboos the South observes most rigidly, at least on the surface, chagrin is added to deep unease—and bitter denunciation provides the easiest catharsis.

"Ace" Carter has taken an inventory of Kasper's salesmanship: "If we have a fire in our house—and in some ways you can say we are having a fire in the South—we are interested in saving our families. There are some who just like to see a fire and who might help throw the furniture out. I believe John Kasper is more like that. . . . Some people like excitement and to be in the public eye. . . . I told Kasper we didn't want him back in Alabama."

AFTER Kasper's attack on the Jews, it is possible that some white Southerners turned on him out of a deep subconscious guilt: steeped in Hebrew legend and history by generations of Baptist and Methodist preachers, the question must arise within them: "How can Jesus of Nazareth be my Savior unless, in some inscrutable way—and the ways of the Lord *are* mysterious—he is also my social equal?" Southerners are gradually growing up; always an intensely patriotic people, their enthusiasm for Kasper cooled when they learned of his close friendship with Ezra Pound, the anti-Semitic poet indicted for treason. Who knows? In a few more years Southern white Christians may come to realize that it would be impossible for Martin Luther King, Jr., to show them the path to justice and peace—to save their souls—unless

he were also their equal socially. John Kasper had an old and popular product—but he forgot that this is an age of packaging. His successor to the Southern Territory may not be so naive—he may wrap white supremacy in triple-foil to

keep it fresh and shiny, and double the sales. That is why it is imperative that people of good will, on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line, try to comprehend as clearly as possible the realities of the New South. Lincoln said: "The dogmas of the

quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

## France: TERROR ON TRIAL... by Alexander Werth

*Paris*  
DESPITE the genuine warmth with which the Queen of England has been received here, there is considerable and widespread doubt about the political significance of the visit. The newspapers talked about the *Entente Cordiale*; but entente about what? Entente vis-a-vis America? Certainly not. A belated celebration of Suez solidarity? The less said the better. A non-existent unity about the Common Market? British support for Mollet's policy in North Africa? Again, hardly—despite Ambassador Gladwyn Jebb's declared sympathy for Mollet's and Lacoste's war. The visit is taken by French politicians as no more than a pleasant interlude; now that it is over, they will have to get back to the awkward facts of the French internal and international situation.

Guy Mollet is still at the head of the government, and has been since January, 1956—longer than any other French premier of the Fourth Republic. His stock in Parliament has slumped heavily as a result of the last confidence vote, when practically the whole of the Right—highly critical of his financial policy—abstained, and he scraped through with a bare majority of thirty-three. Yet the self-confidence of the man seems unimpaired.

Self-righteous, rather humorless (the only well-known joke he is ever known to have made is: "The Communists are not on the Left, they are in the East"), he can, nevertheless, snap back effectively in a debate, and never hesitates to charge his opponents with inconsistency,

forgetting his own inconsistencies like his assurances in December, 1955, that his party, if returned to power, would put an end to "this senseless, ruinous and murderous [Algerian] war." But he has come to symbolize *le bon Français* almost as much as does the "Clemenceau of Algeria," Robert Lacoste, and there is no doubt at all that, throughout last year, a tough Algerian policy, as well as the Suez policy, enjoyed the widest support of French public and parliamentary opinion.

Three important facts played in favor of the tough Algerian policy: there are more than a million Frenchmen (though most of them not of French descent) in Algeria; a kind of irrational French hatred of the Algerians (which is shared by the Paris working-class, who have a lot of Algerian laborers amongst them), and the knowledge that, as distinct from Indo-China, there could not possibly be a *Dien Bien Phu*. Algeria, whatever the cost, *could* be held.

Further, since Suez there has been more and more propaganda to the effect that "France's future is in the Sahara." This is no longer meant, as it was a year ago, as a wisecrack, but as a major economic reality, thanks to which France may in the near future become independent of Middle East oil.

Isn't then peace in Algeria a necessary prelude to all these spectacular developments? So one would think, and a large part of French Big Business is genuinely anxious, it seems, that some sort of settlement should be reached. And yet, Mollet and Lacoste (and behind them fanatical anti-Arabs like Soustelle) are in no hurry. At the National Assembly in March, Mollet kept on reiterating

that he was sticking as firmly as ever to the "*Intentions*" he had proclaimed on January 9, before the U.N. Assembly discussed Algeria; but while he talked a lot about "equal rights" and decentralization, the operative phrase in all these woolly statements of "intentions" was:

But what France intends to keep in respect of Algeria and its local and territorial representative bodies is essentially a *permanent power of arbitration* which would see to it that the rights of all Algerians should be respected, and that *neither of the two communities could oppress the other*.

How all this is to be done in practice still remains extremely vague. As Mendès-France and others have repeated over and over, the real trouble in Algeria is that, during the last year, the French have done all they possibly could to antagonize the Moslems, and that if "mutual trust" might conceivably have been developed a year ago it's infinitely more difficult now. And the Algerian rebels, for their part, are no longer in a mood to listen to counsels of moderation coming from men like Bourguiba and the Sultan of Morocco.

So the *impasse* remains, for the present, complete; and although men like Mendès-France say that France's financial troubles will before long necessitate either a sort of "financial capitulation" in Algeria or else the establishment of a war economy in France, Mollet still maintains, in Coué-like fashion, that France is "getting better and better every day."

But there is one point which has lately been giving Mollet a serious headache: the tortures in Algeria and the atrocities committed there by French troops. The fact that atrocities on a large scale were committed

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by the police in Algeria for many years past was, of course, well-known. Mauriac had sounded the alarm in *L'Express* over a year ago; before that, Bourdet had written an article on "The Algerian Gestapo," and it was known that many of the Algiers *policiers* had worked with the Germans during the occupation of France and learned a good many tricks from the original Nazi Gestapo. There had also been French tortures in Tunisia in 1952, and in Morocco in 1953.

But lately the evidence had been accumulating at an alarming rate. The French cardinals and archbishops came out with a strong statement clearly alluding to "certain methods which were intolerable and incompatible with human dignity, even if used in a good cause." Left-wing Catholic groups, like *Esprit* and *Témoignage Chrétien*, were even more outspoken. *Esprit* argued that it had tried to keep silent about the whole revolting business for a long time, because (so it seemed) the French Government was at last ready to make a serious effort at a settlement; but since Mollet and Lacoste were going on as before, it decided, in its April issue, to break the silence, and to publish a first-hand account on the tortures in Algeria: the bathtub torture, the electric gadgets, the torn-out fingernails, etc.

From this, as from masses of other evidence, it appeared quite clear that not only the police but also certain army units, especially the famous *paras* (paratroopers), were engaged in this extreme form of terrorism. M. P. H. Simon, a highly respected left-wing Catholic scholar, published a few weeks ago a small book called *Contre la torture*, in which he produced some pretty terrifying evidence of what was going on. As for the conduct of certain army units, the most damaging report was the great serial published in *L'Express*—a paper close to Mendès-France—by its editor, J. J. Servan-Schreiber, who had served in Algeria as a lieutenant between July and January last and who, on his return, was determined to spill the beans by describing the manner in which certain French soldiers thought nothing of "bumping off a Wog" when the mood struck them.

Another Dreyfus Case? I have heard the phrase often used these days in the sense that France is faced with the choice between Reasons of State and the Sanctity of the Human Person (even that of a "Wog"). Is France to respect human rights conscientiously in Algeria, even if it weakens her military position there? Or must Reasons of State prevail? The fact that the abandonment of torture might *strengthen* France's position in Algeria somehow hasn't occurred to many people.

THE FACT remains that Mollet is deeply embarrassed. But his response at the National Assembly was strange all the same. He resorted to chest-beating tactics, saying that this whole agitation was calculated to besmirch the honor of the French army and discredit France in the eyes of the world. But the outcry became so strong in papers like *Le Monde*, *L'Express*, *France-Observateur* and others, and the Catholic Church and the legal profession in France were so rattled, that a considerable number of ministers in the Mollet government thought it essential to do something. True, a parliamentary committee of inquiry under a M. Provo had recently visited Algeria, and had brought a report which, beyond saying that "unorthodox methods" had occasionally been used in the exceptional conditions prevailing, implicitly whitewashed the Algerian administration.

But this Provo Report had satisfied nobody, and now, at the Cabinet meeting which opened on April 3, a stormy discussion broke out between the "liberals" and the "diehards." Mollet, though leaning heavily to the Right, acted as arbiter. Lacoste was dead against a committee of inquiry with unlimited powers of investigation; this, he said, would, in itself, imply an insult to the army. What was, therefore, finally agreed upon was a committee "for the defense of human rights," whose members would be appointed by Mollet himself and whose terms of reference and freedom of movement would be largely dependent on M. Lacoste! At the moment it does not look as though this committee could do anything. I hope I'm wrong.

There is an extreme Nationalist wing inside the Mollet government, and it is not wholly out of sympathy with that new Extreme Right which has been causing disturbances in the Champs-Élysées and smashing the windows of the *Express* office and shouting slogans of violent abuse at Mendès-France and Mauriac. These people, though nominally hostile to Lacoste, and, on the face of it, more in sympathy with men like General Joseph Faure who was locked up in January for allegedly planning a Fascist *putsch* in Algiers, are, in fact, supporting Mollet who so far has done very little to interfere with their acts of violence. Time will show whether these people are the vanguard of a new French fascism—an almost racist anti-Arab fascism—for whose leadership Marshal Juin, Soustelle and a few others are the principal candidates.

For the present the Algerian *impasse* is complete, and despite frequent remarks to the effect that "something must be done before the next U.N. Assembly," nothing is being done. And the "Dreyfus Case?" The Algerian tortures are one of the most extraordinary test cases of recent years, but all I can say is that if the intellectuals are in a state of agitation, the general public is showing a singular indifference. A serious student of French history was saying the other day to me: "After all, there were perhaps 200,000 people in the whole of France who were excited about the Dreyfus case; the others couldn't have cared less." "All the same," I said, "it had some pretty spectacular results in the end." "Sure," he replied, "but most of our people actively dislike Algerians, and it doesn't take long to remind them that Algerians have cut the throats of hundreds of French women and children. And we are living in a beastly age. The Germans, the Russians—probably the British in Kenya and Cyprus, too—have practiced, or are practicing, torture; so most people are pretty *blasé* about the whole thing." All the same, it's a fascinating riddle: Is *la vérité en marche*, or isn't it? Nothing could be more revealing about the French national character in the year 1957 than the answer to that question.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Many Keys to Steinbeck

### STEINBECK AND HIS CRITICS.

Edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. and C. V. Wicker. University of New Mexico Press. 310 pp. \$6.

### THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN

IV. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. 188 pp. \$3.

#### David Ray

THOUGH they promise "a panorama of critical approaches," E. W. Tedlock, Jr. and C. V. Wicker of the University of New Mexico, ignoring John Steinbeck's repeated indictment of critics as useless, have presented a ponderously respectable anthology that has done Steinbeck the honor of treating his works, not as stories and novels, but as philosophical dissertations and morality plays. Steinbeck once wrote: "One thing we are prone to forget is that the critic is primarily a writer himself and that his first interest lies in his own career . . . He is prone to warp his piece in favor of his own cleverness. The critic is nearly always a creative writer or wants to be . . . Poor things, nobody reviews them." He called their work "valueless as advice or castigation." The volume at hand will probably not alter his opinion of critical activity. Nevertheless, it includes curious and provocative data and opinions.

Peter Lisca, whose doctoral thesis dominates the volume, has dredged up interesting biographical details: Steinbeck was not permitted to enroll in a playwriting class at Stanford, *Tortilla Flat* was turned down by eleven publishers (although editor Louis Kronenberger of Knopf surmised in his rejection letter that "the man has a future"). We also learn that Steinbeck once employed the pseudonym of Amnesia Glasscock, that the executive who paid \$4,000 for the movie rights of *Tortilla Flat* was fired for doing so, and that *The Grapes of Wrath* was

considered by many to be Jewish as well as Communist propaganda.

Other essays describe his "non-teleological" thinking and his philosophical debts to Hume, Rousseau, Comte and Emerson. A Catholic critic attacks his acceptance of animal morality in nature. The patriotic approach is also well represented. F. L. Carpenter, in a typical effort to assure the continuity of American literature, informs us that Steinbeck has always been trying to depict "the development of the American dream," with its "historic pattern of conquest, idealization and frustration." Steinbeck's characters are reduced to pawns in the elaboration of the American dream.

Lincoln R. Gibbs and Freeman Champney compare Steinbeck's fictional treatment of the California agrarian situation (in *The Grapes of Wrath* and *In Dubious Battle*) with Carey McWilliams' writings. Champney remembers that when *The Grapes of Wrath* and McWilliams' *Factories in the Field* appeared, "it looked as if nothing could avert an all-out battle between revolution and fascism in California's great valleys. Conditions were intolerable . . . and both sides seemed ready and eager to fight it out. But the war raised food prices, created a labor shortage, and brought badly-needed industrial ballast to the California economy." As a description of what occurred, Mr. Champney's account is probable and perhaps valid. However, he concludes with an optimism which may seem strange to many readers: "This blind dynamic of American growth—this refusal to harden into a static shape—is one of the great and hopeful things about this country."

The liveliest piece in the book is also its most unpretentious. Martin Shockley, in "The Reception of *The Grapes of Wrath* in Oklahoma," recalls the days of Westbrook Pegler's indignation about the book's vile language, the editorial in *Collier's* charging Communist propaganda, an

actual bookburning in St. Louis, and a speech in Congress against the "dirty, lying, filthy manuscript." An Oklahoma congressman shouted, "For myself, for my dad and my mother, whose hair is silvery in the service of building the state of Oklahoma, I say to you, and to every honest, square-minded reader in America, that the painting Steinbeck made in his book is a lie, a black, infernal creation of a twisted, distorted mind."

Although the critics have taught us that Steinbeck writes on three levels, thinks "non-teleologically," derives his philosophy from the most authoritative sources, confuses people with animals, elaborates the American dream, and is devoted to ecology, they do not provide us with any serious evaluation of Steinbeck as novelist or dramatist. Furthermore, the few insights available in the volume are, unfortunately, derived from critics who are not themselves represented, notably Edmund Wilson, Maxwell Geismar and Harry T. Moore.

Steinbeck was permitted to read this book before it went to press. He commented, "It is interesting that so many critics, instead of making observations, are led to bring charges." Later, in a telegram answering a query, he referred to his forthcoming novel as "an attempt at satire called *The Short Reign of Pippin IV*."

KING PIPPIN's history, as a story, is rather slight. It relates an attempt to remedy the French Republic's instability by restoring the monarchy with an obscure descendant of Charlemagne, an amateur astronomer named Pippin. When he decides to be kingly rather than a mere figurehead, Pippin realizes that "the time for kings is past," something we may have suspected in the first place. He goes back home, leaving us with the conclusion that the people want a patsy, not a leader, and insist on remaining devoted to unstable republics. Perhaps the comparison the publishers make to

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*Candide* was too much in Steinbeck's mind as he wrote *Pippin IV*, for the style is remarkably like a translation from Voltaire, or more accurately, reads as if it were written to make a translation into Voltaire's French an easy job.

Nevertheless, reading Steinbeck's "attempt at satire," after an anthology of criticism about his work, is to go from dullness to coruscation, from death to life. Within the limited framework of Pippin's circular career from bourgeois to king and back again, Steinbeck has brilliantly, if briefly, lacerated French and American society and politics. When Pippin is made king he is advised that his first "official act should be to request a subsidy for his government from America for the purpose of making France strong against Communism, and an equal subsidy from the Communist nations in the interest of world peace." He also has the benefit of counsel from his daughter's boy friend, a progressive jazz fan. The boy's father, who had gone from rags to riches in the chicken industry, "never blamed President Hoover for the loss of his grocery store, but he could never forgive President Roosevelt for having fed him." Pippin is also advised to turn over the details of the executive office to one of the great advertising agencies.

WRITING of Pippin's daughter, Clotilde, Steinbeck indicates how he might have satirized the efforts of the above-mentioned critics:

It cannot be denied that Clotilde had led a rather unusual existence. When, at fifteen, she wrote the best-selling novel, *Adieu Ma Vie*, she was sought out and courted by the most celebrated and complex minds of our times. She was acclaimed by the Reductionists, the Resurrectionists, the Protonists, the Non-Existentialists, and the Quantumists, while the very nature of her book set hundreds of psychoanalysts clamoring to sift her unconscious.

The book makes us want to see his promised big work in progress, and we are reminded that Hemingway didn't fulfill the predictions of doom after *Across the River. Pippin IV* occupies a similar position in the work of a major writer.

## The Liberal Against Himself

### THE CASE FOR MODERN MAN.

By Charles Frankel. Harper & Bros.  
240 pp. \$3.50.

#### Gene Marine

IN THE mid-thirties liberalism could boast the unity of victory. The "Communist question" in the United States was in its proper perspective; the Left was in agreement as to goals and, to a large extent, as to means as well. Even the vocabulary of liberalism was free of the shadings and outright distortions which now make conversation on the Left all but impossible.

Today is no such happy time. A number of people still calling themselves "liberals" share little but the label. Liberals, by definition, have always been in the minority; a liberal, in Mr. Frankel's phrase, is one "predisposed to reform," and hence to change. The attack from conservatism, though it has waxed and waned, has always been there; the problem of today's liberal is that he is simultaneously under attack from other liberals.

Of course the very nature of a liberal

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movement is that it shall encompass ■ number of viewpoints. Yet, as Mr. Frankel points out,

Liberal thinkers have nevertheless tended to focus on certain themes, to emphasize certain methods, and to aim at certain broad intellectual and cultural objectives.

Liberalism is, in fact, a distinct social movement, traceable from Voltaire and Condorcet through Russell and Dewey. For these two hundred years it has survived and retained its health; but not until today has it been so seriously disrupted from within.

On the level of fundamental principles [Frankel writes], everything in liberalism seems to be in solution; on the level of practical program everything is fixed. On one side, none of the old answers is accepted; on the other, no new questions are being asked. No coherent framework pulls problems together; no exciting vision suggests new goals that might be sought. Liberalism is riding with events.

But why? What happened to the "coherent framework" and the "exciting vision?" Have they crinkled to bitter

### On Equality: Two Voices

Change, even when necessary and just,  
Is still cause to remember: What once  
Held people together is to be dissolved  
And new definitions are to be made.

But even beyond any nostalgia,  
Or the principle of inconstancy,  
The right to be equal is demanded  
And to be granted in all its glories of hallelujah.

*The story of the boycott  
To be philosophical is that  
We simply  
Took from Gandhi  
What he read years ago  
In a book by Thoreau.*

*It is beyond supposition  
That in our principled position  
We stood  
For brotherhood  
And proclaim on this occasion  
We exist equally with the Caucasian.*

The struggle, it is hoped, could result in more  
Than unrestricted seats to a girlie show  
And the triumphant car, colored and lethal,  
And houses like buxom matrons festooned with pasted rhinestones.

The major point is that we must meet  
The mind that will be able to grasp  
That in the earning of freedom  
We undergo a new, self-slavery.

RICHARD FEIN

ash in the twin fires of fascism and communism? Or has the shadow of the mushroom cloud somehow darkened the brilliance of liberal minds, rendering them unable clearly to chart their way?

In just over 200 pages Charles Frankel sets forth with startling clarity the easily muddled set of beliefs and assumptions that have characterized the liberal outlook for two centuries; he examines its current panic; he delves thoroughly into the philosophical structures built by four of its most prominent and respected critics, all men widely referred to as "liberals."

MR. FRANKEL chose his four critics of liberalism well. Among them they cover every current criticism of the liberal outlook, especially those that come from within. One can hardly give the reader a better idea of the scope of Frankel's attempt than by quoting him again:

Each of these men attacks the liberal interpretation of history at one of its key points. Professor [Jacques] Maritain condemns it for its espousal of an experimental attitude in morals; Mr. [Reinhold] Niebuhr rejects its faith in human perfectibility; [Karl] Mannheim denies its belief in the objectivity of human reason; Mr. Arnold Toynbee holds that the entire modern era, with its attempt to build a civilization on secular and humanistic grounds, has broken the fundamental laws of history, and has been guilty of the sin of pride . . . In examining these philosophies we are subjecting to a full-dress reappraisal the fundamental ideas with which liberal men entered on their present trials.

Of the main body of Frankel's work, one thing must be said: the ancient foundation-ideas of liberalism, apparently crumbling today under severe battering, emerge as vital as air and as fresh as tomorrow. That dedicated group of concepts—that the lot of men can and should be improved; that the material well-being of individuals in a society is a valid goal; that a secular and humanistic approach to social problems is not only sufficient but desirable; that parliamentary institutions and civil liberties are the surest routes to a better world; that no man need be dependent on a social group, whether church or guild or union or state, for his well-being; that "progress" is a meaningful process and a valid touchstone; that it is the job of liberals to watch for and correct imbalances of power; that the actions of government are subject to review, with the well-being of men as the standard; and,

above all, that the methods of science are in fact applicable to the study of social phenomena—all these emerge from Frankel's book, not merely restored to respectability but endowed with a new vigor.

So much for the "coherent framework"; what then of the "exciting vision?" What lies ahead for liberals?

The overhanging problem for contemporary liberals—a problem which challenges their courage and intelligence and, most of all, their imaginations—is [the] drift of decision-making authority into key positions that are anonymous, the development of an institutional structure that denies the individual genuine options, and the increasing inadequacy of our inherited mechanisms of public discussion and consent to control this situation. It is a problem to which none of the old models apply.

This is, of course, only the barest bone of Mr. Frankel's final chapter; he provides both amplification and specific suggestion. But, having restored

the foundations of liberalism, Mr. Frankel provides enough challenge in the single paragraph above to direct the lives of liberals in any calling. Taken with the context from which I have torn it, it defines and clarifies the duties and urgencies facing teachers and politicians, philosophers and precinct workers.

Critics will find imperfections. For one thing, Mr. Frankel shows a grasp of semantic principles good enough to discover that a large part of the philosophy of Maritain depends on "an equivocation in the meanings of terms like 'doubt' and 'uncertainty,'" or to point out that criticism of Concorcet has generally overlooked "an important distinction between two meanings of the term 'limit.'" Yet throughout the book Mr. Frankel shuffles a number of possible uses of several words, the most notable of which is "truth." The charitable reader can, I think, gain from context a pretty good idea of what Mr. Frankel means each time; but so devastating an attack as his is certain to meet uncharitable critics.

## Two Views of Suez

*A HUNDRED HOURS TO SUEZ.* By Robert Henriques. The Viking Press. 206 pp. \$3.

*THE SUEZ WAR.* By Paul Johnson. Greenberg. 145 pp. \$2.50.

### Dan Wakefield

IT IS sometimes hard to remember that these two small volumes are about the same small war. In the first place, Mr. Henriques' report, *A Hundred Hours to Suez*, is a narrative focussed on Israel's participation in the war, while Mr. Johnson's report, *The Suez War*, is concentrated on the part played by England and France. In the second place, the two authors come to persuasive conclusions that are precisely opposite on the question of "collusion" between Israel and her Western allies. Mr. Henriques says no. Mr. Johnson says yes.

It is obvious [Mr. Henriques writes] that many people are interested in . . . whether or not there was "collusion" among the British, French, and Israeli governments. A few whispered words between three statesmen would, I suppose, have constituted "collusion." Personally I

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

am convinced that the whispering did not in fact take place. But I cannot prove it.

Mr. Johnson has this to say:

Pineau encouraged the Israelis in this intention [a limited raid into Egypt]; indeed, he pressed them to go farther, and to destroy the major Egyptian military bases in Sinai and in the Gaza Strip . . . On about October 10, a secret military agreement was drawn up in Paris between M. Abel Thomas, on behalf of the French government, and a Mr. Perès, on behalf of Israel . . . There seems little doubt that Franco-Israeli cable and wireless exchanges, which are now in the possession of the American government, indicate that Eden and Lloyd knew the principal outlines of the conspiracy . . . Frenchmanned Mystere fighter-bombers both assisted the Israeli ground forces in Sinai and provided a protective air cover over Tel Aviv and other Israeli cities. Interviews with these French pilots have revealed that they arrived in Israel a week before October 30, the day of the attack.

But Mr. Henriques and Mr. Johnson are in complete agreement on one matter—that the participation of England and France in the Suez war was a bad



thing. Mr. Henriques tells why it was a bad thing from Israel's point of view: because it "prevented Israel from establishing herself on the Suez Canal" and "It saved (as will be shown) about one-third of the Egyptian Army from destruction or disintegration." Mr. Johnson tells why it was a bad thing from the point of view of England and France, stating the losses in money, prestige, and world-respect he feels that the Western allies suffered because of the venture. He predicts that "we shall be reaping the evil harvest for years to come."

Both Mr. Henriques and Mr. Johnson have written passionate and lively books. Mr. Henriques, a Jew who had never found much identification with the Zionist cause, is suddenly caught up in the whole adventure of Israel, and his book is an admiring description of the spirit and capability of Israel and her army in the lightning Sinai victory. As a former military man, he has written knowledgeably about the technique of the campaign, and as a novelist, he

has brought it to life with quick sketches of the Israeli officers and anecdotes of the war. He documents the arguments for Israel's entry into the war, and ends his book with the conviction that "Israel went to war only in order to secure peace; Israel wants only peace."

Mr. Johnson is not so much concerned with what Israel wants or has got, as with what France and England have lost. His is the passion of a civilized man in a civilization that is suddenly weakening. He feels that perhaps its last power is the power of morality and that to lose morality is the final disaster. Much has been lost, and he can now but cry out, in his own book's final words, that "Our leaders are guilty men. So long as they go unpunished, all of us are accessories after the fact."

It would be fascinating now to read an account of the Suez war from the Egyptian point of view; and thus introduce for the American reader another of the principal passions of our time, along with these two so well presented by Mr. Henriques and Mr. Johnson.

zy has returned dignity to the second great fact of our existence. He reminds us that, though we may speak of "mass deaths," death comes—and somewhat more surely than Santa Claus—singly to each; that its reception must be prepared for by each man alone.

Then [after Palabaud's "anguish and loneliness" on hearing his death sentence] peace of mind had returned: he neither accepted nor denied the inevitable: at that moment, in fact, he had joined the company of the dying. For dying may last a second or it may last several years: it begins the moment a man believes that he may die.

The book would be a mere, if distinguished, exercise in realism did it not stop every now and then to blossom into a wonderful little essay. Often of not more than a dozen lines, these yet suggest the gentle and persistent probings of Proustian antennae. There are essays on the Maoris, clothes dummies in store windows, provincial night-clubs, odors of sanctity and, of course, on the subject in hand. They provide a poetic and intellectual ambience for the "ordinary" ill-educated, inarticulate protagonist. And they are the reason that, despite all differences, this poor Palabaud reminds us of Prince André.

For, when a man arrives within a short distance of his own end, he takes no pleasure in solitude; he may avoid the company of the quick, but only to discover, among the dead whom he conjures out of his memories, new posthumous friendships whose depths he has failed to understand. And, reunited with these companions of the past, now better understood, closer to him than formerly, he receives encouragement in his last steps to the perilous frontier of life. He hears them call to

## Homecoming to Die

**THE CROSSING.** By Jean Reverzy.  
Pantheon Books. 255 pp. \$3.50.

**Katherine Hoskins**

A DEATH is the subject of this book; a death treated as any should welcome who have watched and speculated by the dying.

A middle-middle-class boy, one Palabaud, is taken to a summer resort. There, over the frolicking bodies of his fellowmen, he sees the rim of the sea. It is the single illumination of his life and it lasts him through. "Men—the sea," the phrase takes him to Oceania and the ownership of a hotel whence, as he wipes down the bar, he can look over the heads of his customers to that same horizon. The phrase supports him when he returns to die in his native land-bound Lyons.

The author, himself a doctor and far-travelled, has lent his narrator all the skill necessary to present this Palabaud and his associates in the South Seas, in the France both of his boyhood and of his mature return. Presenting himself as one who has also loved the sea and "paleo-Tahiti," he brilliantly evokes the civilization of the islands. But a

doctor "is fully aware of the fact that all men are dying," and the framework as well as the subject is death: the Maoris, "an incomparable race," dying of imported vulgarity; the Lyonnais, dying of self-inflicted boredom.

But these general dyings are only a background to the high event of one man making the crossing, the passage. (And here I should like to applaud the jacket designer who, instead of a ship, a Polynesian maiden or the stone terraces of Lyons, has drawn a simple iron grating such as all city dwellers tread countless times, unnoticing.) Dr. Rever-

## How the "go-slow" policy of the moderates is crippling desegregation

### Go South to Sorrow

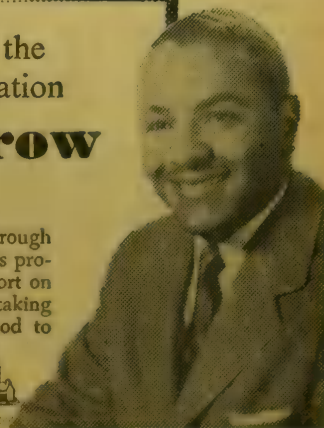
BY CARL T. ROWAN

Carl Rowan, a Negro journalist, journeyed through the South to see for himself how desegregation is progressing. This book is his fighting, shocking report on how a new, vicious white-supremacy group is taking advantage of the moderates' "cooling-off" period to nullify the Supreme Court decision.

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**KATHERINE HOSKINS** has recently received a grant from Brandeis University for her new volume of poetry, *Villa Narcisse*.



him and what they seem to say is,  
"Don't be afraid. Come with us..."

It is not, I fear, saying a great deal to say that this is the best novel that I have read in years. It is that. What distinguishes it, among "best novels" even, is the compassion that informs it, a rare and recent light for a twentieth century writer to work by. And I think that it is not a purely personal valuation I give it for pushing back a little the frontier of death (or onward the frontier of life), the barriers of which we have so often decorated, the terrain so little explored. And yet it is, after all, as Dr. Reverzy instructs us, a territory held in common.

## Dream To Be Good

*THE ASSISTANT.* By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 246 pp. \$3.50.

Herbert Gold

BERNARD MALAMUD'S short stories and his first novel, *The Natural*, have earned him a reputation as a unique voice among contemporary American writers. Now, in *The Assistant*, he has shaped his special dream-note of pity into an intense and beautiful utterance.

A soul-stricken Italian "holdupnik" attaches himself to an immigrant family, the Bobers, poor Jews being crushed under their moribund grocery store. He falls in love with Helen, the daughter. (We feel both how beautiful she is to the passionate seeker, Frank Alpine, and what she must be in real life with her small white breasts and her slightly bowed legs. Malamud does not give us any idle dreams; the dream is heart-breakingly sharp.) He wants to love Helen; he finds himself peeping on her and worse. He wants to help Morris in the store; he steals from the register. He wants to be happy and good; he is sad and crooked. And maybe he has a chance at last to belong to the human race in the way that he dreams for himself.

The major action works itself out against the struggles of a family to stay afloat by means of that anachronism, the neighborhood store: the dreaming old-country father, unfit for business; the frazzled hopeless mother; the sour and resenting customers and competitors. There is the loneliness of the girl whose chances are not up to her imagination. There is Ward Minogue, the neighborhood badboy, poison to his father and poison to himself, rendered in a few absolutely accurate scenes.

HERBERT GOLD is the author of *The Man Who Was Not With It*.

## The Orator

The strong white hand, the voice  
That comes alive in crowds,  
That glows and promises everything,  
It will not let you sit  
And be lonely like yourself and proud,  
It wants to make you bow.

Or like an instrument would use you,  
So how should you beware?  
Beauty of voice and hand are hard  
Not to succumb to;  
He will take it ill if you covert stare,  
But if your ears drink that abundance in

He will take it well and thank your trust.  
Risks are made to take, and if you must  
Risk fully, since words half-hearted hatch  
A double question; let eyes devour the hand,  
And when the voice flames out, ignite,  
Leap to the fiery tongue, at one  
With the vast and legendary crowd.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

The mountainous desire of Frank Alpine to live up to Helen's command toward "discipline" engenders a unified action served by Malamud's perfect observation and subtly colored colloquial narrative style. His unrelenting pity for straining souls reminds us of Dostoevsky—if we can imagine Dostoevsky tempered by Chagall's lyric nostalgia for a lost Jewish past. Chagall too makes extensive formal use of dreams. Sophisticated readers may hear echoes of Saul Bellow's *The Victim* (goy preys on Jew) and of Joyce's *Ulysses* (lonely wanderer looks for father); but peace to derivations! This

novel is an original and personal invention. As we read it, we think: It happened to me, it is happening! *The Assistant* is not a skillful construction; it is life both rendered and controlled.

*The Assistant* is almost perfect as far as it goes. In his work to come, it will be important for Malamud to take some chances on the wit and the love of life which he gives us so far in a minor key. This book and his stories are lyric marvels, and they make us want more—the headlong architectural daring of a great novelist. Having done so much already, Bernard Malamud can now cut loose.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

NOT SO LONG AGO I went to see a play which is tremendously popular. After two acts I felt that I had tolerated enough of this entertainment. As I approached the coat room to get my things a stranger, all aghast, asked, "You're not leaving, are you?" "I've got to catch a train," I hastened to reply.

As a good American, one dislikes not enjoying a play which seems to entertain everybody else. Besides, why spoil someone else's fun? But a critic is supposed to consider all the fare that is offered. This is true only if one views criticism as a kind of penance. Certainly there are men who seem to revel in demolishing trifles. It is a sort of adolescent sadism.

To attack a play, I often think, is to

acknowledge that it has some stature, since one has been sufficiently aroused to weigh and condemn it. But a good many plays fail to provoke any desire for such effort. I might go farther and add that there are certain clearly meritorious plays that a critic ought to abstain from criticizing at all. Such restraint should be exercised when the critic senses that he has no natural appetite for or real relation to the material the play deals with or to the point of view it embodies. For he will remain indifferent to such plays even when he surmises that they are good.

Shaw didn't "get" *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Max Beerbohm wrote like a fool about Gorky's *Lower Depths*. Wolcott Gibbs is absurd on Chekhov. None of this necessarily betrays a lack



of judgment, only a congenital failure of sympathy with certain modes of experience. Racine is a sealed book to most American critics, as a good deal of Paul Claudel's work is alien to me. When a critic finds himself in such a position, what he writes is usually valueless.

On the other hand, I might say that while I respect and admire and to a degree have a feeling for T. S. Eliot's plays I do not like them. Yet when I "knocked" them I realized that I was still more keenly absorbed by them than I am by a great many quite pleasant plays which I might as well not discuss at all. If I were to write more bluntly than is critically permissible I might say about the first category of play, "These plays make me a little sore—but go see them"; about the second, "These plays are, I suppose, very nice, I can't see why anyone should care."

In either case the critic must make clear from what angle he is viewing a particular play, what criteria he has in mind on each separate occasion. I once told a drama critic who complained of the success of a play we both thought cheap that the success of such plays hardly troubled me, while the frequent neglect of certain faulty plays which possessed the dignity of some creative impulse and accomplishment made me boil.

All this is by way of confessing why—apart from my duties elsewhere—I have recently overlooked certain plays in this column, why I have been reluctant to discuss them or in some cases even to see them.

*The Tunnel of Love* (Royale), for example, is a very successful biological farce of a kind that embarrasses me, although I was obliquely amused by its *Reader's Digest* culture: for while the play might be described as being about a seven year itch to have a baby, it abounds in references to Kafka, Margaret Mead, Thoreau, the *id*, Dylan Thomas, etc. It is obvious that in this instance I had to disqualify myself as a critic.

The case of *Brigadoon* (Adelphi)'s different. I know it is a good show—there are several catchy tunes in it, it has twice been a success and many reputable judges have declared that it ranks high among American musicals. Yet now, as at the time of its original production, it made very little impression on me. I cannot for the life of me explain why this should be so except to say rather irrelevantly that I find it too "clean."

I delayed taking notice of *The Duchess of Malfi*—which is not at all

clean—till it had closed. I favor the policy of the Phoenix Theatre which produces plays (at reasonable prices) that are good but not likely to be seen often in the theatres uptown.

Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* is a man-sized play with great writing, but as done at the Phoenix it seemed pointless—a pretentious polysyllabic horror story: I didn't care how many people died or were tortured in it. The text was cut so that the play's perspective and justification vanished and it was directed and acted (by a company

capable of much more) in a nondescript style that might be called unresolved Old Vic—as if the players wanted desperately to escape Broadway but didn't know where to go.

So I didn't write my review, hoping that some of my readers would visit the Phoenix anyway for the sake of the play's renown and the worthiness of the enterprise. It is all very well to say that a critic should not concern himself with the commercial consequences of his notices; I for one prefer to encourage theatregoing.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS, Brazil's richest lode of contemporary music, has reached his seventieth birthday. But, watching his big, square-cut figure directing the New York Philharmonic recently, one could only marvel at his youthful demeanor and the generosity of his gift.

A total evaluation of this composer's work would involve the study of more than 1,500 scores, for he has been one of the most prolific artists of our time. Not even Darius Milhaud and Paul Hindemith, renowned for their compositional facility, approach this total. But, as is often the case with extraordinary fluency, the quality of Villa-Lobos' inspiration fluctuates. He has achieved the miracle of a new Western-Hemisphere idiom based in, yet transcending, the French tradition. In the sampling provided by the recent concert, however, one found that musical effectiveness ranged from that of a probable masterpiece to an aesthetic failure.

The probable masterpiece was *Mandu-Carara*, and I can think of no North American composer who could have assembled such an orgy of orchestral color and rhythm. To conceive of it, he would have to sense (perhaps believe in) the animism of tropical forests, bright-colored birds and monkeys on the limb. He would have to catch the interior energies of native dance rhythms and treat them as his own, not as something imported or urbanized. Most important of all, he would need a streak of inherent sensuousness which we in the North seem to lack.

Villa-Lobos calls his *Mandu-Carara* a Cantata "Profana," and that is precisely its genre. Basing itself on Brazilian legends, it tells a story of witches, gnomes, monkeys and a mysterious,

god-like young creature, more or less an embodiment of the Spirit of Dance, from whom the work derives its title.

Two choruses are employed, one mixed, and one consisting of girls' voices. In this performance, Hugh Ross's Schola Cantorum provided one group and the girls from the High School of Music and Art the other. They sang brightly, all of them, and their semi-antiphonal blocks of sound alternately merged with and opposed the fulminating colors of the orchestra with absolute certainty and bite. It would be hard to exaggerate the primeval excitement engendered when, against the large orchestra and the luxuriant, flowing lines of the Schola Cantorum, the girls' voices chirped out an insistent Brazilian rhythm.

IT WOULD similarly be hard to exaggerate the prolixity and structural looseness of the composer's *Chôros No. 6*. If any relationship existed between the myriad sections of fiesta music, bathos and vaguely sweet feelings, it remained the author's secret. Theoretically, the work represents a new kind of compo-

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sition, synthesizing different types of Brazilian and Indian folk music. But the problem of form has not been solved. Apparently a Brazilian rhapsody, like any other, tends to fall apart at the seams.

The *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1* is a familiar piece by now. It makes a very pretty sound, and the orchestration for eight (or twelve) cello is productive of high color and emotional intensity. In quality, it stands somewhere between the *Chôros No. 6* and *Mandu-Carara*, for its first two movements, while sentimental, are stylistically original and honestly touching. The third is a fiasco. Happily (or sagely) it was omitted from the program. One wishes that the two non-Villa-Lobos works of the evening, Schmitt's *Salammbô Suite No. 2* and Guarnieri's *Apertura Concertante*, had also been left in the wings. The one was amorphous and emptily atmospheric; the other was simply dull.

SOME DAYS AFTER Villa-Lobos descended from the Carnegie Hall podium, conductor Paul Paray ascended. Witold Malcuzyński was soloist that evening in the Chopin Second Piano Concerto. He played with refinement of sentiment and tone, if not with any unusual force. But my thoughts were mostly occupied with Mr. Paray, the general contours of his program, and the interpretations he accorded the music.

First on the list was the New York premiere of a piece by Bernhard Heiden called "Euphorion," *Scene for Orchestra*, a standard, bland effort in the dilute-Hindemith tradition. The remainder of the evening consisted of Roussel's *The Spider's Feast*; the Prelude and Love Death from Wagner's *Tristan*; and his Ride of the Valkyries.

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#### The NATION

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The plan was all too clear. After a mild obeisance to contemporary music, we were to be lulled by various Romantic manifestations, electrified by the *Tristan* music, and catapulted out of the hall by the Valkyries. Unfortunately, the *Tristan* music fizzled in performance, and the evening's passive tone continued. As I left the building, sleepy but unpropelled by Valkyries, it occurred to me that perhaps the clock had really been turned back to the era of mauve and velour. This was no longer fit fare for a Thursday night Philharmonic audience.

SIX SONATAS by the 18th Century composer, Luigi Cherubini, have been given meticulous recorded readings by pianist Vera Franceschi. They are pleasant (although slightly academic) and their recorded sound is good (*Westminster XWN 18276*).

The Russian pianists, Lev Oborin and Emil Gilels present virtuoso performances of the Khachaturian Concerto and the Concerto No. 3 by Kabalevsky. Textures and balances of the state Radio Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. are clear and presumably accurate, since the composers wielded the batons. Musically, however, the concerti are thin (*Westminster XWN 18356*).

By contrast, the organ works of Dietrich Buxtehude and Georg Böhm provide elevated pleasure at every turning. Luther Noss, Dean of the Yale School of Music, has interpreted the two vastly different Baroque masters with comprehension and serene joy. His instrument, Yale's Battell Chapel Organ, is bright in tone and has been beautifully captured on this disc (*Overtone 12*).

### TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

April 21 through 25

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 21

LA TRAVIATA (NBC). Production by NBC Opera Company with Elaine Malbin, John Alexander and Igor Gorin. English libretto by Joseph Machlis, whose translations of *La Bohème* and *War and Peace* were performed earlier this season.

EASTER SUNDAY. Services from Washington's National Cathedral (CBS) and Pontifical High Mass from St. Monica's Basilica, Cincinnati (NBC).

LIGHT FROM LIGHT (CBS; Light Unto My Feet). Modern Greek miracle play, the first to be written in some centuries, concerns the conversion of an unbeliever. Nicholas Andromedas has re-

tained the classic chorus and form of Attic theatre.

ARCHEOLOGY IN THE HOLY LAND (ABC; Johns Hopkins File 7). Dr. William Albright, professor of Semitic languages, will discuss the Dead Sea Scrolls and their bearing on the New Testament, based on his recent trip to the Middle East.

TOP HAT (NBC). One of the classic film musicals. With Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

BITTER CHOICE (CBS; General Electric Theatre). Anne Baxter plays a nurse who treats apathy by making her patients angry. From a story by Arthur Gordon.

Tuesday, April 23

A MAN'S GAME (NBC; Kaiser Aluminum Hour). Nanette Fabray in a musical comedy concerning a female baseball pitcher. Music and lyrics by Jack and Madeline Segal.

Wednesday, April 24

OUR FRIEND THE ATOM (ABC; Disneyland). Rerun of a superior popular science "spectacular."

Thursday, April 25

RABBI ON WHEELS (ABC; Telephone Hour). Yarn about bicycle-riding Rabbi Cohen, whose efforts to help an immigrant get American citizenship attract national attention.

FOUR WOMEN IN BLACK (CBS; Playhouse 90). A filmed drama, starring Helen Hayes, based on the experiences of four Catholic nuns who crossed the American desert in 1870 to found a hospital. Written, produced and directed by Bernard Girard.

A.W.L.

### Disguises

Always we have believed  
We can change overnight,  
Put a different look on the face,  
Old passions out of sight:  
And find new days relieved  
Of all that we regretted  
But something always stays  
And will not be outwitted.

Say we put on dark glasses,  
Wear different clothes and walk  
With a new unpracticed stride—  
Always somebody passes  
Undeceived by disguises  
Or the different way we talk.  
And we who could have defied  
Anything if it was strange  
Have nowhere we can hide  
From those who refuse to change.

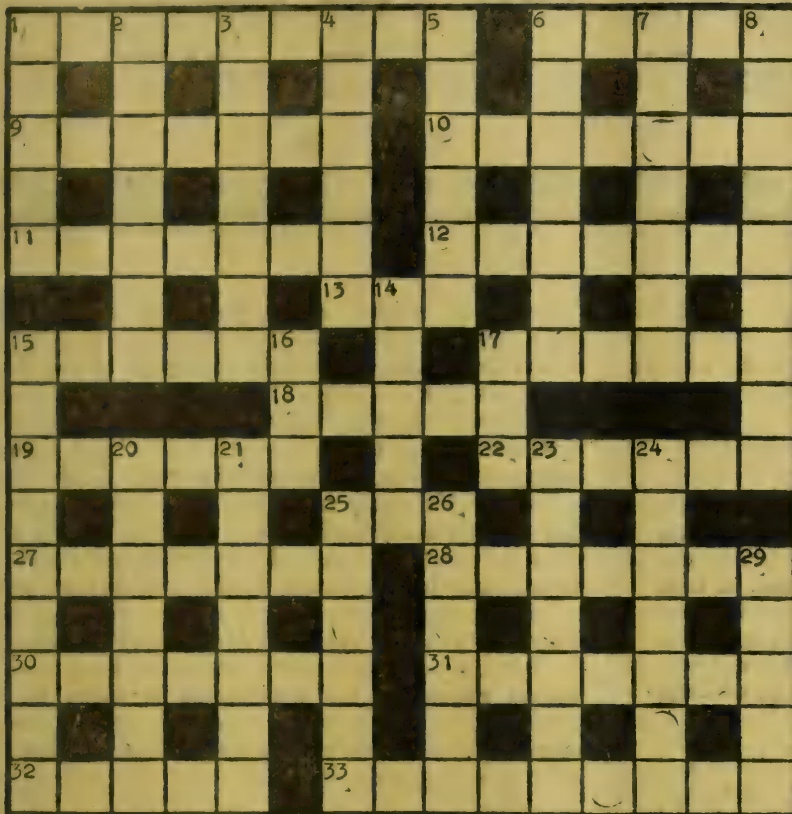
ELIZABETH JENNINGS

The NATION



# Crossword Puzzle No. 720

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 To such a comment on Arthur's height, one might differently reply "vita brevis." (3, 2, 4)
- 6 See 25 Across
- 9 See 9 down
- 10 Sent astray, and about to strike catches. (7)
- 11 and 18 Spares are usually available here. (7, 5)
- 12 With bands, it tears into it. (7)
- 13 By the sound of it, you should be an animal. (3)
- 15 In his own environment, people are likely to be mad about him. (6)
- 17 Hold out. (6)
- 18 See 11 across
- 19 Concerning the history of food? (6)
- 22 What Bok did for a living. (6)
- 25 and 6 across Stricken when the animal got sick. (8)
- 27 Afterwards concerned with real make-up. (7)
- 28 An electric ray is used quite logically as a signal. (7)
- 30 It used to be involved in illumination. (7)
- 31 Listening to a relative who is about to pass on. (7)
- 32 More than one bird is found in her nest. (5)
- 33 The way one stands and rocks? (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 A disorderly mob follows the sailor, with possible dire consequences. (1-4)

- 2 He wants to get out of the Carnival, according to Saint-Saens. (3, 4)
- 3 Vigor. (7)
- 4 and 20 Not a prehistoric boarding-house, but perhaps essential in later years. (3, 3, 7)
- 5 Agrees to make some things run more easily. (6)
- 6 It could curtail the milk supply. (7)
- 7 Leaves in a body. (7)
- 8 You must be from someone, but it doesn't necessarily imply a comedown. (9)
- 14 See 16
- 15 Moves, perhaps, but not away from the spot at semester's end? (5, 4)
- 16 and 14 down Pussy-footing might be the way to reach the top at bridge. (8)
- 17 and 26 Looks over the retinue, which might be quite a headache. (9)
- 20 See 4 down
- 21 Proving variety is more than spices. (7)
- 23 What a mocker does, perhaps. (7)
- 24 The retort introduces it, besides! (7)
- 25 Mythological blow-hard? (6)
- 26 See 17 down
- 29 and 9 across Where Nelson put his glove might be part of a dilemma. (2, 3, 3, 4)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 719

ACROSS: 1 and 5 CALL OF THE WILD; 10 ANTIVENIN; 12 PAROLES; 13 TRISTAN; 14 ROUND; 16 IMPEDANCE; 18 NEURALGIA; 20 BREAD; 22 and 11 TRACING PAPER; 24 EXPENSE; 26 VOILE; 27 EVIL-DOING; 28 SANCTUM; 29 ENLIST. DOWN: 2 and 18 down ALTERNATIVES; 3 LEVELED; 4 and 25 FINISHING NAILS; 5 TENET; 6 EMPLOYED; 7 IMPOTENCE; 8 DERANGE; 9 PAMPER; 15 VILULATION; 17 PEACE PIPE; 19 ALIMENT; 20 BIPE-DAL; 21 DREDGE; 23 GLEAM.

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Where else, for instance could you learn that the Narcotics Act of 1956, which imposes the heaviest penalties in our legal history for those entangled in the dope trade, actually *encourages* the use of narcotics (Alfred R. Lindesmith in *The Nation*, March 16)? What other magazine refuses to be stampeded into blind, unreasoning hatred—and fear—of the “sex fiend” and approaches the whole problem of sex crime objectively and with an understanding both of society's needs and those of the “sick” criminal (Ralph Brancale and F. Lovell Bixby in *The Nation*, April 6)? What other periodical is so much on top of the news that you find in it a story like “NATO's Vanishing Armies”—(Paul Johnson in *The Nation*, April 13)—written *a week before* Britain announced the withdrawals of much of its armed forces from Western Europe—and at a time when Washington was stubbornly insisting that NATO was “as strong as ever”?

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# THE NATION

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## SPRING BOOKS

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The Need to  
Risk Tragedy

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& British Readers

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E. L. Mayo

Thom Gunn

Jacob Korg

Kenneth Rexroth

Maxwell Geismar

R. J. Kaufmann

W. S. Merwin

R. W. Flint

Donald Sutherland

Kristin Hunter

R. D. McIlnay

Harold Clurman

Maurice Grosser

Robert Hatch

---

## WONDER PROFITS IN WONDER DRUGS

Milton Moskowitz

# LETTER from LONDON

*Paul Johnson*

*London*

ALTHOUGH the threatened strike in the shipbuilding and engineering industries, which would have led to Britain's biggest industrial stoppage since the 1926 general strike, has been postponed while a Ministry of Labor court of inquiry examines its causes, well-informed people here are uneasily aware that the country is entering a prolonged period of labor unrest. Not since the 1930s have industrial relations been so strained, and the new atmosphere has been forcibly expressed by the tone of statements on both sides. "This time we do not want government interference; we want to fight it out ourselves," said Sir William Grant, spokesman for the employers; and Mr. Ted Hill, secretary of the Boilermakers and the most prominent labor figure in the dispute, has made his intentions equally plain: "The interests of my union come before the interests of the country, and I intend to protect them," he has said. Ordinary people, who do not understand the complexity of the problem, have been baffled and angered by this display of intransigence on both sides which comes when the competition for vital export markets is fiercer than ever, and when the country is still suffering the effects of the Suez oil crisis. "Employers and the unions," as one editorial writer put it, "seem to be engaged in a race towards industrial suicide."

Yet the omens have been threatening for some time; the present crisis is not a sudden and inexplicable outburst of mutual folly, but the culmination of a process which dates back to the formation of Sir Winston Churchill's government in 1951. Under the two post-war Labor governments, the government and the trade unions, for the first time in British history, developed a working partnership. The Chancellor of

the Exchequer formed the habit of consulting representatives of the Trades Union Congress before taking important decisions, and its views undoubtedly played a major part in shaping economic and financial policy. In return, the congress tried to preserve industrial peace, and in the main succeeded in doing so. Under the leadership of Arthur Deakin, Ernest Bevin's successor as secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, the T.U. bosses restrained wage demands, encouraged negotiation rather than stoppages and fought bitter battles against "unofficial" strikes. This policy of wage-restraint, however, was only made possible by a parallel attempt, on the part of the government, to keep prices down by food and housing subsidies, bulk purchasing, price controls over a wide range of commodities and forcible dividend restraint.

WITH the advent of the Conservative government, however, the system began to break down. The Korean rearmament boom had already strengthened inflationary tendencies within the economy; when the Tories took office, prices had begun to rise. Instead of increasing subsidies, however, Mr. Butler, the Tory chancellor, began progressively to reduce them, and the process was continued under his successor, Mr. Macmillan. Visible controls—in the form of import and building licenses, to name two of the most important—were abolished, and dividend restraints were lifted. During the stock-exchange boom of 1952-53, it is calculated that investors made capital gains in the region of £2,000 million (\$5.6 billion), and industrial-share returns doubled in this period. Prices, especially food prices, rose rapidly, and Mr. Butler completed the inflationary slide in his last budget by slashing income tax and thus pumping a further annual £300 million (\$840 million) purchasing-

*(Continued on page 360)*

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PAUL JOHNSON is assistant editor  
of the New Statesman and Nation.



## EDITORIALS

**The Wisdom of the Defeated**

It is ironic that eighteen of the leading nuclear physicists of West Germany should be the first group of important nuclear scientists in any nation to declare publicly that they would refuse to cooperate in any way in the production, testing or use of atomic weapons. In 1950 a group of American nuclear scientists urged Washington not to go ahead with a "crash program" on the H-bomb until further efforts had been made to negotiate an agreement with the Russians, but they did not announce their refusal to participate in a nuclear-weapons program. It is also ironic that the eighteen German scientists who signed the statement, which was issued through the Max Planck Institute, should include consistent and courageous anti-Nazis like Max von Laue, ambiguous figures like Werner Heisenberg, and active Nazi collaborators like Rudolph Fleischmann. Apparently there is no substitute for military defeat as a means of inducing a group of scientists of divergent political views to unite in making an unprecedented statement against nuclear war.

**The Trade Wall With Holes**

*Washington*

Despite recent rattling of H-bombs on both sides of the curtain, we are about to witness the partial dismantling of cold-war armament. By the time this is in print, Chincom (a committee comprising the NATO states minus Iceland and plus Japan, which regulates trade with Red China) may have met in Paris to discuss loosening of trade restrictions against Peking.

Since the Korean war ended almost four years ago, the embargo against China has been a divisive issue between America and its allies. The British and others consider themselves at peace with the People's Republic of China; furthermore, they hold that trade barriers against the Communist camp should be largely limited to weapons. By contrast, the United States behaves as though we are still at war. Under our total embargo, it is a penal offense to send anyone in China so much as a set of knitting needles or a birthday cake.

There is another difference between ourselves and

our allies on China trade policy. The British and other governments, and especially Japan, have been subject to home pressures to open the gate to China; except for a few isolated voices like those of Henry Ford II, head of the motor company, and John S. Coleman, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, very few Americans have been demanding a change in our anti-Chinese embargo. Nevertheless, the problem has been the focus of hot domestic argument for several years. One school holds that by continuing the embargo, we perpetuate Chinese demands on the Soviet economy and thus increase the drain on the USSR's resources. Against this, it is contended that by denying our goods to China, we prolong and intensify that country's dependence on Russia. It is argued, moreover, that our policy of maintaining a much tougher trading blacklist against Communist China than against the rest of the Communist block has become meaningless. China has only to order rubber or some other embargoed merchandise through Moscow, Prague or Warsaw, and the goods are promptly forwarded.

Fifteen months ago Sir Anthony Eden flew to Washington and explained all this at the White House. President Eisenhower promised that his Administration would review our China trade policy. The survey was undertaken, secretly. It has since developed that the Defense Department, almost alone, successfully opposed lifting the lid. At Bermuda last month, Mr. Eisenhower told British Minister Harold Macmillan that public opinion in America wouldn't stand for any softening of our stand.

But now the President is apparently prepared to lead public opinion. At his news conference the other day, he defended Japan's desire to carry on commerce with mainland China, saying in effect that it's ridiculous for U.S. industry to insist on protective tariffs and import quotas against Japanese products while simultaneously demanding that we prevent Japan from trading with its Chinese neighbor.

In finally exposing the truth on this issue, President Eisenhower was making a virtue of necessity. The British, Japanese, French, Belgians, Italians and others have notified us that they intend to expand their

trade with China, whether or not we go along. We are sustaining our own embargo, but we are about to resign ourselves to looking the other way while our friends build up their business with the Chinese.

## Management—Still Missing

The Select Senate Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor-Management field is rapidly becoming a committee to investigate labor, period. Its counsel complains, self-consciously, that management officials have not come forward in droves to testify. Did he really think they would be anxious to sit down before the microphones and testify on matters savoring of bribery or acquiescence in extortion? There are some reticences which management shares with labor. But the committee has the power of subpoena, ample funds and a large staff; it should have no difficulty in getting at the real issue which is, of course, collusion.

## Ordeal of Counsel

Leo Sheiner, a member of the Florida bar and a principal victim of the Miami witch-hunt (see: *The Nation*, August 7, 1954 and January 22, 1955), has finally won complete vindication in another of the long, painful ordeals of the cold-war years. In April, 1954, charges were filed with the Florida bar that Mr. Sheiner, who represented other victims of the Miami witch-hunt, had pleaded the Fifth Amendment in refusing to answer questions before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee. He was summarily disbarred. Later the

Florida Supreme Court reversed the order on the ground that pleading a Constitutional right was not *per se* cause for disbarment. On re-trial, only two witnesses testified against Mr. Sheiner, once a professional informer whose testimony has since been repudiated by the Department of Justice. Once again disbarment was ordered. On a second appeal, the Florida Supreme Court took cognizance of the fact that the informer's testimony might be perjured and remanded the case for further consideration without reference to his testimony. On April 5, 1957, Circuit Judge Ray Pearson dismissed the proceedings and thus, after three years, the ordeal of Leo Sheiner has come to an end.

It is worth noting, as a postscript, that once the testimony of the informer was thrown out, the only evidence offered against Mr. Sheiner was that of a self-confessed former Communist Party member who testified that on one occasion Sheiner had been introduced to him as "a member of the party." On this spectral testimony, Mr. Sheiner had to endure the ordeal and expense of two disbarment proceedings, two appeals to the Florida Supreme Court and three year's abstention from the practice of his profession. But perhaps the ordeal served a purpose, for it is now the law of Florida, thanks to *Florida vs. Sheiner*, that "... Claiming the privilege against self-incrimination is not a disgrace. It isn't to be construed as an inference of guilt or that the one who claims it is addicted to criminal tendencies. It may be claimed by the innocent as well as the guilty, and this exercise may not be considered a breach of duty to the court."

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## UAW: Lull Between Storms... by Dan Wakefield

*Atlantic City*  
FROM THE stormy days of the sitdown strikes, the United Auto Workers moved to the gray, uncertain weather of Atlantic City early this month for their sixteenth constitutional convention and prepared for the huge new season ahead. The U.A.W. is 1,320,000 strong and an institution now, and has been duly inflicted with the knowledge of all who are middle-aged that history is like a soap opera. No sooner does the family assemble in hard-won peace and comfort, when someone looks out the window and sees that the yard is on fire and the Apaches

are coming. It is time again for prayer and action.

The U.A.W. took plenty of both in the week of its convention, which marked, among other milestones, the first time its sessions were opened each day not only with a prayer but with a speech by a visiting clergyman. The delegates were told twice on the second morning that whatever else might be done, the rank-and-file members of the union would have to get down on their knees with regularity and say their prayers if they hoped to be saved. It was a sentiment that might have seemed out of place just a little more than a year ago at the AFL-CIO merger convention, when the prayers were all of thanksgiving; but

that was a different climate. There is now Senator McClellan with the tarnished soul of Dave Beck for all the suspecting public to see, and the anti-union legislators fresh from right-to-work law triumph in Indiana and hungry for more. There is also the new automation revolution and its resulting decentralization, which is already starting to split the old centers of power and spray the survivors to the hinterlands.

Walter Reuther's revolutionary victory of yesterday, the Guaranteed Annual Wage, holds no salvation from the automation problem that has already permanently put 24,000 workers in Detroit out of their jobs this year and threatens more. Not only does the G.A.W.

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff correspondent.



look less like the instrument of total salvation it seemed such a short while ago, but there is now the discovery that in it were the seeds of what has come to be the U.A.W.'s greatest internal dilemma. That is the battle of the skilled-trades workers (tool-and-die makers, electricians, carpenters, metal workers are some of the main skilled classifications) to see that their skills are rewarded at the bargaining table and kept at proportionately higher pay scales than the production workers.

This was the knottiest issue the convention had to deal with. The fact that the sessions were not torn apart with a fight reminiscent of the U.A.W.'s brawling days was simply because the heretical demand of the skilled-trades workers for separate power within the union had already been incorporated into the doctrine of the international.

THE STORY goes back to June of 1955, when the dawn of a new day was announced in the form of a G.A.W. victory, and in turn was hooded and booed by the skilled-trades workers in the union. Since the war, the skilled men had experienced hardly any unemployment problem themselves, and therefore felt the G.A.W. was of little benefit to them. Many felt that the money that went into the G.A.W. fund should be used instead to boost wages. In short, they felt they were paying for what the non-skilled workers, who are the first victims of seasonal lay-offs, were getting.

Wildcat strikes led by skilled workers broke out at Ford and General Motors shortly after the G.A.W. settlement; one of them lasted eighteen days. Within the U.A.W., some of the skilled workers got together and formed an organization known as the Society of Skilled Trades. At first it acted as a pressure group within the union, and then, with swift gains in strength, began to operate also as a separate, independent union. Reports are that many skilled workers in the U.A.W. are secretly members of the Society, paying dues as a kind of insurance in case the U.A.W. doesn't come across with satisfactory concessions.

The U.A.W.'s own skilled-trade

council met last year and passed a five-point program for the skilled trades which Reuther found so heretical that he barred it from the council's newspaper and talked of putting an "administrator" over the council if it continued to pursue such dangerous notions. But the heresy continued to spread, and became a concrete threat to the union's health and safety last fall when the U.A.W. lost its first election in many years to an outside union: 380 skilled workers at the Ford River Rouge plant went out of the United Auto Workers and into the former A. F. of L. Patternmakers of America, a typical craft union.

The heretical five-point program put forth by the U.A.W. skilled-trades council of a year ago—including the separate bargaining rights of the skilled workers—was substantially the same as the five-point program which was presented to the convention here by Reuther and passed at the insistent urging of the International Executive Board. The new program provides that skilled workers will be able to vote separately on "skilled" supplements to local or corporation contracts and have the right to elect their own representatives to local shop as well as national bargaining committees; that present maximum rates for skilled workers will be transformed into minimums; that a unified apprenticeship program will be carried out, raising the age limit to make it possible for present production workers to qualify for skilled training; and that new contracts will give skilled workers greater power to decide jurisdictional questions involving work for which other unions may be bidding.

The production workers, despite some early talk of protest, were properly impressed with the necessity of the new program, which was the main topic of talk outside the convention hall. Some pre-voting predictions of violent opposition to the new rights of the skilled minority (which composes between 150,000 and 200,000 of the union's 1,320,000 membership) turned out to be on a minor scale when the matter reached the convention floor. When the vote came, 95 per cent of

the delegates approved the program.

The only other large-scale debate on the floor came on the proposal to raise the dues from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a month, but it, like the skilled-trades question, was less violent than many had anticipated. The recent convulsions over dues increases that have shaken several unions spurred the U.A.W. to a major job of defense of the increase, and the three-hour debate that included twenty-four delegates speaking for the increase and as many against, found chairman Reuther, as in the skilled-trades debate, with moments of searching for an opposition speaker. The feeling of most of the delegates seemed to be summed up by Delegate Hall who in the waning minutes of the session, put on the record that "I can say for the brothers from our Local 1095 that \$3 in dues is the biggest bargain since the white man bought Manhattan from the Indians for a string of beads and a sack of marbles."

The increase was passed by an overwhelming majority, and the request for a roll call could only muster several hundred delegates.

THIS WAS a far cry from the upsurge of protest that shook the United Steelworkers after a dues raise from \$3 to \$5 a month last fall. Dave McDonald is still sweating on the throne after an expensive campaign for re-election to his presidency failed to stop an obscure dues-rebel candidate from polling close to a third of the vote. The position of sanctity that McDonald so desires in his own union is occupied with glory to spare by Walter Reuther in the U.A.W.

The demonstration for his re-election, complete with placards and colored balloons, was a joyous procession in which each delegate had his chance to march past the throne and meet the master. The oldtimers beamed, the young blew sirens, and on the platform during the spectacle a couple of delegates who still were playing cops and robbers the day that Reuther was beaten by Ford agents broke out of line to dance a jitterbug. The ritual of nominating Carl Stellato, Reuther's traditional opponent from Detroit's Local 600, had been performed earlier by some

sad delegate who failed to dredge up any sentiment even by noting his candidate's lack of balloons. Brother Stellato, noting his lack of support, duly declined the nomination.

The sanctity of Reuther's leadership, challenged by few institutions in the country aside from Joe McCarthy, the N.A.M. and the Indianapolis *Star*, was stamped for future safety by announcement of the "watch-dog committee" in the early part of the convention. This seven-man committee of leading citizens had suddenly had their role re-emphasized to meet the changing times after Senator McClellan went to work on Beck and the Teamsters. Originally, the committee was to serve solely as a court of appeal for members who were not satisfied with decisions from the union's machinery of judgment. Now, a man who takes his case as high as the International Executive Board and still is not satisfied with the outcome, may either make a new appeal to the executive Board or appeal instead to the Public Review Board (the "watch-dog committee").

The strongest emphasis, publicity-wise, on the Public Review Board was placed on its role as a "watch-dog" which presumably would keep an eye out to see that no Beck-like maneuvers were going on in the union. Actually, there is nothing in the resolution creating the board that gives it specific powers for such investigation, though union officials told the press that the board would have power to conduct hearings and investigations on alleged violations of ethical practices. In any case, the "watch-dog" notion came not from rank-and-file protest, but strictly from the pressure of outside events. Most of the delegates would no more have thought of setting public police to keep an eye on Reuther than churchmen would think of getting private eyes to check on the doings of a bishop. A young delegate from Grand Rapids explained to an outsider that "Any guy in our local can look at the books any time he wants. Usually, someone asks to look at the books at least once a year. When the Beck thing came up, about thirty guys asked to see the books. It wasn't

that they thought that stuff was going on in our union, but they wanted to have the satisfaction of knowing they were union members who could look at their books."

The main sore spot in ethical practices within the U.A.W. is the one that plagues the ethical practices of the entire United States. It flared in ugly heat at the opening of the convention in the case of George Holloway, a Negro who sits on the board of U.A.W. Local 988 (International Harvester) in Memphis and has been a delegate to the last four conventions. The White Citizens Council is now working within the local and it succeeded in blocking his election this year. But he still ran fourth in the voting for the three representatives, and when an automobile accident caused the death of one of the three elected delegates, Holloway asked to be seated. The two white delegates opposed the plea, and the credentials committee was powerless to do anything except sadly to accept the objections. The international executive board promised to do something about it, but the union constitution provides for no miracles. Even if it did, it would take a local miracle to do much for Holloway and the Negro workers in Memphis.

The problem is an old one for the U.A.W. dating back to the racial conflicts in Detroit that have slowly improved through an onslaught of educational efforts and constant work on the part of the international.

MOST OF THE U.A.W.'s problems are confusingly new; the skilled-trades questions against the background of a changing shift in the work force toward white-collar people; the elimination of the man on the line by automation and speed-up. The biggest current battle is being waged with Chrysler, whose vice president, F. W. Misch, recently told a New York audience that part of his company's 1957 boom was due to increased productivity through revised work standards. What constitutes "revised work standards" for the company means "speed-up" to the workers. After a period of loose policy on the speed-up problem by the international, local flareups

have forced a new active stand. On February 26, U.A.W.'s national leaders negotiated with Chrysler on speed-up, calling off a full corporation strike but giving the local authority to strike on its own if unsatisfied with plant terms. Local 230 at Chrysler's Maywood, California, plant struck as production standards were upped from 473 to 534 cars a day. After two weeks of striking alone, the local was presented with a company proposal of 616 cars a day. The strike was still going on as the U.A.W. delegates convened here, and the presidents of the Chrysler locals met with Norman Mathews, a U.A.W. vice president, and decided to stop all overtime work at Chrysler plants in hopes of forcing a Maywood settlement—despite the fact that such an action violated the contract. Mr. Mathews told the convention that Chrysler was trying to break the union: he said, "To hell with the contract. We're going to fight."

The old words of passion were something of relief in the face of the new and complex problems. The threats are no longer as solid and easy to aim at as company servicemen armed with clubs.

The only surviving remainder of those gone times has been provided to the union and the country by Herbert V. Kohler, an employer who still keeps an arsenal of weapons at his company, and stumps the nation urging not the passage of right-to-work laws, but the elimination of collective bargaining. His workers have been on strike since April 5, 1954, and their strike is their life. The women make shirts and ties advertising the Kohler boycott and the kids sing in the Kohler chorus. They assembled at one of the convention parties, the kids bright-eyed and neat in yellow dresses and blue suits and sang "Solidarity Forever" and the crowd stood still all around them and a grey-haired man at the front kept whispering, "Ain't it wonderful? It's wonderful." The United Auto Workers have fought their way to the place where the Kohler strikers, in their struggle with a simple evil, are almost a quaint survival of the awful and glorious past. The automated future lies ahead.



# Wonder Profits in Wonder Drugs... by Milton Moskowitz

WHEN A COMPANY increases its sales by more than 100 per cent in one year, without having made a major capital investment, eyebrows are likely to rise on Wall Street. When this freakish jump occurs in the ethical pharmaceutical industry, however, the eyebrows are not likely to go up so high. For the denizens of Wall Street have by now become immunized against shock resulting from the irregular fluctuations of a "wonder drug" economy. In the past ten years they have seen sales spurts as amazing as the drugs themselves.

The "wonder drug" era began in 1943 with penicillin. This first antibiotic was followed by a flood of new products—streptomycin, sulfas, vitamins, hormones, antihistamines, broad-range antibiotics and now the tranquilizers. From the health standpoint, it has been a marvelous period. From the standpoint of the financial well-being of the companies which make and sell these drugs, it has also been marvelous.

Sales of ethical drugs (an ethical drug is a pharmaceutical not advertised to the consumer and sold invariably through a doctor's prescription) have expanded from \$200,000,000 in 1939 to \$1.5 billion last year. Antibiotics, now a \$350,000,000-a-year business, have been the biggest factor in this growth, but the tranquilizers are now coming up strongly. The tranquilizers, non-barbiturate drugs unknown to practicing physicians before 1954, are today selling at the annual rate of \$125,000,000 (at manufacturers' prices). Of the ten leading prescription items in 1956, four were tranquilizers.

The most frequently prescribed drug in 1956 (as well as in 1955) was Achromycin, Lederle Laboratories' brand of tetracycline, a broad-range antibiotic. Achromycin is identical with the tetracycline marketed by other producers under different names. The Upjohn Company's brand is Panmycin; Chas. Pfizer & Company's, Tetracyclin. In the struggle

for the antibiotic business, Lederle—a division of American Cyanamid Company—and Pfizer have been hot competitors. Lederle edged ahead when its Aureomycin outsold Pfizer's Terramycin, and now Achromycin has given it a clear lead. Although Achromycin was the most frequently prescribed drug last year, the combined prescription orders for Equanil (Wyeth Laboratories) and Miltown (Wallace Laboratories), identical tranquilizers, exceeded those of Achromycin.

IN 1956, for the second consecutive year, more than 400 ethical drugs were introduced. In the pre-antibiotic year of 1940, manufacturers brought out fewer than a hundred. Equally impressive is the number of prescriptions being filled these days. According to the Medimetric Institute, druggists filled 629,000,000 prescriptions in 1956, compared to 577,000,000 in 1955. A 700,000,000 volume is predicted for 1957. *Drug Trade News* reports that the average cost of a prescription in 1956 was \$2.49, compared to \$2.33 in 1955.

In becoming a billion-dollar business, the pharmaceutical industry has changed from a small, quiet, orderly affair to a fast-moving, noisy, fiercely competitive operation. These changes are evident at many levels.

In the Laboratories. Research is the key to development of drugs and the ethical houses today race furiously with one another to bring out

new products. The large pharmaceutical companies employ from 500 to 1,000 research scientists. Whereas the average cost of research in manufacturing industries is 1 per cent of sales, in the pharmaceutical industry the average is 5 per cent. Pfizer reported research expenditures of "close to \$8,000,000" in 1956. Before the war, ethical-drug producers employed only a handful of researchers, relying on Europe and the universities for basic research. In today's competitive market, however, manufacturers simply cannot wait around for a university scientist to come up with an idea. The sales struggle has thus stimulated basic research in pharmaceuticals.

*In the Marketplace.* Fifteen years ago, the pharmacist, surrounded by his elixirs, compounded 75 per cent of the prescriptions ordered by doctors for patients. Today, nine out of ten prescriptions call for a drug already prepared by a manufacturer. Formerly written in Latin, the prescription now tends to be written in brand names. When your druggist asks you to wait fifteen minutes while he "prepares" your prescription, the chances are he is only trying to impress you. How long does it take to write a label and transfer some capsules from a large bottle to a small one?

*In the Doctor's Mailbox.* Ethical drugs cannot be promoted to the consumer and the sales pressure is therefore applied to the doctor. The ethical pharmaceutical industry today spends between \$250,000,000 and \$300,000,000 annually on "professional" advertising and various forms of sales promotion. "Detailing" (the personal call of a manufacturer's representative on the doctor) accounts for about 50 per cent of these expenditures. The industry is spending \$1 out of every \$5 in sales on promotional expenses—a proportion so high that few industries can match it. Direct mail to doctors has doubled in the past five years. The general practitioner in New York City now receives close to 5,000 pieces of direct mail a year!

From a strictly marketing view-



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point, the generating force in the ethical-drug business appears to be ■ crash-program of planned obsolescence. It is the great dream of the consumer-goods manufacturer to create sales by making his old products appear to be obsolete. But not even General Motors has been able to achieve the rapid-fire product turnover that prevails today in pharmaceuticals, thanks to the heavy investment in research. Products can be—and are—outdated in a matter of months. When a company introduces a new product, it is safe to assume it is already working to develop an improvement. And if it isn't, its competitors certainly are. Companies marketing ■ wide line of pharmaceuticals find themselves engaged in ■ delicate juggling act, with volumes shifting crazily from one product to another. The bulk of the business being done today is in products unheard of ten years ago.

Upjohn will introduce a new oral diabetic drug this year and the mad scramble is on among other producers to come up with ■ matching or superior entry. A lot is riding on this product; it threatens, for example, to destroy the long, well-established business Eli Lilly & Company has in insulin. (Aside from these purely marketing considerations, initial reports indicate that the Upjohn product will revolutionize diabetes treatment.)

THE MARKETING environment in pharmaceuticals was well sketched recently by Professor Thomas A. Staudt, chairman of the marketing department at Michigan State University. Addressing a group of pharmaceutical executives, Professor Staudt pointed out:

Few products in this field have any definite assurance of a future share in the market. For every hundred products introduced, only eight will be among the best prescription sellers and high profit makers; another seven to ten will pay their own way; and the other 80 per cent will fail.

This high mortality rate, Professor Staudt noted, poses ■ major problem for companies in deciding on the promotional program for new products:

In a recent two-year period, from 1952 to 1954, seventy-three new

products were added to the best seller lists (products with 400,000 prescription sales a year or more), and seventy-eight were dropped. This means you have little time for experimentation in the promotional mix the way Gillette had when they came out with a patented razor with seventeen years of protection.

Being "first" with a new product is of prime importance in this kind of market. Since a new product has no guarantee of long life (in fact, it seems to be guaranteed a *short* life), the manufacturer is under pressure to recover costs and make a profit in the period immediately following introduction, when prices are high. There is a saying in the pharmaceutical business that "if you stay with a product too long, you run the risk of losing your profit"—and penicillin is usually cited to prove the point. In 1943, penicillin wholesaled for \$20 per dose of 100,000 units and the twenty-nine pounds of production in that year was worth \$3,000,000—roughly \$100,000 per pound. By 1953, the 750,000 pounds produced was worth only \$50,000,000, or \$65 a pound, as the price had dropped to one cent per dose of 100,000 units. In 1956, the price of penicillin nose-dived to three-tenths of a cent per dose of 100,000 units—and profit margins were virtually non-existent. Two producers, Commercial Solvents and Schenley Laboratories left the field because of diminishing profits.

What can happen when a producer is able to cash in effectively on a new product is illustrated by the recent experience of Schering Corporation. In 1954, Schering introduced a new cortical-steroid product for treatment of arthritis. Schering's sales in 1954 totalled \$19,400,000, about the same as in 1953 and 1952. Its earnings per common share in 1954 were 89c, 10 per cent below its 1950 earnings. The new product, selling at a high price, won quick acceptance. In 1955, Schering posted sales of \$46,000,000, a gain of almost 150 per cent. Earnings advanced to \$4.71 per common share, a gain of better than 500 per cent. And one product was responsible.

Another new product, the Salk vaccine, has proved to be a bonanza

for Eli Lilly, which accounts for about 60 per cent of the industry output of the product. In 1956, Lilly's Salk vaccine sales were \$32,000,000, and its total sales volume jumped from \$141,300,000 to \$181,500,000. Net earnings increased by more than 75 per cent—from \$2.12 to \$3.82 per share.

THERE ARE some 250 ethical-drug manufacturers in the United States, with a dozen large producers dominating the business. In 1951, only two manufacturers—Lilly and Parke, Davis & Company—had sales in excess of \$100,000,000. Today, there are at least eight companies above this mark, with several headed for the \$200,000,000 level. The industry's "big ten" are: Lilly; Parke, Davis; Upjohn; Lederle Laboratories; Smith, Kline & French; American Home Products; Pfizer; Merck & Company; E. R. Squibb & Sons; and Abbott Laboratories. Success stories are common. Smith, Kline & French had sales of \$39,000,000 in 1950; it reported \$104,600,000 in 1956. Pfizer, which has chemical and animal-feed business as well as ethical drugs, leaped from \$60,800,000 in 1950 to \$178,400,000 last year. Merck & Co., another combination chemical and pharmaceutical producer, had a \$94,100,000 business in 1950; sales last year were \$172,400,000.

There are pitfalls attached to the ethical-drug business; witness Cutter Laboratories' troubles with the Salk vaccine and Parke, Davis' problems with Chloromycetin. Parke, Davis was on top of the ethical-drug heap in 1952, having just passed Lilly, when the American Medical Association announced that the company's new antibiotic, Chloromycetin, could cause serious blood breakdowns. In 1951, Chloromycetin sales were \$52,400,000, accounting for more than one-third of Parke, Davis' total business. In less than a year, sales of the antibiotic were halved and the company's total volume skidded to \$109,900,000. Chloromycetin sales have since recovered, but Parke, Davis' volume in 1956 was still \$4,000,000 short of its 1951 high of \$138,100,000.

While drug companies have long disseminated free samples and gaudy



brochures to doctors, it is only recently that advertising outlays have mounted to such a high proportion of sales. Some producers—notably Upjohn; Parke, Davis; Smith, Kline & French and Pfizer—have even carried the attack to the consumer in the form of institutional advertising. Parke, Davis has concentrated its consumer advertising on improving doctor-patient relationship, thereby catering to its direct (the doctor) and indirect (the patient) customer in one shot. Your doctor, however, more than anyone else, is aware of the stepped-up promotional drives. He is literally deluged with sales ammunition; imagine, if you can, receiving ten sales appeals a day, plus regular calls from “detail” men.

THERE is increasing evidence that the doctor is fed up with the barrage of propaganda directed at him. One recent study showed that only 34 per cent of doctors were favorably disposed toward direct-mail advertising, as against 70 per cent ten years ago. Another study indicated that 41.4 per cent of doctors either “don’t read” direct-mail ads or believe they have “no influence.” The dominance achieved by the pre-packed pharmaceutical has also strained doctor-manufacturer relations. Studies show that many doctors feel the mass-produced “wonder drugs” are robbing them of their reputation as the all-powerful healer.

Pharmaceutical-advertising men are aware of this resentment. In 1955, a number of leading pharmaceutical houses put up \$7,500 to have the Institute of Motivational Research do a “deep survey” to unearth the underlying feeling of doctors toward promotion materials. The ad men tend to discount much of the “I’m not influenced by advertising” opinion expressed by doctors. This, they say, reflects the doctor’s inclination to give a “socially acceptable answer.” However, the pharmaceutical-ad men have also been perceptive enough to realize that in a situation characterized by a glut of promotional materials the way to more effective communications is through an improvement in the *quality* of the materials. They have been alert to develop new

techniques to reach the eyes and ears of doctors. One such technique is closed-circuit television. *Grand Rounds*, a series of closed-circuit telecasts sponsored by Upjohn, has given national audiences of doctors an opportunity to observe top specialists working in operating rooms and diagnosing difficult cases. *Spectrum*, a bi-weekly magazine mailed



directly to doctors by Pfizer after running for four years as an advertising insert in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, is a first-class editorial product that has won wide acceptance.

New products and the need to reach the doctor quickly with information about them account for the drug industry’s increasing reliance on advertising. The pharmaceutical men claim that not all of the broadsides directed at the doctor should be laid at the door of brand promotion. They point out, with cogency, that the new drugs were not known when the doctor was in medical school. Physicians therefore have to be told about them—how and when to use them. The ad men liken ethical-drug advertising to a post-graduate course for doctors. There is some justice in this assertion, but, of course, it is impossible to tell where the “education” leaves off and advertising begins. And this, after all, is the mark of a good sales piece: it informs or entertains the customer while selling him. In this respect, the consumer advertisers

may have something to learn from the ethical-drug field.

So far the big Madison Avenue agencies, with only a few exceptions, have been unable to provide the specialized services and knowledge required by a maker of ethical drugs. As a result, this advertising is being handled, for the most part, by a group of specialized agencies, whose clientele is limited to the ethical-drug field. The largest of this group is William Douglas McAdams, Inc., which employs more than 300 persons to handle some \$13,000,000 of ethical-drug advertising, promotion and public relations annually. McAdams has as its chairman a research psychiatrist, Dr. Arthur Sackler, and as its president, a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School, Dr. DeForest Ely. The agency employs thirty-seven doctors: twenty M.D.’s, twelve Ph.D.’s, three veterinarians, a dentist and an osteopath. The second largest advertising agency in the medical field is L. W. Frohlich & Company.

The expansion of ethical-drug advertising has naturally resulted in a great boom for the medical journals, which are getting fatter and fatter. A magazine that can show evidence of reaching the medical profession will be supported by the drug manufacturers. *MD*, a monthly medical news-magazine patterned after *Time* and *Newsweek*, was launched this year by Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, an alumnus of the McAdams agency and one-time minister of health in the pre-Franco Spanish Republican government. The first issue carried \$50,000 worth of advertising. It has been a prosperous time, too, for the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, a prime medium for pharmaceutical advertisers. Despite the restrictions surrounding advertising in the *Journal*, in 1956 it carried no less than 5,200 advertising pages, more ad pages than appeared during the year in *Life* or *The Saturday Evening Post*. As a matter of fact, only five magazines in the country carried more ad pages in 1956 than the *Journal*. Since it now costs roughly \$1,000 to buy a page in the *AMA Journal*, this makes for a hefty advertising revenue of \$5,200,000 for

the association. Another medical magazine, *Modern Medicine*, placed in seventeenth place among all magazines, with 3,875 pages of ads.

With the ethical-drug industry still in what Wall Street calls a "growth" stage, we can expect more of the same in the future. Many new products will come out of the

research laboratories this year and they will be advertised vigorously to the medical profession. There is also talk in the industry of doing more in the way of direct advertising to the consumer. This move might be resented by the doctors, but the industry is concerned at consumer irritation with high prices

of prescription medicines. This also concerns the Federal Trade Commission, which is currently investigating to discover why prices of antibiotics have not fallen. If the industry continues to grow the way it has, the day may very well come when your mailbox will be as stuffed as the doctor's.

## Letter from London

*(Continued from inside cover)*

power into the national economy.

During the first Tory government, however, industrial relations remained satisfactory. Production was still increasing at an annual rate of roughly 5 per cent, and in his first years of office Mr. Butler—and the British economy—benefited from a major switch in the terms of trade to the tune of £600 million (\$1.7 billion). Hence, although prices were rising, wages were rising too—if anything ■ little faster—and productivity, at least to a certain extent, kept pace with inflation. But in Butler's last budget, which took place immediately before the 1955 election campaign, and which was ■ vote-catching "giveaway," he undoubtedly overstepped the mark; and the result, which made itself felt in the summer of 1955, was the worst balance-of-payments crisis Britain had experienced since the war. This time the government was unable to resort to devaluation; instead, Mr. Butler, in an emergency autumn budget, and Mr. Macmillan in the 1956 budget, imposed a brutal credit squeeze which slowed down the rate of industrial expansion; indeed, in the last six months, for the first time since 1938, production actually declined.

Inevitably, in these circumstances, both government and industry found it essential to revert to the policy of wage restraint. But, having formulated financial policy during these years without consultation with the unions, the government has found it difficult to resume the old, easy relationship. The Conservative concept of the "Opportunity State" is interpreted by union leaders as the "Free-for-All State," in which

only the fittest can survive; they argue that since the government has abandoned the attempt to create an overall economy policy in the interests of all sections of the nation, it must expect the unions to place their own interests first and fight for them. So long as prices continue to rise, why should the workers make the first sacrifice to stabilize them? If the government is prepared to impose dividend-restraint, and restore physical controls, well and good; but if its political philosophy prevents it from doing this—as indeed is the case—then it must expect the unions to follow *their own philosophy*.

THIS breakdown in the relationship between the government and the T.U.C. has been aggravated by a decisive change in the labor leadership. Early in 1956, Mr. Frank Cousins became general secretary of the T.G.W.U. Unlike his predecessors, such as Bevin and Deakin, Cousins is a firm Socialist who believes that the unions should play a militant role in politics. He is prepared, he says, to cooperate with the government—even ■ Tory government—provided it will meet him half way. During his first few months in office, he decided—to use his own words—to "put the government on trial." The results were plainly unsatisfactory, and he now feels no obligation to urge his followers to exercise wage restraint, or indeed to cooperate in any way whatsoever. When Mr. Macmillan, as chancellor, asked to be invited to the last trades-union annual congress in order to address the delegates, Mr. Cousins gave a blunt refusal. "This isn't a film festival," he said. And Cousins is not an irresponsible firebrand; he is a shrewd political oper-

ator of the first rank who knows he is merely personalizing and expressing emotions deep in the labor movement, which have been seeking an outlet for some time.

This is the background to the present crisis; but since Suez, and the departure of Sir Anthony Eden, the approaching struggle has been given a distinct political flavor. Although it has only been in office three months, the Macmillan administration is in process of decomposition. With monotonous regularity, successive by-elections have charted the steady erosion of Sir Anthony's massive majority, and according to the latest Gallop Poll, Labor now has a lead of 10.5 points—its biggest over the Conservatives since the 1945 landslide victory. Here ■ British government, provided it commands ■ parliamentary majority, can, in theory at least, remain in office until the end of its term; and the Tories' has still three years to run. But when public leadership is clearly swinging against a government, only the very firmest leadership can prevent the spread of a defeatist climate among its supporters beyond the point when the only alternative is to resign office and go to the country. So far, this leadership has been notably lacking, and the recent resignation of Lord Salisbury shows that the internal contradictions in the party, which the Suez crisis matured, are coming to ■ head. One more push, it seems, and the government will topple over, a general election will follow, Labor will win by a majority of over 100, and Britain will enter a prolonged period of Socialist planning. For a man with the views of Mr. Cousins, this is a very attractive prospect; and it may well be that he feels himself called upon to supply the push.



# SPRING BOOKS

## A Matter of Rhetoric?

### American Writers and British Readers

Richard Hoggart

READING Forster's *A Passage to India* here in America proved rather more disturbing to me than to my class of English majors. They had the expected difficulties, notably in coming to terms with Forster's tone; yet they remained politely receptive and intelligently patient. But I, after half a year's steeping in American emotional forms—styles of conversation and public utterance, manners of neighborhood and personal engagement—I felt for a while really alien to the book; as though I'd suddenly walked in home again from a very far shore and wasn't ready for a readjustment.

I had done just that, I suppose. Here once again was the delicately modulated and smooth-edged parochialism of one major area of English letters. In *A Passage to India* Forster is deliberately emphasizing something of all this, it is true, in the contrasts he makes between English landscapes—both physical and emotional—and those of India. Yet that wasn't exactly what was at issue. This was something to do with the whole rub and texture of the writing itself, and was noticeable even in those parts where Forster was seeking to convey the quality of Indian life. It was, first and most evidently, a matter of tone; or better perhaps, of tonal control, since the tone was decided by a

certain kind of attitude towards the emotions.

The way this control operates in Forster is on the whole typical of its operation in a great many modern English novels. It indicates an important difference, I'm now inclined to think, between them and many American novels. No doubt we feel in much the same way "underneath"; but we tend to express our feelings differently, to have a different notation of the emotions. I should guess that for English readers, whether or not they consciously recognize it, this may be the most foreign quality in American writing.

MORE, it may well be exactly this quality which draws one group of English readers to American fiction, and often makes them more responsive to it than to much of their native fiction. I am not thinking of academics or reviewers, though many of them particularly admire American writing. Nor am I thinking of the vast submerged audience for the sex-and-violence novels and space-fiction that is brought across as ballast. Apart from these there is a considerable audience, one larger than is generally recognized at home, of people who are neither professional intellectuals nor readers of the pulp-magazines. They are "intelligent laymen"—out of the literary world in either its academic or fashionable forms and often not members of the professional classes, but good and serious readers who to a large extent go their own gait in reading. I can think offhand of three such readers who are typical of many scattered over the country. Among them, they know well the work of Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Carson McCullers, Robert Penn Warren, J. D. Salinger and Saul Bellow. It is a mixed list but not a discreditable one, even

for a native American reader, I should suppose. And it is worth adding—so as to confirm that they do not read American novels to find a kind of toughness and hard-hitting that they do not usually find at home—that they are none of them particular admirers of, say, Dos Passos, or of Sinclair Lewis or of Steinbeck. Nor do they appear to be seeking toughness' inversion, that sentimentality which does attract some people to much second-rank American fiction.

I can best begin to show what I think these readers are seeking by quoting a passage which has the "foreign" quality, though in a rather over-bold form:

And as I sat brooding there on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity behind the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Presumably most people would agree that the final paragraph of *The Great Gatsby* is inflated. But the passage has a significance beyond this. It has a kind of rhetoric (I am using the word descriptively, without pejorative implications) which marks it as American rather than English. This is not simply, or most importantly, the rhetoric of "the American dream," though certainly that does inform the writing. The passage is rhetorical in the face of its own emotions, wondering and uncautious and unprescribed. It is not as sure as Turgenev, yet it does recall something of his vibrant acceptance before the feelings. The tone is very rarely found in the English novel, particularly in this century; think, for instance, of Fitzgerald's exact contemporaries in England, "the novelists of the twenties," Huxley and Waugh. Or compare Fitzgerald's note with Angus Wil-

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son's in *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*—a nicely apt title in this context:

Gerald Middleton was a man of mildly but persistently depressive temperament. Such men are not at their best at breakfast, nor is the week before Christmas their happiest time. Both Larwood and Mrs. Larwood had learned over the years to respect their employer's melancholy moods by remaining silent. They did so on this morning. The house in Montpelier Square was as silent as a tomb.

There is an almost over-confident coolness of tone, a thoroughly assured sense of the way syntax shall be made to denote just this kind of quality, this sort of attitude; there is a sense of closely prescribed and regulated communion between the author and his readers in their approach to the emotions and the way they will express them.

PERHAPS it will be objected that something of this can be found in certain American writers, in several nineteenth-century novelists right up to James, for example; and today, perhaps, in Mary McCarthy or in Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey*. To discuss nineteenth-century writers would carry the question wider than there is room to go here. But of contemporary writers one may say that Mary McCarthy and Lionel Trilling are not distinctively American novelists. They may embody an important element in American life, but that element possesses modified Western European modes of feeling. New York European, it might be more accurate to call these modes; but that is often a refined and intellectually self-conscious form of Europeanism, sometimes worn rather too intensely—as in the over-sharpness of Mary McCarthy, or the excessive brightness of Randall Jarrell or the occasional intellectual ponderousness of Lionel Trilling. It is not surprising that by most professional readers in England Trilling's novel—which I, too, respected—was immediately and warmly admired.

At this point I imagine that some American critics will cry that they see where I'm going and don't like it; that this is no more than a round-

about expression of the old silly call for a "truly American literature"; that it is not so far from the brash stereotyped formulations: vast open land, extremes of climate, fluid and heterogeneous people, energy and opportunity and lustiness, the frontier as against the genteel Eastern seaboard, and so on. There may be more in all this than its opponents are usually prepared to allow, but it is not for an alien to attempt again the job of winnowing. I have, sticking to my point, to go on trying to prove it by stylistic differences, by the differences in tone which strike an Englishman, even though he may not be particularly drawn to the "lusty open land" approach.

The coolness, the lack of untidiness or strain, in the passage from Angus Wilson quoted above arises largely, I suggested, from the assumption of a very firmly established relationship between the writer, his readers and their common modes of feeling and expression. The denotations of the verbal currency for feeling are pretty exactly known. *Socially*, it is a remarkably assured writing; Jane Austin can be heard behind it.

It is, of course, the writing of a class, of the sensitive English middle-class who have for years had the luck to know their place and their value both intellectually and socially. And whatever the present changes in English social patterns—I think we shall be able to see in another generation that they have been major changes—the English novel is still largely a class-based thing. It belongs to the self-possessed and hard, the cultivated and kindly, intelligent middle-class. It is difficult for class-exceptions, that is, for anyone writing outside the class modes, not to be defiantly strident (as in the proletarian novels of the thirties) or fiercely experimental, since the establishing of a ground from which to work demands a reassessment of tonal range and so of style (and this may help to explain something of Joyce's efforts). Apart from Joyce, the only outstanding achievement among these exceptions was made by D. H. Lawrence, whose *Sons and Lovers* is still the only considerable working-class novel that we possess—one that is

organic, unpolemical and unpatronizing—and who went on to explore emotional alignments and formulations which passed beyond class.

I am not suggesting that the English novel simply cuts out whole areas of emotional experience; that might be only another way of saying that we go to the American novel for "real toughness." One recalls what an English critic called the "regulated hatred" of Jane Austen or the murderous novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett, and the thought becomes foolish. We may express our emotions tightly, but in the best novelists they can have great resonance; the "regulation" is the crucial quality.

AT THE back of the class connections lie the qualities which have made that class—restraint and understatement, obliquity used as an emotional check. How often does a man "break down" (the manner in which the phrase is used is significant) and cry in an English novel? One goes to the Russians—or the Americans—for that. It is ironic, for the plea has an oddly academic ring in its contexts, that E. M. Forster should be the modern novelist who most often asks the English middle-classes to release "the tender core of the heart." Very near the beginning of his career, in *The Longest Journey*, he made Rickie tell Agnes, who was firmly meeting Gerald's death with a stiff upper-lip, that she must "mind," must mind deeply. Yet the core of the heart is not simply tender; it is terrible and tragic and splendid and grotesque and comic. But again it was Forster who noted that the English novel was rarely "prophetic"; the "prophetic" novel of Dostoevsky, of Melville, can hardly grow in such a soil. Emily Brontë was what biologists call a "sport." Dickens was something of an exception also; in part his tonal unsteadiness reflects his unsteady relation to the modes of the class for which he wrote. On one side, his emotional links were with Dostoevsky and the Melville of *Moby Dick* rather than with George Eliot. Conrad was probably the last major figure who showed a similar rift: but he was a foreigner who had inherited an al-



together larger manner of emotional expression.

So remarkable a homogeneity of tone could only arise, presumably, in a homogeneous, well-articulated, hierarchical and traditional society. The quality is so pervasive that one can make a fair guess by ear, whatever the overt dramatic situation, that this is an English book, this is not. I tested this by picking two novels at random from the shelves. Luckily, the English book concerns a situation as dramatic as one is likely to find in the English novel today. This is the first paragraph of William Golding's new novel *Pincher Martin*, which opens on a solitary shipwrecked sailor clinging to a rock in mid-Atlantic, desperately holding on to a life as good as lost:

He was struggling in every direction, he was the centre of the with-

ing and kicking knot of his own body. There was no up and no down, no light and no air. He felt his mouth open of itself and the shrieked word burst out. "Help!"

When the air had gone with the shriek, water came in to fill its place.

The American novel proved to be *The Adventures of Augie March*, which opens:

I am an American, Chicago born—Chicago, that somber city—and go at things as I have taught myself, free-style, and will make the record in my own way: first to knock, first admitted; sometimes an innocent knock, sometimes a not so innocent. But a man's character is his fate, says Heraclitus, and in the end there isn't any way to disguise the nature of the knocks by acoustical work on the door or by gloving the knuckles.

It may be felt that the necessarily more dramatic tone of such a first-

person narrative weighs the issue to the side I wish (though I suspect that the American novel uses the directness of first-person narrative more than the English—from "Call Me Ishmael" onwards—and that this could be used to support my general point). But since my main concern is with tone and style, here as reinforcement is a first-person opening from England, George Orwell's *Coming Up for Air*:

The idea really came to me the day I got my false teeth. I remember the morning well. At about a quarter to eight I'd nipped out of bed and got into the bathroom just in time to shut the kids out. It was a beastly January morning, with a dirty yellowish-grey sky. Down below, out of the little square of bathroom window, I could see the ten yards by five of grass, with a privet hedge round it and a bare patch in the

## A Requiem for Hungary

### I

Hope was the mistake. Not Anger but Hope made blindmen of them. Anger knew what tank death is, unhurried at the intersection, its turret turned at pleasure to its choice.

"A time for living," Hope said, and the weather sprouted a patched-up army of surprises. They took a police station and hoisted a flag over the lynched storm-trooper in the Square.

And then the patches ripped. Not Hope nor heroes come in such ripless seams as tanks are stitched to when there are tanks enough. There were enough. The split corpse sent a steam up from the cobbles.

A time for dying came. They saw, and knew it was their best. Better to die than hide.

Better to knock one tank out than to live.

All men come to it when they are themselves

most seen and most afire: the hour demands: then, Hope, which is the dream of being last, dirties the savored death, which is the act of setting all a life in place at once.

### II

Nobody calls, but imagine someone should, as someone—maybe Cain—called out to Cain when Cain replied: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Nobody calls. Or someone. As you like.

Not all that calls is lost. The call spins out in echoes through the brain-caves of the man.

Whether his mother's nonsense, turned to blood, fills him; or what the tribe's priest saw in allegories, the man lives in fact—

the call comes questioning, and all provision stirs him to answer as he has been taught:

"I am! His death is mine! His life is mine!"

—The answer turns midway in its own saying: "Which brother shall I keep? Oh, questioner, after that first bed, all the world divided."

### III

Dead men, I like you better than the living elbowing in their blocks-long queue for bread. It is better to die for nothing than to stand waiting for too little, the hungry hating the hungry who wait before them; their losses snarling.

Once in that queue, it is too late to choose. Though a man ask nothing of himself, he still must snatch and hate. Though he go home to starve, he still must lay his loaf upon the table, however weeviled, for the children's prayers.

The choice went from him when he made his choice. A week ago with death oiled in his arms, the choice was clear as psalms. It was the day he flung the gun down and prepared to live locked him in place with nothing left to give.

### IV

Neither pity enough nor condemnation enough have been understood. There is a time for dying beyond which to survive is to belittle.

Dead men, I like you better than the living who huddle in their weakness like my own, guilty of needing bad bread more than choices.

I like you better but I live with these.

Who knows his choices till he finds them made? At dawn of his clear death, he thinks he knows.

At noon of his defeat, a child comes dodging across the rubble, begging him to escape.

At midnight he is waiting in that queue, damned, necessary, and envying you.

JOHN CIARDI

## Snow Scene

This is a snow scene on rice paper. (I  
Forget the artist's name.) The feathery  
Flakes are falling still, and someone  
Wearing a snow-peaked coolie-hat shoulders  
A snowy burden, and his old horse too  
Carries a load that comes to a peak of snow.  
Both move toward a village in the pines.  
Whether the man who leads the horse is you,  
Or whether, on immaculate rice paper  
In Japan three hundred years ago  
You saw it and your brush defined the scene,  
You too set black on white, or reading lines  
Black on white, shoulder, in an expanse  
As innocent as this  
A burden that grows always heavier  
As you advance  
With a piled whiteness, which,  
When you look closer  
Turns out to be the ground of the whole picture,  
Nothing, the clean rice paper showing through.

E. L. MAYO

middle, that we call the back garden.

Most striking in the passage from Golding is what might be called the "sub-classical" quality of the language, the verbal abstracting. He need only string this epithet and this verb along his syntactical necklet and his readers can be trusted to do the rest. He scarcely even bothers with a metaphor.

Orwell is writing outside his own class, about a dingy lower-middle-class life; but the tightly-sure phrasing of the sentences, and the ability to imply a whole nipped-in field of social sarcasm in the simple fall of a sentence (as at the end of the extract) belong to the world of the English middle-class novelist.

By contrast, Bellow's tone suggests a much more open and fluid society and one whose emotional keyboard is broader and more flexible. He assumes he must create his own emotional pitch as he goes along, identify it and establish it with his readers.

I mentioned earlier a pair of exceptions to the characteristic English pattern from outside the class-field. There are certainly a few from within it, though I do not think they weaken my argument. Those works of Joyce Cary which come to mind are *tours de force*, extraordinary efforts to achieve a direct sinewiness

within the established modes; and so somewhat artificial. Graham Greene's brilliantly presented caricatures of the emotions acquire their force precisely from the understatement and obliquity of most English writing; for the understatement is intermittently inverted into a huge inflating, and the obliquity becomes a wry, dry sin-and-bitters. And the "declassed" novels of Kingsley Amis? One need only compare *Lucky Jim* or *That Uncertain Feeling* (or John Wain's two novels) with *The Adventures of Augie March* to realize that they are

variants of the traditional mode, in both their manner of debunking and their sentiments.

I think all this may help to explain why English readers of the kind described at the beginning of this essay often feel more responsive to American than to English novels. The English novel usually presents itself in the tones (and the properties, often) of a group. Here one realizes once again, sharply, that when an English reader not of the cultured middle-class seeks to "become cultured" he is led to acquire a culture of a peculiarly defined kind. He is led to adopt the traditional ways of feeling of a particular social group. It is easy for such a reader—one, say, from a provincial grammar-school—to feel out of place, even though he may also admire and envy. For there is likely to be some loss, whatever the gains.

What appeals to him in American fiction, I should guess, is a more demotic tone and a more flexible emotional range. It may be true that, in general, American novelists do not have the stylistic "finish" of, say, Sansom, Newby, Snow or Hartley. By contrast, many American novels are coarse-grained; and some are not demotic but "democratic" in tone, and that is a poorer thing altogether. But if these are the dangers of venturesome American rhetoric, those of English sensibility are forms of well-bred debilitation.

## The Moral American

*THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE.* By Roger Burlingame. Alfred A. Knopf. 420 pp. \$6.75.

Maxwell Geismar

MR. BURLINGAME'S good book comes at the right time. It is a survey of our moral behavior from the Plymouth Colony to the Great Depression; and one only wishes he had carried on this chronicle a little farther. What

MAXWELL GEISMAR, a contributing editor to *The Nation*, is the author of *Rebels and Ancestors*, *The Last of the Provincials*, *Writers in Crisis*, and other books on the American literary scene.

would he say now? Where is the American conscience today? The witch trials of the late 17th century in New England were the last desperate attempt of the Calvinist clergy to maintain the "covenant." These persecutions were followed by a wave of public remorse and spiritual reform.

We have had our modern parallels. But what covenant are we maintaining, is the question—while the spectre of "Atheistic Communism" still looms as large, as unholy and as hysterical in the national consciousness as did the histrionic epilepsy of Cotton Mather's adolescent maiden in the devil-haunted psyche of Boston and Salem. Our own purges of guilt by association—mainly



with the bad, dead past of the New Deal epoch—have been followed not by remorse so much as apathy and inertia. If the nation does indeed face a crisis of survival; if the major areas of the world are in the throes of revolutionary social change, the American conscience today is paralyzed by its semblance of good fortune, outwardly, and by a consuming inner anxiety.

Such at least are the more sombre reflections provoked by Mr. Burlingame's history of our moral triumphs and disasters; and yet his chronicle also affords a vista of hope—or the consoling perspective of ancient follies. It is a popular history, plainly presented, lacking a certain level of depth analysis perhaps, or modern "sophistication" of historical interpretation. It takes no account, so we are told, of the fads and vogues that are continually passing through "the shadows of the academy." The central point of view is rational, sensible, sympathetic to human rights, "optimistic" in the old-fashioned democratic tradition—and it is a relief and a pleasure to meet this again amidst all our present modes of neo-religious and neo-mystical thought.

## Vox Humana

Being without quality  
I appear to you at first  
as an unkempt smudge, a blur,  
an indefinite haze, merely  
pricking the eyes, almost  
nothing. Yet you perceive me.

I have been always most close  
when you had least resistance,  
falling asleep, or in bars;  
during the unscheduled hours,  
though strangely without substance,  
I hang, there and ominous.

Aha, sooner or later  
you will have to name me, and,  
as you name, I shall focus,  
I shall become more precise.  
O Master (for you command  
in naming me, you prefer)!

I was, for Alexander,  
the certain victory; I  
was hemlock for Socrates;  
and, in the dry night, Brutus  
waking before Philippi  
stopped me, crying out 'Caesar!'

Or if you call me the blur  
that in fact I am, you shall  
yourself remain blurred, hanging  
like smoke indoors. For you bring,  
to what you define now, all  
there is, ever, of future.

THOM GUNN

The tone of the narrative lies about half-way between the professional debunkers of our history and the patriotic purists. Mr. Burlingame has reservations, for example, about Tawney's thesis of the protestant ethics and the rise of capitalism; and yet he traces very clearly the influence of the first tobacco plantations on Southern religion. The Church of England had a hard time with the new southern gentry. So, too, in the "Great Awakening" of the 1740s—and the camp-fire revivals of the Western frontier with their throbbing and shaking "converts"—Mr. Burlingame plays down the obvious sexual element; just as in general he prefers the nobility of the Deist conception of man to the Calvinist stress on sin, and the Methodist path of redemption.

THE great state documents of the young Republic, whatever their human and economic origins, *did* present a lofty vision of man's fate in the new world, and their influence enlightens us today. But along the way, with a quiet irony, the narrative also shows the seamy side of our noblest moral illusions; and perhaps this is the real flavor and spice of the book. The Bible State of New England grew rich on the rum trade and the slave trade even while it was debating whether "God casts the line of Election in the loins of godly parents." There is another fine section in the book which traces the true history of Old New York. From the start, the Dutch and English merchants, whose greed operated under well-oiled official protection, and cared neither for religious nor civic values, created the Nineveh-on-Hudson.

"Throughout the American story when the public conscience has been confused, conscienceless men have had their most fruitful seasons." This is Mr. Burlingame's quiet verdict on the revolutionary epoch which set the stage for our subsequent moral battles. The Northwest Ordinance of 1787 evolved from another period of "greed, jealousy, political chicanery, and lawlessness." Hardly was the nation created when there came the first of the land-grant scandals which marked the opening of the Western frontier. Some of our Washington lobbyists, staking their claims in what is left of the public domain, could learn a few tricks from the enterprising and precocious Connecticut minister, Manasseh Cutler, and his Ohio company.

The immense wealth of the American continent was the devil's trap for the American conscience. Despite Mr. Burlingame's faith, there are moments, sometimes years, in the national chron-

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icle when we wonder if Calvin's low view of man wasn't the only true view. If to be human means only to be sinful, then perhaps even our extraordinary cultural proscriptions on sexual pleasure can be viewed as a sort of national penance for the manifold delights of avarice. Yet the present narrative also stresses the story of Roger Williams, of the Quaker martyr Anne Hutchinson, of Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, of the Dutch and German pietists who followed William Penn, of the great, crucial and agonizing anti-slavery struggle.

IN THE Mexican War and the conquest of Texas, the New England writers articulated the true voice of the national conscience. (Although, in another fine section of the book, it was also the enraged and apoplectic "mercantile conscience" of New England which advocated secession from the union during the Jeffersonian Embargo Acts.) And in the grand sell-out of the Robber Baron period which marked the true close of the Bible State in our history, and the beginning of a new American empire, pagan and materialistic rather than religious and ethical, there were still the "wild men," the fanatics and

visionaries of the populist and agrarian causes. Indeed it was the "atheists," the "radicals," and the immigrant dreamers of social justice in the late 19th century, who mainly inherited and preserved our true cultural heritage.

The old ancestral line of the Republic—a Henry Adams, a Henry James, an Edith Wharton—retreated from the vulgar and violent spectacle of American life near the turn of the century. But such an old-fashioned native American writer as William Dean Howells (to add a literary superstructure to Mr. Burlingame's moral chronicle) joined the radical currents of social protest, where Walt Whitman had preceded him, and where Theodore Dreiser would follow him. Through such figures as these, the Progressive movement of the 1900s can be traced back to the Transcendentalists and forward to the New Deal itself—and it is just this central modern tradition of American conscience and belief that has been almost blacked out

of the national consciousness in our generation.

In another odd historical situation our intellectuals have somehow combined with the advertising sloganeers and the chambers of commerce to disparage or deny the peculiarly American social, moral and artistic achievements of the 20th century. But as *The American Conscience* also shows, much the same reversionary trend occurred in our country during the crisis of the French revolution. The ill-starred course of the Russian revolution in our own day, the spectre of the police state with all its cruelty and tyranny, accounts for the present paralysis of liberal American thought. The virtue of Mr. Burlingame's book is that it affords us this perspective, among others; while this latest historian of our moral fibre also reminds us of our deepest native heritage.

Perhaps, as was said during the depression years, things aren't as bad as they seem today—they couldn't be.

## The Age of Coolidge

*DAYS OF THE PHOENIX.* The Nineteen-Twenties I Remember. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton. 193 pp. \$3.95.

Jacob Korg

VAN WYCK BROOKS' pleasantly ruminative memoir has enough of a period quality to give the present-day reader a keener sense of his own time and identity. It is a little startling to realize that the twenties are so far off. In those remote days Romain Rolland was regarded as a great world spiritual leader and F. Scott Fitzgerald's prank of calling the Westport fire department to a party to announce that his guests, rather than his house, were "lit" was not thought too topheavy to be funny. Were the enthusiasms and appetites of the twenties really so flimsy? Or is it that we of the fifties are living in an age dominated by the skeptic and the sourpuss? The fifties may not be the best point of vantage for examining the twenties, but if we try to identify the qualities that make the people and events Mr. Brooks describes characteristic of their moment, we are struck, from where we stand, by a self-consciousness, innocence and optimism that seem to belong to another age rather than to another decade.

Destiny was not something to be

accepted, but to be strenuously sought. Writers and artists ransacked the world from Paris to Polynesia in their search for roots, and when they came home to America they returned to it as a Cause rather than a place to live. An earlier generation's pilgrimage to Europe had produced such results as the preservation of Robert Browning's gondola in a Long Island garden. The generation of the twenties was wise enough to see that Europe could never be transplanted to America, but still romantic enough to seek rapport with tradition in the old farmhouses and colonial antiquities of Connecticut. The artists made much of their relation to society, for they felt that if the artist was not a prophet he could be no more than a dilettante. There were many, like Paul Rosenfeld, who thought of the arts as a sacred calling, and some of these were Westport grocers who refused to send bills to Brooks because he was a writer.

THE FEELING was abroad that strength arose from a close relationship with fundamentals. Brooks gives a charming portrait of his father-in-law, J. W. Stimson, a painter who found the life of the Burgundian peasantry as crude and bracing as a small red wine. Brooks reflects that Stimson would have found better acceptance in the twenties, as did his son, J. F. Stimson, who spent most of his life in Poly-

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JACOB KORG is assistant professor of English at the University of Washington.



nesia. Taking Lafcadio Hearn as his model, Stimson immersed himself in the primitive life of the islands, learning Tahitian, recording the religious lore of vanishing tribes, and taking part in fire-walking ceremonies. In Brooks' sketch of J. F. Stimson one detects a thirst, typical in the twenties, to escape from whatever identity the American environment conferred on its sons.

This tendency to adopt the loyalties of others was a variation of the cultural nationalism that Brooks, Constance Rourke, Waldo Frank and others felt to be an expression of the most vital truths about art. It was a time when cultural nationalism could be a fruitful, rather than a provincializing force. The twenties was the earliest period when "American" ceased to be a term of reproach in artistic and cultural matters. Brooks' interest in the national quality of American writers was a logical result of his critical philosophy. He believed that art drew its greatness from its content rather than its form, and that it must stay close to the nourishment of its own soil if it was to speak clearly to society and retain its moral power. The quality he most admired was a certain bardic grandeur that transcended faults of style and form, such as could be found in Whitman or Dostoevsky. These views led Brooks to a conflict in criticism and a great personal disaster, for it was the rival school of criticism that dominated the thirties and forties. Joyce, Pound, Eliot and Gertrude Stein had also been parts of the post-war atmosphere, and their concept of art as something independent of a particular society and distinguished by formal values gained the ascendancy, through what came to be called the New Criticism, in the academics, the reviews and advanced literary thought generally.

BROOKS had strong support from such nineteenth-century writers as Ibsen and Dostoevsky for his views, and he felt that they explained the deterioration of such expatriates as James. But it was the question of James that led Brooks to the crisis. He was convinced that the later novels of James embraced a sterile formalism and were divorced from life, and he was deeply troubled by the fact that these intricate novels and their mandarin style were so much admired. He felt that his whole critical position and his life's work were threatened. His indecision on the James issue, like the leak in the dike, caused a general catastrophe, for it led, together with some other factors, to a breakdown whose terrible suicidal impulses Brooks describes in the last pages of his book. The

handful of flash-like memories of violently disturbed fellow-patients he recalls from his days in various sanatoria forms an unsettling contrast with the general calm and warmth of his other reflections. Brooks emerged from his illness to a critical orientation that was essentially unchanged. *Days of the Phoenix*

is a visit to the times when that orientation was new and exciting, and to people like Randolph Bourne, Bliss Carman, Hendrik Willem Van Loon and Constance Rourke, who believed, as Brooks still does, that it was the purpose of art, not merely to "represent," but to "elevate."

## The Need to Risk Tragedy

**SHAKESPEARE AND THE NATURAL CONDITION.** By Geoffrey Bush. Harvard University Press. 135 pp. \$3.

**THE MODERN TEMPER.** By Joseph Wood Krutch. Harvest Books. Harcourt, Brace. 169 pp. \$1.15.

**THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY.** By Herbert J. Muller. Alfred A. Knopf. 335 pp. \$5.

**TRAGEDY: A View of Life.** By Henry Alonzo Myers. Cornell University Press. 210 pp. \$3.50.

**THE OUTSIDER.** By Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 228 pp. \$4.

### R. J. Kaufmann

THE BOOKS listed above are typical of those now being written on the theme of tragedy. Together they well represent the huge reorientation of literary energies that is currently taking place—a clear and necessary shift from concern with craft, with technique, with the artist's plight, indeed a shift from the whole New Critical preoccupation with literature as a specialized, metasocial, verbal activity, most interesting where it can be showed to be least accessible to the judgments and standards employed in "life." It can best be called, provisionally, *synoptic* criticism since it aims to see much *at a glance*, to discern underlying likeness, to make an inventory of our usable intellectual holdings.

The reissue of Joseph Wood Krutch's celebrated book-length essay, *The Modern Temper*, after twenty-seven years, helps to sharpen the enquiry. In fact its title might be stolen to describe the central

*R. J. KAUFMANN teaches Elizabethan and Modern literature at the University of Rochester and is writing a book on Tragic Tone.*

function of this panoramic criticism, for it is concerned with what men are, with how they think of themselves, with the spirit of the times. The criticism seems to assume that life is less readily differentiated than we used to think. It crosses boundaries. Sociologists and psychologists are writing about literature; the best literary critics are writing about Freud, about society, about love, about virtue, about religious origins, about history, about the public issues of our times—the Rosenbergs, Oppenheimer, Hiss and the other semi-fictional narratives serialized in the public press—in fact about nearly everything but novels and poems. Like it or not, modern literary men

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are ruminatively concerned about Life, about Meaning. They are thinking. What they are thinking and how their activity transcends mere fad is the too-ambitious subject of my reflections on these representative books on the ways of tragedy.

READING *The Modern Temper* again across the historical gap of a generation of death and cataclysm is, strangely, a not very disquieting experience. The book is an unremittingly honest attempt to set forth just how man's sustaining illusions have been killed off by science. Krutch plays variations on themes since made too familiar by their facile rehearsal in every quarter: the degeneration of love into a mere biological urge; the modern impossibility of tragedy, since we cannot take man's dignity seriously when we know his foolishly incidental role

in the universe. The book is filled with nostalgia for nobility, for innocence, for the lost vigor of that fine age when unintimidated men could think great thoughts and yet feel at home in the universe. He is surprisingly responsive to exactly those romantic fictions which he imagines are altogether lost to us. Above all, and it is the most active emotion in the book, he cannot throw off his ironic recognition of the gay spirit in which the terrible devastation of human dignity and self-esteem was carried forward: "all the bases upon which modern despair rests were laid joyously by people who were quite sure they were serving humanity." He seems certain that "to understand any of the illusions upon which the values of life depend inevitably destroys them; but we realize the fact too late." Thinking these things, he hates his own

## Bell Buoy

So we set signs over the world to say  
To ourselves, returning, that we know the place,  
Marking the sea too with shaped tokens  
Of our usage, which even while they serve us  
Make one with the unmeasured mist, sea-slap,  
Green rock awash with the gray heave just  
Out of sight, wet air saturated with sounds  
But no breath—and in no time they are seen  
To be in league with the world's remoteness  
Whose features we grope for through fog and can never  
Seize to our satisfaction. First the sound  
Comes, and again, from the caged bell lost in the gray  
Out ahead. Then into the glasses,  
And gone, and again sighted, staying:  
A black shape like nothing, rounded, rocking like  
A chair, with a gull on top. Clearer  
The dreaming bronze clangs over the lifting  
Swell, through the fog-drift, clangs, not  
On the sea-stroke but on the fifth second clangs,  
Recalling something, out of some absence  
We cannot fathom, with itself communing.  
Was it we who made this, or the sea's necessity?  
You can hear the wash on its rolling plates  
Over your own wake, as you come near  
And confirm: black can, odd number crusted  
Already with gull crap over the new paint,  
Green beard and rust speckling its undersides  
As you see when it rolls. Nothing you can  
Say as you pass, though there are only you two  
And you come so close and seem to share  
So much. And it will twist and stare after you  
Through the closing fog, clanging. It is  
A dead thing but we have agreed upon it: kept  
To port, entering, starboard departing, as  
May your fortune be, it can assure you  
Of where you are, though it knows nothing  
Of where you are going or may have been.

W. S. MERWIN



thoughtfulness and sees awareness as a biological vice and civilization as the inevitable external symptom of decadence. In a courageous way he accepts what seems to him the terminal logic of his position: "we will cling to our own lost cause, choosing always rather to know than to be. . . . There is not place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human."

If one accepts his main allegations about man's lonely irrelevance to the scheme of things, these curtain lines have the very tragic force he denies is possible in modern life. But his systematic pessimism has a kind of extravagant eagerness for the last word which seems neither reliable as philosophical assertion nor hard-headed enough to underpin the literature we have still to write. Krutch's book is admirable and I think historically necessary because it does state with urgent clarity the grounds for human alienation that I argue the present literary generation is trying to relieve—no longer by denying them but by asserting that reconciliation will be on nature's terms and that these terms are the same that they have always been: tragically severe and potentially dignified.

TWO books by very young writers, one English and one American, are exhibits in this suit for reconciliation. One of them, Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*, has already achieved a certain notoriety. It is a book at once animated and disfigured by what Isaiah Berlin called in another context the young intellectual's "half-baked infatuation with general ideas." Wilson uses literature in the *synoptic* manner as a set of clues, as a series of expressive testaments to the way life has seemed to some of its most impassioned observers. He draws alike from the poets (Blake and Eliot), the more literary philosophers (Nietzsche, Sartre, William James), the novelists (Hesse, Camus, Hemingway, Tolstoy), and from the sages, too (Ramakrishna, Berdyev, Gurdieff). At first glance his range of reference seems immense, but with few exceptions his acquaintance is casual,

doctrinaire or predatory. His interest embraces only one area.

Since he accepts as a valid pre-supposition the cheerless, inhospitable and valueless world that Krutch describes in *The Modern Temper*, he is interested only in how this malady, this sense of outsidership, of spiritual exile, can be relieved. Although the book is not always rigorous or clear, its most urgently-placed question is easy to state: if a man is too perceptive to accept the sham values of a middle-class culture which is yet too firmly entrenched in him to be dislodged, if in short he is neither free from desire nor in the presence of anything that seems desirable, what then is worth doing? Wilson's answer, of course, is religion. After his vast and earnest enquiry, this simple solution might put us off his pretentious book altogether if his nostrum of religion were not manifestly inadequate for many of the questions raised. One feels that these eleventh hour pieties help him to break off an argument which his dialectical skills cannot resolve. Certainly his concluding remarks suggest that he has had intimations of something more in accord with the facts than his resort to Gurdieff would suggest. He says, "the problem of the individual will always be . . . the conscious striving *not* to limit the amount of experience seen and touched; the intolerable struggle to expose the sensitive areas of being to what may possibly hurt them; the attempt to see as a whole."

The other young man's book, *Shakespeare and the Natural Condition* by Geoffrey Bush, may surprise those who have read his impeccable and modish stories in *The New Yorker*. Despite a nervous recourse to portentous phrases, to rather artful and pointless, airy turns, Mr. Bush has a great deal to say. He offers a fresh reading of the little-appreciated *All's Well that Ends Well* and some clean insights into the evolution of Shakespeare's dramatic thought, but this book is most important as a study of the tragic worlds of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The chapter, "Tragedy and Natural Fact," in which Bush interprets them is a fine example of the kind of *synoptic* criticism I have

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alluded to. He resists with unobtrusive precision the current academic alternatives either to discover the meaning of the plays in Christian dogma or to strip them of tragedy by meaningless claims as to the alleged heroic triumphs of the individual will with which they end. It is between these two modes of relief that tragedy takes place. Let me quote him on *Hamlet*: "To commit oneself to time and the world is an act of rashness . . . is to take the risk of playing one's own part in the world. Yet the need to share in the common natural history of life and death overcomes this consciousness that to act is to take a step into the dark and assume a position without grounds. . . . To share in the incompleteness of things is to find oneself made complete." This, I should say, is the tragic affirmation. It assumes no triumphs, asks nothing beyond the human, in fact acknowledges the regular incidence of defeat, but it answers well enough the Krutchian-Wilsonian question as to what is worth doing.

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The remaining two books are works by academic humanists of the most admirable kind. The first, by the late Henry Alonzo Myers, *Tragedy: A View of Life*, is a set of essays written on the way toward a book by a man whose earnest, unself-sparing endeavor was to make justice, freedom and intellectual charity prevail. Myers provides an interesting interpretation of tragedy as a complex way of understanding life that reaches beyond the too rigid categories of optimism and pessimism. For the rest, his just indictment of Aristotle for a failure to perceive the philosophical force of tragedy is one of the most telling critiques of the *Poetics*.

THE LAST book is Herbert Muller's splendid *The Spirit of Tragedy*, which is the sort of book that readers of his *The Uses of the Past* would expect. Sustained by the steady, unobtrusive pressure of a high intelligence, it offers an even-handed history of the mind's experiences from Aeschylus to Eliot, with solid critical discussions of authors as various as Racine, Marlowe, Wagner and Euripides. It is critically deepened by long, central considerations of Shakespeare and Sophocles. Everywhere it is distinguished by a fine sense of scene and of historical environment which nowhere proves more trustworthy than in its discussion of Chekhov. For me that chapter is the best in the book, both for its intrinsic discernment and wise sense of human shadings and because so many other critics crush, over-explain or patronize as quaint Chekhov's gently humane but unmistakably tragic style. Indeed, Muller's book has so many good things in it that one is tempted to trot them out *seriatim*. Instead, I should like to use his important book as an occasion for some concluding generalizations about the critical position I have been sketching.

Muller is, I infer, a humanist and, I infer further, a liberal in the best meaning of the term—a meaning we are in danger of losing in literary criticism which is riddled with the consequences of political reaction. His book is not just a disquisition on tragedy but a contribution to our

sense of human possibility that is precisely in the orbit of what I have called synoptic criticism. I say this because it seems to me that our generation cannot safely shirk its historical duty to salvage what is good in the currently discredited liberal humanist tradition. We must do this without further recourse to self-recriminations for not being wiser than we were, without facile variations on how destructive the seedy anonymity of twentieth century urban existence is to human dignity and responsible individuality. We know that liberalism erred through premature optimism and excessive trust in human rationality and that it was subverted by the notion that it had been appointed to issue in the millenium.

Liberalism was not so much defective in its aims as it was guilty, in its over-intent altruism, of a huge but not irremediable oversight. In its desire to improve the human condition, it prided itself so much on its new descriptive grasp of that condition and on its willing ability to *improve* it that the key word, *human*, got left to one side and with it the necessary recollection of all the cruel limitations, the unconstructive loyalties, the spiritual allergies, the ornery, unscientific irrelevancies of mood and choice which make man what he is and which create the tensions for tragedy. Fine as it was in its great moments, the liberal imagination lacked the tragic sense of life. It mistakenly saw its goal as the annihilation of EVIL and sought to win secular sainthood by a kind of linear progression of rewarding effort. Muller and people like him assert a more sombre, less superficially gratifying canon of value but surely one more productive of human dignity. Their program calls for the costly, heart-rending attempt to keep the possibilities open, to purge the *psyche* and the *polis* alike of corrosive evils not EVIL.

THE NEW liberalism has been matured by a recognition of the tragic threat to even the most civilized life. The liberal's traditional regard for human dignity and freedom is intensified by the realization that we can no longer assume their survival.



# Dreiser: The Press of Life

R. W. Flint

F. O. MATTHIESSEN, during his last year, was writing his book on Dreiser, and the critical reaction to that excellent book was colored by a dozen distorting passions and feelings. Only Saul Bellow and John Berryman, of the critics I read, did it anything like justice. But Matthiessen had not written either an introduction nor a satisfactory conclusion to his book and had not really developed the implications in his dual allegiance to T. S. Eliot and Dreiser, the man of consummate intellectual refinement and the man of great intellectual powers but no sophistication whatsoever. Writing on Dreiser at all, for a man in Matthiessen's position, must have been an enormous effort of will. I think he foreshadowed more than he foresaw, namely, that Dreiser and Eliot are the two poles between which American sensibility will have to oscillate in the immediate future; Dreiser with his lyric compassion, his immense sweep of sympathy and sense of detail, his splendid inconsistencies, his passionate dramatization of the Horatio Alger ideal of Success in all its possibilities and limitations; Eliot with complementary qualities I don't need to enumerate here.

My main excuse for this article, however, is the hope of seeing a reprint of one of Dreiser's best and least-known works, *Twelve Men*, published in 1919 just after the fuss over the suppression of *The Genius* and the writing of his unsuccessful play, *The Hand of the Potter*, and before *Hey-Rub-A-Dub-Dub*, a set of philosophical essays not calculated to flatter the reigning critics. *An American Tragedy* was five years in the future and Dreiser's reputation had entered deep waters. *Twelve Men* is not only a very good book, it is essential to any understanding of his range; rapid and sure in its narrative line, written in a style as transparent, though not as controlled or allusive, as Joyce's in *Dubliners*. It also reveals a fine sense of humor, released, as it were, from the heavier burdens of his tragic view of life. Matthiessen rightly says that it "constitute[s] some of his most essential biography" and also "possess[es]" his finest and most massive objectivity, as he presents the men for themselves, not just in relation to himself." Readable, revealing and moving, it ought to establish Dreiser's title as, if I may

be forgiven the analogy, the Michelangelo of American journalism.

But more of this book later. If an Eliot-Dreiser parallel is a little far-fetched for a short essay, a comparison of the reputations of Dreiser and D. H. Lawrence may yield better results. Neither has lacked enthusiastic support in the past, but it has never seemed on top of its subject, always fragmentary, not to say contradictory and merely baffling. People tend at first to read great novelists the way they read newspapers and magazines, in fits and starts, for "scenes" and "characters." Or they grudgingly admit Dreiser's "bulk," as if it were an awful lot of the same thing and impressive only by repetition. But with Matthiessen's book and Leavis' *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist*, we finally begin to see what they have in common and why it has taken so long to discover it. When Matthiessen notes Dreiser's "groping after words corresponding to a groping of the thought, but with both thought and words borne along on the diapason of a deep emotion," a "deep grounding, at its best, in the rhythm of his emotions," we begin to see where we are, though Matthiessen doesn't perhaps sufficiently account for Dreiser's detachment. And that "groping" makes me uneasy; it suggests that Dreiser didn't know a cliché when he saw one, and I'm sure he did, but didn't need to care.

LEAVIS' book is as violent as Matthiessen's is tentative—a real broth of a book that tries to establish Lawrence as "incomparably the greatest creative writer in English of his time," let the chips fall where they may. He has seen the difficulties of supporting men like Lawrence and Dreiser better than Matthiessen, but instead of being inaudible he blows our heads off. *The Spectator*, nevertheless, has hailed it as one of the two books of English academic criticism in the last twenty years "that could be called great." How, to be sure, is one to use the vocabulary of genteel literary criticism on these intransigent novelists without patronizing them? Dreiser and Lawrence were essentially eupeptic, high-spirited men, sustained by a humor and self-confidence that defies patronage.

Dreiser's general ideas at his best are perfectly adequate to their uses, clumsy, repetitive and even tedious as they may sometimes be by absolute Greek standards; but he never closed the gap between world and idea to anywhere

near the extent that Lawrence did, nor did he have anything like Lawrence's social range. On the other hand, like Jane Austen, he worked within a world that took itself immensely for granted, that was not besieged, like Lawrence's, by fifty differing versions of the good life pressing on it from abroad, all of which had to be openly or tacitly defied. Dreiser had two important assets too rarely acknowledged: he knew exactly what he stood for—"... middle-class romance, middle-class humor, middle-class tenderness and middle-class grossness..."—as he admiringly describes his favorite brother Paul; and he was sufficiently sustained by these things to treat the "upper" classes in the same romantic, curious, open spirit as he treated his own. Of the patrician worlds of the Adamses and Edith Wharton he knew and saw absolutely nothing. Neither nostalgia nor bitterness troubled him on their account. Dreiser's upper classes were the new provincial rich, some of whom he knew quite well and saw, despite the enveloping romance, with a perfectly cool eye. This world may seem a far cry indeed from Lawrence's Brangwens and Criches; but the point to be made is that both novelists were blessed with a great capacity

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R. W. FLINT was the *Partisan Review* fellow in criticism for 1956.

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for lyric response and amused, affectionate, critical intelligence towards the worlds they knew. Both had an extraordinary genius for isolating the emotional essence of their people, and also for making the grand gestures of defiance and rejection without which great fiction is impossible.

Ford Madox Ford thought *Jennie Gerhardt* ■ failure, and Mencken thought that, compared with *Sister Carrie* ("no more than a first sketch," "chiefly representation") the book was "suave, persuasive, well-ordered, solid in structure, instinct with life." He also finds Cowperwood of *The Titan* "a blend of revolutionist and voluptuary, ■ highly civilized Lorenzo the Magnificent" and Cowperwood of *The Financier* "little more than an extra-pertinacious money-grubber," the book itself ■ relative failure. That I would agree with Ford and stand Mencken's judgments on their head shows, I think, how Dreiser's true form has revealed itself with time, and has nothing to do with our relative sympathy for the characters or any conventional suavity of construction, but a great deal to do with the intensity of the process and the "representation" resulting from it. *Jennie Gerhardt* does not compare with *Sister Carrie* either in the range of its emotional curve or the wonderful vividness of its scenes. It is merely ■ more plausible novel in the manner of Hardy. Similarly, in *The Financier*, emotional pressure corresponds to the greater intellectual effort Dreiser made in that book than in *The Titan*. In greatly preferring *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* to the

more conventional *Sons and Lovers*, Leavis shows how, in the kind of "organic" plotting for which Dreiser and Lawrence deserve to be famous, intuition and intelligence work together to supersede the type of novel in which action flows more directly from character, and character is more opaque and compact. Lawrence's best plots, according to Leavis, are a kind of polyphonic confrontation of certain "qualities of life," fully evident only to people who grasp Lawrence's whole view of life. Dreiser uses such conventional devices as the trial, often quite ineptly, for terminal suspense; but the common refusal to grant him tragic status comes from a failure to see the emotional unity of his plots.

CONTRAST *Sister Carrie* with Faulkner's *Light in August*. The Faulkner looks like a tragedy the way almost any Rouault or El Greco looks "religious" for various technical and sentimental reasons. Joe Christmas, the central figure, is a Dreiserian hero in his large capacity for suffering, but very un-Dreiserian in his role. The emotions of Carrie and Hurstwood propel and shape their book, leaving everyone and everything else bobbing forgotten behind. Christmas' "theatre," however, is single and always in view; the novel's action and characters converge; situation determines form. *Light in August* is "tragedy" only by a nearly complete inversion of the classical ideal of heroic character; still, it looks more like it than *Sister Carrie*. Actually, the point is fairly academic. If you are going to

talk of tragedy in modern fiction, you have to substitute some generalized image of character, some cluster of values put to the test, for the Classical and Renaissance ideals of individual heroism. *Sister Carrie* certainly has the "tragic" feel, the "tragic" resonance, yet Carrie Meeber herself has many scruples but almost no character.

The same is true of Hurstwood. One critic calls Dreiser "The Man of Ice," on the theory that he lacked the moral delicacy to know that Carrie was really a cold fish. This is absurd. Until they pool their fates, Carrie and Hurstwood are borne along on the emotions that create and sustain the worlds they move in. Hence the wonderful congruence of action and atmosphere in Dreiser's writings.

Lawrence's plots are more complexly woven, more "contrapuntal," than Dreiser's, but their departure from convention is the same, and results in the same apparent implausibilities, the same ellipses, the same scanting of "character" for the sake of emotional power. When Lawrence abandoned the Hardy-like scheme of *Sons and Lovers* and Dreiser eschewed the gentilities of the reigning school of Howells, they both tapped a resource they were uniquely equipped to handle—emotional form—imprecise as the phrase may seem if you are not sympathetic. The *Bildungsroman* is thereby recreated, but only within the emotional resources of the novel's characters, not, like *Wilhelm Meister*, *Middlemarch*, *Nostramo* or *Ulysses* an attempted picture of a whole society, or if so, only by grace of the reader's indulgence. Whether or not a novelist can again do literal justice to a whole society is extremely doubtful. And that this form is as liable to corruption as any other, about half of Dreiser's and Lawrence's work can testify. But Dreiser's success made him the great American novelist of his time and place (no competition with James implied), the one in whom we feel the most sustaining and exhilarating press of life.

*TWELVE MEN*, to return, shows that Dreiser had a very admirable sense of conventional character. It is a set of miscellaneous biographies whose central thread is Dreiser's interest in the pathos of heroism. These men are all much larger and more visible than Carrie or Jennie or Clyde, and more winning than Hurstwood or Cowperwood. They are, to be brief, the people he knew who were more suitable for sketches than for novels. We have no comparable set of *caractères* in the ambitious Plutarchian style in American literature, except for some of the incidental portraiture in

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Henry Adams and Henry James, Santayana's *Character and Opinion in the United States*, and Howells' *My Mark Twain*. A reviewer in this magazine wrote of the book, after the customary reservations about style: "And yet, somehow, his substance does reach and impress and profoundly move us." It does indeed. Dreiser is far more than the amused bystander. He is a man from "Missouri" who has to be shown. His first reaction to his people is often one of hostility. When "De Maupassant, Junior" burst into his N.Y. editorial office "like a fighting sledge-dog," Dreiser minced no words: "'Dear dear!' I said, laughing at the slap. 'What a bravo we are! Really, you're interesting . . .'" And so one of Dreiser's inimitable middle-class tragedies begins. By the time he has finished with his assorted crew of newspaper geniuses, physical culture experts, contractor's foremen, doctors, songwriters and religious fanatics, he has penetrated all their defensive childishnesses, absurdi-

ties and professional nobilities and drawn a portrait at once delicate and monumental. His "tragic" emotion is anything but factitious. When he ventures an elegiac paragraph at the end, we feel it is well earned:

My feeling at the time was as if I had been looking at a beautiful lamp, lighted, warm and irradiating a charming scene, and then suddenly that it had been puffed out before my eyes, as if a hundred bubbles of iridescent hues had been shattered by a breath. We toil so much, we dream so richly, we hasten so fast, and lo! the green door is opened. We are through it, and its grassy surface has sealed us forever from all which apparently we so much crave—even as, breathlessly, we are still running.

This is the right way to end the book, memorable as it is for the moving conjunction of the hard, running, restless ambition of his subjects with the genius of a true poet of life.

## Gertrude Stein

**GERTRUDE STEIN: Her Life and Work.** By Elizabeth Sprigge. Harper and Brothers. 277 pp. \$5.

Donald Sutherland

SOMEWHAT unwarily Gertrude Stein remarked in 1946 that she had always wanted to be historical. Elizabeth Sprigge, proceeding as unwarily to treat Gertrude Stein's life and writing as historical fact, has touched off a loud, reverberating series of imprecations, especially in England, upon Gertrude Stein as an historical fact and figure.

Some of this indignation has side-swiped the biography itself, which is not so unskilled as it is cracked up to be. It is, as intended, a quite objective account, therefore limited, though I look on anyone who can be objective about this subject as almost supernatural. Miss Sprigge has gathered together, with admittedly a little misinformation, a great deal of information worth having, much of it delightful, much of it new to me at least, though most of it is already known to veteran readers of Stein. I think almost all of it is made interesting to those who are not familiar with the subject, and some of it which looks like waste fact may turn out to be historically valuable. Miss Sprigge takes on the angelic func-

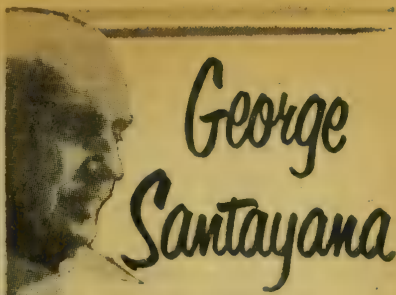
tion of recording, without analyzing or judging, even in the case of her own impressions, and this is quite respectable historiography. One might want a more continuous imagination of the inward scale and force of the life lived, and less circumstantial chatter, but why require of Miss Sprigge what one does not require of Suetonius?

But the tone of the reviewers, beginning at the top with Cyril Connolly in the London *Sunday Times*, has transcended the long tradition of the snide or pettish approach to Gertrude Stein and reached vituperation. I think the occasion for this sudden rise is that Miss Sprigge, has, in historicizing Gertrude Stein, in placing the life in its period and not in the larger and more permanent world of literary forms where it was far more intensely lived, put her within reach of the sort of mind which is more than equal to mere fact and the "daily life" but shy of art and ideas which are not accessories to the daily life. Any reasonably cultivated or informed person now feels within his competence in judging Gertrude Stein. Well, she asked for it, and she might even have enjoyed this.

I DO not, though the violence, for a change, is rather exhilarating, and it may be as well if her work becomes disreputable again. If I were English I imagine I should just now retire even more severely to the comforts of

DONALD SUTHERLAND is the author of Gertrude Stein, A Biography of Her Work.

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my familiar traditions and declare myself absolutely not at home to a literature given to larger and wilder intellectual adventures than my drawing-room can accommodate. I might even get into a semi-religious bind of cultural rectitude about it and try, like the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement*, to exorcise the "demon of progress" and be scarcely willing to "forgive" T. S. Eliot and others who have gone so far as to see something in Gertrude Stein, even should they retract." I could never equal the suavity of T. S. Eliot who said her work was "very fine but not for us."

But I am not English and have no business worrying about the English—a volatile people whose spells of insularity pass as abruptly as they come. America is in far more danger—in a period when literature is tending to narrow into "maturity," neo-gentility, or gracious intellectual living, when not into the mere raw uninflected yawp—of excluding from its view of literary potentials and dimensions the exaltations and cerebral extravagances of Gertrude Stein, or worse, of ignoring the plain and sharp good sense of a large part of her work. Under the threat of such contraction one might even cling to what passes in "history" as her titanic egoism and unlimited pretention, as a talisman to keep up some hope of larger manners and a larger spirit. It is not in literature, surely, that we have to take in sail just yet; not, of all languages, English which at long last must stay at home and make nothing more than cultivated conversation.

## The Decline of American Humor

Kenneth Rexroth

"WHAT, SIR," said Boswell, notebook in hand, "is the principal virtue?" "Whereas, Sir," said Johnson, "You know, courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other."

When *The Nation* suggested a piece on the decline of American humor I said fine, we can use Columbia's new collection of Vance Randolph and somebody else's selection of Finley Peter Dunne as pegs to hang it on: few things are funnier and fewer things today are anything like them. Unfortunately the books never came, so this story will have to be more general and sort of anticipatory. I don't know about the new selection of Mr. Dooley. Just recently I read some professor who said Dunne was an Irish dialect comedian, so, since this editor is probably a professor too, it may be a pig in a poke. But there is no doubt about Vance Randolph. He has never published a book that wasn't thoroughly satisfying, and he has done some five or six I know

of: *Who Blowed Up the Church House? The Devil's Pretty Daughter, We Always Lie to Strangers, Ozark Superstitions*, all with Columbia University Press, and *Down In the Holler*, with the University of Oklahoma Press. Get them all, and the new one, too.\*

This isn't TV hillbilly humor, it isn't even Al Capp or Erskine Caldwell. It is a last lingering contact with an older and better world, a thin red cord still attached to what Sherwood Anderson would have called the American Earth. The reason for the popularity of the cultural survivals of the Southern Highlands on the New York stage is that barefoot girls and one-gallus males give the subway Neanderthals somebody to look down on—no mean accomplishment. The real thing is something else again. Vance Randolph is not a professor, but an uncorrupted amateur folklorist. This is a great tradition. Our best folklore has been collected by doctors, clergymen, schoolmarms and plain people.

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent book is *In Defense of Earth*, a volume of poems.

EVERYBODY knows that the Southern Highlands are the last refuge of the American frontier, and, from before our own, of the marches of England and Scotland and of the Scots and North Irish. But there is more to the Ozarks than Toynbee's "external proletariat." This is the home of the Green Corn Rebellion, the land where, in the evenings around the stove in the crossroads store, one literate farmer read aloud the words of Oscar Ameringer and *The Appeal to Reason*, slowly and painfully, to the tobacco-chewing approval of a leg-slapping audience. Here, if anywhere in America, was the focus of an indigenous agrarian anarchist-socialism. I have run hounds, swapped lies and drunk tiger

\**The Talking Turtle and Other Ozark Tales* (Columbia University Press; \$4) finally got here. It's sure funny. Incidentally, its connections with the body of international folklore are most impressive. Many of these tales go back to the beginnings of agriculture, herding and settled life. Which cannot be said—at least I hope—of Arthur Godfrey.

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piss with men who would have been happy fighting with the sailors of Kronstadt. Unruly, skeptical, fearless, bawdy free thinkers, very different indeed from the originals of the term "square"—the squareheaded argarian Middle West Progressives. (Their greatest term of contempt was "scissorbill," a hick, a worker who believes that the boss has his interest at heart.) These are the key qualities of great—classic—epic—homeric—humor: a sense of the consistent principle of incongruity on which Nature, for all our science and philosophy, really operates; the realization that the accepted, official version of anything is most likely false and that all authority is based on fraud; the courage to face and act on these two conclusions.

I find it difficult to bust into roars of laughter over the long-winded racket of the majority of old-time humorists Constance Rourke has written about. I am not a passionate devotee of Sut Lovingood. But from those days to Mencken—or even to Westbrook Pegler, Damon Runyan, or Will Rogers at their best—these were the qualities that made American humor American. It was just plain lack of style that made it, in so many cases, tedious. This, once, was the blood and bone of our very own life. Out of it came our one epic hero, the only American who can walk with Ajax and Odysseus—Huck Finn.

What happened to this heritage? I'll tell you what happened to it. Not long ago, in the *Vaticide Review*, a college professor, who, of all

## The Ancient Dark

A darkness waits there by the porch, in the small curve grass makes with each blade, among the orange lilies opening on tall stems under the apple tree; waits in this middle summer afternoon scraped by the shuffled steps of that old couple passing, their shadows heavy on the sidewalk. My own shadow pauses quiet in the grass. And the ancient dark behind the shapes of porch and grass and apple tree turns on me in the sunlight.

R. D. McILNAY

things, teaches the children of cowboys in a university in the mountains of the Wild West, wrote a "paper" conclusively demonstrating that *Huckleberry Finn* was a homosexual romance. This came about, not because the professor was himself a homosexual, but because he was moribund with the ultimate corruption of human self alienation. He just didn't know what the word "work" meant. He had never done any. He never knew anybody who had done any. *Huckleberry Finn* is our example of one of the three or four basic epic plots—maybe there are really only two. It is about the devoted comradeship of men at grips with a "morally neuter"—frivolous, the Greeks called their gods—environment, the inchoate and irresponsible flux of the universe, on which men, working in comradeship, impose the order of their virtues and their reason. And the first of these is courage. Life is all a great joke—but only the brave ever get the point. When William James said, "It is true if it works," this very frontier, American, sort of thing is what he meant. He meant, "If you can do work with it." Our professor at a cowtown university undoubtedly thinks it means, "If you can 'work' some kind of finagle with it."

INCONGRUITY? Yes—but laughter comes with the mastery of incongruity, like handling logs in a spring river, tossing sacks of wheat into a box car, making babies, or cutting a cam that works just right on your machine. When August Kekule saw his benzene ring, he laughed. In the *Lankavatara Sutra*, Buddha laughed at the vision of compounded infinitudes of universes. The great Turner picture is of "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus." The tiny figure on its gaily caparisoned boat is laughing at the bellowing man mountain. Once these qualities go, humor falls off into effeminacy. Great humor has a savagery about it. That is why British humor stands up better than American in this country—particularly British bawdry. All the great dirty limericks, like detective stories, have English settings. It's like English cooking, which is still that of Boadicea's day. True conservatives,

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the English have yet to wash off all their woad.

It is for this reason that, however subversive of the established order, so many great humorists, especially satirists, Roman or British, have been Tories. The revolutionary action of humor is a deeper thing than any current politics, and the humorist tends to adopt those social attitudes which at least claim to insure him the strongest connections with the oldest, most fundamental, most humane behavior. But in America, by and large, the humorists have been radicals. You can, or at least T. S. Eliot can, create a "myth of conservatism," but it is damned hard to work up any myth of the American business community. We do not usually think of Damon Runyon as a radical, but go back and read the working-stiff dialect poetry he wrote early in the century. "It pays to git a plenty while you're gittin'." And I will never forget the time I heard Will Rogers say, "I hear the Standard Oil Company has adopted the motto, 'We Serve The Public.' Havin' growed up on a farm, I know jist what they're a gittin' at." We forgive Mencken his beer cellar Nietzscheism. We forget that many years ago, Pegler was hired by Scripps-Howard for the same reason that Heywood Broun was—he was a "fearless independent." All humor must be radical in the etymological sense. Ours was also in the political. Out of the *Masses*, old and *New*, came the major cartoonists of the period. Still unsurpassed, many of them are famous today. The whole lithograph crayon technique, so closely identified with Buck Ellis and Bob Minor, and originally developed for the IWW press, has about it the essence of autonomous indigenous American working-stiff defiance. Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) is the author of:

Wan iv th' s'thrangest things about life is that th' poor, who need th' money th' most, ar-re th' very wans that niver have it.

Don't ask fr rights. Take thim. An' dont let anny wan give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye fer nawthin has sometin the mather with it. It's more thin likely it's only a wrrong turned inside out.

It takes vice t' hunt vice. That accounts fr polismen.

Laws are made t' throuble people, and th' more throuble they make th' longer they shtay on the shtachoo books.

If me ancestors were not what Hogan calls regicides, twas not because they wan't ready an' willin', only a king niver came their way.

WHAT happened? Where did this kind of humor go? Don't forget, Dunne wrote this stuff for what they call the capitalist press. It went the same place the manual spark lever and the choke went on cars. They were dangerous because women hung their purses on them. Think of the environment in which Mr. Dooley was appreciated. Who rushes the growler today? How many people chew Piper Heidsick? How many smoke Five Brothers in a corn cob pipe? The distinguishing mark of our contemporary humor, what has come to be called, "*New Yorker* humor" is that it is of, for and by the great bulk of our population who are engaged in interminably busy idleness, who are never at grips with their environment, but who live by delegated powers and vicarious atonements. When they have to do something as elemental as driving a nail or mowing a lawn some whimsical disaster always takes place. Like the movies, nothing ever happens that would offend any conceivable group or section of the population, or in any way interfere with the sale of any commodity whatsoever. Nothing important must happen—it would be bad for business. A few comic strips linger on: *Moon Mullins*, *The Katzenjammers*, *Williams' Out Our Way*. I wonder what the TV generation thinks of them. A few towns still permit emasculated burlesque shows, but the comics are not allowed to distract from the interminable parade of strippers. Chaplin is self exiled. American radicalism lost its sense of humor long ago. And, of course, "the media" chew up everything, songs, jokes, "personalities"—365 days times twenty-four hours. What is wrong with American humor is what is wrong with American life. It is commercialism. True humor is the most effective mode of courage.

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# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

*HOTEL PARADISO* is a harum-scarum French bedroom farce—the first, I believe, of thirty-nine pieces in a similar vein by Georges Feydeau (1864-1921). Feydeau has come to be regarded as a kind of classic in France—and rightly. His work embodies the frivolity of cosy middle-class life in that gay, wicked, captivating, creative Paris before the first world war. His dizzy farces typify one aspect of that time as much as Offenbach's operettas typify the Second Empire.

I write in this somewhat schoolroom fashion because in one sense there is little to say about *Hotel Paradiso* except that it is hilarious in a good old-fashioned manner which some of us in the empty-headed sobriety of contemporary theatrical convention might think merely silly.

Feydeau's construction and craftsmanship are masterly: young playwrights ought to make a scrupulous study of his best work. They might observe, for example, how every detail of characterization—each one of them very funny—is used to advance the plot. Feydeau's farces not only served as a model for a whole generation of popular French playwrights, but through the American Avery Hopwood helped shape the technique of several skilled journeyman dramatists of the late teens and early twenties in our country. One could trace the development of Feydeau's fabulous technique by drawing a line back through Scribe and Labiche to Molière, himself largely affected by the ribald and robust itinerant players of the Italian comedy.

Above and beyond this, however, is the Feydeau sense of fun, a kind of shrewd, good-natured, seemingly amoral humor, a combination of street raciness and sophistication which at times skirts the fringes of the great and graver French caricaturists—Daumier, Forain, et al.

This brings us to a point which, in the light of the increasing number of French plays that have been produced in New York recently, is worth repeating. The French think of the theatre as artifice—not as we do as a "mirror of life," but as a game, a playing, a happy distortion in which reality is transformed into new and odd shapes not seen in nature but nonetheless meaningful as poetry or paradox. There is nothing further from realism than

the tragedies of Racine written in strictly stylized verse. Most French stage realists have been extremely ephemeral writers, so that it is possible to predict that even Rostand will outlive Henri Becque. In the period between the two world wars the outstanding French playwright, Jean Giraudoux, remained a poet-fantast, and Jean Anouilh today, for all his approximations of realism, resolutely follows in the same tradition of the theatre of the mask, the theatre which regards all "true-to-life" (documentary) realism as somehow crude and inartistic. It is this difference that makes French drama difficult for us to evaluate.

ALEC GUINNESS was the star of *Hotel Paradiso* in London; here it is Bert Lahr. Since Guinness is a dry-point artist and Bert Lahr an extraordinary clown, Peter Glenville who directed in both cities has wisely made the New York production louder, faster, closer to burlesque. The change, I believe, helps our audiences, which can more readily accept departures from realism when they are unmistakable.

Neither the London nor the New York production is exactly "French." It is impossible for non-Frenchmen literally to reproduce the French theatrical touch—nor is it necessarily desirable.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE Metropolitan museum displays, until May 5, a body of pictures collected for the New Museum at Sao Paulo, Brazil. These pictures are not from Brazilian sources—the greatest number not yet having been seen in Brazil—but are the works acquired here and in Europe during the last ten years for a Brazilian National collection.

The pictures are numerous, the general quality is extremely high. Some seem to me to have suffered from restoration or excessive repairing—notably the Poussin and the Bellini—and some are perhaps not a particular artist's finest work. Nevertheless, for a collection assembled so quickly and so recently, the number of first class examples is surprising. There are, to mention only a few, a fine Greco *Annunciation*; a handsome Zurbaran, a *St. Anthony of Padua*, with all of this artist's extraordinary

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paint quality; a small, jewel-like *Resurrection* attributed to Raphael, and four quite astonishing Nattiers—the daughters of Louis XV got up as the four elements—the last word in French mid-eighteenth century suavity and elegance. The more recent painting is even better represented, to mention only the Corot portraits, some remarkable Cézannes (a view of l'Estaque, a pine tree and the *Negro Scipio*), the Renoir nudes, the Degas sculpture, some celebrated early Picassos, and one of the ugliest Van Goghs it has ever been my pleasure to inspect.

A collection of this sort is badly needed in Brazil. That pleasant country has a vigorous contemporary art movement. Pictures today are esteemed, painted and sold. But although the land has always had a tradition of architecture and sculpture—witness the colonial churches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the sculptured figures of Aleijadinho in the state of Minas Gerais, and even the delightful clay playthings made in Pernambuco today—there has been no corresponding tradition of painting. And there is nowhere an acceptable collection of art, either native or imported, available to the public. The Brazilian painter who cannot study

abroad has had until now only reproductions of pictures to acquaint him with the complicated tradition of oil painting, and these approximations can tell him nothing about color, paint quality or scale.

THE Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum is showing through May 19 the winners and runners-up of the first of its annual national and international prize competitions. While I do not believe that this exhibit furnishes a complete description of all kinds of contemporary painting, it can be taken as a description of the kinds of painting which receive prizes in this decade. To win a prize in the seventies a picture had to relate an anecdote, usually one containing a female nude. In the nineteen-tens, a Renaissance composition or a Pointillist technique was necessary—preferably both. Today, to win a prize, a picture should be large and free of references to the visual world. If, however, an image is presented, this image must serve only as a supporting framework for some painting trick which is in reality the picture's subject. The trick is usually one of paint texture or of paint application, like dripping or painting with a six-inch brush; perhaps a self-imposed trade-mark, like using only black and white; or it may be a trick of stylistic reference—to disassociative Cubism, or to mechanical drawing, or to children's painting. The importance of the image is thus minimized and the picture is rendered neutral and inoffensive. The trick provides exhibition brilliance and the large size gives museum importance.

I DO NOT wish to imply that the pictures in the present exhibition are not striking and for the most part strikingly handsome. I only question their ability to hold our interest for any length of time. Indeed, of the international prize winner painted by Ben Nicholson, I can remember only that it was pale color, painted on what appeared to be a gesso preparation, and contained some neat black curves.

From lack of exhibition space, only the prize winners are shown continuously; the runners-up are rotated. The day I was there, Belgium, among the national sections, was handsomely represented by *Ant Hill* of Pierre Alchinsky—a pleasant tan non-objective picture in the all-over calligraphic manner—and by *Domain of Lights* of the prize winner Magritte—a house exterior lit by both twilight and electric light—whose impact comes from its anachronistic and perverse adoption of an old-fashioned chromo style. In fact it is

not unlike a Maxfield Parrish. Yugoslavia showed up well with the monumental *Struggle of Horses* by the prize winner Petar Lubarda, reminiscent of fresco. France was badly represented by the ugly *Weight of Water* by André Beaudin, going back, with its thin colors and hard angular lines, to the decorative styles of the Paris Exposition of 1925; and by the prize winning picture of Marcel Gromaire, a view of the Isle de la Cité, a heavy painting whose trick is to impose a proto-Cubist lattice in black and brown on a recognizable landscape. Gordon Smyth in *Painting with Red and Black*, and Takao Tanabe in *Portrait of an Interior Land*, both from Canada and both in the non-objective styles, achieved quite beautiful color, as did Jens Soendergaard, the Danish prize winner, in his *Winter Landscape*—Fauve influence with foreground figures like children's painting. The Italian prize winner, Emilio Vedova's *From a Cycle of Protest 1956, N.2 (Sicily)*, in the Action painting style, has also handsome color. John Bratby, United Kingdom winner, showed *Jean and Still Life*, the first of the much talked about Kitchen Sink pictures I have yet seen—a nude seated behind a kitchen table strewn with packaged foods, painted in a somewhat linear Fauvist manner and whose shock value comes from the unrelieved tedium of the lower middle class background it depicts—not at all a characteristic prize winner. I found it somewhat disappointing.

ON SHOW at Knoedler and Co. until May 4 and after that at the Fogg Museum in Cambridge from May 16 to September 15, is a part of the modern pictures collected by Louise and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr. Its general effect is extremely handsome and it contains some notable examples. One finds a charming Pissarro—a snow scene in pale, clear colors; a delightfully informal portrait by Vuillard, *Woman in Green*; three glowing still lifes by Bonnard; a very gay landscape by Kokoschka, the beach at Biarritz with bright color and lively drawing; a large collection of Picassos containing among others the *Fireplace* of 1916 and the *Harlequin* of 1918, both masterful Cubist compositions if somewhat cold in color, the *Woman in Blue* of 1949—a seated woman with both full face and profile, in what I have always thought of as this painter's playing card style, in unusually beautiful color—and a seated nude of 1953 which achieves ugliness by every means at a painter's command. The two Braque still lifes (of 1917 and 1919) are as fine as any I have seen, and there are two Matisse's. The one, *Bathers with a*

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*Turtle* of 1908, companion piece I believe to the celebrated *La Dance*, is huge, imposing and in every way distressing to the spectator. The other, *The Conservatory*, of 1938, I find a charming and trivial valentine. There is a particularly lovely Klee, *Anchored*, of 1932—schematized boats on a grey ground

covered with tiny square dots in most brilliant colors, apparently a good-natured parody of Seurat. There are three important Rouaults, a tender Modigliani portrait, a witty still life by Max Beckman, and an impressive *Dancer* in bronze by Lipchitz. It is a collection worth visiting.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

PADDY CHAYEFSKY employs a technique of fanatic verisimilitude to tell cheerfully tearful fables about humble, dull and defeated men. Evidence not at all unlike Chayefsky's has made social critics from the time of Swift curse the race that bore them, but there is no trace of rage in this happy singer of the lowest common denominator.

I admire the care with which he reproduces the unformed ideas, slovenly speech, slouching attitudes and mass behavior of his submerged mediocrities, but the result of this great painstaking bores me. And I resent the implication that the good life is a scared eking out of existence that would have seemed doleful to a slave of the pharaohs.

*The Bachelor Party*, which is the second of Chayefsky's movie adaptations from television, recounts a soggy evening on the town by five office clerks, one of whom is about to be married. The groom-to-be wonders why he is doing it (except for his mother, women frighten him), and looking at the sheepish misery of his married friends I wonder with him. They are all trapped—life is a trap and heroism consists, apparently, in not chewing off your leg to escape. Though I doubt that any of them would have the wit or courage to carry out the amputation. The picture ends "happily" because one of the merrymakers comes reeling home in the dawn to tell his wife that he loves her even though she is pregnant. God help them both.

The secret of television's hypnosis is that it gives you an illusion of actuality and of prying into the private lives of your fellows. Chayefsky achieves this illusion in fiction by creating a human landscape so featureless and arid that it seems impossible anyone could deliberately invent it. There is also the implied flattery of seeing that people just as flat and hopeless as you are yourself are thought worth the attention of a very successful writer. Maybe there is more value to the crummy grind than you had realized. There isn't—that is just another illusion—but as long as

there are sponsors on TV no Paddy Chayefsky is going to tell the great American consumer that his life is a spectacle to make a rock weep.

ANOTHER adaptation from television, *Twelve Angry Men* by Reginald Rose, is a brilliantly constructed and executed melodrama of personality. It is the author's intention, I believe, to celebrate the institution of trial by jury, but his instinct for conflict, surprise and colorful psychology makes the process as alarming as Russian roulette.

*Twelve Angry Men* is a dramatic contrivance. It is rigged for thrills and its

tricks are more exciting than persuasive. A jury that begins its deliberations by voting eleven to one (Henry Fonda dissenting) to convict a Puerto Rican boy of murdering his father, moves by a process of threats, insults, psychological exposure and ingenious detective work to a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Fonda is hampered in his persuasive efforts by a juror (Lee Cobb) who was once thrashed by his own son, by another (Ed Begley) who hates Puerto Ricans, and by a third (Jack Warden) who wants to get to a ball game. But he is a detective of rare talent and demolishes the prosecution case by a series of sensational retroactive deductions (the defense attorney must have been incompetent to the point of malpractice) and his integrity reduces the opposition to hysteria and the absolution of tears. This is Walter Mitty's finest dream.

But these are views in retrospect; while it goes on, *Twelve Angry Men* is a gripper. Sidney Lumet, directing his first film, sustains a tight thread; he takes advantage of the cramped jury room to set up inventive action and tableaux. And he is blessed with a cast of brilliant character actors who, though they comprise an almost incredibly his-

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trionic jury, keep the picture snapping with curses, sneers, accusations and the brandishing of knives.

THE YOUNG STRANGER repeats the message of *Rebel Without a Cause*—juvenile delinquents are not all slum kids; they come also from the homes of the educated and well-to-do. I believed it before with James Dean and I believe it now with James MacArthur, who is Helen Hayes's son and an attractive and convincing young actor.

But again I get the feeling that the people who are preaching it don't really believe the sermon. They don't quite see how a kid with money in his pocket, a car of his own and good meals at regular hours could become a menace to the peace of the community. So they stack the cards against their hero with a humorless vengeance. This boy's dad, a big Hollywood executive, is an egotistical sadist with a cute sense of humor; the boy is framed by a vindictive theatre manager; the detective is as obtuse as a wall; the mother is numb with troubles of her own. The boy knocks the manager down once and everyone cries "hoodlum"; he goes back and knocks him down again and everyone immediately understands the obvious. The father discovers that he loves his son and—what I don't believe—the boy loves his father. Pictures like this mean well, but their psychology is no deeper than a new paint job.

### Graven Images

Come wind and glazing weather,  
Put a shine on autumn's sleeve.  
Strip trees in September,  
Freeze lakes in October.  
When birds fly in November,  
For comfort we will have  
Dark shadows frozen under,  
And on stiff skies above,  
Pale shadows freezing over.  
And we will believe,  
When plodding turtles plunder  
Dying lily pads  
For their bellies' patterned wonder,  
Ice makes a fragile grave.  
In the lake the lilies slumber.  
On the lake the turtles live,  
Their old backs brown as lumber.  
Come spring leaves will encumber  
The lake with scaly armor,  
And we will remember  
How their forms dissolve.  
The dark shell will sprout clover.  
The thin birds flying cover  
Will be haloes come to hover  
On each loss we grieve  
With a residue of love.

KRISTIN HUNTER

## PUBLICATIONS

George ABBE      W. E. R. DeBOIS  
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are among poets represented in  
**THE ROSENBERGS:**  
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"COURAGE IN ACTION on a Georgia Farm" was The Nation's description of the besieged interracial community. Read the only sociological study of Koinonia in Henrik F. Infield's "The American International Communities." (Cloth: \$3.00; paper: \$2.00. Community Press, Box A, Glen Gardner, N. J.)

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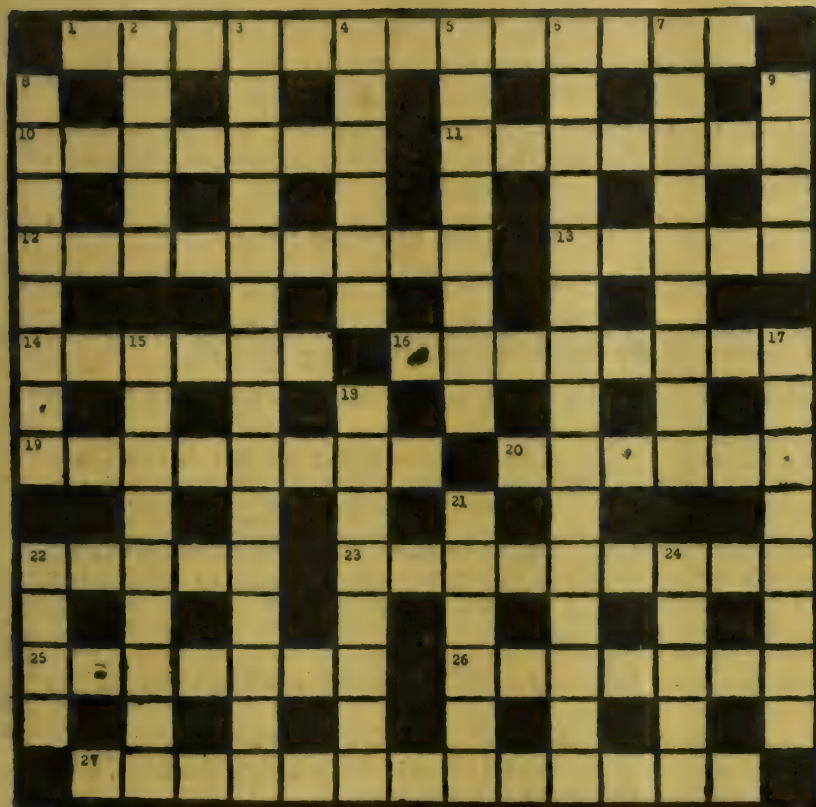
### The NATION

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# Crossword Puzzle No. 721

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 See 22 down
- 10 Give a right name. (7)
- 11 With trauma, perhaps. (7)
- 12 Not mindful of being extremely obvious. (9)
- 13 and 8 down. Doesn't spread the news about 27, his hand being short. (5, 8)
- 14 The way things flourish in South River. (6)
- 16 Decoration to make a vase more neat, perhaps. (8)
- 19 Things about a soldier that takes a final effort for the record book. (8)
- 20 Puts on the play, or just coaches? (6)
- 22 Stop tickling! There's a nerve inside! (5)
- 23 A hundred on six, and six on a half-hundred, with happy results. (9)
- 25 It alone can give you a lift. (7)
- 26 Drink around after being in with the preacher. (7)
- 27 They are sometimes measured by their net worth. (6, 7)

## DOWN:

- 2 This day might be 23 in Brazil or South Africa. (5)
- 3 A worker takes the four-four with one part being a humane belief. (15)

- 4 State the alternative, for example, on this. (6)
- 5 The agent responsible for May's rise. (8)
- 6 Feel averse to marriage? (Certainly not an aim of the single-minded). (6, 9)
- 7 Changing the path of the outer ring. (9)
- 8 See 13 across.
- 9 Notice it gives access? (4)
- 15 Correct expression (but one can't complain he doesn't know which way to turn). (5, 4)
- 17 See a girl in the proper light, in the good old days. (8)
- 18 Copies the cat's grin, it seems. (8)
- 21 Legally, settle on a person, or involve as a consequence. (6)
- 22 and 1 across If a port-hole is first, it had better be the rest. (4, 3, 5, 5)
- 24 Yes, plans might be necessary to make 27 put a body away. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 720

ACROSS: 1 ART IS LONG; 10 ENTRAPS; 11 and 18 BOWLING ALLEY; 12 STRIATE; 13 BWE; 15 MANIAC; 17 EXTEND; 19 REPEAT; 22 EDITED; 25 and 6 across AS-SAILED; 27 SINCERE; 28 TORPEDO; 30 INITIAL; 31 AUDIENT; 32 ERNES; 33 SANDSTONE. DOWN: 1 A-BOMB; 2 THE SWAN; 3 STAMINA; 4 and 20 OLD AGE PENSION; 5 GREASE; 6 ANTHRAX; 7 LEAFAGE; 8 DESCENDED; 15 MARKS TIME; 16 and 14 CATWALKS; 17 and 26 EYESTRAIN; 21 SPECIES; 23 DERIDES; 24 THERE TO; 25 AEOLUS; 29 and 9 ON THE ONE HAND.

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## Frank Edwards Returns!

Frank Edwards, popular liberal news analyst, has been returned to radio as the direct result of a letter-writing campaign by readers of *The Independent*.

The Edwards radio comeback marks the first important challenge to a decade-long trend against liberal commentators. News analysts who were not in the right-wing camp or who were not rigid neutrals found themselves on the outside listening in.

Frank Edwards is being sponsored by the Pabst Brewing Company, one of America's 100 largest corporations.

How did it happen?

Some months ago, Lyle Stuart, editor of *The Independent*, learned that the Pabst Brewing Company had expressed a mild interest in the possibility of sponsoring Edwards.

However, Stuart also learned that Pabst's advertising agency opposed the move because Edwards was "controversial."

The question then was would Edwards sell Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer? We felt that he could. And so, in the editorial column of *The Independent* Lyle Stewart urged his readers to write to the President of Pabst and offer to support Pabst beer if Pabst would sponsor Edwards.

The response was so overwhelming (more than 10,000 letters, cards, telegrams and petitions) that Pabst immediately bought premium time on WLS (Chicago) and in doing so had to buy one-half hour nightly to clear 15 minutes a night for Frank Edwards.

Edwards is also being heard on WEEK in Peoria.

As Pabst Blue Ribbon beer sales rise in those cities, radio stations in other cities will be added to the schedule.

The Pabst company gave Edwards an unusually strong sendoff. Company officials announced that Edwards was being encouraged to be himself: to sift and evaluate the news, with strict adherence to truth, logic and reality—and with no punches pulled.

The purpose of this message is twofold. It is to tell you that Edwards has been returned to radio . . . and to encourage you to drink Pabst when you drink beer—in appreciation of this company's action in bringing Edwards back to radio.

It is also to point out to you that you miss a great deal if you don't now receive *The Independent*.

Pabst Public Relations Director Andrew H. Talbot wrote in a letter to us: "It was *The Independent* that started this ball rolling. I am very pleased that it worked out."

Bringing Frank Edwards back to radio is only one of the many ways *The Independent* has shown its effectiveness in recent months.

If you are not familiar with this unusual monthly tabloid, send 25c for a sample copy.

Or better still, send \$3 for a one-year subscription (\$5 for 2 years, \$7 for 3 years) and we will start *The Independent* on its way to you by return mail.

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# THE NATION

MAY 4, 1957 . . 25c

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# LETTERS

## Molecular Derangement

*Dear Sirs:* Molecules and Mental Illness by Gene Marine in your April 20 issue refers to the work of Dr. Linus Pauling, who describes a chemical approach to mental illness which he believes to be the only solution of the whole problem. This approach is based on the scientific study of a disease which has nothing to do with mental illness, namely sickle-cell anemia. Dr. Pauling has proved that this disorder includes an alteration in the structure of the hemoglobin molecule. This is the sum total of scientific evidence which is offered in the article in support of Dr. Pauling's thesis.

The article proceeds without further proof by way of an analogy; that another disease which is in fact associated with mental disease might on further study turn out to include a change in molecular structure. This is a disturbance of chemical metabolism known as phenylketonuria. This is a rare disease which is responsible for one case in a hundred of mental deficiency, according to the article. Mental deficiency is relatively uncommon. Proof of the molecular derangement, if any, lies in the future.

Dr. Pauling is quoted as saying at a lecture: "I am sure that most mental disease is chemical in origin, and that the chemical abnormalities involved are usually the result of abnormalities in the genetic constitution of the individual." This quotation contains two radical statements, both of them completely unproved. Worse than this, it embodies a theory of causality which is not applicable to human illness; i.e., the idea of a one-to-one causal relationship. No disease, physical or mental, can be adequately understood on the theory that it has any one origin or cause. Pauling contends that the root of the matter might as logically be molecules as mother love. This statement is true to the letter; that is, both alternatives are valid and neither one excludes the other. But this is only part of the truth; neither statement singly nor both together can exclude any one of a host of other etiological factors. From the point of view of treatment that aspect of the illness is the most important for which a technique is available for treatment. Here again one aspect does not exclude another; treatment from one angle does not exclude treatment from another.

The issue set up by Dr. Pauling is a false issue. It is no less than tragic that his audience accepted the issue as

real and debated it as such. Thus Dr. Pauling has succeeded only in adding to the confusion which still exists in thinking about mental illness. Mr. Marine's article serves chiefly to disseminate the same confusion.

The inadequacies of Dr. Pauling's thinking should not, however, obscure the possibility that he may discover an important aspect of mental illness, namely molecular derangement. The importance of such a discovery for mental disease in general may well wait the proof that the derangement actually exists.

HENRY B. RICHARDSON, M.D.  
*New York City*

## Puerto Rican Workers

*Dear Sirs:* I found Dan Wakefield's article on The Vulnerable Stranger in your April 19 issue extremely interesting. However, I believe that certain inaccuracies which relate to the U. S. Department of Labor's Federal Wage and Hour Division should be rectified. Mr. Wakefield emphasized the point that the two Spanish-speaking investigators had lost their jobs because they were "non-vital federal employees," which I feel is an inference that the Department of Labor wasn't and isn't concerned with the plight of the Puerto Rican worker in our midst.

The facts are these: A reduction of \$1,400,000 in the Wage-Hour Division's appropriation in the summer of 1953 required the elimination of 329 positions. Approximately 100 investigator positions were involved. The reduction in force which followed was conducted in strict accordance with retention-preference regulations of the Civil Service Commission. The two men referred to in the article were in the lowest retention group because they did not have permanent career status; they were good investigators and we would have liked to retain them, but unfortunately could not.

Our concern with the problems affecting Puerto Rican workers in New York is just as urgent today as it was then. As a matter of fact, for the past two years during which we set up field offices in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan Downtown and Manhattan Uptown, our efforts among and in behalf of the "vulnerable stranger" have been intensified. Each office today has at least one investigator who is fluent in the Spanish language. In addition, there is a Spanish interpreter attached to our regional office, which is located at 900 U.S. Parcel Post Building, 341 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, New York, who is available for consultation at all times.

Names and addresses of the investigation supervisor in charge of each of our New York field offices can be obtained from the regional office (telephone: LA 4-9400).

ROBERT R. RICHMOND  
Director, Division of Information,  
Wage and Hour and Public  
Contracts Division of the  
U. S. Department of Labor  
*Washington, D. C.*

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## EDITORIALS

## Atomitis

Washington

The other day the embassy of India asked the State Department about a report that the United States may supply nuclear weapons to Pakistan. The Indians were assured that it isn't true.

A few months ago world-wide circulation was given to a United Press report that the United States is forming fourteen atomic-support units. The story mentioned a number of spots where the units are expected to be stationed; they included Japan and Okinawa. The report served to intensify Japan's growing anti-Americanism. But a senior Pentagon officer has assured this correspondent that U.S. nuclear-support formations would be established in any country only with that country's consent. The U.P. account was inexact: the Defense Department is organizing not fourteen but six units; one is in existence, based on Verona, Italy, and the other five are to be in the field before mid-1958.

At his April 17 news conference, President Eisenhower said the American agreement to supply guided missiles to Britain is the only such arrangement the United States *now* has. "Now" is the key word. We are equipping other NATO partners with atomic artillery and, while keeping the warheads in American possession, training our allies in the use of nuclear armaments.

One of the conditions the West imposed in restoring sovereignty to West Germany two years ago was that state's renunciation of the manufacture of atomic weapons. The United States is likely to supply the weapons instead, thus evading the law we ourselves helped to impose. Chancellor Adenauer is expected to discuss the matter on his forthcoming visit here.

America is acquiring a world-wide reputation for being atom-happy. Our aim is to frighten the Communist camp, above all the Soviet Union, by enlarging the danger to any potential aggressor. We have probably succeeded in this, for there is hardly another explanation for the shower of Russian notes which descended upon Britain, France, West Germany, Scandinavia, Turkey, Greece and Japan, warning of the vengeance in store for those offering themselves as American nuclear outposts.

However, we are alarming many besides the Russians. We have disquieted the Japanese and Indians. If we enable the new *Bundesheer* to use nuclear arm-

aments, we will reap scant gratitude from many Europeans who won't distrust the German bearing arms any the less because the arms are atomic.

We don't have to hunt far afield for the causes of Soviet fear. Bases available to America ring the Soviet Union. From these airfields, American jet bombers carrying hydrogen explosives can strike at the heart of the USSR. From launching sites around Soviet borders, nuclear missiles can be fired into Russian industrial centers. By contrast, except for an occasional submarine which might break through, the Soviet route to America extends only across the long polar reaches.

Thus, for the present, the United States has a strategic advantage in the positional race between the two great nuclear powers. For how long? Estimates vary that it will be five to ten years before the intercontinental missile, which would presumably minimize if not end the American temporary edge against Russia, becomes a reality.

The belief is spreading that in order to keep our provisional advantage, we are marking time on nuclear-arms limitation. Yet for a growing number of people the choice is increasingly urgent between abolishing nuclear warfare and abolishing man.

## What is USIA?

Just what is the United States Information Agency? An information agency, a propaganda bureau, a book-ing agency, a psychological warfare brigade, a means of subsidizing "our friends" in foreign lands, an overseas subsidiary of the Advertising Council? Reading the transcript of the hearings on the agency's budget, one can only be sure of one thing: that USIA, because it functions without a policy, is spending money on some superlatively silly projects. Fifty-one pages of closely-set type are required merely to list the free-lance writers who have been given assignments by USIA; the subjects range from a piece about Mr. Yap Yin Fah, tin-mine owner, to a comment on the performance of a liturgical mass in Canton, Ohio. At a fee of \$1,800, a Mr. Michael Lever is commissioned to write four pamphlets for distribution in Latin America on such subjects as "How To Spot a Communist." The "People's Capitalism" exhibit sponsored in Bogota prompted Mr. William Hines of the *Washington Star*, who was on the spot, to observe that the Colombians seemed to be

more interested in the Russian presentation of "things" than in the American presentation of "ideas." \$100,000 is spent to help subsidize an anti-Communist film which is shown in *American* theatres; USIA officials refuse to explain this covert brainwashing, but concede that the film was "quite a flap. . . . Unfortunately . . . films on strongly anti-Communist themes from a financial point of view are extremely bad." After a day of listening to presentations of these and similar projects by USIA officials, Representative Cliff Clevenger of Ohio exploded: "Great Caesar's Ghost!"

The President has stated the purpose of USIA: "To submit evidence to the peoples of other countries by means of communication techniques that the policies and objectives of the United States are in harmony with, and will support, their legitimate aspirations for freedom, progress and peace." True, American diplomatic practice often seems to empty the directive of all meaning. But the USIA, which seems to have no conception of its function, compounds the sabotage. Until Mr. Arthur Larson can adopt a coherent policy and sensible program for USIA—he was appointed director only two months ago—the Administration will have scant cause to complain if Congress slashes its budget. Some slashing is clearly in order.

## Waiting for Dulles

Pope Pius, Albert Schweitzer, Nehru, and eighteen top German nuclear scientists urge suspension of further H-bomb tests. Mr. John Foster Dulles isn't listening. Key A.E.C. scientists—Dr. John H. Harley and Dr. W. L. Russell—call attention to dangers arising from a continuance of the tests. Mr. Dulles has no comment. Dr. Masatoshi Matsushita, Japan's "voice of conscience," calls on Mr. Dulles to urge this country to agree to a suspension of the tests, calling attention to the fact that the Ministry of Welfare in Japan has advised housewives to boil drinking water and wash fresh fruits and vegetables as a precaution against radiation contamination. Mr. Dulles is pleasant but adamant. In London, D. G. Arnott, secretary of the Atomic Science Committee of the Association of Scientific Workers, states that medical experiments which might save human life are becoming impossible because of the increased "background" of radiation. Other British scientists estimate that explosions of hydrogen bombs might "eventually produce bone cancer in 1,000 people for every million tons of TNT or equivalent explosive power." Mr. Dulles has no comment. The Russians suggest to the British an agreement to suspend further tests. Reactions in London and Washington are "negative." Asked why Great Britain, Russia and the United States do not agree to stop the tests, Dr. Schweitzer points out that only in Japan is public opinion actively aroused. American radio and TV networks fail to carry his statement, al-

though it is broadcast in fifty countries the day it is issued. Queried, Mr. Dulles announces that this country will continue with the tests until the scientists can reach agreement that they are perilous.

Like a youngster enchanted by the boom of a toy cannon, Mr. Dulles keeps clapping his hands and demanding "just one more test," every time it is suggested that this country take the lead in announcing a suspension. There is no point in waiting for Mr. Dulles to act. Only a clamorous public insistence that the tests be suspended immediately will induce the Administration to take the initiative.

## Day of Triumph

Another ordeal of the cold-war years has come to an end with the announcement by the State Department that Joseph M. Franckenstein, husband of novelist Kay Boyle, has been cleared of security charges. Mr. Franckenstein, who had a most distinguished record of service with United States military and underground forces in World War II, was dismissed by the State Department in 1953 as a security risk. For the last four years, he has been fighting these charges without ever being given the names of his accusers, much less a chance to face them. It took rare courage on his part and on the part of his wife—a valued *Nation* contributor (see p. 390 this issue)—to make a public statement about their case before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, chaired by Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., after all other available remedies had been exhausted. But courage has a way of being vindicated and from the miasma of the cold-war years, the fighters are beginning to emerge as the winners.

## Piaster Diplomacy

Washington

Next Wednesday's arrival in Washington of Ngo Dinh Diem, president of the Republic of Vietnam, has had an unhappy prologue. About to ask for increased assistance, he has been told that American aid to his country ought to be cut in half.

The recommendation came from the chairman of the board of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Clement Johnston, who led a survey of American aid operations in Southeast Asia in behalf of a special Congressional group. Mr. Johnston revealed in his report that manipulation of Vietnam's currency, the piaster, is costing U.S. taxpayers \$20,000,000 a month. Vietnamese merchants, says the report, are lining their pockets by importing U.S. goods at the official rate of 35 piasters to the dollar and selling them at a 75 to 100 rate.

The Johnston findings conclude that "the great need of these people is to be let alone militarily so as to devote maximum effort to correcting a deplorably low level of education, sanitation and economic productivity." Vietnam's armed forces, the report states, are



larger than the internal security situation requires.

The government of Vietnam has "informally" been trying to counteract the picture which the Johnston document draws of that country. A Vietnamese reply has been conveyed to a number of Senators and to the State Department which points up that in the four years ending in 1956, Vietnam's imports from the United States were trebled while imports from France dropped to one-sixth. If Vietnam were to devalue its currency, runs the argument, it would have to reduce its American purchases sharply. In any case, the figures indicate that since France lost this outpost of empire in 1954, American business has taken over and done well.

As President Eisenhower's guest, Mr. Diem will be assured of courteous treatment. But the distinguished visitor will be well advised to avoid letting our cordiality blind him to the misgivings which the Johnston report has aroused concerning his regime.

### Jim Crow Dressed Up

On May 14, the citizens of New Rochelle, New York, will vote on a school referendum which, if passed, will perpetuate for another fifty years an anachronistic Jim Crow high school which has disgraced the community

for nearly half a century. Everyone in New Rochelle opposes segregation in Mississippi, but the election will decide how many oppose it in this attractive suburb of New York City many miles north of the Mason-Dixon line. New Rochelle's other schools are integrated; Lincoln High School is not. In 1930, a new school was built near Lincoln and the district lines were redrawn in such a manner that the new structure was almost completely within a "white" residential area. White children left living in the Lincoln district were then given transfers to other schools.

The need to replace the Lincoln school—a tottering structure whose auditorium has been unfit for use for the past two years—creates an opportunity to integrate its students in non-segregated schools. But the referendum proposes the construction of a new building on the old site which would not only retain the name of Lincoln—an offense in itself—but would "freeze" its status as a segregated school. And this three full years after the Supreme Court's decision in the desegregation cases! Voters in New Rochelle should keep in mind that Southern communities will be watching the outcome of their election with interest. (For further evidence of Northern Jim Crow practices, see p. 390 this issue.)

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## BLACKLIST=BLACK MARKET . . by Dalton Trumbo

### About the Author

*The presently known works of screenwriter Dalton Trumbo—which include Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, A Man to Remember and Kitty Foyle, among many others—may one day be revealed as his least important and least successful. Since his blacklisting as a member of the Hollywood Ten in 1947, Mr. Trumbo has become a prolific and anonymous contributor to Hollywood's black market in scripts, and for all anyone knows (other than Mr. Trumbo and his producers, who aren't saying), he may have won more Oscars in the last ten years than Walt Disney.—Ed.*

Walter Wanger and Eddie Mannix appeared before the Screen Writers' Guild to plead for acquiescence in the blacklisting of the Hollywood Ten.

Mr. Schary, who is probably the most civilized and certainly the most literate man ever to achieve executive leadership of a major motion-picture producing company, acted as reluctant spokesman for the producers: reluctant because some of the doomed men were his friends; reluctant because he had worked with others of them in the various Roosevelt campaigns; reluctant because he was and is a liberal who hated the idea of a blacklist and probably hates it even more today.

Despite assurances that ten heads would appease the gods, the guillotine has since claimed some 250 other artists and technicians. The most powerful man in Hollywood today is an inconspicuous, pleasant-mannered fellow named William Wheeler, who works as investigator for the House Committee on Un-American

Activities. Upon his modest shoulders has fallen the glory that was Zanuck's and the power that was Mayer's.

The paradox of the tenth anniversary of the blacklist lies in the fact that while it finds most surviving members of the Hollywood Ten busily engaged in the practice of their professions, Mr. Schary, amidst a hideous outcry from avaricious stockholders, has just been ejected from his producership at M-G-M and presently, as the euphemism goes, is at liberty.

The reason for his discharge, Mr. Schary wrote in *The Reporter* of April 18, 1957, was "that I made too many speeches and wrote too many articles, and that my participation in the 1956 Presidential campaign on behalf of the Democrats had made for irritation and enmity." Mr. Schary, in a word, fell victim to the blacklist his own eloquence had inaugurated; the decade ends, as it began, with an absurdity.

The truth, of course, is that the

### Hollywood

AS THE YEAR 1957 lurches toward its mid-point, Hollywood finds itself celebrating, willingly or unwillingly as the case may be, the tenth anniversary of a blacklist which began in 1947 when a producers' delegation composed of Messrs. Dore Schary,

blacklist was openly called for in 1947 by the House Committee on Un-American Activities ("... Don't you think the most effective way is the payroll route?" "... Do you think the studios should continue to employ these individuals?") and that the producers opposed the idea. Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, told the committee that for producers "to join together and to refuse to hire someone or some people would be a potential conspiracy, and our legal counsel advised against it."

Louis B. Mayer testified that "They have mentioned two or three writers to me several times. There is no proof about it, except they mark them as Communists, and when I look at the pictures they have written for us I can't find once where they have written anything like that. . . . I have asked counsel. They claim that unless you can prove they are Communists they could hold you for damages." Jack L. Warner declared under oath that he "wouldn't be a party with anyone in an association, especially where you would be liable for having a fellow's livelihood impaired; I wouldn't want to do that."

THEY DID it, however, a few days later at a famous meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria. Depositions taken from persons present reveal a long and stormy session during which the Hollywood executives strongly opposed demands of the "Eastern people" for a blacklist. The "Eastern people," unfortunately, controlled the film corporations involved and the source of investment capital with which production is maintained. It was no contest. The meeting ended with a sullenly unanimous proclamation of the first blacklist in the history of motion pictures.

The Hollywood Ten, blacklisted and cursed with the worst press since Bruno Hauptmann, stood trial for contempt of Congress, drew maximum fines and sentences, wrangled their way through skeptical courts and finally were distributed throughout the federal penitentiary system. Ring Lardner, Jr., and Lester Cole landed in Danbury, Connecticut, where they renewed an old acquaint-

ance with ex-Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, chairman of the 1947 hearings which had done them in. Thomas had been caught with his hand in the wrong cash drawer.

Jack Lawson, Adrian Scott and this correspondent, incarcerated under heavy guard in the grand old state of Kentucky, were thrown into intimate contact with its favorite son, ex-Congressman Andy May,

## The Crash of Silence

*Along with his manuscript, Mr. Trumbo sent us the following brief diary which records his attempts to get the Motion Picture Association of America to answer some pointed questions.—Editors*

*Hollywood Thursday, April 18. Telephone C. H. (Duke) Wales, popular and capable press relations man for Motion Picture Association of America. Explain mission re Nation, et al, read him following list of questions:*

*1. Would the MPAA deny that major studios are purchasing material from Fifth Amendment writers and removing their names from the screen?*

*2. Would the MPAA say there is no blacklist in Hollywood except that which applies to the Hollywood Ten?*

*3. Would the MPAA have any objections if a major studio openly hired a Fifth Amendment writer or a member of the Hollywood Ten?*

*4. Does the MPAA deal with the Committee on Un-American Activities, or any representative of that committee, in determining the employability of artists or other persons in the motion picture industry?*

*5. If there is a blacklist in the industry, to what persons or organizations does the MPAA attribute it?*

Wales copies list, reads it back. Hell of a copyist. Everything checks out. I suggest he may want a little time. Wales agrees. Will be in office from 2:30 p.m. on, call him then. Call at 2:40 p.m. Wales not back yet. Call 4:00 p.m. Wales gone for day. Troubled by this, but still have faith in Wales.

*Friday, April 19. Call Wales 9:34 a.m. Not in yet. Send fast straight wire reminding him of situation and giv-*

ing phone number. Call Wales 1:50 p.m. Not back from lunch. Three p.m., no call from Wales. Send following straight fast wire 3:02 p.m.

C. H. WALES  
MPAA

8480 BEVERLY BOULEVARD  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

HAVE ACCURATE RECORD OF OUR TELEPHONE CONVERSATION AND OF MY SUBSEQUENT CALLS. I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR DUCKING, BUT UNLESS I HEAR FROM YOU BEFORE MY DEADLINE SIX P.M. TONIGHT I SHALL NOTE THE EXTENT OF MY EFFORTS AND THEIR FAILURE AND ASSUME MPAA HAS TAKEN THE FIFTH. ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE OF INVOKING THE FIFTH, IT'S A GRAND OLD AMENDMENT AND I SHOULDN'T WISH TO DEPRIVE ERIC JOHNSTON OF ITS PROTECTION. CORDIALLY,

DALTON TRUMBO

Call Wales 5:14 p.m. Young man says Wales not available. Chill touches my heart: first time word "unavailable" has been used. Tell young man I'll stay by phone till 7 p.m. Wales doesn't get through. Sorry about Wales, but console self with Eric Johnston 1947 statement, "As long as I live I will never be a party to anything as un-American as a blacklist." Feel certain Eric's heart still in right place. Satisfied Wales will call tomorrow.

*Saturday, April 20. No call from Wales. Hope he isn't ill. Mission uncompleted.*

—D. T.

who had celebrated the glory of American arms by snatching a few wartime defense bribes. Almost every jail in the country during that curious time found Congressman and contemptee standing cheek by jowl in the chow line, all their old malignities dissolved in common hunger for a few more of them there beans.

Meanwhile, sustained by an Appellate Court decision which con-



firmed its right and even its duty to investigate artists and their works, the committee embarked on a permanent career in Hollywood. Francis Walter, his chariot drawn by captive starlets, passed like Caesar through the lots attended by a chanting host of the repentent. Under the yelping attack of this stream-lined, sharp-toothed wolf pack, Communists, near-Communists, neo-Communists, proto-Communists, non-Communists and a few friends of anti-Communists fell like tenpins.

And then, imperceptibly at first, the uproar began to diminish. It faded off, about a year ago, into a stunned and terrible silence. There wasn't anybody left to investigate. The silence continues to this day, broken only occasionally by the contemplative licking of old wounds.

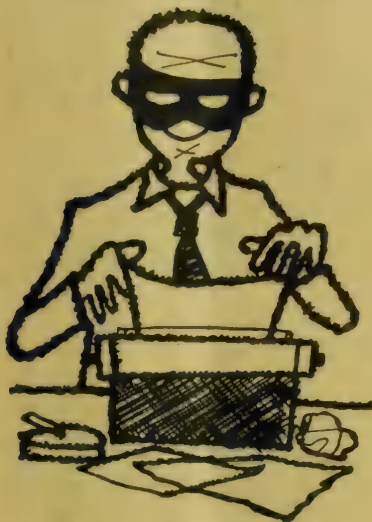
A BLACKLIST, far from being a funny thing, is an illegal instrument of terror which can exist only by sufferance of and connivance with the federal government. The Hollywood blacklist is but part of an immensely greater official blacklist—barring its victims from work at home and denying them passage abroad—which mocks our government in all its relations with civilized powers that neither tolerate nor understand such repression. The shock of the blacklist produces psychic disorders among sensitive persons, from which result broken homes, desolate children, premature deaths and sometimes suicide.

It is not alone the loss of income or of property that hurts: the more terrible wound is the loss of a profession to which one's entire life has been dedicated. A director must have the facilities of a studio: denied them, he sells real estate. A violinist must appear in person for the concert: barred from admittance, he becomes a milkman and practices six hours a day against the unrevealed time when his music once more may be heard. The actor's physical personality, which is his greatest asset, becomes his supreme curse under the blacklist; he must be seen, and when the sight of him is prohibited he becomes a carpenter, an insurance salesman, a barber.

A writer is more fortunate. Give

him nothing more than paper, a pencil and a nice clean cell, and he's in business. Dante, Cervantes, Rousseau, Voltaire, Ben Jonson, Milton, Defoe, Bunyan, Hugo, Zola and a score of others have long since proved that in jail or out, writing under their own names or some one else's or a pseudonym or anonymously, writers will write; and that having written, they will find an audience. Only fools with no knowledge of history and bureaucrats with no knowledge of literature are stupid enough to think otherwise.

And so it chanced in Hollywood that each blacklisted writer, after



swiftly describing that long parabola from the heart of the motion-picture industry to a small house in a low-rent district, picked himself up, dusted his trousers, anointed his abrasions, looked around for a ream of clean white paper and something to deface it with, and began to write. Through secret channels, and by means so cunning they may never be revealed, what he wrote was passed along until finally it appeared on a producer's desk, and the producer looked upon it and found it good, and monies were paid, and the writer's children began contentedly to eat. Thus the black market.

In the meantime, quietly domiciled nearby with his stunningly beautiful wife and two infant daughters a young man of Irish descent named Michael Wilson sat down at his typewriter and went furiously to work writing scripts. By 1951 he had risen

to a position of such prominence that he was subpoenaed by the committee. Appearing before it in good form, Wilson took the Fifth Amendment, ending his career at the very moment it seemed ready to flower. Four months later his screenplay of *A Place in the Sun*, adapted from *An American Tragedy*, was nominated for an Academy Award. He thus became the first American screenwriter to be nominated for an award after being blacklisted. A month later he chalked up another first for the blacklist by winning the Oscar.

Wilson apparently had a number of unproduced scripts lying around the studios, for the following year his screenplay of *Five Fingers* was produced, and once again he received the Academy's scroll of nomination for the Award. With two nominations and one Oscar under his belt, Wilson continued the quiet life of a blacklisted writer until some two years later, when Allied Artists decided to produce another of his old scripts, this one an adaptation of Jessamyn West's *Friendly Persuasion*.

When the time rolled around for screen credits, Wilson discovered that Miss West and Robert Wyler, brother of the film's director, were credited as sole authors of the screenplay. Wilson appealed to the Writers' Guild arbitration committee, which ruled in his favor. Allied Artists thereupon released the picture without screenplay credits of any kind.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was now confronted with the horrid possibility that the picture might bring Wilson, who had been dead professionally for five years, still another Oscar. The man seemed to be getting out of hand; God alone knew how many more of his unproduced manuscripts were lying in studio files. So twenty-two members of the Academy's Board of Governors passed a by-law which was to remain secret unless "*Friendly Persuasion* receives a writing nomination as the best screenplay." It provided that no person who behaved as Wilson had before a Congressional committee was eligible for an Academy prize. That is why, when the screenwriters did

nominate Wilson for *Friendly Persuasion*, there was appended to the listing the sad little note: "Achievement nominated, but writer ineligible for Award under Academy by-laws." (See Credits and Oscars, *The Nation*, March 30.)

Wilson, who during World War II served as a Captain in the Fifth Amphibious Corps, U. S. Marines, under Major General Holland (Howling) M. Smith, doesn't scare too easily, and appears to take a dim view of secret by-laws designed to celebrate his professional demise. He is presently bringing suit against the Academy, in the course of which the patriots on the Academy's board who barred his work will be given an opportunity to explain under oath just how their unanimity was achieved.

With *Friendly Persuasion* barred, the Academy for the first time in its history offered four instead of five candidates for its Best Screenplay Award. The Oscar, shabby and compromised but quite as golden as its twenty brethren, went almost by default to James Poe, John Farrow and S. J. Perelman for the screenplay of *Eighty Days Around the World*. The Oscar for the Best Original Story, glowing with the virtue of a fair contest, went to Robert Rich for *The Brave One*. The remaining writer's Oscar, for Best Original Screenplay, fell into the foreign hands of Albert Lamorisse for the French film, *The Red Balloon*.

AND THEN something happened. A young man named Robert Rich (but not the Robert Rich for whom a proxy had picked up the Oscar), thinking no doubt to make sport of the Academy, pretended to be the *real* Robert Rich and sought to receive from the Academy those courtesies and distinctions that seemed to lie without visible claimant. In some fashion not yet known he got tangled up with Miss Margaret Herrick, executive director of the Academy, or George Seaton, its president, or some other Academy factotum yet undiscovered, and confessed his deception.

The Academy, giddy by now with patriotism, flushed with its victory over Wilson, anxious to proclaim

itself Cerberus of the blacklist and sensing that a second barbarian might have breached the defenses and profaned the sanctuary, rushed at once into print with the most disastrous publicity release of its twenty-nine year history. "Robert Rich," it announced ominously, "credited by the studio which produced *The Brave One* with authorship of the motion-picture story and winner of the Academy Award in this category, stated today he was not the author of the story."

There followed a series of dire warnings from Mr. Seaton and his underlings. The original story, it was hinted, wasn't original at all, or if so it was very likely a plagiarism, and the Academy would probably withhold the award, or punish the King Brothers by giving it to the owners of another story who were suing the Kings, or even declare Robert Rich, like Wilson, a non-person, and turn the Oscar over to the next highest man in the vote, or maybe shoot craps for its custody.

ENGROSSED in its fierce pursuit of the infidel, the Academy had overlooked the fact that there are literally hundreds of valid, free-born, no-Amendment Robert Riches scattered through practically every country in the Western world. The King Brothers said theirs was a goateed young photographer-writer from whom they had purchased the story in 1952 in Munich, and no one has yet disproved their claim. Overnight the *New York Post* turned up five Robert Riches. From San Francisco the nephew of a deceased Robert Rich announced he was arriving shortly to claim the trophy for his uncle. The large vacuum which now surrounded the Oscar was quickly filled with claims, counter-claims and disavowals on behalf of such disparate characters as the late Robert Flaherty, Orson Welles, Jesse Lasky, Jr., Willis O'Brien and Paul Rader.

The search even penetrated those cavernous depths wherein dwell the blacklisted and the anonymous. Among those flushed for questioning was this correspondent, who cannily refused to affirm or deny authorship. Suspicions then skittered like a starling from Albert Maltz to Michael

Wilson, from Wilson to Carl Foreman, from Foreman to Paul Jarrico to others of the damned.

As the fourth day of turmoil dawned, the Academy took rueful stock of its coup. Someone with more perspicacity than president Seaton began to comprehend what had happened to the Immortals. First, they had flatly declared that Robert Rich wasn't the author of *The Brave One*, whereas there was a very good suing chance that Robert Rich was. Second, they had revealed themselves somewhat too nakedly as chief advocates and policemen of a blacklist that everybody else was fed up with. And third, they had cast a fatal shadow over the only other Oscar won this year by an American writer, the first having already been dishonored by the *ex post facto* annihilation of Michael Wilson. The Academy, retiring behind its own version of the Fifth Amendment, announced that "on advice of counsel we are going to keep out of this situation." Since then there has been nothing but blessed silence.

Meanwhile William Stout, a brilliant young news commentator for Los Angeles Station KNX-TV, casting bemused eyes at Mr. Seaton and his cohorts, began to have a funny feeling. He telephoned me suggesting lunch, and we discovered that we both had a funny feeling. There was a stillness over Hollywood that seemed to call for a little noise. We decided on the spot to make our feelings known to the world via a filmed interview about the blacklist and the black market it produces.

The next evening Mr. Stout put part of the interview on the Emmy-winning program called *The Big News*. The following day four more minutes went coast-to-coast on the Douglas Edwards CBS-TV news show originating in New York. Later that night Mr. Stout wrapped it up with a second interview over KNX-TV.

What I said during the interview was what everyone in Hollywood knew but no one had ever mentioned: that I had been working steadily since the blacklist began; that others of my kind had also been working; that the major studios were openly in the black market, purchasing



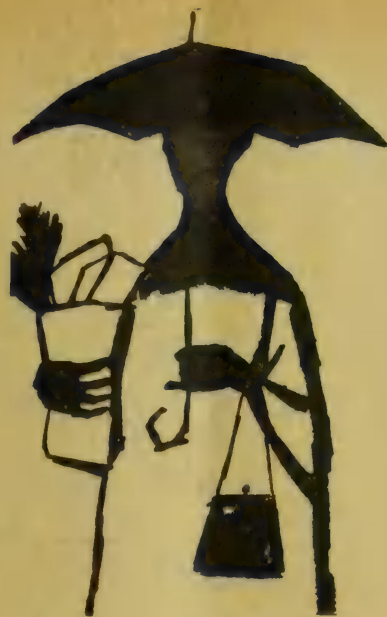
on them for buying those cars," a young Negro lawyer had said to me another night as we sat in the house he had managed to buy. "Ever since they were children, they've wanted good things, nice-looking things, and a car is something a Negro can put out money for, whilst they don't make it easy for him to buy a house or a piece of land." It was almost as if he and his wife had escaped with their children from some alien tyranny, and here they were, by some miracle, safe under their own roof, having crossed a frontier as actual as that of Hungary. "We had some trouble getting this place," he said, and the thought of the others who hadn't got out made him uneasy. "There're certain restrictions in Connecticut—"

And another afternoon, the Baptist minister in my town, wearing a bright red waistcoat, and striking the table between us with his fist, had said:

"How're you going to put an end to the dope-peddling, and the perversion, and the lust and sin? They tried in the public-housing project two nights ago by sending the State Troopers in. Where's that going to get you, anyway? Stop making the Negro a charity case, stop *tolerating* him, stop making him live in a ghetto. That's all. Give him the right to rent a house or buy a house like any other American and you'll give him a pride in what he is."

"There're no restrictions in the law-books," said the Methodist minister quietly. "I've found there're no restrictions anywhere but in the hearts of men."

And then the members of the panel on Negro housing walked onto the platform of the Yale Law School auditorium and took their seats. The first to speak was Dr. Henry Stetler, chief supervisor of the research division of the Connecticut Commission on Civil Rights, and the outline he gave of his survey on *Racial Integration in Private Residential Neighborhoods in Connecticut*\* was a cold and terrible indictment of the heart



of man. The survey, based on data gathered by trained interviewers, excluded transitory areas and concentrated on areas where Negro families had succeeded in buying houses in non-Negro districts. Among other depressing facts, it revealed that when Negro families chanced to move into a white neighborhood:

Interracial contacts in the form of interracial activities within the white or Negro home were engaged in by relatively small proportions of the white adults; that interracial activities between children were much more frequent, especially in the form of play activities. However, even these contacts tended to taper off if they involved activities outside the home, such as attending movies together or engaging in club activities.

"TO LIVE the way the rest of us live," I remembered the medical student saying, "they weren't expected to grow up." But they did grow up, and the feeling of inequality grew with them, and 219 Negro families and 390 white neighbors had been interviewed for this survey, which was attempting to state the case exactly as it stands. Dr. Stetler pointed out that the Negroes questioned were, occupationally, far above the average for the state's Negro population as a whole. The incomes of the Negro respondents were equal to the incomes of their white neighbors, and the Negroes

were frequently superior in educational achievements to the white respondents. And yet, in spite of these facts, it was found that:

In general, white respondents had more favorable *attitudes* toward interracial contact than were manifested in their interracial *practices*; about sixty per cent of the white respondents felt that interracial social contacts were desirable among pre-school or grammar school children, but less than forty per cent felt that such contacts were desirable in the teen-age or adult years; the acceptance of one Negro neighbor did not mean that Negroes in general would be acceptable; forty per cent of the white respondents felt their property values had decreased because of their Negro neighbors.

Before the morning session had gone very far, this last complaint was to be disproved by statistics as well as by arguments. Alvin A. Mermin, the New Haven residential relocation officer, cited cases in which properties had actually increased in value because of the type of Negro family the redevelopment agency had been able to move into an all-white neighborhood. Any decrease in property values, it was made manifest, was the result of unscrupulous real-estate agents (Negro as well as white) spreading panic in an area "where the plague had struck." These men would call after dark on the house-owners of the neighborhood, warn them of what was happening and offer them cash for a quick sale. In that moment of terror, a house-owner would sell his house far below its actual value, and in that instant the decrease did exist. But the following week, when the real-estate agent sold the house to a home-hungry Negro family for five thousand more than he had paid, the fallacy of the argument was clear. The action Connecticut takes in these matters has value outside the state, said Dr. Stetler, for the record shows that Connecticut has done much to advance the cause of civil rights, and there are four bills on improved housing legislation before the House, and one before the Senate, now.

The auditorium had been steadily filling with Negroes and whites alike as the grim facts and figures

\* Copies of this survey may be obtained by writing to: The Connecticut Commission on Civil Rights, 500 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

combined to reveal the restricted world of the Connecticut Negro in all its tragedy. By eleven o'clock we knew that only 4 per cent of the state's Negro population lives in white neighborhoods, that apartments in the public-housing projects are not available if the family has too many children or its earnings exceed a certain income bracket. Although the New Haven Housing Authority, said Mr. Mermin vigorously, accepts families on an equal basis, regardless of color, still many more Negro families are rejected than relocated. A very small percentage is rejected on the score of undesirability, he said, and a very large percentage because of the income limits on moderate rental-housing projects. Unlike a rejected white family, a Negro family that does not qualify for public housing has practically nowhere to turn.

"Connecticut," said Frank Simpson, executive secretary of the State Commission on Civil Rights, as the panel on employment got under way, "is a land of steady habits, many of them bad." It is customary in Connecticut, for instance, for Negroes to stay away from trade schools. This, it was argued, is due in great part to the failure of guidance advisers to encourage the Negro high school student to proceed, after graduation, to trade school and then serve an apprenticeship in a skilled trade. It is due as well to the necessity for the Negro student to find work even before completing high school, and to the indisputable fact that the young Negro is not made to feel he is a functioning part of the community. There are 175 trades for which apprentice training is provided, and although an apprentice is paid at least 50 per cent of the wage rate for journeymen, a study made in 1954 shows that only one-half of 1 per cent of those completing apprentice training were Negroes.

Mitchel Sviridoff, president of the Connecticut State Industrial Union Council, an affiliation of the AFL-CIO, and Norman Zolot, of the Connecticut Federation of Labor, were firm in their assertions that no color, creed or national-origin dis-

crimination exists in trade-union practices, and gave specific cases to prove this claim. In attempting to preserve for their members the existing wages and work opportunities, Mr. Zolot said, certain unions have refused to admit any new members, or very few. This has been particularly true in the pipe trades in some areas, he said, but the basis of the practice is strictly economic. Mr. Sviridoff, a clear-minded and excitingly articulate young man, said there were understandable reasons for some unions to keep their membership down. In the C.I.O. industrial set-up, it was pointed out, where the emphasis is not on skill or training to the same degree, this limiting of membership has not developed as a practice, but many unions limited membership in the building trades and the skilled trades of the old A.F. of L., but for the purpose of preserving favorable working conditions, never for reasons of color or creed.

I HAD been told that there are two ways for a man, any man, to enter into the community life of a Connecticut town: one way is through the church and the other through the fire department. Although Negro church attendance is high, and getting higher every year, I had never come across a Negro fireman.

"I've been encouraging the young men of my parish to apply to the fire department and to the bus line for jobs," the Methodist minister had said as we talked one afternoon. "You can't say there's discrimination there or anywhere until Negroes with the right qualifications apply. It's the teachers and it's the preachers who must enlighten and guide. It's for us to make it clear to the young that they have a choice just like the white man has."

And this is what the members of the panel on employment were saying now. However shadowy a figure the Connecticut Negro may have seemed before, he was emerging clearly not only as a man without a home, but also as a man without an assured earning power. He is either an unskilled worker or else a college graduate who has somehow got a white-collar job, and the vast eco-

nomie area between the two extremes is lost to him as an area of endeavor. In answering a question put by a teacher from the floor as to what can be done with "the college-mad" youth of America, Mr. Sviridoff said he would not exchange his trade-school training and his apprenticeship for four years in any college, and that it was the responsibility of the teacher to make students know that skilled laborers are as honorable as men with a university degree.

IT WAS NOT until Arnold O. Freas of the Ensign-Bickford Company was called upon that something changed for the worse in the quality of the air. Mr. Freas was as uneasy as if he sat on the platform among enemies. The shift of his shoulders and the light in his eye indicated that he saw no reason why a man of sense should be sitting in this hall on this particular day. He did not look in the direction of the audience as he told the other members of the panel that when he had been asked to make an appearance he had called in his two employment managers and asked them to get together all the facts they could on the problem of employing Negroes at the plant. That had been on Monday, and he had told them to report back to him on Friday afternoon so that he would be primed for the Saturday morning conference. Well, sir, when those two employment managers reported to him on Friday they said they hadn't been able to dig up a single fact or story for him because there just wasn't any problem. They had a Negro who'd been working for the Ensign-Bickford Company for years, Mr. Freas went on saying, and this Negro lived in one of the company houses, and they'd never had any trouble with him. The truth was that when they'd needed a foreman, they'd given him the job without considering what his color was, because he'd been there longer than anyone else and knew the factory inside out. The fact that Negroes didn't go to trade schools and therefore didn't turn up at the Ensign-Bickford works for apprenticeships was something Mr. Freas felt he, personally, couldn't do anything



about. But he had a story or two he wanted to tell to illustrate how he felt about the whole thing, and the panel and audience sat quiet while he told this story, and sat quiet for a moment afterwards, too. He said that during the war, when he was fifteen years younger and unmarried, he was on business in the West (I thought then that he would probably look like an impatient, horn-rimmed college-boy no matter how old he grew). He was in a bar one night, he said, and he saw an attractive-looking female having a drink, and, what with the war and all, he got into conversation with her. It turned out she was the madame of the local brothel, and was she mad, he said with a laugh. He would have liked to have quoted her here, but because her conversation consisted largely of four-letter words, he felt he couldn't. She was mad as hell, he told the members of the panel, because legislation was being pushed in that state to ban brothels within twenty miles of an army camp, and one remark she made had always stuck in his mind. "You can't legislate the sex-urge out of men," was what she had said, and Mr. Freas seemed satisfied that this argument applied in theory to the questions under discussion in the Yale Law School auditorium that day.

IF LOGIC came into it all, Sviridoff and Zolot should have been the rough, tough men, educated in the school of hard-knocks, while Mr. Freas should have exemplified the informed and cultivated youngish executive, but the three of them had obviously been miscast. Sviridoff and Zolot were soft-spoken, reflective, subtle-minded, and their words expressed precisely what they meant. Sviridoff answered Mr. Freas obliquely. He said that the function of wise and just legislation was not to enact the human qualities out of man but to set a pattern which the responsible individual could respect and follow. It was their voices, clear and equable and young, that I could hear still as the dozens of us ate lunch in the Yale Commons; theirs, and those of the Negroes who had stated their case to me in the Connecticut town where I live.

"Responsible individuals!" the Baptist minister in the bright red waistcoat had declared so loudly that it might have been the *basso profundo* of the opera stating the mighty theme. "To be a responsible individual you have to stand up and square your shoulders. That's what I tell my people. You can't go slopping and shuffling along the back streets, meeting nobody's eye. You have to accept the full burden of citizenship, and that's a terrible thought to some."

By the time Thurgood Marshall, chief council of the NAACP, began to speak the auditorium was packed to overflowing. Up here in Connecticut, he said, he kept hearing about the awful things that were happening down in Alabama, and about



the terrible things that were taking place in Kentucky, and about the awful goings-on in Tennessee. And every now and then it made him a little impatient, he said, for if we up here in the North didn't throw sticks of dynamite, and didn't burn crosses, still we had our weapons. They were perhaps not quite as blatant, but they were just as deadly. We allowed the Negro to live provided he stayed over there somewhere, on the other side of the railroad tracks, and provided he didn't use the beaches. We allowed him to work for us, but he couldn't come too near. He knew Northerners, this grave, dynamic man said, who proved their acceptance of the Negro by the fact that they'd had a distinguished Negro in to dinner once. They were like those Southerners, he said, who protested they had no racial prejudice whatsoever, absolutely none, because they'd been brought up by a Negro mammy or because they'd grown up loving their Negro servants like their own kin. And even

when the audience laughed, Thurgood Marshall's handsome, granite face seemed to bear an anguished scar. There was a kind of grief in his wit, but his pride and his vigor would have none of it. "I've been hearing a lot about what's going to happen to white children in the South," he said, "now that they have to learn to read and write with Negro children. And whenever people start talking about what it's going to do to them, I remember my little friend who did so well with the spelling contest on television. She went to a Jim Crow school, little Gloria Lockerman did, and I sometimes wonder whether going to a white school might not have harmed her. I keep asking myself if she'd have won that \$64,000 as easily as she did if she'd been contaminated in any way."

But the thing he said with a force that seemed to bring even the material substance of the hall to vibrant life was that every man, whatever the color of his skin, and whatever the belief, or the lack of it, that he nurtured in his heart, must respect the law as laid down by the highest court in the country. If this were done, then the question of schooling, of housing, of employment, would be answered, and the equipment enabling men to live as equals would begin to function, but until the law was respected there could be no equality.

AS I SAT in the train in the New Haven station late that rainy afternoon, a small thing happened. A fat, distressed woman with a cotton handkerchief tied over her head was seated across the aisle, clutching a bulging shopping-bag on her knees. She kept looking nervously from one side to the other out of the streaming windows of the halted train. On the right, a freight-train was passing slowly, and on the left the station platform stood motionless.

"Gee, I don't get it," she said in desperation after a moment. "When I look out this side, it looks as if the train was going, and when I look out the other side, it don't look as if we were getting anywhere at all."

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Catching Up With Nathanael West

*THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST.* Introduction by Alan Ross. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 421 pp. \$5.

**William Bittner**

IN HIS thirty-six years Nathanael West wrote four novels, only one of which received any trace of what a literary agent would call success. Even *Miss Lonelyhearts* had a less than moderate sale, but it was picked up by M-G-M and West was hired to help convert it for the screen. The result was a travesty called *Advice to the Lovelorn*. West stayed on as a screenwriter until his death in 1940, completing in the meantime his last novel, *The Day of the Locust*. It too was a commercial failure.

Work as original and remarkable as West's almost always fails to strike an audience when it first appears. But if the artist's insight is sound, its truth will become more and more evident as time goes on; if his technique is valid, the same influences that operated on his work will affect the work of others, and the audience will grow into appreciation of it.

A good critic should be able to sense the greatness in a book no matter how strange it may seem, as Emerson did with *Leaves of Grass*, but too often the right book does not reach the right critic, or his voice is lost in the clamor of the literary hucksters. Even praise from Ed-

mund Wilson failed to save West's work from the remainder houses—probably because it came too late—but his reputation increased by word of mouth, and after some years *The Day of the Locust* and *Miss Lonelyhearts* appeared in new editions. Both books, published by New Directions, gained quite wide circulation, and in 1952 a few copies of the English edition of *A Cool Million* began to turn up in the bookstores. *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*, brought out in a limited edition, remained almost unavailable.

NOW we have all four novels in a reasonably-priced omnibus edition. I am sure, however, that this does not complete the publishing history of Nathanael West. For one thing, Alan Ross's introduction is not likely to be the final word. West is in every way an American writer, and an English critic could not be expected, at this juncture, to appreciate all the odd twists that he put on the American symbolism. We need a serious biographical-critical study of West, one at the level of Richard Gehman's introduction to the New Directions *Day of the Locust*.

West's symbols are grotesques, perhaps more disturbing even than Kafka's, because they more strongly resemble the real. His satire never loses its sting because it is always more real than satirical. He delves more deeply than Melville into the ingrained confidence game of American civilization, the ever-widening split between aspiration and actuality that keeps our public statements, from school days on, from corresponding with the way things are.

In *A Cool Million*, West mixes a Horatio Alger style with politics and comes up with the history of a Yankee Horst Wessel. The dream of success turns into a nightmare as at every juncture the Alger formula brings the hero from rags to dismemberment. He loses his teeth, one eye, a thumb, scalp, leg, always in the

kind of act that conventionally leads to The Great Opportunity. For West to have seen as early as 1934 that fascism grows on making the patsy the hero seems sheer genius. This is the sort of thing that Poe tried again and again in his grotesques, and always failed to accomplish. West, by never losing his temper, brings it off.

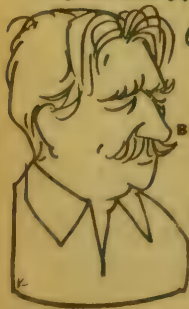
For all its ingenuity, *A Cool Million* is probably the weakest of West's novels. In it he put a distorting mute on his finest instrument, a style that, remaining fresh and poetic, resembles the slogan-ridden speech of America. This style is in full evidence in his first book, *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*, where it is especially aimed at the clichés of art. The pattern of *Balso Snell* is an exercise in scatology and pornography; Balso enters the Trojan Horse through the anus, and the end of the book comes with the climax of orgasm—all in a dream-logic as valid as Freud or *Alice in Wonderland*.

ALAN ROSS believes that West's other books describe the disintegration of society, but "*Balso Snell* analyses only the disintegration of the Self." I believe he confuses West's religious symbolism with the ideals of Christ, rather than associating it with the crass actuality of much of American Christianity, as was intended. When B. Hamlet Darwin, Balso's philandering avatar, disparages man's efforts to compete with God, he cries, "At your birth, instead of the Three Kings, the Dove, the Star of Bethlehem, there was only old Doctor Haasenschweitz who wore rubber gloves and carried a towel over his arm like a waiter." That is a blow at illusion in the world, not despair at the unattainability of the cosmos.

All the false-faces and self-delud-

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ing roles that men assume are slashed at. The subject of the book is love, and West apparently considers organized religion a sublimation of more natural emotion. The ascetics are represented by Maloney the Areopagite, who is writing the biography of St. Puce, the flea in Christ's armpit, and Balso, always a perfect sounding-board, responds in words that make scoutmaster-Christianity equally ridiculous: "Don't be morbid. Take your eyes off your navel. Take your head from under your armpit. Stop sniffing mortality. Play games. Don't read so many books. Take cold showers. Eat more meat." For all of its thumb-to-nose manner, the book systematically probes every weakness in the world's religions, and then swings into romantic love.

Amorous delusions are ridiculed as effectively as spiritual ones. By suggesting through fragments of quotations the attitudes of innumerable poets on love, West intermingles love and art, then sorts the pretenses—the art—from love, and is left em-

bracing Miss McGeeney, of P. S. 186, in a tweed suit.

In *Miss Lonelyhearts* mysticism and religion are run through every manifestation, and Christ becomes the Miss Lonelyhearts of Miss Lonelyhearts. There is no joke in West's intentions with this book. The pathos of the advice-to-the-lovelorn column of a newspaper is turned to tragedy by the columnist's taking unto himself the troubles of his correspondents. He becomes Christ, suffering and dying for his compassion, mocked by the feature editor, Shrike, who serves both as common sense and as the devil. The book is not a shallow retelling of the Christian legend in modern dress; one can sense in West's conception that although his heart is with Miss Lonelyhearts, he agrees with Shrike, and that the tragedy of man is his inability to reconcile body and spirit, so long as he insists on considering them separate things.

West sees that somehow man's religious sense betrayed him into parcelling life into shares for God,

for the flesh, and for the devil, and he records the troubles we find in putting it back together again. The ultimate complication comes, of course, because things are seldom what they seem. In choosing the biggest illusion-factory in the world as his symbol in *The Day of the Locust* he set a pattern also followed by Scott Fitzgerald, Budd Schulberg and Norman Mailer. Anyone who calls this book simply "the best novel ever written about Hollywood" is vastly underrating it.

From the opening scene, in which a rout of soldiers equivalent to the combined armies at Waterloo streams past as if pursued by some great catastrophe, and is spurred on by ■ "little fat man, wearing a cork helmet, polo shirt and knickers," who shouts, "Stage Nine—you bastards—Stage Nine!" through a small megaphone, we see behind the grandiose facades of Hollywood and of American society. The premiere that turns into a riot at the end of the book is as much an orgasm, as much the flesh and the devil let loose, as the conclusion of *Balso Snell*.

## The War Against the Trees

The man who sold his lawn to standard oil  
Joked with his neighbors come to watch the show  
While the bulldozers, drunk with gasoline,  
Tested the virtue of the soil  
Under the branchy sky  
By overthrowing first the privet-row.

Forsythia-forays and hydrangea-raids  
Were but preliminaries to a war  
Against the great-grandfathers of the town,  
So freshly lopped and maimed.  
They struck and struck again,  
And with each elm a century went down.

All day the hireling engines charged the trees,  
Subverting them by hacking underground  
In grub-dominions, where dark summer's mole  
Rampages through his halls,  
Till a northern seizure shook  
Those crowns, forcing the giants to their knees.

I saw the ghosts of children at their games  
Racing beyond their childhood in the shade,  
And while the green world turned its death-foxed page  
And a red wagon wheeled,  
I watched them disappear  
Into the suburbs of their grievous age.

Ripped from the craters much too big for hearts  
The club-roots bared their amputated coils,  
Raw gorgons matted blind, whose pocks and scars  
Cried Moon! on a corner lot  
One witness-moment, caught  
In the rear-view mirrors of the passing cars.

STANLEY KUNITZ

WEST wrote in the socially conscious thirties, but the earliest deep recognition of his work came from the generation who were young soldiers in the second world war. This is the generation of the Mailers, the Salingers, and the rest who turned the novel back into the Amer-



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ican tradition of seeking the deeper configurations—the true tragedy—in our culture, rather than simply recording the surface disintegration. West continues the quest begun in *The Confidence Man*, the quest to uncover the deceit of appearances, and his work is worthy of what Melville might have done between *The*

*Confidence Man* and *Billy Budd*.

West treats serious subjects flipantly; but that is better than treating trivial subjects, such as the “romance of business,” seriously. He is like a perky little wind that blows, now this way, now that, until all the great fog of illusion is dispelled from the land.

## Organization Gothic

**THE HOMECOMING GAME.** By Howard Nemerov. Simon & Schuster. 246 pp. \$3.50.

**TO MAKE A WORLD.** By Theodore Morrison. The Viking Press. 408 pp. \$4.50.

**Michael D. Reagan**

IN THEORY, colleges and educational foundations exist to create an atmosphere conducive to intellectual integrity and a disinterested search for truth. In practice, the goals of these, as of all institutions, reflect the personal values of their members, and especially of their governing bodies. Surrounding each man who would sharpen the issues raised by organizational demands in modern society are a dozen who would “flannel things over,” to use the expression of one of Nemerov’s characters.

Although both these books are concerned with the moral dilemmas of the Man of Good Will when confronted by such demands, *The Homecoming Game* handles the theme more clearly and successfully. The plot sounds like a compound mixture of clichés: a history professor, Charles Osman, flunks the star football player, Raymond Blent, on the eve of the big game; students, president, trustees, and the player’s fiancée exert a variety of pressures, moral, intellectual and romantic; and the boy finally gets into the game—but his team loses because a gambling syndicate has bribed the linemen to throw the game. Blent also had been paid off, but, overtaken

by remorse, tried to escape the consequences by flunking two exams to make himself ineligible. Since this becomes known only to Osman, we are treated to a rather neat bit of irony in the situation of the reluctant hero in whose behalf all major elements of the college population unite to urge that the rules be damned and the professor dishonest, in order that the higher purpose of educational institutions be fulfilled on Saturday afternoon.

Given these events, we might expect a dreadfully serious novel, or a frothy burlesque. Howard Nemerov, however, has succeeded in avoiding both to produce an ironically witty, very entertaining story illustrating the difficulty of maintaining moral values (or even being certain that they are involved) in the face of an amoral insistence that success, understanding and “the good of the institution” are the important things.

IN *To Make a World*, Theodore Morrison, whose *The Stones of the House* was as good a college novel as we have had,

gives us a detailed picture of the life and tribulations of one Sam Norris, a teacher-turned-administrator, an assistant to the president of Rowley University. Young, married with children, moderately ambitious, Sam is possessor and symbol of middle class virtues. Except that he, like Charles Osman, is unable to place self-delusion ahead of truth.

This gift—or burden—of moral clarity is coupled in Norris with a commitment to the notion that “to understand is to forgive.” He is therefore slow to judge others although critical of himself. A series of encounters with the men of power, wealth and self-assurance who run the Stoughton Foundation in the same city as Rowley gradually convinces him that one can understand too much and that there is a limit to forgiveness if responsibility is to be upheld.

Ethical issues of power and organization versus the individual are constantly raised, but they seem somehow misplaced in a story whose situations are primarily private: Mrs. Norris’ urge for economic success; the quality of education their boy is receiving at a progressive school; and the suspicion that the boy has been involved in petty thievery. Morrison’s picture of the Norris home life and their family problems is a detailed and photographically accurate portrait of a middle class family. But his plot is so lacking in sharp dramatic focus and climax that it makes a poor vehicle for discussion of lofty ideals in combat with the temptations of power.

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## The Temper of Holmes

**JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:** The Shaping Years, 1841-1870. By Mark De Wolfe Howe. Harvard University Press. 330 pp. \$5.

**Earl Latham**

THIS first volume of several in what should be the definitive life of Holmes brings the distinguished Justice from birth to the independent practice of law in Boston. Although he was to say that he had been “kicked” into the law by his father, Holmes made the legal profession his own choice of career deliberately, if with some hesitation. Inter-

ested in art and letters and philosophy, he, nevertheless, came to believe that speculation without roots in experience was gesture without consequence, a mere faculty, a talent rather than a role. He was “inclined to think that our activities are best employed in the affairs of life using the infinite rather as a magnet than a business.” Although his bias for positivism was never strong enough to open boxes of statistics offered him by Brandeis, his later judicial work did show him reluctant to accept as valid generalizations which had not been informed by experience.

A man of speculative bent with a lifetime interest in philosophy, Holmes always admired vigor and action in others somewhat uncritically, especially where it was epically successful. James J.

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Hill, for example, represented "one of the greatest forms of human power." This bemusement with power may account for the violence of many of the literary images used by Holmes, even as a young man. Values he thought were matters of taste, and with respect to one whose values are different, "there is nothing to do except in unimportant matters to think ill of him, and in important ones, to kill him." Able lawyers are of three kinds: "kitchen knives that slide between the tissues on lines of least resistance; razors that cut across; and stings that carry poison with their blade, and not only cut but disintegrate." Of Malthus, whom he admired, he said that he had "ripped the guts out of some humbugs."

Howe's account of Holmes's relations with his famous father lacks some of the dramatic license of Catherine Drinker Bowen's; and he is at pains now and then to support the proposition that the Justice and the Doctor were not absolutely disaffected ("... 'bestest love to Dadkin,' hardly the phrase of a boy who despised his father"). But "the evidence of strain is too clear" to allow certain shared interests fully to overcome "the antagonism of disparate temperaments." The author is content with a statement of such facts as there are, seems a bit embarrassed that the matter has to be discussed at all, and never—happily—essays that kind of literary psychoanalysis performed by canape and cocktail researchers, who doubtless would do wonders with that kick, those knives and those guts.

THE career of Holmes at Harvard seems to have involved him with the academic authorities as well as with his studies; and his career in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment during the Civil War was a *beau geste*, performed out of the compulsions of class conscience and Calvinist duty. Sustained also by a mild abolitionist sentiment at the outset, Holmes ultimately despaired of the success of northern arms, and left the Army upon the expiration of his three-year enlistment, an act he regretted in later life. His military service, however, enabled him to prove that aristocratic standards had an æsthetic value in a democratic society; and although the price of this proof was grievous wounds, he cheerfully recovered from them and never seemed to regret the mortal risks he ran.

The sense of aristocratic obligation was early formed and strongly sustained. If it touched his person with distinction, it shadowed his philosophy

with denigration. The universe of Holmes's admirers may come sometime to discriminate between his artistry and his doctrine. At the age of 74, he wrote to Wigmore, "Doesn't the squashy sentimentality of a big minority of our people about human life make you puke? ... Oh, bring me a basin." The early twiggish bent of this inclined tree appeared in a letter to his sister at the age of 21: "While I am living *en aristocrat*, I'm an out-and-outer of a democrat in theory, but for contact, except

at the polls, I loathe the thick-fingered clowns we call the people—especially as the beasts are represented at political centers—vulgar, selfish, and base."

This image of self as aristocrat, somewhat alienated from the unperceptive generality, reinforced by symbols of class duty and distinction, is ascribed rather generally by the author to "New England," a restrictive concept that does not seem to embrace the soldier vulgarians from Massachusetts who also went to war when Holmes did.

## Fowler for Americans

A *DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE*, Based on Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. By Margaret Nicholson. Oxford University Press. 671 pp. \$5.

T. E. Norton

THE publishers speak of this American adaptation of the *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* as the *Faster Fowler*. One can see old Fowler quoters raising their eyebrows. Who wants an Americanized or a faster Fowler? Must we again be told that over here a bowler is a derby and that over there if you are named Colquhoun you are called Cohoon? Is this learned manual of latinate English now to become one of those practical books, to be shared with secretaries and journalists? But Fowler would not have joined the Fowlerites in their anxiety over tampering with the sacred text. It was not a display of false modesty when he said, in the moving dedication of his book to the memory of his learned younger brother and collaborator, "I think of it as it should have been, with its prolixities docked, its dullness enlivened, its fads eliminated, its truths multiplied."

Miss Nicholson is neither dull nor lively, but she is competent and straightforward. She is not given to prolixity or faddishness and she has added some truths. While some of Fowler's prolixities have been cut, so too have some of his meaningful elaborations. Further excisions are the many Fowler entries for words and expressions which appear so rarely in American speech and writing that they cannot be considered problems of American usage. Her additions are American spellings and pronunciations and meanings, and brief notes on words overlooked by Fowler or not current in his

day. Many examples could be given of Miss Nicholson's good judgment.

But the spirit of Fowler is sadly diluted. For one thing, Miss Nicholson's contributions do not show that passion for the language that gives life to Fowler's pages. For another, she did not have, or did not use, a collection of examples of usage such as the one the Fowlers spent years in gathering. The non-synthetic character of Fowler's samplings of usage accounts for much of the tone and authority of his book. He went beyond simply stating that a word or construction was bad English: he gave demonstrations of bad English in action.

It is Fowler's wit and his "irresponsible expressions of opinion" that make his *Dictionary* a reference book unlike any other. Miss Nicholson has kept much but by no means all of this, and ventures her own opinions only in measured language. "Irresponsible" was

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Fowler's own word and is itself not to be taken seriously when one recalls his training in classical scholarship and his competence as a grammarian and professional lexicographer. His opinions are reasoned and his arguments come from a knowledge of the history of the language. The deadly aim he draws upon targets labeled Battered Ornaments, Elegant Variations and the like, warned a generation of speakers and writers against tawdry decorative effects. One cannot read Fowler even as recreation without picking up some of his concern for using words in their precise meanings and sharing his respect for the clean sentence.

Fowler himself, it must be admitted, sometimes wrote sentences that were not models of clarity. This is embarrassing to Fowlerites, and it was a disservice for Miss Nicholson to take the

pious attitude that such lines, if not removed entirely, must stand as the master set them down. It is the duty of editors to see that authors do not appear in public print with uncombed hair and unmatched socks. Fowler's manner was often that of a sorely tried Olympian but he was not so conceited as to look upon the redrafting of some of his lines as an affront to his integrity.

Much of what the publishers say about the new version is true. It is an updated and faster Fowler and Miss Nicholson's shaping and shifting and pruning of the original text and her many entries dealing with the American vocabulary make her adaptation a new and different book. The original Fowler is to be kept in print. Get it as a first necessity. When the egg-money jar has another five dollars in it get the new book too.

cause its pages are strewn with references to the other two writers, it is the best introduction to date of the rich soil of ideas (some of it very black muck) from which they sprouted.

THESE studies have, however, a common limitation—avoidance in varying degrees of the political aberrations, the reactionary violence, the bigotry of their literary heroes. Geoffrey Wagner attempts to do better than the others, as the subtitle of his volume perhaps suggests. But this "Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy" stresses Lewis, not as lacking in essential humanity, but as the editor of the iconoclastic periodical *The Enemy*. Lewis launched his magazine "to sow discord," to tweak vigorously the noses of the bourgeoisie, to present the artist as the "solitary outlaw," the natural foe of modern times in so far as they are opposed to genius. So infectious was this brave iconoclasm that even good latter-day critics have some suspicious-looking pustules. Starting boldly with Wyndham Lewis' "Politics," Wagner softly treads the wayward course of his "neoclassical political thought" (there's a real euphemism!), and feebly concludes, "Ultimately, the lesson of Lewis' political criticism is that a writer should not indulge in political criticism." Ultimately, the writer should be a eunuch?

Wagner's book, nevertheless, stirs in these dull roots, this April, some hope that we are on the threshold of a re-

## Whose Enemy?

WYNDHAM LEWIS: *A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy*. By Geoffrey Wagner. Yale University Press. 363 pages. \$5.

### Oscar Cargill

T. S. ELIOT has had a heart attack, Ezra Pound has been "put away" (to adopt a Yankee euphemism), and Wyndham Lewis is recently dead. The era of "definitive" studies, each more definitive than the last, is upon us. Eliot has presently his contending explicators in George Williamson and Grover Smith; Pound, his diligent elucidator and ideogramist in Hugh Kenner; and now Wyndham Lewis, the least significant of the three, has attracted the best interpreter of the lot in Geoffrey Wagner.

Unlike Williamson and Kenner, Wagner knows almost better than the

participants themselves the rococo international background against which they cavorted, and with astonishing economy and compression produces a wonderful simulacrum of it in his book. Unlike the heavily-freighted Grover Smith, Wagner can write. In consequence, *Wyndham Lewis: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy* is at once a learned and a palatable book; and be-

## The Greater Music

All things turned to Orpheus' hand.  
Narcissi bloomed, and all at once,  
the burning loveliness far underground,  
then bloomed a retinue of bees; all hived

as in a greater self, intent on hearing  
the sweetness of their lives, stilled  
in that welling strain; and animals,  
rapt as plungings of the sea,

admired in that pellucid glass  
what they might be. But only Orpheus,  
when the fierce hand plucked his strings,  
could not consent to the divisions

of the lute. His breath, greeting  
the stone-deaf, eager stones (though why  
those fury-flying stones did not hear  
and build into a tower of hearing  
round his air I cannot tell), delighted  
to be ript and strewn like tortured  
peace out of that terrible grip,  
a too rhapsodic for the mortal ear.

Yet as his head drifted down the stream,  
the waters touched by that perfect lip  
at once were set to dreaming, his course  
the music they drank as from a golden cup.

T. WEISS

OSCAR CARGILL is chairman of the Department of English at New York University.

## SYMBOLISM and BELIEF

By EDWYN BEVAN

"It is based on the main stream of religious phenomena and not abnormal manifestations." *Times Lit. Sup.*  
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turn to full accountability for any and every writer in criticism. In view of other disquisitions, his initial treatment of his subject's politics, though apologetic, is still a move in that direction, and perhaps the most notable change in the climate of opinion about the ivory-tower group of untouchables. It may be that the low pressure that has kept this literary area swathed in fog is moving out to sea. "You, of course," said a woman from St. Louis to Wyndham Lewis once, "are Mister Ivory Tower."

LIKE the other fugitives in that famous refuge, Wyndham Lewis was often at the sally-gate and his excursions were to many compass points. Wagner provides us with an excellent account of him as a futurist painter and propagandist,

an editor, a writer of fiction, an opponent of Joyce, and a literary, as well as a social, polemicist. At best, the fairly well-informed reader in America has known only Lewis' violent novel *Tarr* and his highly suggestive, but carelessly written, pseudo-philosophical treatise *Time and Western Man*. Wagner gives us a long check-list of a writer who was really prolific and much enlightened commentary on all this production. But how much will really survive? There was so much heat in the man that it would seem that his ashes will remain warm forever. Yet of what will they remind us? Of a neglected and rewarding artist, or of the misguided author of *Hitler* and *The Art of Being Ruled*? About this spot in the mild spring air there lingers the stench of the bunker in the German Chancellery.

length, was so masterly in conception and execution that it convinced the ears while in the very act of exhausting them. Wallingford Riegger's *Concerto for Piano and Woodwinds*, also an atonal work, was gentler in harmonic usage, though no less meticulous and exciting in contrapuntal and rhythmic play. The Israeli composer, Robert Starer, was represented by a *Duo for Violin and Viola*, which had its first public performance on the fourth concert. It was vivid music, a striking integration of Israeli (or pseudo Israeli) dance rhythms within an abstract, slightly Bartokian frame of reference. Among works from the youngest composers, the most impressive was a String Quartet by the Californian, David Johnson. Without claiming to have understood it completely, I was nevertheless struck by its unmistakable originality and its real expressive strength.

"Music In Our Time: 1900-1957" accomplished something of more than passing significance. In addition to presenting a great deal of contemporary music, it managed to focus attention upon itself as an enterprise and upon its composers as interesting creative entities. It stirred up some excitement, too, and that is no small achievement.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THE MUSICAL community has quieted down since the days in the twenties when the League of Composers, the I.S.C.M. and a constellation of other organizations were beginning crusades on behalf of contemporary music. One might assume from this that the battles have been won—and certainly audiences are now able to listen to a twelve-tone work without blanching, and music such as Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, which once incited riots, has blended into the orchestral repertory.

From another point of view, however, a vital ingredient of excitement has been lost. As the routine now runs, a moderately apathetic public is informed that a new piece will be played; the concert takes place; reviews are written; and the occasion is promptly forgotten. So little excitement has been stirred up that even if the work in question should be a bombshell, it will quickly drop from mind. Ironically, it seems that in the act of getting a mass of composers' works before the public, we have dulled the drama and begun to blur individual personalities into a composite bore named "Modern Composer."

One of the most successful attempts to counter this effect was made in New York this season by a series of concerts called "Music In Our Time: 1900-1957." Organized and presented at the Kaufmann Auditorium (YMHA) by Max Pollikoff, who also participated as violinist, it comprised ten successive week-

ly programs, each listing the works of from three to five different composers. On the face of it, such massing of contemporary talent offers every opportunity for "levelling." But Pollikoff avoided this side-effect by extremely sensitive program arrangement, by insisting that the composers attend in person, and by his own manifest delight in contemporary music and its authors. Even the forums after each concert evaded the pitfalls of didacticism and simple pointlessness. Their purpose was not to inform, but to personalize, and in this they could succeed.

THE SERIES was further enlivened by its broad representation of idioms and age-groups. Roughly, four groups of composers were programmed — a top one, in terms of age and degree of establishment (Dallapiccola, Luening, Riegger, Sessions, Schoenberg, Stravinsky); a younger one (Binker, Brant, Goeb, Jones, Starer, Weber); an "on their way" group (Laderman, Overton, Smith, Wen-Chung); and a few unusually gifted composers in their early twenties (Johnson, Levy, Strilko). Even the American version of *Musique-Concrete* had its chance to sound forth in Usachevsky's *Metamorphosis for Tape Recorder*.

Looking back, it is fairly easy to mark the peaks of interest. Roger Sessions' *Sonata for Solo Violin*, despite the extreme rigorousness of its twelve-tone idiom and its unbroken, half-hour

### THE MILITANT A SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER WELCOMES PETER FRYER

to its staff as London correspondent. Fryer is former London Daily Worker reporter and author of a book, *The Hungarian Tragedy*, an eyewitness account. His dispatches from Budapest, sympathetic to the revolution last fall, were suppressed by the Daily Worker editor, and he was expelled from the CP. Watch for his report of the recent convention of the British Communist Party in the Militant.

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# TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

DUKE ELLINGTON'S history of jazz and *See It Now's* investigation of the Puerto Rican situation will each occupy sixty minutes on the CBS network next week (See TV Forecast). The juxtaposition is accidental, but it makes a point about the creative impulse in television. *See It Now* is the most successful of the shows in its area because it is an invention of the medium; it resembles the travelogue, the newsreel, the feature story, but it is not any of these. It capitalizes on the special qualities of television to develop a new way of exploring a place or a situation. And by now it operates with the smoothest of techniques, according to a defined policy—"It's transportation rather than communication that we attempt," says Murrow. Each show is a new riddle: according to Murrow again, Puerto Rico "has no precedent anywhere in the world . . . [it is] a complete political bastard." But it is a riddle for which the solutions are well-tested. This is not to say that *See It Now* always succeeds, or that setting down the peculiar problems of Puerto Rico as a place or the Puerto Ricans as a migrating people is an easy job. But it does mean that a good way for television to go about the job has been evolved from long experience.

Ellington's show—*A Drum Is a Woman* on the U.S. Steel hour—is in the position that Murrow and his colleague Friendly occupied some years ago. It will try to formulate a TV approach to

another great area of audience interest—music. Orchestra telecasts, live opera, variety shows, spectaculars have been tried and have worked with varying success. But they are all adaptations to television, and not an invention out of television. The subject of the Ellington show is jazz, but its lasting importance (as opposed to its immediate success as entertainment) will depend on the groundwork it does for TV's approach to any major department of music.

*A Drum Is a Woman* is quite clearly an attempt to communicate—to bring the viewer one man's understanding of the music on which he has spent his life. Ellington has always done this—in the music he has written, the tours he has taken with his band, the records he has made. But the jump to television is something quite different for a musician. "I'm accustomed to getting an idea, and when I let it go it's in performance," the Duke comments. "In television there are so many departments that I have to be careful. I don't want to interfere with anyone else's department." Moving from bandstand or record to the screen requires the development of a new technique. This is difficult; it is risky. But it is also what the growth of television demands.

Winding up a two-week engagement with his band at Birdland in New York (where hundreds of Ellington fans sat entranced by such old favorites as "Mood Indigo" and "Sophisticated Lady"), the Duke prepared for his TV debut by appearing at Town Hall on a twin bill with the Philharmonic's Mitropoulos. For that occasion he wrote some Shakespeare program music, "Such Sweet Thunder," the title coming from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Such abrupt switch of musical scene is not unusual for Ellington. "I think there is more to jazz than the simple popular tune. People want to listen to something a bit more complicated . . . something which approaches classical standards. I want to entertain the people." With this in mind, he has written his fantasy-history of jazz. *A Drum Is a Woman* is the story of Caribee Joe and his drum which became a woman—Madam Zaji. Joe, the primitive, represents the African origins. Zaji loves him, but she leaves him to travel the world, adding to herself new dimensions and becoming the sophisticated siren known as jazz.

The interpretation of *Drum*, which contains more than a little spoofing of bop-type music, calypso, Dixieland, has been tackled by an assortment of specialists under director Norman Felton, each of whom thinks he can help to bring out what Ellington really means. Script writer Will Lorin, who is working the Duke's colorful language into a unifying script, regards Ellington as a great humorist. Choreographer Paul Godkin is working out dances that spring from the satire and fantasy of the music, and set designer Willard Levitas is working from the same premise.

*Drum* is aiming high. It will be TV's first attempt at a serious dramatic jazz hour (we can disregard NBC's *Manhattan Towers*, a dismal earlier effort). In the early rehearsal stages it looked like a good show—what remains to be seen is whether it is also a successful television idea.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

May 5 through 11

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 5

THE PUERTO RICANS—AMERICANS ON THE MOVE (CBS; See It Now) Comment above.

THE GOOD CITY (Johns Hopkins File 7). Dr. Robert Angell will use film to illustrate sociological factors which make American cities "good or bad."

Wednesday, May 8

A DRUM IS A WOMAN (CBS; U.S. Steel Hour). Comment above.

Thursday, May 9

HOMEWARD BORNE (CBS; Playhouse 90). Drama of an ex-GI who finds that his wife's adopted war orphan brings back painful memories. Linda Darnell, Richard Kiley, Keith Andes in the Halstead Welles play.

Saturday, May 11


MRS. AMERICA (ABC). This is the night of decision. America's perfect wife will be chosen from among 49 flawless spouses who have made the final round by exemplary homemaking, feminine charm and other virtues unlisted.

MR. BROADWAY (NBC; Saturday Color Carnival). A musical comedy portrait of George M. Cohan by Sam and Bella Spewack. Mickey Rooney, as Cohan, will sing and dance the old tunes; Eddie Foy, Jr., Teresa Brewer, Gloria de Haven, June Havoc, Roberta Sherwood and James Dunn are also in the cast. Paul Feigay is producing the Spewack TV debut.

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 721

ACROSS: 10 ENTITLE; 41 INJURED; 12 OBLIVIOUS; 13 and 8 down COURT REPORTER; 14 THRIVE; 14 TRIMMING; 19 REGISTRY; 20 STAGES; 22 OPTIC; 23 CONVIVIAL; 25 ELATION; 26 APOSTLE; 27 TENNIS PLAYERS. DOWN: 2 NATAL; 3 ANTIVIVISECTION; 4 OREGON; 5 EMISSARY; 6 OBJECT MATRIMONY; 7 REROUTING; 9 ADIT; 15 RIGHT FACE; 17 GASLIER; 18 TRACING; 21 ENTAIL; 22 and 1 across OPEN AND ABOVE BOARD; 24 INTER.

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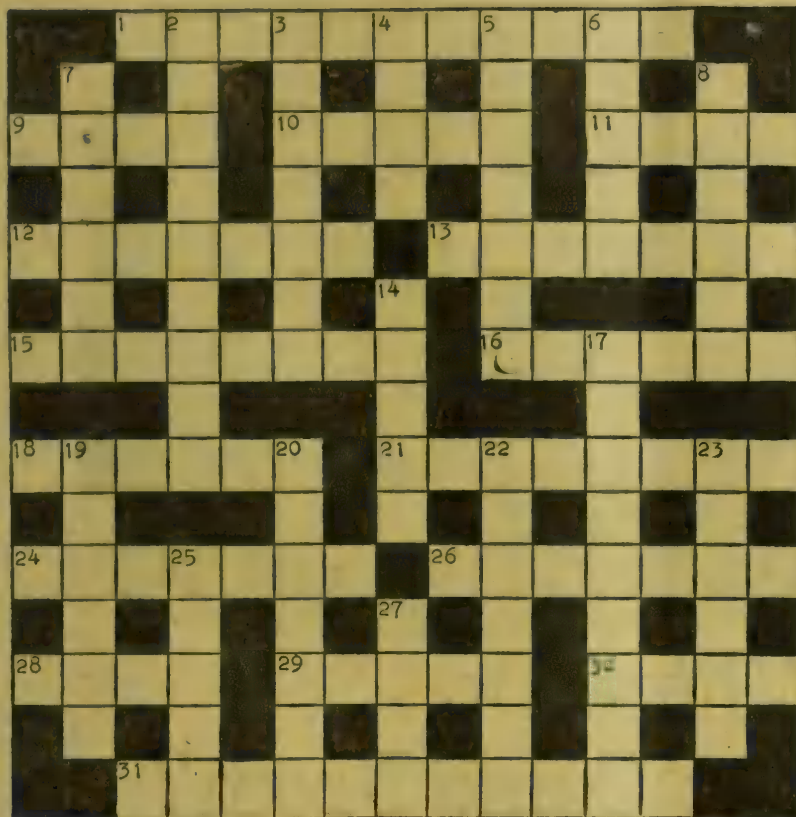
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 722

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Chip faces, but they enabled our fathers to scrape along a little more easily. (7, 4)
- 9 and 24 across Does it involve the screen press if you do? (4, 7)
- 10 Most advantageous environment for a four-footed animal. (5)
- 11 See 6 down
- 12 His conclusion may be one of innocence. (7)
- 13 Not free, if the 9-24 type. (7)
- 15 You will know this shortly without a tree being involved, and others of the kind. (8)
- 16 Outfit somewhat less than a dozen, perhaps for bunny. (6)
- 18 Turning points that show how to elevate oneself in the Civil Service. (6)
- 21 A coiling of letters for a very reasonable person. (8)
- 24 See 9 across
- 26 Relative to an impure form. (7)
- 28 Lots of papers make a bigger bore. (4)
- 29 See 17 down
- 30 Cudgel. (4)
- 31 The social standing of an underground worker might cause some annoyance. (11)

## DOWN:

- 2 Workers see by getting up to dress.

- (9)
- 3 Quiver. (7)
- 4 and 27 down A rat seen elsewhere, but certainly not in the far west. (4, 4)
- 5 What sometimes goes with the head of 17 is on the carpet. (Grub with it.) (7)
- 6 and 11 across Monstrously jealous? (5-4)
- 7 U.S. port associated with French letters. (6)
- 8 Not so sure a way to hereafter as here. (6)
- 14 See 25 down
- 17 and 29 across Could be the result of a Rocky Mountain fever post-mortem. (7, 2, 5)
- 19 Dispatched, by the way, or sent flying (6)
- 20 A broken sled is about to come in first, which is hardly to make a fair gain. (7)
- 22 Firing makes this in more than one way. (7)
- 23 A vehicle backed up to us, perhaps useful for the summer. (6)
- 25 and 14 down Time to assemble for common action, but not ecclesiastically. (10)
- 27 See 4 down

(See solution to last week's puzzle on p. 400.)

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# THE NATION

MAY 11, 1957 . . 25c



**BILLY GRAHAM: In Business with the Lord**

*by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr.*

# LETTERS

## Evaluating Values

*Dear Sirs:* It is a thankless and unprofitable task for an author to criticize a reviewer; but Professor Geyl's review of my book, *History in a Changing World*, (April 13, 1957) gives so one-sided a picture of its contents that it would be misleading if it were left without comment. He appears to make two major charges against me: (1) that I am preoccupied with power at the expense of morality; (2) that, in pleading for a wider view of history, embracing not just Western Europe but Asia, the Pacific and the New World, I do less than justice to the intrinsic value of Western European history.

It is perfectly true that I deal in some detail with the question of power—and for that I make no apology, for the problem is certainly not insignificant—but to write as though that is all I have to say, is nonsense. I am as aware as Professor Geyl of the moral issues. "What really matters," I specifically wrote, "is the moral values a civilization expresses"; and elsewhere I define the problems of European civilization as "spiritual problems" which "mechanical explanations" cannot solve. He says I am "sarcastic" about the European heritage, yet this is how I define it:

This, precisely this is the European inheritance: not concrete achievements, which can be counted up and handed down, but the spiritual exaltation, the incomparable soaring of the human spirit, the opening of new horizons, even though they have left behind (and were doubtless bound to leave behind) unsolved and insoluble problems. Success or failure is not the only criterion. . . .

The truth is that I was grounded, as much as Professor Geyl, in European values, and am well aware of their positive qualities. The fact remains that I do make two qualifications which Professor Geyl evidently does not share. The first is that history, as I wrote, should deal with "the lasting elements in European history," and not (as too often it does) with "the din of battle and the strident notes of diplomacy," with the wars of the Spanish succession or the Austrian succession which (I still submit) are "dead and beyond resurrection." The second is that our preoccupation with Western values should not blind us to the importance, today and in the past, of other values—the values, let us say, of Islam or Buddhism

or Confucianism; it must not lead us to the view, which may not be formulated in theory but is commonly acted upon in practice, that the only history worth knowing is European. About that I can see nothing startling, or pernicious, or even new, and it is scarcely perhaps even necessary to say it in the United States, which does not share our European prejudice.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH  
London, England

## No Whitewash Intended

*Dear Sirs:* In your edition of April 13, there is a very fine article written by Dan Wakefield: Worker from Puerto Rico: The Vulnerable Stranger. Most of the cases mentioned are pretty well documented, which makes me think that the author must have spent quite some time studying the records held by some organizations.

As far as the Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs is concerned, I recall having an extended conversation with Mr. Wakefield, when several questions were put to me. And one of my answers was quoted out of context: "When asked what happens to complaints that are not due to misunderstandings, but to unions being at fault, Mr. Perez said it would be necessary to call a meeting of the Executive Board to deal with such cases. When asked how many times it had been necessary to call such a meeting, Mr. Perez said 'Never'."

What Mr. Wakefield failed to mention is the fact that I was referring to the unions that are members of the committee, for such had been the gist of the question put forth by him.

Due to the misquotation mentioned above, many readers undoubtedly got the impression that the Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs was set up in order to whitewash the racketeering actions of the so-called labor unions that are victimizing Puerto Ricans, when the truth is that the committee was and is an instrument of the decent segment of labor in New York to help integrate the Puerto Rican into his union and his community.

JOSEPH M. PEREZ  
Executive Secretary  
Labor Advisory Committee  
on Puerto Rican Affairs

New York City

*Dear Sirs:* It was not my intention to imply that "the Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs was set up in order to whitewash the racketeering actions of the so-called labor unions

that are victimizing Puerto Ricans..." It was my intention to imply that the work of the "decent segment of labor in New York" in helping its Puerto Rican members leaves much to be desired.

DAN WAKEFIELD

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

**Senator McCarthy**

Senator Joseph McCarthy is dead. So quickly does malevolence rise and vanish in American life that the news of his death, which would have incited sensational interest two years ago, may now be noted in a paragraph, sealing as it does a verdict then returned. The junior Senator from Wisconsin left a squalid political estate with few legatees or claimants. His single contribution was the addition of the word McCarthyism to the American language. The best that can be said of him was that his idea of American patriotism, which we hope he was sincere about, is not one that *The Nation* shared while he was living and could, of course, never accept now that he is dead.

**The Inattentive Giant**

This country's friends throughout the world know that Francis Walter and James Eastland do not constitute the voice of America; yet because these are so often the only voices they hear, they conclude—as Cedric Belfrage did in his bitter indictment of cold-war America—that America is a “frightened giant.” For example, many of Dr. Otto Nathan's friends in Europe will think that we must be frightened quite out of our wits when they learn that he is about to be sentenced for contempt of Congress. For they know him as a quiet, gentle scholar, an intimate friend of the late Albert Einstein and executor of the Einstein estate, a top economic adviser under the Weimar Republic, and a lifelong Social Democrat.

It is clear to anyone who takes the trouble to check the facts that Dr. Nathan, when questioned about his political beliefs, invoked the First Amendment not because he had anything to hide, but because he is devoted to the freedom that amendment guarantees. It is apparent from the transcript of the hearings that, had he wished to do so, he could have avoided conflict with the Un-American Activities Committee.

Dr. Nathan's European friends will not be surprised that Dr. Nathan should find himself in contempt of the committee; what will puzzle them is why so few Americans seem to resent the thought that this elderly immigrant scholar should be punished for protecting

their freedoms. The explanation, of course, is not that the American giant is frightened, but that he is inattentive almost to the point of mindlessness. Through inattention to this and similar cases, the American people are permitting a damaging and misleading impression to spread abroad that they are so frightened that they dare not defend freedom's first principles against attack, not by armed foreign enemies, but by a handful of unarmed domestic bigots. The giant should wake up, put aside his manifold comforts and conveniences for a moment, and cock an eye at the miscreants in Washington who are giving this country a bad name throughout the civilized world.

**Professors and Principles**

A new kind of threat to academic freedom has been developing on certain Southern campuses, where faculty members have been dismissed for openly espousing the cause of desegregation and, in some instances, joining anti-segregation organizations. The issue was brought to the floor of the annual meeting in New York last week of the American Association of University Professors, and the response was gratifying. The delegates, warning that such dismissals “have the effect of undermining the freedom and integrity of these institutions and of education generally,” approved a resolution affirming the right of both faculty members and students to belong to organizations that seek, by lawful means, to support desegregation in schools.

The resolution does no more, of course, than to affirm the obvious: i. e., that no one ought to be punished for believing in a decision of the United States Supreme Court. But in the context, it was a courageous action; and especially so for those professors who, having voted “aye,” must now return to Southern campuses to face their (financial) bosses.

**Juggling the Embargoes**

Washington

For some time our allies have been pressing us to abolish the differential between the near total embargo on trade with China and the far less rigid ban which exists on trade with the European Communist

bloc. Last month we sent confidential proposals on the matter to Chincom, a committee comprising the NATO states minus Iceland and plus Japan, which regulates trade with Peking. This correspondent has seen the proposals; several of the Chincom countries have already declared them to be unsatisfactory, and with good reason.

Western trade with the world's two great Communist areas is now governed by two separate embargo lists: the China List and the so-called International List, which affects Moscow and the Soviet bloc. The International List is divided into three categories: strategic goods, the export of which is banned altogether; marginal products, which may be shipped in restricted amounts; and a "watch" list, which consists of products which may be exported to Eastern Europe, but only under continuous supervision and subject to stoppage at any time that intelligence reports indicate such a step advisable.

Washington's proposal to Chincom is that fifty of the 207 items which comprise the present China List be transferred to the "watch" category of the International List; that the China List be abandoned altogether as such; and that hereafter trade with Peking be governed exclusively by the International List. At first glance, this would seem to be a significant American concession; if only fifty items of the 207-item China List are transferred to the International List, it looks as though the remaining 157 items would become freed for unrestricted trade. The gimmick is that most of these 157 items are already on the International List and would therefore continue to be banned or controlled in respect to trade with China. Moreover, the transferred fifty items include the things China wants most for industrial and agricultural development, including rubber and "general industrial equipment."

The purpose of the proposed embargo revision, of course, is to please not the Communists but our allies, who are chafing to re-enter the China market. It is extremely relevant, therefore, that the enlarged International List would include many items which Britain, France, Japan and other friendly nations are anxious to sell to Peking.

The question still remains: Whom do we hurt more by our embargo—our friends or our "enemies"?

## One Step Forward

The exploitation, discrimination and neglect of Puerto Rican workers by a great many unions in New York City (see *The Nation*, April 13) continues—but there is at least one instance of union awakening to the problem. The United Textile Workers of America, AFL-CIO, whose New York local 229 has three shops facing decertification elections in the NLRB due to grievances from the almost wholly Puerto Rican membership, last week sent an international officer to hold a

meeting of local officials and workers in New York to get "the honest-to-God story of what is going on." Jose Perez, chairman of the AFL-CIO advisory committee on Puerto Rican affairs; Murray Kempton, of the *New York Post*, and a correspondent of *The Nation* were invited to sit in on the meeting. (See Letters column in this issue.)

For two hours, approximately twenty Puerto Rican workers from three of Local 229's shops put their questions and complaints to Lloyd Klenert, international secretary-treasurer of the United Textile Workers.

Mr. Klenert personally promised the workers action on their problems. When the meeting was over, one of the lawyers of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which has provided legal aid to the Puerto Rican workers, invited Mr. Klenert to meet with the ACTU people and the workers involved in the decertification petitions. The ACTU representative said that if the union was serious about remedying the grievances of the Puerto Ricans, not only in the cases heard at the meeting but in all of their legitimate complaints, he thought the petitions could be withdrawn. We hope that Mr. Klenert, along with Archie Katz, president of Local 229, will accept the invitation. An international officer sent to hold one meeting is a commendable beginning, but if the union is serious about its intentions to help its Puerto Rican members, it is far from the end.

## First Round

*Washington*

The United States has won the first round in Jordan.

Our Central Intelligence Agency claimed to have evidence that Egypt and Syria, with Soviet backing, were plotting to overthrow Hussein, Jordan's twenty-one-year-old monarch. With American support, Hussein promptly got rid of his anti-Western prime minister, Suleiman Nabulsi, just as the latter was about to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. The young king then proceeded to deal firmly with the opposition, abolishing all political parties, throwing dissident politicians into prison and parading the strength of his loyal Legion through the curfew-emptied streets of his capital.

King Saud of Saudi Arabia made common cause with his fellow monarch. This fact added greatly to Washington's satisfaction over the outcome, for U.S. diplomacy is aimed at ending the long feud which has existed between the Wahabi (Saudi) and Hashemite (Iraq and Jordan) dynasties. An Iraq-Jordan-Saudi Arabia understanding would go a long way toward isolating Egypt and Nasser. But no doubt King Saud was thinking more of oil than of feuds when he expressed support for Hussein; he wanted to safeguard the pipeline which runs from his fabulous oil fields through Jordan to the Lebanese port of Sidon.

Quite likely Hussein's (and Washington's) victory



averted a war. In the sense that Jordan is viable neither economically nor politically, it constitutes a vacuum exerting a constant pull on its neighboring states. Iraq and Syria have rival claims upon it; Israel has already announced that any Arab invasion of her Eastern neighbor would provoke her own army to action. Jordan's only hope for continued existence is a strong government supported by the Arab Legion, the best army in the Arab world.

So much for the events of the immediate past and their projection into the immediate future. But what of the long-range view? One State Department official put it candidly: "First we sent our Richards mission to the Mideast to see which countries we could buy. Then we sent the U.S. Sixth Fleet to whip into line those whom we couldn't purchase." Seen historically, the outcome of the struggle in little Jordan ties the United States more closely than ever to social groups which are on their way out. It binds us to the effete monarchs who one day will have to ask Farouk to move over and make room for them in luxurious exile. The Jordanian king whom we are sustaining relies for

support on the one-third of his peoples who are true Jordanians—and most of these are illiterate, nomadic Bedouins. Technological advance is bound to bring an end to the Bedouin. And the other two-thirds of Jordan's population are Palestine Arabs who feel no allegiance to Hussein.

We appear to have underwritten Hussein's doctrine which brands all opponents as "pawns of international communism." But much more than communism is involved. The Middle East is going through two revolutions simultaneously: a Nationalist revolution and an industrial one. In linking ourselves to medieval monarchs—in Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Jordan—we are taking a stand in behalf of a doomed past.

In a sense, the American and Soviet formulas seem to converge. The Soviets argue, as they did in Hungary, that anyone who revolts against them is a Fascist; and we endorse the view that anyone who revolts against Hussein or the other Mideast monarchs is a Communist. In our own interest, it is to be hoped that this does not represent Washington's final answer to the problems of the Arabian world.

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## In Business With the Lord

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### BILLY GRAHAM . . by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr.

NEXT WEEK Billy Graham begins a six-week evangelistic "crusade" in Madison Square Garden. Forty years ago in April, 1917, Billy Sunday conducted a ten-week evangelistic "campaign" in a specially constructed wooden tabernacle on Broadway and 168th Street. Forty-one years before that, in 1876, Dwight L. Moody conducted a nine-week "preaching mission" in Barnum's Hippodrome. And forty-four years before that, in 1832, Charles Grandison Finney conducted a three-week "revival meeting" in the remodeled Chatham Street Theatre. Several hundred conversions were made by Finney; Moody's total was estimated at 5,000; Billy Sunday convinced 98,000 to "hit the sawdust trail"; it

is Billy Graham's modest estimate that "hundreds of individuals" will "make decisions"—to use his terminology—but it is probable that the total will rival his record of 38,000 in London three years ago.

New York City has always been considered the climax of an evangelist's career. It took Billy Sunday twenty years to get up the courage to try to "awaken" it. Finney had stormed the "burnt-over district" of western New York State from Rochester to Utica for six years before he came to the big city. Moody, like Graham, toured the biggest cities of Scotland and England before he ventured into New York.

As for making any noticeable or lasting impression upon either the moral or religious life of the city, none of the revivals was very successful. And yet, because all of them were backed by wealthy laymen and leading Protestant clergymen, none was exactly a failure. It is safe to say that Billy Graham will find a sufficient number of people in the city

willing to listen to his message, to publicize his meetings and to "hit the trail" so that he, too, will be able to claim the temporary success which seems sufficient to keep mass evangelism alive.

A year from now someone will ask "What has happened to Graham's converts?" and the Graham organization will provide suitable statistics to show that "his converts stick." Five years from now everyone will have forgotten all about it. And forty years or so from now some new "thunderer of revival" will claim that New York is the sin-hole of the nation and needs a great spiritual awakening to save it from the destruction of Babylon.

There are two basic reasons for this recurring phenomenon in American life. The first is that professional revivalism has become an institutionalized business which is built into the life and thought of the major Protestant churches. The second is that Americans have a perpetual guilty conscience about the incon-

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sistency between their ideals and their practices. Since Americans are the most practical as well as the most idealistic of people, they have evolved the highly efficient system of mass revivalism to do two things: to purge themselves periodically of self-dissatisfaction, and to alleviate their recurrent disillusionment at the failure of their dreams of a world of peace and plenty.

Billy Graham claims to have the answer to America's current wave of disillusion, and it is obvious that he can count on being at least a statistical success in New York. He would not come to the city otherwise. It has already been proved that many people want to hear what Graham has to say, and even if New Yorkers do not, the tremendous publicity which has made his name a household word has incited sufficient curiosity among the twenty million people of the metropolitan area to fill Madison Square Garden every night for the whole six weeks of the crusade.

But Graham is taking no chances on the mere unearned increment of publicity. He is at the head of a wealthy, influential and superbly managed business organization which has capitalized upon all the mass-revival techniques of the past 125 years and added a few gimmicks of its own. Graham makes no secret of the businesslike way in which he operates. In fact, he is proud of his organization and of the results it so efficiently produces. "I am selling the greatest product in the world," he says, "why shouldn't it be promoted as well as soap?"

But what Graham does not say

is that his merchandising technique is borrowed almost wholesale from that perfected by Billy Sunday. Though Graham speaks patronizingly of Billy Sunday as "a great baseball player, a great athlete" who changed many lives by his preaching, he insists that "our methods are different." When specifically asked whether Sunday did not use the same techniques as he does, Graham answers, "I should say that perhaps in preparation he did in the beginning, but I can't answer that too specifically because I've never really delved into it. I would say that our meetings are more along the line of the Moody meetings of about seventy-five years ago."

It is understandable that Graham wants to associate himself with the more respectable memory of Moody than with that of the man who was called by his official biographer "A Gymnast for Jesus." But the truth of the matter is that there was a difference only in degree between Moody's methods and Sunday's. And anyone who did delve into the matter, as Graham's associates obviously have, would see that Graham owes more to the streamlined business efficiency of Billy Sunday than to the crude mechanics of D. L. Moody. In its day, Billy Sunday's organization was rated with the National Cash Register Company as one of the top five most efficient business organizations in the nation. Whether or not National Cash Register is still in this class, Billy Graham almost certainly is.

WHAT DO these methods amount to? To begin with, there is the Billy

## "Packing" the Garden

Only 7,800 of Madison Square Garden's 19,000 seats will be available to the general public each night (and only 7,300 on weekend nights) during Billy Graham's appearances there. Here is how the Garden will be "packed":

|                              | No. Seats Reserved |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Choir                        | 1,500              |
| Ushers                       | 600                |
| Counsellors*                 | 1,000-1,500        |
| Platform guests              | 100                |
| Ministers and families       | 500                |
| Out-of-town delegations**    | 7,500              |
| <b>TOTAL RESERVED</b>        |                    |
| Week nights                  | 11,200             |
| Weekends                     | 11,700             |
| <b>TOTAL GARDEN CAPACITY</b> | <b>19,000</b>      |

\*1,500 on weekend nights.

\*\*At this writing, delegations have already been arranged for from Nashville, Houston, Detroit, Toronto, Louisville, Oklahoma City and Richmond.

Graham "team" which is the exact counterpart of the Sunday "party," and which follows precisely the system evolved by Sunday between 1900 and 1917. Graham's New York team is made up of fourteen specialists (Sunday had seventeen for his New York campaign), each of whom manages a separate aspect of the campaign. As in Sunday's party, the team includes an advance man, a business manager, a publicity man, a follow-up man, two counselling experts, a solo singer, a choir director, three assistant evangelists, a pianist, an organist and a personal assistant for Graham. In addition, there are associated specialists (excluding twenty clerical workers) who help in the training of counsellors, ushers and the Bible-reading groups; in conducting outside meetings in shops and factories; in working with children and young people; and in arranging the thousands of petty details involved in an enterprise which spends a million dollars a year for revival meetings and has handled totals of a million people during the course of major crusades. The estimated cost for counselling and follow-up in New York is \$40,000. Salaries and expenses of Gra-

## BILLY GRAHAM and BILLY SUNDAY in NEW YORK A Comparative Study in Organization

| BILLY GRAHAM (1957)                                                                 | BILLY SUNDAY (1917)                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Experts and Specialists 25                                                          | Experts and Specialists 25                                                         |
| Three choirs (each) 1,500                                                           | Three choirs (each) 1,500                                                          |
| Volunteers for Counselling 5,000                                                    | Volunteers for counselling 3,000                                                   |
| Volunteers for Ushers 1,500                                                         | Ushers used 2,000                                                                  |
| Publicity and Advertising (est.) \$255,000                                          | Publicity and Advertising \$5,732.29                                               |
| Total Cost (est., for six weeks excluding salaries for Graham and team) \$1,000,000 | Total Cost (ten weeks, including Sunday's offerings and all salaries) \$320,659.13 |
| Total attendance ?                                                                  | Total attendance 1,250,000                                                         |
| Total "decisions" ?                                                                 | Total "decisions" 98,254                                                           |



ham's team in Nashville, Tennessee, totalled \$17,455.02; in New York, the team's housing and travel expenses alone will cost \$39,500 and the office operations will cost \$105,000 (salaries will total nearly \$50,000).

THE ADVANCE man is the key to the whole movement. It is he who examines invitations for Graham's evangelistic services and who promotes requests from cities which are hesitant. He talks to ministerial committees and tells them what they must do in order to secure Graham; he smooths over opposition, cajoles or browbeats the reluctant, contacts the influential laymen and the key clergymen; he spells out details of crusade costs and the efficient methods which the team has developed to raise the money. When ministerial support is not up to the Graham standard, as it was not in New York two years ago when the

present crusade was under discussion, the advance man arranges for Graham to talk to the undecided pastors and even gives them a free sample of what Graham can do by arranging a one-night stand (as in Madison Square Garden on March 3, 1956, when Graham spoke to a packed house ostensibly to help out his friend, Jack Wyrzten, founder of the Word of Life Fellowship, Inc.).

Billy Sunday's advance man did the same things, and he had just as difficult a time with the Episcopalians in New York as Graham has had. But most hesitant clergymen swing into line when the publicity and enthusiasm begin to reach a climax. Graham's advance man was formerly associated with Billy Sunday; he still follows Sunday's methods.

Ever since Finney's day, the technique of planning revivals has necessitated the cooperation, in advance, of the majority of the Protes-

tant churches in a city. Billy Sunday would never go to a community until the ministerial association or the various denominational bodies had first voted to invite him. Moody had the same system, and so does Graham. This is the major difference between "professional evangelists" and the free-lance artists like Aimee Semple MacPherson, "Elijah" Dowie and the more flamboyant minor prophets, who usually come to a city to denounce the local ministry rather than to aid it.

THE PROFESSIONAL revivalist considers himself an efficient expert for run-down churches; he depends upon them for support, but he also tells them how to manage their business. Graham has said that he came to New York because "Ministers have been discouraged and frustrated. . . . In talking with many of them we found almost a sense of desperation. Ministers who could not agree with us theologically . . . are willing to cooperate simply because there seems to be nothing else in sight. . . ." This is reminiscent of the minister who, having cooperated with a Sunday campaign, told a reporter, "Why, my dear sir, the man has trampled all over me and my theology. He has kicked my teachings up and down that platform like a football. He has outraged every ideal I have had regarding my sacred profession. But what does that count against the results he has accomplished? My congregation will be increased by hundreds." Of course, his congregation was not increased by hundreds, and neither, probably, will that of any minister in New York in 1957, but the carrot hangs enticingly. For most ministers the fact that Graham's organization seems to produce statistical results glosses over all their objections.

Having attained the cooperation of the majority of the churches in a city (at this writing, Graham claims to have the cooperation of almost 1,500 of the 2,000 Protestant churches in the New York area for his current appearance; Billy Sunday had an equal proportion for his New York crusade, though the term "cooperating church" is subject to



generous interpretations by all evangelists), the advance man and the publicity manager set up revival headquarters six months to a year in advance and begin to organize.

FIRST, there are the committees to be formed: finance, publicity, ushers, music, personal workers, prayer meeting, young people's, etc. Like Billy Sunday, Graham has the executive committee of each city where he is to appear incorporate itself according to state law. This frees any individual from bearing financial culpability should the revival go into bankruptcy; it also makes donations legally tax-deductible. These local crusade corporations, with the aid and advice of the advance man, estimate the cost of the revival and then seek to raise as much money in advance as possible. Sunday used to call this the "guarantee fund"; he almost always succeeded in raising enough money through collections at his meetings to pay back those who advanced the guarantee. But Graham's meetings are so expensive that the money donated before the crusade is an outright gift. In small cities, the advance gifts plus the collections can make Graham's revivals self-supporting; but in New York, as in London, even this combination is not enough; additional money has to be solicited. Only one-quarter of the estimated million dollars needed for the New York appearance will be raised in Madison Square Garden; the rest will be donated, either as advance gifts or in some other form, by individuals, foundations and corporations (and no doubt the latter will have available to them the services of Graham's factory and shop-meeting specialist, who is reported to have done wonders throughout the South in improving relations between labor and management). At the conclusion of every campaign, Graham again follows Billy Sunday's precedent by having the local committee make public an audited account of all financial transactions.

Before, during and after each revival, Graham's organization, like Sunday's, revels in statistics. Statistics make headlines and seem to give a practical, businesslike tone to

spiritual affairs. (Moody, however, refused to keep statistics; he would be horrified that Graham's organization keeps a file of all the "decisions" attributable to Graham's work.) The Sunday party reported after the New York campaign of 1917 that 90,000 persons attended 7,032 home-prayer meetings; 1,500 personal workers were hand-picked from the 3,000 persons who took the six-week personal worker's training course conducted by a Sunday specialist prior to the campaign; 2,000 ushers handled the crowd; 1,100 "secretaries" took down the trail-hitters' names on "decision cards"; fifty-seven new men's Bible classes were started in cooperating churches by Sunday's Bible-class experts; 187 prayer meetings and services were held in factories and on street corners by Sunday's "Director of Men's Work" and his assistants; 6,700 persons volunteered for the choirs (divided into three groups of about 2,000 each to sing in turns at the meetings). The total attendance figure was put at 1,250,000. The total cost of the campaign was \$320,000, and at the 138 meetings an average of 1,400 persons a day came forward to signify what Sunday called their decision "to stand on the Lord's side."

Billy Graham's organization will make a similar attempt to impress the public with such statistics (though they will probably not equal Sunday's record for "conversions"); for weeks, Graham's publicity has been describing the thousands of cottage-prayer meetings being held around the world, and the thousands of "prayer partners" who kept in touch with the revival by Graham's weekly radio program and mailing list.

IT IS ONLY in the use of modern technology that Graham has really added anything new to the techniques of mass evangelism. He uses a lapel microphone in the pulpit; Sunday had to shout and act out his sermons so that 20,000 persons could understand him. Graham and his team conduct daily radio and television programs to supplement newspaper publicity and mail and tele-

phone activities. Closed-circuit television carries Graham's meetings to other auditoriums in the city. And Graham has even organized a motion picture company to make technicolor movies in which he stars; these he circulates across the country as a means of advertising his product. As in past crusades, elaborate plans have been made to film the New York show.

Most of Graham's activities, like his Hour of Decision weekly broadcast (but not his crusades), are managed from Graham's two permanent headquarters in Minneapolis and Washington, which have a combined staff of over 125 and an annual budget of more than \$2,000,000. Graham is on the board of directors of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Film Corporation and the Grason Corporation, which handles the publication and sale of hymnals, sheet music and phonograph records for the Graham organization.

THE USE of radio, TV and movies aids Graham materially in producing out-of-town visitors for his meetings. And he has copied precisely Sunday's system of arranging specially chartered trains and buses so that old friends and converts from other cities can come to the meetings, where large chunks of the seating capacity are reserved for them in advance. For every night of the New York crusade, 7,500 seats have been reserved in Madison Square Garden for out-of-town delegations. It seems somewhat inconsistent for Graham to claim that he is coming to New York to save its non-church-going population and at the same time to urge his radio and newspaper audience in the South and Midwest to "take your vacation in New York next summer and spend time in the crusade." If the crusade extends through July and August, as Graham hopes it will, it will be largely because of this out-of-town support. (The crusade committee has an option on Madison Square Garden until October 15.)

Graham differs from Sunday, however, in the way in which he provides for his own compensation. Sunday was paid by the traditional "free-will" offering donated by his



tabernacle audiences on the last day of the revival (often supplemented by outside solicitations); in New York, this amounted to \$120,000 (which Sunday donated in a lump sum to the Red Cross and YMCA). Graham follows more closely a system which D. L. Moody evolved for handling the immense income from the Gospel Hymnbooks of his co-worker, Ira D. Sankey. Moody erected a trust fund for this money, which went entirely to support his schools at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. (Moody's personal compensation for each revival was quietly collected among his wealthy lay supporters and slipped to him in an envelope as he left the city. Graham, after using Sunday's "free-will" offering technique for a few years, became embarrassed by it and created the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Inc., of which he is president (his wife and three of his associates are on the board of directors). This corporation receives the \$2,000,000 which is donated annually by his radio listeners and others interested in supporting his work. Out of this, Graham pays himself a salary of \$15,000 a year and also the salaries of some of his team and of the clerical staff which runs his headquarters. Most of the income goes to pay for his radio program at \$30,000 a week. Although Graham gets no compensation from local sponsors of his crusades, he obtains of course a sizeable income from his books, articles and syndicated newspaper column.

GRAHAM emphasizes the fact that he differs from Sunday in the manner in which he secures "decisions for Christ." Sunday did not use the inquiry-room method which Finney and Moody found so helpful and which Graham uses; and Sunday did not, Graham claims, provide for adequate follow-up of the "decisions" after the meetings ended. But although Sunday did not have a special room for the purpose, the counselling was done just the same—right in the tabernacle after the sermon had ended and the crowd dispersed. Like Graham's counsellors, Sunday's corps of specially trained "personal workers" buttonholed

everyone who had come forward at the evangelist's invitation, took his name, address and church preference on a "decision card," and offered to settle any problems in the trail-hitter's mind by quoting the same Biblical texts which Graham's counsellors quote. (Moody used to do a great deal of the inquiry work himself; Sunday left this to his helpers, and so does Graham.)

Graham, like Sunday, turns the "decision cards" over to the co-operating ministers, who are instructed on the methods of following up these "prospects" to insure that they become church members. Graham has added the idea of sending each "inquirer" a "personal-looking" letter within thirty-six hours of the inquirer's "decision." And he has his follow-up expert maintain a headquarters in each city for six months after the crusade—at an estimated cost of \$40,000, which must be borne by the local committee—in order to see that the local ministers persist in their attempts to gather the harvest. But this merely amounts to pressuring the ministers to do the follow-up while Graham's specialist merely provides form letters and standardized Bible memory courses which are mailed to inquirers. Sunday's counsellors gave each trail-hitter a booklet entitled *What It Means to Be a Christian* and then left it up to the local ministerial

association to proceed as it thought best in promoting the opportunities Sunday had created for church-membership drives. That Graham's method is any more effective than Sunday's is dubious, and it is going to cost the ministers of New York \$40,000 to have the pressure put on them. If the local ministers are conscientious, they will win some new members; if not, form letters and a follow-up expert will do little good.

GRAHAM, like Sunday, has had to admit that from 40 to 75 per cent of all "decisions" are made by persons who are already members of cooperating churches. Graham's statistics also reveal that most of the others are church-goers or, at one time or another, have been church members. Of the comparatively small number of "decisions" made by persons who were indifferent to religion before hearing Graham, only a small number do more than promise to attend some church and to "consider" joining. The follow-up reports given to the press six months or a year afterward always fail to distinguish between the religious activities of rejuvenated church members, who are the real "converts" of the meetings, and the lack of activity among non-church-goers, who made a "decision" at the height of the excitement but have done nothing since.

However, if among the converts there is a single former Communist, Socialist, liberal, fellow-traveller or gangster, the public will hear so much about it that the whole crusade will be termed worth the one recovered sheep. And the occasional actor, actress, TV star, politician or sports hero who remembers his or her childhood religion and falls into the Graham spotlight will also serve to distract attention from the relative inefficiency of the revival in terms of new church members for the "discouraged and frustrated" ministers who have again followed the old will o' the wisp of mass evangelism. The angels may rejoice at the thought of one sinner saved, but this will not do much to increase the membership of 1,500 urban churches. (Indicative of just how anxious Graham is to convert a

### Training of Spiritual Counsellors

"Their instruction not only includes the paramount business of 'spiritual nurture' but reaches to such delicate personal matters as the advisability of deodorants and having handy, for use just before the call for decisions is made, a few mint lozenges."

Stanley High, *Billy Graham* (p. 234).

### Billy Graham's Appeal

"Mike Nolan, an 18-year-old shop assistant in North-West London, said: 'I went to see Billy Graham and enjoyed it. He put a lot of life in it. He seemed to make it more worth having, and entertaining."

"I wouldn't mind going to church if he was there because he is a show-man."

*Reynolds News*, March 17, 1957

Broadway actor or actress, he has hired a new specialist for the New York crusade who is referred to as the team's "theatrical contact.")

Obviously Graham is as efficient technically as Billy Sunday, and has profited by following in his footsteps. But technical efficiency alone does not explain or create revivals; it is necessary to understand why the message which he preaches seems to strike a responsive chord in contemporary America. It is in this regard that Graham really differs from Sunday—although this, oddly enough, is the one ground on which he is willing to associate himself with his famous predecessor. As far as Graham is concerned, he and Sunday both preach the same old-time religion. But there is no doubt that "the old-time religion" as preached by Billy Graham today differs considerably from "the old-time religion" as preached by Billy Sunday in the 1900-1925 era.

THIS, however, should not obscure the many striking similarities between the two revivalists. For Graham and Sunday not only use the same promotional techniques, but they also share many intellectual ideas and pulpit methods. For instance, it is assumed by many that the basic difference between Graham and Sunday is that while the latter was a sensational preacher who irreverently mixed humor and hell-fire, indulged in grandiloquence and sentimentality, used slang and commercialism and generally reduced evangelism to an emotional orgy, Graham has restored dignity, propriety and earnestness to the profession by eschewing all of Sunday's excesses and preaching a straightforward, reverent gospel message. One of Graham's official publications, for example, claims that "his message is simple," there is "a noticeable absence of flowery phrases, tear-jerking stories and other tricks. . . ." And yet anyone who listens to Graham's sermons regularly will hear stories about the weeping redemption of lost sinners or the trials and tribulations of long-suffering mothers and repentant drinking fathers. Even Graham's printed sermon on the Resurrection mixes joy and tears in

the fashion made traditional by evangelists:

One of these mornings we're going to have a great glorious Resurrection. You remember old Dad? Think of him when he went home to be with the Lord. See him with tears coursing down his cheeks as his trembling hand gripped yours and he said "Good-by." Remember mother, dear sweet mother, that used to sit in the rocking chair and rock you, the mother whom you loved, who prayed for a boy, a girl. Remember Mom; when you laid her away you thought your heart would break. Remember that loved one you laid away?

Nor can Graham avoid the use of humor to release the emotional tension which his taut voice and staccato delivery so deftly build up. He has even quoted Sunday on occasion for this purpose: "Billy Sunday, the famous evangelist, once said, 'If you want to lick the devil, hit him over the head with the cradle.'" Or, the admonition to the smug unconverted church-goer who assumes he is a Christian merely because he was brought up in a religious home: "Just because you were born in a garage, does that make you an automobile?" That, too, is one of Sunday's jokes. Graham goes even further in imitating Sunday's humor by the manner in which he re-tells Biblical stories in modern slang. He describes the prophet Amos as a "hill-billy preacher" and says that the unfaithful of Noah's day thought of him as "an old crazy fellow" with "a screw loose somewhere."

IN 1915, the president of Princeton University refused to let Billy Sunday speak on the campus, charging that the evangelist had virtually committed sacrilege by his commercialized method of selling religion. But Billy Graham, who was welcomed to the Princeton campus in 1955, compares evangelism to selling soap and describes salvation as "the greatest product in the world." Like Sunday, he calls upon the prophets and apostles for approval of his techniques: "I imagine that if Paul can look down here he is champing at the bit. How he would like to be on television! How he would like to have a radio hour. . . ."

Graham indulges emotionally in

## Which Billy Graham Do You Read?

"Too many of us, I fear, feel that America is immune from God's judgment . . . that we remain a kind of 'God's Chosen People.' This of course is not true. God actually has no international pets."

*Newsweek*, December 27, 1954

"America cannot survive, she cannot fulfill her divine purpose, she cannot carry out her God-appointed mission without the spiritual emphasis which was hers from the outset. . . . We were created for a spiritual mission among the nations."

Billy Graham sermon,  
"The Revival We Need"

"Can anyone explain the miracle of America without mentioning the power, the guidance, and the grace of God?"

Billy Graham sermon,  
"Spiritual Inventory"

the same type of flag-waving oratory that made Sunday as popular as George M. Cohan in World War I. Sunday shouted to his audiences, "We are citizens of the greatest government on earth, and we will admit it." Graham, for all his travels in Europe and Asia, echoes Sunday's chauvinism when he says, "In spite of all the corruption, crime and moral degeneration, this is still the greatest country in all the world." Patriotism, like sentiment and humor, are an integral part of revivalism, and Graham uses every possible opportunity to tap the emotional barrel of national loyalty for the cause of his "crusades." The inevitable result is that Graham, like Sunday, tends to lump together the fate of Christianity, world civilization, democracy, America and laissez-faire capitalism. In short, for Graham as for Sunday, "the American way" becomes the Christian way, God's way, for the whole of mankind.

Since 1949, when Graham first came to fame in the midst of the cold war, he has denounced "communies" and "pinks" at home and abroad just as Billy Sunday denounced "the Bolsheviki" and the "Reds." Graham sees nothing wrong with McCarthyism any more than Sunday saw anything wrong with the Palmer raids. "I thank God,"



Graham said of Congressional investigations of communism in the government and the schools, "for men who in the face of public denouncement and ridicule go loyally on in their work of exposing the pinks, the lavenders and the Reds who have sought refuge beneath the wings of the American eagle. . . ." And like Sunday, Graham believes that un-American ideals have permeated the nation's educational system. "Today," says Graham, "you can stick a public school and university in the middle of every block of every city in America and you will never keep America from rotting morally by mere intellectual education." Unless the Bible is taught in the schools, and unless a revival is felt through the nation, America and Christianity are doomed.

To Billy Graham the Bible is an American book. In a sermon entitled "Our Bible," he says, "It is the Book which contains the slogans of our American freedom." And in his sermon, "Christ's Marching Orders," he writes, "It is the gospel of Jesus Christ that made America great. That is the heart and core of American democracy." From this assumption, with which Sunday heartily agreed, Graham takes the next logical step and concludes that laissez-faire capitalism is also found in the Bible. He refers to "the rugged individualism that Christ brought" and advertises his technicolor "Christian" movie "Oiltown, U. S. A." as "... the story of Houston—the story of the free enterprise of America—the story of the development and use of God-given natural resources by men who built a great new empire."

IN HIS sermon, "Partners with God," Graham assures his followers that "Business with God is a business in which God supplies the capital and you supply the labor. He furnishes the wisdom, the power, and the wherewithal, and you furnish your humble service." This sounds strangely similar to the religion of self-assurance preached by Norman Vincent Peale. In the same sermon, Graham states that any man who is willing to get in tune with God and be his partner by tithing his

income is certain to be a success not only socially but financially: "I know a man in the South that started tithing. His salary is now nearly double what it was before he began tithing. . . . You cannot get around it, the Scripture promises material and spiritual benefits to the man who gives to God."

WHAT is it, then, that differentiates Graham's message from that of Billy Sunday? A clue to the answer can be found in the fact that the favorite gospel song of Sunday's revivals was "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," while one of the favorites at Graham's meetings is "My Hope Is in the Lord." This is



not exactly a difference between optimism and pessimism, for Graham is optimistic about man's ability to get God on his side. It is rather a difference between an era of progressive reform and an era which likes to call itself "the age of anxiety," between a religion oriented toward this world and one oriented toward the next.

Billy Sunday, for all his conservative orthodoxy (and as a fundamentalist he believed as sincerely as Graham in the sinful nature of man), insisted that "in order to be not only good, but good for something, a man must get into the world." He told his trail-hitters to "take a stand, get in the game." Sunday was no muckraking radical, and he denounced the social gospelers of his

day as loudly as Graham, but he also believed that a truly converted man should be "a fighting saint," not a prayer-meeting addict. According to Sunday, the "Social and political and economic conditions" of the time "demanded" saints who would not only "go on the warpath for purity, sobriety, and righteousness" but also "take up the cudgels for reforms in civic and social life."

Graham, however, is unwilling to lead his converts in any constructive social effort to improve conditions by "mere human activity." And he is preaching the doctrine of the Second Coming with a fervency that has not been heard since the Millerite days. He has noted "the signs of the times" as revealed in the Bible, and he insists that "we are living in the latter days. I sincerely believe that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." For all his chauvinism, Graham is a man of little faith in the future of his country: "I am deadly serious when I say that our country is falling apart at the seams right now." The only thing that can save America is a spiritual revival—such as may start with the New York crusade. "To evangelize . . . is the world's last hope of survival."

Reinhold Niebuhr has asked why Graham does not commit himself to some of the problems facing the nation, such as the abolition of segregation. But Graham's answer to all such questions is that they can only be solved by supernatural aid. Only Christ can solve the Negro question, the labor problem, the Communist threat. All human reform must be subservient to revivalism, for only by evangelizing can man propitiate an angry God already poised to strike.

GRAHAM has no use for despairing men and women who turn to sleeping pills, alcohol or tranquilizers to avoid the problems they cannot solve. Yet his own words clearly indicate that he is in the same state of mind as those whom he abuses: "Today the problem is one of survival. The world is sick nigh unto death. Some miracle drug must be found. Good works and moral reform are not enough. The only miracle drug that can heal the world

is the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ." He revealed with startling clarity and frankness the attitude which he takes toward the current revival of religion in America in an interview in *U. S. News and World Report* (August 27, 1954), when he said:

The human mind cannot cope with the problems that we are wrestling with today. And when our intellec-

tuals begin to admit that they don't know the answer, and that fact reaches the masses on the street, then they are going to turn somewhere. They will turn to all sorts of escapism. Some will turn to alcohol. Others will turn to religion. . . .

This is not "the old-time religion" of Billy Sunday's day. The popularity which Graham's revivalism has given to religious escapism

among middle-class church-goers is something new in America. It may be questioned, however, whether Americans are really as disillusioned and despairing as Graham seems to think.

The average duration of a period of revivalistic fervor in the past has been about ten years. If history is any guide, Graham's popularity has about two more years to run.

## PRISONS BREED CRIME . . by E. R. Cass

A THOUSAND shouting inmates in a fortress-like state institution suddenly overwhelm their guards, seize hostages, wreck the interior, set fires everywhere. Tear gas, the state militia, virtual warfare: another major prison riot has broken out.

Close to a hundred riots and serious disturbances have swept the nation's prisons from 1950 through 1956 — more than a dozen a year, on the average. Hundreds of officials and inmates have been wounded or slain; whole communities have been terrorized. Property destruction within prisons is estimated at more than \$10,000,000. The great Missouri penitentiary riot of 1954 cost \$5,000,000, not counting the blood that was spilled.

Since 1950, a major prison uprising has occurred at least once in each of two-thirds of the states of the union.

What causes these riots? Even more important, what is the basic cause of the wholesale failure of our prison system to reform and to rehabilitate? This failure has been dramatized by the Prison Association of New York:

Two-thirds of the 175,000 offenders in federal or state prisons today have gone *unchanged* through not only one but often two, three or more incarcerations.

Or, to put it another way, there is an habitual, roving criminal group in the United States, estimated re-

cently by the Federal Bureau of Investigation to number 3,000,000, *which our penal system is doing nothing to reduce*. Moreover, these same prisons, which now are failing in the job of reformation, will ultimately receive 60 per cent of the estimated 1,000,000 juvenile delinquents now in the country — receive them and discharge them, in most instances, as greater menaces to society than when they entered.

THE FACT is that our penal institutions today are being operated under eighteenth-century concepts of "custody and punishment." Riots and the failure to rehabilitate are the symptoms of an outworn penal philosophy and antiquated methods of handling prisoners. These primitive practices, in turn, reflect deep-seated beliefs held by the American public on the way to treat criminals.

"Pack 'em in and keep 'em in!" This popular myth is reflected in the growth of prisons of mammoth size: 6,000 inmates in the State Prison of Southern Michigan, 5,000 in San Quentin, 4,000 in Joliet. Most experts agree that institutions of this size are penological and administrative monstrosities. The buildings themselves are old: 89 per cent of all state prisons in the country are fifty years old or more. While some prisons are well run from a physical standpoint, many are not only overcrowded but unsanitary, constitute dangerous fire hazards and are manned by underpaid and incompetent personnel.

The prisoners are "packed in," all right. Hardened criminals are mingled indiscriminately with first offenders; the vicious, diseased, perverted and mentally ill with youthful unfortunates, barely out of the adolescent state, who could in many instances easily be "cured" with proper penological treatment.

Such conditions are strong provocations to resentment and rebellion, and militate against any chance for rehabilitation.

"Treat 'em rough! They knew what they were doing!" There's a second popular fallacy. Brutality is the chief weapon of an undermanned, incompetent prison staff. It leads to nothing but more trouble. Surveys show brutal handling of prisoners lists high among the complaints that have led to every one of the major prison outbreaks in the last decade. So do bad food, favoritism, the system of "isolating" the recalcitrant prisoner, the "sale" of pardons, the misuse of parole.

I am not trying to say that prison administrators and their staffs are by nature inhuman. They are altogether too human. They take to the easiest way — the beatings and the isolation cell. Nor are they immune to political meddling. The traditional use of prisons for patronage purposes is often responsible for the appointment of misfit employees who, in turn, are responsible for bad food and — from the viewpoint of the prisoner, perhaps the worst of all "crimes" — the mishandling of the parole system.

E. R. CASS is general secretary of The Prison Association of New York.



The answer to prison riots and to the problem of rehabilitation lies in a sweeping program of correctional reform of our penal system. The Prison Association of New York has advanced the following ten points as essential to such reform:

*Old Structures Must Go.* States must institute new building programs to replace century-old structures, with smaller units prevailing.

*Increased Efficiency.* Better paid, better trained personnel, operating under civil-service standards and completely removed from politics, is an urgent need.

*Proper Screening and Classification.* Reception Centers in each state must be instituted as a general practice, providing for the processing and classification of prisoners immediately upon commitment, thus paving the way to effective, intelligent treatment.

*Adequate Separation.* There must be designation of prisons for the handling of diverse types of criminals, especially the youthful offender.

*Introduction of Treatment Programs.* Rehabilitation programs under expert guidance should be established, including medical and psychiatric diagnosis and treatment, inmate counselling and guidance, and educational and avocational courses.

*Provision of Jobs.* Correctional industries, providing not only vocational training but the payment of

reasonable wages as well, are an urgent need. The present embargoes that prevent many prisons today from manufacturing goods should be lifted. Our prisons, now costly tax burdens, could become self-supporting; could even be run profitably.

*Wider Use of Probation.* Probation could be far more widely used than at present if probation systems were overhauled and probation officers made available with sufficient competence to be trusted by judges.

*Expansion of Parole.* Parole is one of the safest and most effective ways we have to undertake reformation. One-third of the country's prisoners have been committed for minor infractions. Lee B. Mailler, chairman of New York State Board of Parole, points out that it costs \$165 a year to supervise and assist a parolee as contrasted with \$1,600 to keep a man in prison and \$4,000 in a reformatory.

*Revision of Antiquated Laws.* Archaic and obsolete laws often hamstring many state Departments of Correction, and tie the hands of correctional commissions. Existing laws should be brought in line with the best correctional standards.

*State Programs of Public Information.* To combat public ignorance regarding prisons and correctional progress, every state should establish an office of public information concerning its penal institutions.

With the adoption of such a program, there is hope that out of our

persistent prison disturbances, out of the widespread failure of our penal institutions to serve as correctional institutions, the American public will be shaken into taking a good, hard look at its prisons. It may then demand that these institutions, which cost a quarter-billion dollars a year to run, function as genuine rehabilitative instruments rather than as costly punitive and custodial failures.

Leading individuals in every community across the land must initiate the reforms. If local prison conditions are unsatisfactory, local newspapers, churches, women's groups, fraternal, civic and business organizations must be roused to action. On state levels, state-wide counterparts of local committees should be formed. In half the states, there exist privately administered correctional agencies or prison associations whose effectiveness could be augmented by the backing and membership of large numbers of citizens.

Legislative purse strings must be loosened if reforms are to be accomplished. Here is an investment which can return handsome dividends, not only in terms of society's physical safety and moral improvement but also in a financial sense. Today crime costs society directly \$15 to \$20 billions a year in terms of losses, an additional \$2 billions for the administration of criminal justice, and a quarter-billion for the operation of our prisons. Reform would be infinitely cheaper by comparison.

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## Common Market: the American Stake *by William L. Rivers*

WITH THE European Common Market apparently only a short step from hard reality, it's time for business men to realize that this plan for a six-nation customs union may have a profound effect on the American economy—and long past time

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for the rest of us to mark changes which are taking place in American business itself, changes which will be accelerated by the Common Market.

We applauded when France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg signed the Common Market Treaty (ratification by the parliaments, still to come, is the last step) that will eventually establish one great free market for their 162,000,000 people, creating what is almost an economic

United States of Europe. U.S. newspapers have been fast with the superlatives ("Europe's greatest step toward unity," "A point in history has been turned"), but there have been only a few thoroughgoing analyses of the development in the business press, and these have been more concerned with introducing the concept and predicting specific effects than with drawing guidelines for American business.

That the U.S. exporter will need to learn new ropes—and pick his

way carefully along them—is obvious, for it may be that the most outstanding facet of the Common Market Treaty is its complexity. The goal is the creation of an area of six nations that will allow goods produced in any one of them to move freely among all, much as products travel over state lines without duty in the United States. Over the course of the fifteen-year period during which customs barriers are to be razed within the Common Market, some marginal businesses will die, but giant, mass-production industries and long-line distribution and sales branches will grow up, U.S.-size. In growing, they will provide sharper competition for goods from the United States.

Moreover, all six countries will establish a common tariff against products produced elsewhere. On its face, this is mass protectionism, and Donald F. Heatherington, head of the European Division of the U.S. National Foreign Trade Council, warned that “it is obvious that American exports will eventually be placed at a competitive disadvantage.” And, with about 50 per cent of its revenues coming from abroad, the American film industry, through the Motion Picture Export Association, is disturbed—so disturbed that a recent issue of *Variety* carried a story on the Common Market, nearly three columns long, with the banner headline, FILMS: BYSTANDERS IN POLITICS.

IT IS NOT easy, however, for American business to form a common front against the Common Market (Harry Mallinson, president of Eli Lilly International of Indianapolis, was arguing for the proposal even as Heatherington was opposing it). In the process of arranging a single tariff for the six countries, some of the individual tariffs (notably those in France) will go down, even though others rise.

Basically, a common tariff will be established by taking an arithmetical average of the four separate tariffs that now exist: Italy, France and Germany have individual tariffs; the Benelux countries—The Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg—are already operating under a single

one. Assuming that the Benelux duty on an item is 5 per cent, the German duty 10 per cent, the Italian 10 per cent and the French 15 per cent (which is the way tariffs usually run, with Benelux low, France high and Germany and Italy between), the arithmetical average would be 10 per cent and the Common Market duty rate would be fixed at that figure. On this particular item, the American trader who exports primarily to Benelux would suffer, the exporter to France would gain and the man who ships to Italy and Germany would be in the very same position as he was before.

If it were that simple for all products, exporters would have some idea, at least, of their standing. But the treaty is also hedged about with the inevitable compromises. In some few cases, raw materials may come in duty-free or at under-average rates (a concession to Benelux). On some goods there will be fixed maximums—probably 3 per cent on raw materials and 10 per cent on semi-finished products.

And to cushion the impact on individual business within the Common Market, still another formula has been devised, one that must seem to the U.S. exporter to be calculated only to confuse him and make planning impossible. When the rates for individual items have been determined, those members of the Common Market whose existing rates are more than 15 per cent above or below the average will have a considerable time in which to bring their rates into line. They will stage the changes this way: 30 per cent of the difference will be eliminated during the first four-year period, another 30 per cent during the second four years, and the last 40 per cent during a final four-year period. The exporter, however, can't even depend on this staged change, for under certain circumstances the length of each stage can be extended provided the entire period of adjustment does not run over fifteen years.

During this transitional period, European leaders will be able to determine by experience which businesses are being hit hardest by the Common Market and, through a

special billion-dollar development fund and an assistance fund, help traditionally “protected” industries to learn to live in the cutting climate of competition. The details will be handled by an assembly of 142 members, a ministers' council of six, a supervisory commission of nine and a court to adjudicate disputes.

THIS COMPLEX of political and economic forces that will work on all who trade with Western Europe is more important now than it would have been ten years ago. U.S. exports to the six Common Market countries last year amounted to \$3 billion, the peak of a trade curve that has been jet-rising since 1950. Exports to Belgium and Luxembourg were about \$85 million higher in 1956 than in 1955; in the same period, our exports to France rose \$160 million; to Western Germany, more than \$130 million; to Italy, \$140 million; to The Netherlands, about \$60 million. Europe, almost always a good market for us, has been particularly good in recent years, and the prospects were that it would continue to offer expanded foreign-trade opportunities. But what will happen now with the Common Market?

In the rarefied circles where the business-statesmen move, the consensus is optimistic. If the Common Market, or any other plan, will steel-gird the foundations of the Western European economy, a better market for U.S. goods than existed before can be developed by U.S. business ingenuity. In 1955, the combined Gross National Product of the six Common Market countries was only \$108 billion, compared with the \$400 billion G.N.P. of the United States. Raise the productive capacity, increase the consumption potential—and the market for U.S. goods increases.

This somewhat immodest viewpoint overlooks a significant factor: for the first time, a comparable area in Western Europe will be able to wage a peacetime mass-production war with the United States on something like even terms. The Common Market will make it possible for the industrialists of the member countries (whose combined population



is almost U.S.-size and whose demands, as consumers, are certainly similar) to aim at a free market that, heretofore, they have visualized only in their wildest dreams. Their transit problem, at most, will range up to a few hundred miles, while U.S. exporters must ship across an ocean; they will enjoy the protection of a unified tariff, while the foreign traders are paying it.

Furthermore, there is a proposal for Free Trade Europe, which could involve as many as ten other nations in a grouping attached to the Common Market on a limited basis. Specified products would then move duty-free over most of the continent, the market potential would range toward 300,000,000 people—and the emphasis on “Buy Europe” could be overwhelming.

Isn't it at least conceivable that American know-how would lose in this mass-production contest? Whatever the answer, it is not likely that many of the biggest U.S. businesses will even wait for the question. For there is a detour around the problem which has already been explored.

Clarence Siegel, deputy director of the European Division of the U.S. Bureau of Foreign Commerce, identified the detour when he suggested: “The creation of an effective free-trade area in Europe should broaden the opportunities for profitable investment.” Since 1946, U.S. private investment throughout the world has been leaping ahead, reaching \$30 billion last year. The total for Western Europe and its dependencies, which includes both Common Market and Free Trade countries, is about \$4 billion. Among the more striking totals are those in the six Common Market countries since 1950. From that year until 1955, American investment in the area has nearly doubled. And as the Common Market began to take shape last year, still more American money rushed overseas, easily making the total investment figure twice that of 1950.

France and Germany have been the leading investment targets, but every Common Market country gained. U.S. investors had nearly \$218 million in France in 1950; by 1955, the total was \$378 million.

In Germany, the figure moved from \$204 million to \$330 million in these five years. In the same period, the percentage increase in Italy was nearly 150 per cent (from \$63 million to \$154 million); in Belgium, from \$65 million to \$133 million; in The Netherlands, from \$84 million to \$159 million.

Moreover, the total investment in the six countries—probably \$1.4 billion by now—represents only book values. The actual value is not far from \$3 billion.

These investments are more valuable than the word “diversification”—a favored word in this connection—suggests. While domestic profits in the United States were moving up 30 per cent from the low mark in 1952 to the high point in 1955, profits earned abroad by U.S. companies were up 60 per cent. More significantly, while domestic profits were dropping 2 per cent during the 1953-54 recession, foreign profits increased 9 per cent, indicating that overseas investments are often recession-proof.

THIS TREND toward investment abroad will become heavier as the Common Market and the Free Trade Area move through the parliaments of the member countries. Faced with certain confusion and a probable decline in trade with Europe, U.S. companies have already indicated that they will build a bigger capital stake on the inside, almost as though they were following that elementary strategic axiom: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. And since the administrators of the Common Market will eventually have the power to establish a common

foreign commercial policy—one that might restrict foreign investment—U.S. businesses would do well to join 'em early.

WITH FEW exceptions, the European investment picture is now brighter than ever. Only in France, once the most profitable of all Western European nations for American enterprise, has the investment flow trickled in recent months, largely because of the turbulent tax and royalty systems. Harold Swenson, chief representative in Germany of the National City Bank of New York, said: “For security, I'd put my money in Germany—next to the U.S.A. Americans look all over Europe to locate a plant or engage in business operations and they end up in Germany, with The Netherlands second.”

West Germany, beckoning foreign capital with both hands, cut corporate taxes from 60 to 45 per cent in 1945, the largest single postwar tax cut in the world, and has taken a number of other friendly steps to establish industrial leadership of the so-called concert of Europe. The Netherlands is attractive primarily because of liberal depreciation allowances. Belgium gives substantial subsidies for construction of new industries. Even Italy, whose blueprints for foreign investment were smeared regularly by dissident government factions, has opened up, in part through licensing arrangements and in part through such unusual deals as the one made with AlSCO, Inc., of Akron, Ohio. AlSCO S.P.A., an affiliate, was loaned \$320,000 by Cassa del Mezzogiorno, the \$2.1 billion development fund for Southern Italy, to build an aluminum fabricating plant near Naples. In addition to the ten-year loan, it can import U.S. equipment duty-free and pay no taxes on profits for several years. The special concession was due to the fact that the company had consented to build its plant in poverty-stricken southern Italy.

Considering the lures held out by expansion-conscious Europe, it is not surprising that U.S. firms take advantage of them. And with the Common Market threatening to build



an economic Third Force, investors, almost defensively, will develop a larger capital stake and stronger production elements on the continent.

Barely two weeks after the signing of the Common Market Treaty, a syndicate of American investment houses took over, and began selling, \$35 million in securities of the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community, the only supranational grouping that now links The Six. Neither the syndicate nor the

prospective buyers—institutional investors and commercial banking institutions—go into such transactions lightly.

From this beginning, subtler developments will evolve; some of them are already in motion. Business thinking about the role of the United States in world affairs has changed perceptibly since World War II (among the more influential spokesmen for freer trade during the 1955 debates were, of all people, Clarence Randall and Charles Taft). At least

part of this business-statesmanship can be charged up to humanitarianism and the realization that the Twentieth Century is upon us, but the big and growing U.S. investment complex overseas was certainly taken into consideration. A larger capital share of foreign business may not make One-Worlders of NAM directors, but it is a stimulus to thought.

The prospect when the Common Market is established: more and more investment in Europe—and more and more business-statesmen.

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## TWILIGHT on the LEFT . . by Robert Claiborne

"SO YOU go out on a Sunday morning with the *Daily Worker*. Knock on a door, say you're selling a labor paper, they open up. When they see the name, you can hardly give it away. Say you're from the Communist Party and they probably don't even open the door." My friend, a still-young man of forty, paused for a sip of beer. "In my party section we have 160 on the books. Seventy pay dues, maybe a couple of dozen come to meetings; we sit around and argue about Hungary and Leninism. What the hell else is there to do?"

The speaker, a delegate to the Communist Party's recent New York state and national conventions, was explaining why, after twenty-one years in the party, he and his wife had left it. He does not believe his life has been wasted. He retains respect and affection for friends still in the party, though he believes they will eventually leave as he did. Recent events in the Soviet world, many of which he had ruefully expected, have not shaken his belief in socialism, for which he will continue to work. But he is convinced that the Communist Party as an organization has no future in American life — a conviction shared by most of the thousands who have

quit the party in the past year. Nominal membership has dropped from more than 20,000 a year ago to less than 10,000 today—of whom perhaps half are active.

The inconclusive conclusions of the party's recent convention, whatever comfort they may bring to anti-Stalinist Communists in other countries, are too little and too late for my friend and thousands like him. True, defying public intervention from Moscow, the convention voted that in the future it would "interpret" Marxism-Leninism to suit itself. It strengthened the influence of John Gates's heretical "new look" group on the party's National Committee, where the die-hards, led by William Z. Foster, remain a small minority. Apparently the party has even broken with the monolithic, bureaucratic centralism which played so large a part in its downfall; its new constitution, unlike that of any other Communist group, legitimizes dissent within its ranks.

But while it is clear that a majority of Communists want independence from Moscow, it is equally clear that only a minority yet understand what must be done to achieve it. Gates was able to carry the principle of independence only by evading its substance: the two immediate issues — Hungary and Soviet anti-Semitism — which have done most to shatter the party were by almost

unanimous consent not even brought to the floor; debate on them would probably have brought a split then and there.

Having hesitantly rejected Moscow's leadership, the party has evolved no clear line of its own. No one to whom I have spoken, in or out of the organization, believes that the deep divisions between the Gates and Foster groups can be more than temporarily bridged by Eugene Dennis' "Centrists." The new "right of dissent" will be of use primarily to the old-guard who so long and so ruthlessly fought it; most of the men and women of independent mind who might have led a regeneration have quit or been driven out. Above all, the party is approaching numerical insignificance; of the more than half-million Americans who have passed through its ranks, little more than one in a hundred remains.

Assuming there is a place for a Socialist organization in American politics today, it is hard to see how the Communist Party, legally harassed, ideologically split and politically isolated, can aspire to fill it. By all the signs, the organization which for nearly twenty years dominated the American Left is now washed up.

If radicalism has anything to contribute to America — and, on the record, it has contributed a great deal — it is worth examining why

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the only significant radical organization in America of our time rose and fell.

IN 1929 the Communist Party was an isolated sect of some 9,000 members, most of them foreign-born. Fifteen years later it had grown to an influential movement of nearly 90,000. Thirteen years later still, it has become again an isolated sect. The obvious explanation of this rise and fall — the Depression and the Soviet alliance on the one hand, prosperity, Stalinism and the cold war on the other — is not altogether satisfactory. Of all the radical groups existing in 1929, only the Communists grew significantly during the depression and war years; the Socialist Party nearly disappeared during the same period. Likewise, the years of Communist decline, though they produced no effective competitor, saw the appearance of independent Socialist publications such as the *Monthly Review* and the *American Socialist*, whose influence rose as the party's sank.

Communist successes during the party's years of grace were no mere by-product of the *Zeitgeist*. Like other radical groups, the party possessed energy and courage beyond its numbers; unlike them, it managed in the early thirties to break away from preoccupation with sterile polemics and take advantage of the political vacuum which the economic crisis had created. Depression and fascism were the central facts of life between 1930 and 1945; it was the Communists who proved best equipped to hammer home their significance to Americans and organize action to combat them.

It is hard to remember that in 1930 unemployment insurance was considered "un-American" by nearly all our national leaders, including the upper echelons of labor. It is harder still to remember that it was the Communists who, in those years of the locust, organized around this issue hundreds of thousands of unemployed willing to follow anyone who promised some way out.

As crisis gave way to Depression, "Don't Starve—Fight!" gave way to "Get Wise—Organize!" Although the 1933-34 attempt to or-

ganize the mass-production industries, largely Communist-led, failed, it laid the foundations of the C.I.O., whose success was partly due to the help — mostly unpaid and unrecognized — of hundreds of party members.

The loyalty-board characterization of Communists as "prematurely and excessively anti-fascist" was well earned. In an America largely provincial and isolationist, when Mr. Dulles among others was deploring hostility toward Hitler, they labored unceasingly to convince their countrymen that peace and democracy were indivisible. The picketing of Bund meetings and the lisle stockings of the Japanese boycott were naive and sometimes amusing facets of this anti-Fascist agitation. The ambulances, medical supplies and volunteers sent to Spain, the 1,200 Americans — mostly Communists — who died there, were neither naive nor amusing. Had the Communist initiative on this issue been more vigorously seconded by other Left groups here and abroad, how much bloodshed might have been avoided!

The party's discovery, following the 1939 Nazi-Soviet pact, that its reports of the Fascist danger had been greatly exaggerated harmed mainly itself. The spring it had tapped had grown to a torrent which no amount of quasi-pacifist agitation could stem. Its second about face, which followed Hitler's attack on the USSR, though it earned the scorn of the politically sophisticated, plunged the party back into the main stream of American life. And, of course, it was helped enormously

by the magnificent Soviet resistance which it had confidently predicted despite both Leon Trotsky and the U. S. Army's G-2.

It is worth noting, finally, that during the years when the NAACP was widely known among Negroes as (in Thurgood Marshall's words) "the National Association for the Advancement of *Certain* People," the Communist Party worked longer and harder than any other political group to bring Negro America to the attention of the white world (and evolved its bewildering theory of the "Negro nation," described by a recent *Worker* correspondent as "the most ephemeral and certainly the most reluctant nation in history"). The standard loyalty-prober's question: "Did Mr. A. entertain Negroes at his home?" was pertinent; for many years the Communist Party and its satellite organizations were the only significant integrated groups in America.

Thus the party succeeded to the degree that it learned to look at America rather than at its own ideological navel. It failed because it did not apply what it had learned to modernizing its basic ideology and structure.

DURING the thirties, the party's adolescent sneers at religion and "patriotism" were replaced by a preoccupation with the American democratic tradition — equally adolescent, perhaps, in its references to "Tom" Jefferson and "Abe" Lincoln, but pointed in the right direction. For all its new "Twentieth Century Americanism," however, the party's ideological heart still belonged to Big Brother across the seas. Along with newly-rediscovered American folksongs, Communists continued to sing that "the international Soviet shall be the human race." The party's "literature" was full of inaccurate panegyrics on Soviet socialism; on the probable nature of American socialism, as on the long-range strategy necessary to achieve it, there was silence or at best ambiguity.

The party's uncritical admiration of all things Soviet was nowhere more destructive than in the field of party organization and structure. That a monolithic and "democratic





centralist" party was necessary to achieve socialism was as self-evident as that Stalin could do no wrong. After all, hadn't it worked in Russia, the only Socialist country in the world? The question of whether what "worked" in Russia would "work" indefinitely in the America of the thirties and forties was never seriously posed; to answer it (as well as the related question of how well it was working even in the USSR) would have involved a serious analysis of Russian history at a time when Soviet Communists were busy rewriting it into Stalin's campaign biography. And the Russians, as every Communist knew, were the best Marxists in the world.

The party's persistent weaknesses were typified by Earl Browder, its chief theoretician and adored leader during the best years of its life. A clever but not a profound man, with a weakness for slick phrases and political gimmicks, he never succeeded in integrating the Marxist method with American reality. His pragmatic innovations in theory and practice, though supported by selected scriptural quotations from Lenin, remained—in relation to the main body of Marxist thought—firmly rooted in thin air. For all Browder's sincere admiration for Jefferson, he was no less an autocrat than any other Communist leader; under his aegis, policies continued to be announced first and "discussed" afterward; "Trotzkyite" heretics were as ruthlessly expelled as "Browderite" heretics were later expelled by his successors.

The most radical of his improvisations was unveiled in 1944. Reasoning from the undoubted fact that most American capitalists had accepted the wartime Soviet alliance with fairly good grace, he arrived at the *non sequitur* that they would embrace co-existence once the war was over. Thence he proceeded to such flights of fancy as a post-war no-strike pledge, on the assumption that the rulers of American industry would willingly grant wage increases in order to unload the products of their expanded factories. As its contribution to this dream-world of perpetual national unity and prosperity-by-consent, the Communist Party was to transform itself into a non-

partisan, vaguely Socialist "political association."

This latter proposal, though not completely without merit apart from Browder's peculiar political context, left the party's main structural weaknesses untouched; Browder's presentation made no mention of either monolithism or democratic centralism. His proposals were adopted after a "discussion" whose perfunctory nature was guaranteed by the "unanimous" recommendation of the National Committee (Foster, the party's nominal chairman, was threatened with expulsion if he made public his objections).

THE NEW policy, going too far in program and not far enough in structure, was short-lived. The cooling of Soviet-American relations in 1945, and the emerging realities of labor-management conflict, were exposing its weaknesses at a rate which would shortly have forced a change in any case. Foster, however, impatient to justify himself and lacking confidence in the party rank-and-file from which his health and Browder's ill-will had long isolated him, sought help from outside. Partly at his instigation, Jaques Duclos, French Communist leader and a power in the international Stalinist machine, publicly denounced Browder as a "revisionist," "liquidationist" heretic.

Neither the party's leaders nor many of its members were the stuff of which protestants are made. With insignificant exceptions, they began denouncing in almost hysterical tones the policies they had hastily embraced less than a year before. Any suggestion that the preceding period had been anything short of a fiasco was condemned as "Browderism"; Browder himself was expelled in an atmosphere suggesting an auto-da-fé.

For a concise and accurate description of what followed, it is hard to improve on a recent statement of a New York party committee:

Even as we expounded the necessity for criticism and self-criticism . . . we brooked no criticism from within or without. We operated . . . more like a militant church than a political party which espouses scientific method. . . . As social conditions became less pressing, we became even more dogmatic, shrill and self-

assertive. We proceeded as if those who disagreed with our official position, whether inside or outside the party, were enemies of the people. . . . As a result, we made ourselves vulnerable to government attack and facilitated our isolation. Under these conditions it was inevitable that we should shrink in size, influence and appreciation.

This critique of the party's post-war decline and fall applies with particular force to its bureaucracy—the "professional revolutionaries" who in all Communist parties have come to control the determination and especially the execution of policy. The American party in particular became increasingly dominated by a group of leaders who at the best of times had little direct contact with Americans outside the party and its immediate circle. Trade-unionists and others with an independent mass following were, as a New York party leader recently wrote, "never [treated] as first-class leaders but . . . tacked on to the main leadership"—when they were not looked on with outright suspicion. The ideal bureaucrat would rather be "correct" than President—and if anyone got to be president of anything on his own hook he was probably "opportunistic" and "anti-leadership" to boot.

After 1945, the tendency of these "leading cadres" to live in a dogmatic world of their own was aggravated not only by the party's increasing isolation, but by the growing gulf between Soviet reality and the party's glowing descriptions of it. Men selected and trained to look at one-sixth of the world through distorting spectacles cannot be expected to regain their full vision when examining the other five-sixths.

UNTIL 1945 Communists, with one brief interruption, had been part of the liberal wave which dominated American politics. Mistakes, even serious ones, slowed but did not halt their progress. As this wave paused and drew back, the party found itself increasingly in situations where the slightest mistake invited the attack of decisively powerful forces—and where its own rigidities of thought and structure ensured that few of its mistakes would be slight.

Yet despite the ~~small~~ welling conserv-



ative currents in America, issues did exist around which the party, albeit with difficulty, could have won new friends. The doctrinaire manner in which it chose to tackle these issues ensured that it would, instead, lose most of its old ones. Its principal preoccupation, peace, was of sufficient concern to millions of Americans to have influenced decisively two post-war Presidential elections. Yet few among these millions could accept the Communist insistence that the cold war was altogether America's fault; fewer still, however dubious they might be about getting shot up in Korean domestic quarrels, could believe that Korean Communists were blameless. The party's years of unconditional support for the foreign policy of the Soviet Union guaranteed that anything it might say on the subject would be heavily discounted.

On the race front, the party continued its fight for Negro rights in such cases as those of Willie McGhee and the Trenton Six. Simultaneously, its insistence that the "Negro nation" could make no general advance in a "period of reaction" helped to cut it off almost totally from the much broader Negro movement which has recently reached such heights.

WITH THE arrest of its top leaders in 1948, the party grew increasingly preoccupied with defending its right to exist. The cases which chronicle this defense—*U.S. v. Blau*, *U.S. v. Dennis et al*, *Commonwealth of Pennsylvania v. Nelson* among many others—have written the names of its leaders into Constitutional law, and helped in some measure to fortify the Bill of Rights. Yet here, too, the party's cavalier attitude toward the liberties of its Trotskyite opponents and, much more important, its ignoring of atrocious violations of human rights in the USSR, made many honest liberals reluctant to risk obloquy in defense of an organization which, they reasoned, might well shoot them if it ever came to power.

The party's growing isolation did not go unremarked among its members. But any resistance to official dogma was met with repression. Dissenters were either "straightened out"

by a process of verbal hammering—producing a sort of conviction-by-exhaustion—or expelled in a manner described by a New York party leader:

Each "prosecutor". . . knew there were a series of standard charges that had to be put into each case to make it stick: anti-leadership, undisciplined, anti-working class and, for the poor soul who would dare . . . argue his or her case, the cardinal crime of breaking the unity of the party. . . .

Party trade-unionists, their ranks already decimated by Taft-Hartley oaths and screening programs, were expelled as "opportunists" if they were unwilling to crash head-on into labor's top leadership. White comrades were expelled for "white chauvinism," which could mean anything from disagreeing with the party's "Negro nation" line to holding a watermelon party; Negroes were expelled for "Uncle Tom-ism" if they were reluctant to denounce their white comrades as Klansmen and riding bosses. Not surprisingly, the party's influence in the unions and Negro communities declined even more rapidly.

This self-destructive process, hard to explain except on grounds of whom - the - gods - would - destroy, reached its apogee in 1950-51, when the membership had already dwindled to below 40,000. Believing that the party would soon be forced completely underground, the National Committee ordered one-third of the district and section leadership into hiding as a "reserve" for underground work. Simultaneously, one-third of the membership—those whose devotion was in any way suspect—were either encouraged to drop out or, if necessary, simply struck off the rolls.

Despite these draconian measures, it was becoming increasingly obvious, even at the top echelons of the party, that something was terribly wrong. Neither the major war which its leaders had believed all but inevitable, nor the crisis they had repeatedly predicted, had arrived. The first post-Stalin attacks on the "cult of the [as yet nameless] individual" and the Kremlin's subsequent courtship of the erstwhile "Fascist" Tito put the USSR into a new and ques-

tionable light even for many of the faithful. Behind the party's monolithic facade, differences grew wider and deeper. By 1955 dissidents included most of the leaders of the New York State organization, containing half the membership, and almost the entire staff of the *Daily Worker*, the party's most important, though unofficial, organ.

YET THIS deep and pervasive discontent was never permitted to cohere into an articulate and perhaps saving opposition. In the face of overwhelming attack from without, few party leaders were willing to seek a showdown with Foster and the old guard. They kept their differences not only from the world at large, but from their own rank and file; the very existence of top-level dissent could only be inferred after lengthy research amid the close-printed jargon of "theoretical" articles. By a kind of very uncommon consent, members both dissident and orthodox kept dissent in fragmentary suspension within each party unit and even—as later anguished letters to the *Daily Worker* eloquently attested—within the individual member. Like cancer patients who fear the knife more than the disease, Communists would not name the thing that was killing them, clinging instead to the comforting nostrum of an illusory unity.

The 1956 crisis of world communism thus found the American party already in a state of crisis. More than two-thirds of the 75,000 members it had claimed in 1945 had left its ranks; the survivors were penned in an increasingly impotent political isolation which few Americans, even on the Left, cared or dared to share. Confused and divided among and



even within themselves, they looked for clarification and direction to a leadership equally confused and divided.

TO SAY that most American Communists were shocked by the grisly revelations of the Soviet party's Twentieth Congress would be a monumental understatement. Not even in their most private imaginings had they conceived of anything approaching the story which arrived, installment by horrifying installment, over the Moscow wires. The National Committee, still pursuing the chimera of party unity, continued its usual secret-society deliberations. Caught unaware by each new revelation, it emitted a series of "unanimous" pronouncements which clarified nothing except its own confusion.

The Gates group, recognizing as their more orthodox associates did not that the party was on the edge of destruction, took the unprecedented step of throwing open the *Daily Worker* to absolutely free discussion. Along with personal reactions to Khrushchev's bombshell—ranging from "I have wasted twenty years of my life" to denunciations of Stalin's successors as "unworthy sons of a great father"—readers spread across its pages the hair-raising history of the party's post-war years: the systematic suppression of criticism, the mass expulsions, the conflicts of leadership. Again the reality was far worse than the most cynical had guessed.

In its editorial columns, the *Daily Worker* tried to supply the leadership which the National Committee had failed to give. Dragging that body in its wake, it pointed out that Khrushchev's "explanations" of the Stalin era explained very little; criticized Soviet evasions on the Jewish question; condemned Soviet pressure on Poland, and attacked both Soviet interventions in Hungary. Only on this last issue did the National Committee fail to go along: though it condemned the first intervention as a "tragic error," it could come to no agreement on the second.

For several months Gates and his friends appeared to have things pretty much their way. No other group in the party seemed either to know

what was going on or to have any notion what to do about it. But their "new look" program, though its genesis could be traced back several years, was for the most part an almost overnight improvisation. Its inevitable obfuscations and inadequacies were abusively exposed by Foster and his allies—whose own mistakes were at least sanctioned by tradition—to the edification of the many party members whose normal tendency to line up with "official" world Communist opinion was beginning to reassert itself as the first shock wore off.

Far more serious in undermining Gates's seemingly dominant position was the Hungarian tragedy. For



hundreds of his most ardent supporters, it was the last straw; they simply quit the party altogether. For his opponents, it provided something which could be presented as not merely the threat but the reality of "counter-revolution"—an object lesson in what "new look" communism could lead to. Even as it made drastic change mandatory if the party's disintegration were to be halted, Hungary ensured that these changes could not be made.

Nearly a year ago, a letter to the *Daily Worker*, noting that "there is such a thing as striking out," suggested that the party might have outlived its usefulness. A few months later, another letter declared that if the party were to survive it must "come clean from the Soviet leadership." The party has washed off some of the dirt, but it has not come clean. On the key moral issues of Hungary and Soviet anti-Semitism, it has struck out.

It would be foolish to say that the Communist Party will be widely missed, except perhaps by those earnest patriots who have won fame and fortune investigating it. It would be equally foolish, however, to deny that for many years its influence on American life was, on balance, positive. Despite its abject adoration of the USSR, despite the conspicuous neuroticism of some of its adherents, it was fundamentally neither a foreign conspiracy nor a home for the maladjusted, but the creature of a generous impulse. The hundreds of thousands who joined it—of whom many hundreds were blacklisted or deported and scores beaten, jailed or killed—did so in the belief that they were preparing a more humane society for their children, and for all children. When they sang (in translation from the Russian), "With ordered step and flag unfurled / We'll build a new and better world," they were unwittingly echoing Horace Mann when he wrote: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

THIS generous impulse, which the party partially and temporarily expressed, has not wholly disintegrated with it. Despite American cold-war prosperity and Soviet police-statism, tens and perhaps scores of thousands of Americans still believe in socialism; far greater numbers, who through capitalism are seemingly gaining the whole world, have begun to wonder whether in the process they are losing their own souls.

If the Communist Party can no longer hope to attract such people, neither, on past and present performance, can any of the other Socialist sects. As for the independent Socialist publications, though they have done much to clarify the thinking of the non-Communist Left, it is obvious that without organization neither they nor anyone else will succeed in making socialism a significant force in American life. The group that can begin to do so by enlisting the energies of the thousands whose social vision transcends the life or death of any organization, will be doing a service to the Left and, many would say, to America.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## A Note on Tradition in Poetry

M. L. Rosenthal

THE WHOLE notion of an esthetic war between conservatives and radicals in poetry—in poetry of the first rank, I mean—is extraordinarily misleading. We all play with it at times, getting politics and technics and temperaments all blessedly confused with one another. The truth is that these partisan terms cannot apply. A poetic form is not an institution or a vested interest; or if it is, it can so easily be appropriated and used to confound its possessor—presumptive that its value as sheer property becomes worthless. Besides, poetry works by opposites, and the man with the most wildly explosive unorthodoxies is likely to compress and conserve them in highly conventional forms, while the person with little new or shocking to say may reinvigorate his old and reassuring affirmations by formal effects of the most dizzying daring.

Poetry works by opposites, and is intrinsically both conservative and radical—traditional and experimental. The ancient Hebrews conceived of a kingdom of Heaven on earth: the earthly paradise. They shared this dream of a golden age to be re-experienced, a Garden of Eden restored, with many early peoples, and the dream has never been lost. It cuts through both classicism and romanticism, links Blake and Shelley, Whitman and Rossetti, Stevens and Rexroth, Lawrence and Pound. Physical and psychological self-liberation is another very old motif. Rediscovered in almost every generation, it is likely to loosen up conventional forms in some writers, who naturally fall back to ancient incantatory rhythms (Biblical rhythms in particular), prophetic intonations, and the idiomatic language of wit, vituperation, and rhetorical emphasis. But then it is just as likely to be reincorporated in rigorously structured traditional forms. When the reincorporation takes place—Yeats

is a prime example—we have a further interaction under high pressures, so that the greatest violence is as it were the most perfectly contained within the limits of the poem.

FOR these reasons, no other sentimentality has caused so much bewildered frustration as the widespread belief that strong feeling in itself, or rough and untutored genius, can carry one a great distance in any of the arts. The rough geniuses like Burns and Whitman almost invariably turn out to be very well-read, if sometimes eccentrically so. They're likely to have read and pondered their "classics"; if not, they have picked up what they mostly need from undisciplined reading and from such elementary sources as the King James Version, folk literature, popular tradition. The makers of the Romantic revolution were either University men with classical educations who knew what they were moving away from or else they generally *wished* they were; as Gertrude Stein once said, "The clue to Keats is that he had a passion for self-education." *Experience* was not enough—not unless we include under experience the deep study of literature and of ideas. Keats seems to have found it just as exhilarating to read Chapman's Homer as to lie "pillowed on my fair love's ripening breast." At least he describes both experiences with the same ardor.

Certainly there is no significant experimentation without awareness of the traditions within which one is working—and, as a refinement upon that awareness, the deliberate selection of certain strains within them as more fruitful for the time being than the rest, and of others as the embodiment of mortmain to be shaken off as one would shake off the devil's claw. Chaucer was a careful observer of the possibilities of several national literatures, a sophis-

ticator of inherited methods, a satirist of outworn modes. Shakespeare's borrowings are well known, and his critical ironies also. Horace and Catullus could not have written as they did without their Greek predecessors. "The two great lyric traditions," wrote Pound almost a half-century ago, as he was helping to launch the great modern movement, "are that of the Melic poets and that of Provence. From the first arose practically all the poetry of the 'ancient world,' from the second practically all that of the modern. Doubtless there existed before either of these traditions a Babylonian and a Hittite tradition whereof knowledge is for the most part lost." We should not be surprised to find that the most energetic modern inventors and experimentalists are the most sensitive to the teachings of the past. When we find Odysseus re-established as the protagonist, in a variety of guises, of Pound's major poems; when we find Eliot subtly reworking Shakespeare, Milton, or Ovid; when we find Williams preparing his reader for a vision of horror by employing Dante's *terza rima* at the start of "The Yachts," we must be prepared to see how, to these poets, the past is not necessarily a burden but, rightly understood, a marvelous, inexhaustible source.

BUT that "rightly understood" is the rub! Only the poet who stands somehow at the frontiers of his craft can use the past to make something new. The past is so strong that only the truly original man can escape from sinking meekly into it. Williams' praise of Whitman's achievement puts the issue boldly:

Whitman... For God's sake! He broke through the deadness of copied forms which kept shouting above everything that wants to get said today drowning out one man with the accumulated weight of a thousand voices in the past... The structure of the old is active, it says no! to everything in propaganda and poetry that wants to say yes. Whitman broke through that.

Elsewhere, however, Williams bal-

ances the implications of this outcry off by an acknowledgment of the importance of tradition, viewed not passively but as an active agent in creation:

Any who would know and profit by his knowledge of the great must lead a life of violent opposites. The deeper at moments of penetration is his mastery of their work, the more vigorously at other moments must he fling himself off from them to remain himself a man. But if he himself would do great works also, only by this violence, this completeness of his wrenching free, will he be able to use that of which their greatness has consisted.

Williams himself "derives" in great part from Keats, Whitman, and the "pure" lyric tradition, but has sought to locate new, native forms of expression arising from a whole complex of American memories. With an ear disciplined by attention to ancient and "foreign" voices, he has been able to help reshape the American sense of the past, as Pound, Hart Crane, Lowell, Ruckeyser, Berryman and Olson have also tried, in their several ways, to do. For such writers the struggle is hardly to blot out the past; rather, it is to make it heard in a new contemporary way, through the medium of their unique voices.

WHEN the long incantatory lines of the Bible re-emerge in Smart, Blake, Whitman, Lawrence; when the ancient *ubi sunt* form is employed in varying modulations by Masters, Eberhart, Rexroth, we are witnessing a kind of continuity that we should expect. Also, we should expect the occasional dive into foreign literary tradition, into realms of poetic resource whose energies remain unexhausted—oratory, street-talk, popular song, the rhythms of dramatic interchange, liturgy, casual conversations, the language of science, scholarship, documentation:

We see by this, it was not sex  
(*Donne*)

All we want is a bank balance and  
a bit of skirt in a taxi (*MacNeice*)

Get the hell out of the way of the  
laurel... (*Bogan*)

All that year, the classical declaration  
of war was lacking.

There was a lot of lechery and  
disorder,

And I am queen on that island.

(*Ruckeyser*)

And to get the right rhythm and tone, we must read Auden's "Petition" or the start of Eliot's *Burnt Norton* as though we were intoning the Lord's Prayer.

Every poet will do it in his own way, but experimentation in verse is largely a matter of adjustment between personal motivations and available traditions, language and all the other elements of the art being by definition a matter of social heritage. Some rather simple though unexpected shift of manner or thought, such as life confronts us with daily, is usually the main key to a temporarily baffling mode of poetic expression. One such shift between past and present is from relative formality to greater intimacy of expression. As early as 1885 the French poet Laforgue remarked on this development in his notes on Baudelaire. Baudelaire, he said, "was the first to write about himself in a moderate confessional manner, and to leave off the inspired manner." He was "the first to speak of Paris from the point of view of her daily damned (the lighted gas jets flickering with the wind of prostitution, the restaurants and their air vents...)" and to "accuse himself rather than appear triumphant." He

"shows his wounds, his laziness, his bored uselessness at the heart of this dedicated, workaday century" and brings to literature the "boredom implicit in sensuality," the consciousness of neurosis, the feeling of "damnation on this earth."\*

WHAT Laforgue says about Baudelaire might with some revision apply to many other poets (Catullus again, for instance) who lived long before the modern era. But Laforgue calls attention not only to the mood—a breakdown of old certainties, a heavy, physical weariness with the self, a closing-in of bleakness—but also to something else still very contemporary in Baudelaire: "to speak of Paris from the point of view of her daily damned, etc." To the suddenly morbid awareness of an individual life out of tune with the proclaimed ideals of its age is added, paradoxically, the sense of being but one of the many interned in metropolis. The law of life becomes that of living mass-death; and, understandably, one of the key-symbols of modern poetry in English at least becomes Dante's pictured prisoners in the antechamber of Hell—"wretches never born and never dead," worthy of neither blame nor praise. These are, in their modern

\*Selected Writing of Jules Laforgue.  
Grove Press.

## Rx For Joyce Cary

Had the prescription read  
One capsule of death before bedtime  
Before he flew to Greece,  
He would have gone anyway.  
He had studied Greek in order to read  
The street signs in Socrates' city.  
He had read everything,  
From *Genesis* to a Nigérien road map,  
And he knew the exact page  
In Homer's *Iliad* where Achilles learns  
From the horse's mouth that he will achieve fame  
But he will die.  
He had seen the creation of Gulley Jimson  
And witnessed his fall with the crumbling chapel.  
A great deal had happened in one lifetime  
And a great deal more might happen  
After death, if one had imagination.  
He did not know; but he did not despair.  
Now he read the signature on the box  
And rattled the pills cheerfully,  
For he believed in the quality of a man's dying  
Lies his freedom.

RUTH G. VAN HORN



manifestation, the citizens of Eliot's *Waste Land*. Metropolis is their habitat—

Unreal city,

Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,

A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,

I had not thought death had undone so many. . . .

Thus writes Eliot, echoing both the *Inferno*, III, and Baudelaire's

*Fourmillant cité, cité plein de rêves,  
Ou le spectre en plein jour  
racroche le passant.*

Swarming city, city filled with dreams,  
Where the spectre in broad daylight  
confronts the passer-by.

The shifting of sensibility is an endless process of stabs into the dark, adjustments, assimilations: "siftings on siftings in oblivion." The art itself, despite the agonies of the process, is impersonal; it *will* accumulate whatever is produced, and make it another item in the great storehouse. Thus, the sufferings of the Jesuit poet Hopkins in the 1880s, and his development of a metrical and imagistic method out of the conflict between sensuousness and devotion as it manifested itself in his own feelings, created a resource for the secularistic revolutionary poetry of the 1930s—for anyone who must transcend the strife between impulse and constraint in any context. In the struggle of workingman and Irish patriot each against his own real and imaginary enemies, Yeats saw a dialectic analogous to the oppositions of art and of mysticism; the specifics were explored and discarded, so that the symbolic motifs could carry over to undreamt-of dilemmas and contradictions in the human situation.

MODERN poets, having so much to draw from and being so *conscious* of the depth and variety of the matrix of traditions within which they breathe, are in a position like that of modern scientists. They may surprise and shock, but both they and we have learned to *expect* surprise and shock. We know the barriers of awareness will be more and more widened as time goes by. We know

there must be a constant re-immersing in the meaning of physical experience and common experience generally. We know that side by side with the expanding and extension of sensibility, and with constantly renewed acquaintance with actual life, there must be a continued cultivation of old themes and forms if the art is not to lose its direction as a whole. What we do not know is whether the time is near at hand when the genius of art for the transcending of opposed motifs—so that the best of everything is available

"for the common good"—will be studied by the men considered leaders in the clash of peoples and systems. That is a Utopian dream, no doubt, but short of its fulfillment we shall not expect to see anything *totally* new—except for the first impact which original genius always makes upon us—in the poetic scene of the future. If we do, it will be either the end of communication or the hieroglyph of God—or, more likely, the influence of a poet or tradition so long-neglected we were simply ignorant of its existence.

## Refurbishing Hamilton

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: *YOUTH TO MATURITY 1755-1788*. By Broadus Mitchell. The Macmillan Co. 675 pp. \$8.75.

Keith Hutchison

IT IS doubtful that Hamilton will ever achieve the status of folk hero in the company of such men as Franklin, Washington and Lincoln. Brilliant he was, but not glamorous; he appeals, for all the drama of his death, to the intellect, not the emotion. Nor has he been well treated by his biographers, with the exception of the late Nathan Schachner.\* When not inspired by family piety, they have tended to treat him as a symbol either of righteous conservatism or black reaction.

In his bicentennial year, however, Hamilton is being refurbished as a national monument with rival schools of political economy competing to eulogize him. A few months ago Louis Hacker was hailing him as a disciple of Adam Smith and the father of American individualism. Now Dr. Mitchell, a moderate socialist, traces his economic thought to the English mercantilists and pictures him as the "patron of government guidance" who might reasonably be hailed as a "progenitor" of today's collectivism.

Despite this divergence, Hacker and Mitchell agree in defending Hamilton against charges that he was anti-democratic, a believer in aristocratic rule, an enemy of civil liberties, and a stooge for men of property. Acknowledging that criticisms of Hamilton have often been outrageously biased, I still find an

element of special pleading in these defenses. Mitchell, I feel, passes too lightly over words and actions that support Hamilton's adversaries while over-emphasizing those showing him in a democratic posture.

Perhaps we should suspend judgment until Mitchell's second volume. The present book carries Hamilton's story to the close of the Poughkeepsie Convention where against heavy odds the Federalists, under his leadership, secured the adherence of New York to the new Constitution. Mitchell is not a stirring writer but his account of this crucial political battle does achieve drama.

TAKEN as a whole, this is a work of painstakingly detailed scholarship: indeed, with 200 of its 675 pages given to notes and bibliography, some readers may find the documentation overwhelming. Even so, like other Hamilton biographies, this book fails to satisfy my curiosity about his relations with his rather mysterious English brother-in-law, John Barker Church. Mitchell repeats the family legend that this gentleman left England hurriedly because of a duel, though there is evidence that he was actually a fugitive from creditors. Nor does he give any explanation for Church's rise to fortune during the Revolution as an army contractor. Perhaps Mitchell will explore the Hamilton-Church relationship more closely in his next volume. It is not unimportant, since, after Church's return to England and a seat in Parliament, Hamilton served as his American financial agent.

KEITH HUTCHISON, formerly financial editor of *The Nation*, is the author of *The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism*.

\*A new edition of *Alexander Hamilton* by Nathan Schachner was published by Thomas Yoseloff last month.

# Chinese Painting: Freedom in Style

*THE TAO OF PAINTING.* By Mai-Mai Sze. Bollingen Series XLIX. Pantheon Books. 805 pp. Illustrated. Two volumes; \$25.

**Kenneth Rexroth**

MAI-MAI SZE is probably one of the two best living Chinese painters working in anything resembling contemporary Western idiom; Zao Wou-Ti is the other. In addition, Miss Sze is a writer of great fluency, charm and intelligence. It is impossible to think of a person better fitted to edit, translate and comment on the classic Chinese artists' manual, *The Mustard Seed Garden*. In fact, this is one of the happiest inspirations ever to strike the editorial committee of the Bollingen Foundation. Furthermore, it is singularly free of quotations from the great Swiss Mahatma and there is not a single picture of a snake swallowing its tail. I am all for the elaborate Jung program of the Bollingen people: at its worst it still makes entertaining, lenitive reading, but it must be admitted it has been getting a little excessive of late. Miss Sze's introduction is a judicious and even-handed exposition of the philosophical principles underlying Chinese ink painting. Any resemblance to *The Secret of the Golden Flower* is fortuitous and due to the nature of the subject matter.

Every American artist and art critic should buy and study this book—every night for several years. Nothing could be a better answer to the problems and dilemmas of modern abstract expressionism. Nothing could be a better antidote to the enervating poisons which have debilitated modern painting. This, my colleagues, is a lucid, profound and exhaustive explanation of what you think you are doing, but aren't; what you would like to do, but can't. Furthermore, the larger second volume consists of more than four hundred detailed pictures, with complete explanation, of how it was done, long ago, by far better men than you. It is all there—a complete alphabet of expression—men, flowers, insects, rocks, water, mountains, artifacts, birds and animals. In important subjects the brush strokes of the major Sung masters are classified.

To those totally ignorant of Far Eastern art this may seem a flagrant, even absolute, contradiction of Miss Sze's introductory volume. Perhaps it

does require a little explanation. In fact, perhaps that explanation touches on the very heart of the dilemma of modern American painting. Miss Sze, like everybody else who has written about Chinese painting, dwells at length on the special Chinese creative response, the rising of spontaneity out of passivity—the creative act which flashes out of inaction. There is, on the other hand, nothing whatever spontaneous about the memorizing of formulae for reproducing the aspects of nature—and a very limited armamentarium of aspects at that. Furthermore, all these little stereotypes are based on the brush strokes, on the actual constructive details, of the Chinese written character. After they have been learned seriatim, they are assembled in the final painting like so many minute bits of a puzzle, even a crossword puzzle, with certain traditionally divided areas occupied, and

others left blank. The answer is obvious. The technique of painting has been reduced to a bare minimum necessary to provide a self-governing discipline which will permit spontaneity. You cannot transcend a medium until you have so mastered it that you are unaware of it.

CHINESE art is motivated by a kind of empirical mysticism, a non-religious (at least by Western terms) suffusion of the whole being of the artist by an abiding realization of the self and the other, passing beyond such categories as the ego and the world, let alone the soul and God. To support such insight the technology of expression must be sufficiently complex so that revelation does not lapse into platitude, and it must have sufficient technical interest to attract and satisfy the first superficial interests of the spectator. Beyond that it need not go. The elements of Chinese painting could be mastered by any gentleman who could "write a good



From *The Tao of Painting*, Volume II

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent book is *In Defense of Earth*, a volume of poems.



hand," and were so mastered by many gentlemen before modern times. Most of the great painters of China, as most of its great poets, were men occupying positions analogous to those filled by Defense Secretary Wilson and the late Senator McCarthy. Ponder that for a while and you will readily grasp the difference between the American Way of Life and the traditional Chinese. To have something to say in the arts, the Chinese believed, one must come with determinative experience—of the world, not art—whether acquired through meditation or through the mastery of affairs; one must have arrived at profoundly rooted conclusions—wisdom; one must have the automatic facility of the chess prodigy or the master pianist. None of these qualities are very apparent at a Carnegie International or a Venice Biennale.

## Discomfort of Comedy

**LOLITA.** By Vladimir Nabokov. The Olympia Press. Two volumes, 900 francs each.

George P. Elliott

**LOLITA** was published in English two years ago in Paris, but it has not yet come out in this country, though Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading* (a minor work) has recently been issued by Doubleday and though the next issue of Doubleday's *Anchor Review* will include a sizeable excerpt from *Lolita*. I suppose our publishers are afraid that *Lolita* would bring them lawsuits for being pornographic and immoral.

And pornographers would, I am sure, find it fairly satisfactory for their lewd fantasies. But only fairly satisfactory, for, like *Ulysses* before it, *Lolita* by high art transmutes persons, motives and actions which in ordinary life are considered indecent, into objects of delight, compassion and contemplation. *Lolita* will turn no reasonable citizen into a pornographer; the indecency in it, like the crime, is always seen with a clarity which does not encourage the fabricating of fantasies.\*

The novel concerns an Americanized European of middle years whose true love is only for "nymphets," certain girls between nine and fourteen. He falls in love with one named Lolita, a girl whom we discover to be an altogether unexceptional child of the times, ill-parented, traditionless, Hollywood-

Beyond its pedagogic value, which is obviously limited to artists, this is a book of great beauty for anybody. The pages of *The Mustard Seed Garden* have a simple charm which is approached only by certain eighteenth century French masters of drawing, themselves of course greatly influenced by the Chinese, even by this very book. To illustrate her introduction, Miss Sze has chosen some of the most splendid examples of Chinese painting and they are perfectly reproduced. It is certainly one of the loveliest books ever produced by the Bollingen Foundation, and although \$25 may look expensive here at the head of a review, with the actual book in hand it looks very cheap indeed. I would hate to guess what it cost to produce. Certainly it could not be sold at that price without subvention of the Mellon millions.

ized, the prey of admen, but for whom he conceives a driving passion. In order to be near Lolita, he marries her widowed mother. When the mother is killed by accident, he runs off with his stepdaughter, living from motel to hotel all over the country, with one interlude of private school for her. Although she earlier tempted him sexually and although when the time came she did the actual seducing, yet his sustained passion and prodigious sexual demands presently repel her. He holds her by threat—she has no money and no one who will take care of her. But he in turn is the anxious servant of her whims, for he knows that she will escape him (if only by maturing into adolescence). When finally she disappears, he is driven to insanity for a time and to despair; a few years later he finds her married to a workingman and pregnant, a most ordinary girl. He discovers from her that a bad playwright and film writer named Quilty had helped her to escape and had then dropped her. At the end he murders Quilty.

Obviously the book concerns a diseased man performing immoral acts. But the book is no more immoral than it is pornographic. For we know from the foreword that the narrator is a criminal and mentally abnormal, and this knowledge tempers our reaction to everything he says of himself. Most of all, both Nabokov and the imaginary narrator, Humbert Humbert, are wholly unambiguous about the morality of the acts and motives.

I loved you. I was a pentapod monster, but I loved you. I was

despicable and brutal, and turpid, and everything, *mais je t'aimais, je t'aimais!* And there were times when I knew how you felt, and it was hell to know it, my little one.

And indeed he did love her, for Humbert Humbert is a man, a whole, comic man. The book's chief offense, I guess, is that it presents a sexual pervert as a man to be known and pitied, a man of some essential dignity. Its other offense, perhaps as great, is that it satirizes in delighted detail our adman pandering to childishness, ease, vulgarity, titillation, mindlessness.

YET *Lolita* is not primarily a satire but a comedy of the exuberant Rabelaisian sort. It is superabundant in verbal energy (Nabokov's command over American idiom is a marvel greater even than Conrad's over literary English) and it heaps details of our daily life before us until it forces our wonder even more than our repugnance. It preserves that strange doubleness of comedy which creates in many a discomfort they resist (Are You So Sure?), for you identify with, feel familiar with, see yourself in, a character whom you at the same time know to have performed abominable deeds. It transmutes, as

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only a great book could, this diseased man and this banal girl into people whom we know so well that they become others—not symbols, not types of Man, not aspects of ourselves, but persons towards whom we are permitted

and encouraged and at last obliged to exercise our highest charity.

*GEORGE P. ELLIOTT is at present writing a novel on a Hudson Review fellowship.*

## Drum in Johannesburg

**DRUM.** The Newspaper that Won the Heart of America. By Anthony Sampson. Houghton Mifflin Company. 256 pp. \$3.50.

FOR three and a half years Anthony Sampson was editor of *Drum*, a monthly magazine for Africans, published in Johannesburg. Sampson is an Englishman, but his concern was to produce a journal which would serve the real needs—and enjoy the patronage—of the people to which it was addressed. Thus the reader will find that the book reveals a great deal about the lives, the work, the joys and suffering, the hopes, aspirations and habits of mind of the Africans. And these are the people of modern South Africa, the Africans of the future.

The keynote of the book is *Nationalism*. The African Nationalism is a Black Nationalism in the sense that these people have accepted their color as the badge of their common interest. But it differs from white (Afrikaner) Nationalism in that it does not cling to its past. The African has turned his back on rural tribalism as an ideal. He has been introduced to urban life, to buses and cars, electricity and modern shops, to education and art, to music and poetry, to bright lights and jails. He has adopted Western civilization, good and bad, as *his* life. He needs the city as much as the city needs him, and he is not going back to the tribe. Early in his editorship, African friends advised Sampson:

Give us girls, man... Tell us about gangsters... Cut out this tribal stuff. Show us things that *matter*.

The meeting of cultures produces vivid incongruities.

We visited P-boy at the "House of Commons" (a shebeen or illicit

*THE AUTHOR of this review is an African now traveling in the United States. He writes: "I think you should withhold my name. Recent legislation in South Africa makes it a crime to publish anything which will 'disturb good race relations,' and this is a very broad injunction!"*

drinking place)—a small room in a dark backyard. The room was empty, but on the table was an open book—*A Tale of Two Cities*.

The title of Dickens' novel takes on a special significance in this context. On another occasion a master of ceremonies dresses in his academic B.A. gown to introduce a singer in a shebeen.

The Nationalism is Black, but it is not anti-white. Many incidents tell of Africans meeting whites on the basis of friendliness and cooperation. The co-working of black and white on the staff of *Drum* is one instance. But the deep-seated aversion of most whites to contact with Africans is shown by the words of a white policeman when Sampson is arrested for being in an African location:

"Sis, man! You tell you was actually sitting down eating with a native?"... He could hardly bring himself to look at me. "Any moment now, and all the blerry natives in Orlando will want to sit down with Europeans. How can you do it, man?"

Eating with natives... Ag, it makes me sick, man." And he really looked sick.

Sampson's method of increasing sales was to convince the African that *Drum* was *his* paper by championing the cause of the African. This was done by having *Drum* reporters investigate reports of exploitation and maltreatment of Africans and exposing these cases in the magazine. Thus the visits and exploits of "Mr. Drum" (one of the African reporters) became legendary. "Mr. Drum" got himself arrested in order to visit the jail, signed on as a laborer on a notorious Bethal farm, and these and many other stories, repeated in the book, give the reader an insight into contemporary African life.

The evaluation of the life of the Cape colored (people of mixed race) is less detailed and accurate, because *Drum* did not operate much in Cape Town, and because it concentrated on Africans. Some readers will complain that the "positive aspects" of white policy are not sufficiently stressed. But that is not the purpose of the book or of the magazine *Drum*. The purpose is to portray the urban African of the locations, and this is well done through the facts, as well as through the rapid, racy, humorous idiom of the African. Misery and frustration, humor and wit, political determination, squalor, dignity and humiliation—these flow in rapid sequence through the pages of Mr. Sampson's book.

## LETTER from MILAN

*William Weaver*

THE inhabitants of Florence and Rome usually speak of Milan and the Milanese with undisguised contempt, as the older, impoverished members of a distinguished family might speak of a cadet branch that had made money in trade. If I defend Milan to any of my Roman or Florentine friends, they reply: "Of course you like Milan—it's just like America." Actually, it's like the America that Italians invent for an Italian film: all plate glass and stainless steel, snappy advertising, smart shops, bustling activity. And the *Milanese*—imitated by Rome's chic set—have learned from our films to parody New York. The words *weekend*, *cocktail*, *sexy* and *love affair* have entered the Milanese dialect; *relationship* is expected to arrive any minute.

But it is not this superficial, slightly-comical Americanism that I enjoy in

Milan. In his poem, *In Praise of Lime-stone*, Auden speaks of the difference between Italy and America, and states that the latter is the country for serious people. Milan takes everything seriously. In bars, waiters have a service-with-a-smile, customer-is-right air which is the exact opposite of the intimate, erratic, delightful and exasperating attitude assumed by Roman or Neapolitan waiters. For those of us who live farther to the South, a visit to Milan is a refreshing relaxation into reality and order, like going from Paris to London.

In April, two important events proved how seriously Milan takes business and how seriously it takes art. The President of Italy arrived on the 12th to inaugurate Milan's thirty-fifth annual Trades Fair; and on the 14th, Maria Meneghini Callas sang the first performance of the revived *Anna Bolena*.

*The NATION*



by Donizetti, with sets by Nicola Benois and stage direction by Luchino Visconti, Italy's best (and most expensive) director.

DURING the Fair, the great city of Milan reminds me of nothing so much as my home town in Virginia during the Firemen's Carnival. Flags fly; banner-signs are stretched across the main streets; the trolleys have special yellow-and-blue plates indicating that they go to the Fair. And the trolleys come back, filled with foreigners, small businessmen from Germany or Denmark, who have been looking at Italy's beautiful sewing-machines or typewriters; or filled with the Milanese themselves, hugging paper bags containing free samples from the food and drink section. The Fair is serious, all right, with forty miles of frontage of stands, more than thirteen thousand exhibitors, and millions of dollars worth of contracts. All the city's hotels are jammed. Visitors sleep in hallways, or go out of the city to Varese or even Pavia. But all this business is gala.

Equally gala and equally serious is a big opening night at La Scala. The lovely, soberly luxurious theatre is in the center of the city; and its geography is symbolic of the place it occupies in the heart of the Milanese. The war was hardly over when they began rebuilding the gutted interior; the theatre was re-dedicated in 1946 with a concert directed by Toscanini. Tickets are always at a premium; and when Callas is scheduled to sing, they are almost unobtainable, even at double or triple the box-office price.

On a night like the *Anna Bolena* opening, the very air outside the theatre seems to be charged with excitement; a good-sized crowd gathers around the main entrance to watch the cars arrive. The theatre is redolent of expensive French perfume, the boxes are decked with flowers. The cynical observer might say that this is the temple of snobbism—until the curtain. But from the first downward stroke of Maestro Gianandrea Gavazzeni's baton, it was clear that this opening was a musical occasion. Every detail of the production showed care and understanding of the responsibility involved in saving a great opera from undeserved oblivion. *Rigoletto* is so familiar that we can enjoy even a half-way decent performance of it; but *Anna Bolena* requires something approaching perfection. An early work of Donizetti, a "grand opera" in a style not much appreciated in our century, it must never lapse into routine when performed; every scene must count.

Callas is the perfect interpreter in

May 11, 1957

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such a situation: a singer who never sings a note or a word without having thought it out beforehand, without giving it its meaning. She has already restored long-forgotten works like Cherubini's *Medea* and Spontini's *La Vestale* to La Scala's repertory. Her Anne Boleyn was an unforgettable, tragic heroine, conceived with dignity and tenderness. Callas never played for the easy, theatrical effect; her interpretation was more subtle and, hence, more moving. At first the public seemed more impressed by the dashing, bright singing of Giulietta Simionato (excellent, indeed, as Jane Seymour); but as the story moved to its climax, and as Anne Boleyn approached the moment of her execution, the public became more and more caught up in Callas' noble, almost personal grief.

THE LAST scene of the opera was set, like the other scenes, in a grey Tudor architecture; it revealed Anne on the morning of her death, brooding in a strange, pathetic delirium about her past, her childhood, her unhappy love and unhappier marriage. Read by themselves, the words might seem banal, standard operatic text; but Donizetti's music gives them life and heart, and Callas brought out every accent, every shade of meaning in the scene. After the final curtain, she was greeted by a wild, unleashed ovation, a shower of flowers.

The night before this memorable occasion, the Piccola Scala had presented two charming little one-act operas by Donizetti, *Rita* (sung by two Scala discoveries, Eugenia Ratti and Luigi Alva) and *Il Campanello* (with Italy's most promising young baritone, Rolando Panerai).

And the night before that, at Milan's Piccolo Teatro, the brilliant resident director Giorgio Strehler had presented a new play by a young Italian playwright, Federico Zardi, called *The Jacobins*. Opinions about the play, a historical reconstruction, were divided, but critics and public alike agreed that Strehler had accomplished another of his tours de force, another powerful, correct mounting—as he has done often in the past few years with works by writers as varied as Brecht, Wilder, Shakespeare and Goldoni.

Musicians all say Milan is the most musical city in Italy; actors look upon the Piccolo Teatro with awe and respect; painters hold exhibits in Rome for their friends and for the critics, but they sell their paintings when they show in Milan. Businessmen, angry at Rome's bureaucratic red tape and casual office hours, claim that only in Milan do people know the value of time and money. In short, Milan may not be immediately lovable, but it is admirable. I love it. It is a rich city, not merely—as its detractors would have you believe—a wealthy one.

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

ARTHUR GRUMIAUX, a Belgian violinist too infrequently listed in the record catalogs, has come along with admirable performances of the Bach A Minor and E Major Concerti (Epic LC 3342). He manages, by an unusually keen sense of proportion and his refined manner of execution, to raise the works to their proper level of soloistic excitement without violating the Baroque framework of values. Little decorative flourishes are carved into the texture with a spontaneous hand and to exactly the proper depth. Rather than obscuring the line, they enhance it. And, because the innate decorative aspects of the music are realized, further enhancement by lushness of sound or by rhythmic distortion becomes unnecessary. Grumiaux plays with a fine, compact tone, neither reedy nor oversize. It is warm without being torrid, and is ideal for this music. Accompaniments are provided by the Goller Chamber Orchestra.

Another Epic disc (LC 3332) presents the Bach D Major Suites Nos. 3 and 4 with Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Here again, the quality of musicianship is startling. Tempi are caught with an unerring flair, so that the fast movements lilt, while the slow ones pulse with inner vitality. High trumpet pronouncements, which burble and falter in most performances, sound forth in this playing with complete ease and brilliance, and inner parts remain clear. Some objection might be lodged against the recording's slightly "engineered" quality. Balances of woodwinds, brasses and strings could hardly be adjusted with such equality in the concert hall, particularly with an orchestra as large as this one seems to be. But, as a virtuoso performance and a virtuoso essay in recording techniques (never forgetting Van Beinum's musicianship) the disc has great virtues.

Serkin's interpretation of the Beethoven Piano Sonatas Op. 13, Op. 27-No. 2, and Op. 57 is penetrating and authoritative (Columbia ML 5164). As with most performances by this artist, the element of control is uppermost, and the consequent potential for fine gradations in sentiment is enormous. Occasionally, as in the second movement of the Op. 13 Sonata, emotional ideas are understated almost to the point of dryness. But this is neither by accident nor from poverty of feeling; it is planned. When the third movement arrives, all sweet tempered and transparent, it becomes apparent that Serkin has designed his interpretation on a total curve, and not just movement by movement. One may agree or disagree with details. But a mighty will, mind and heart have been brought to bear on the music.

It is a pity that the playing of young Yury Boukoff, who recorded the complete Prokofiev Piano Sonatas for Westminster (XWN 18369-71), does not have more of the sardonic bite which

### The Women's Jail

This garden is outlandish  
with its white picket fence  
and straggling orchard;  
who would guess this arching house  
with convent walks  
is a women's jail?

Unless you had seen their faces:  
old women gray as sponges  
drooping in this habitat,  
young ones sullen  
with a worm gnawing them.  
I often wonder why the drug takers  
have such skyblue eyes.

And the cheque forgers:  
how velvet they are  
how apples and cream,  
secretly I envy them  
their blossoming bodies  
and their talents with men.

Being especially human  
I am no judge of evil,  
but hear how it has  
a singing life in them,  
how it speaks out  
with an endowed voice.

Doubt my poor my gentle one;  
my overtrained my fine  
my inner ear.  
I have been insufficiently dowered,  
my limbs are pale as winter,  
sun-starved —  
my blood is free of alcohol  
I am law-abiding I am completely  
resistible, is there anything  
praiseworthy in that?

MIRIAM WADDINGTON



characterizes many of the composer's later works. His technique is fluent; his intelligence and energy abundant. But, in the course of these nine Sonatas (which give a fascinating overview of Prokofiev's creative development and an insight into his weaknesses), Boukoff's relatively greater affinity to the first, Romantic works is noticeable. From the Sixth Sonata on, some of Prokofiev's distinctiveness is blurred by the performer's immaturity.

PAUL WOLFE, an American harpsichordist, has made a lovely recording for *Expériences Anonymes* (EA 0022) of the music of Girolamo Frescobaldi. The *Gaillards*, *Canzoni*, and *Partite* are charming, even to non-antiquarian ears. Wolfe plays them with lively affection, and the sound of his Pleyel instrument is splendid. In a more specialized category, the same firm has issued a disc called *Notre Dame Organa-Leoninus and Perotinus Magister*. This 12th and 13th Century liturgical music would be of only academic interest if it were not for the exact and yet immediately communicative performances given by the countertenor Russell Oberlin, tenors Charles Bressler and Donald Perry, and

the violinist Seymour Barab (EA-0021).

Finally, at the opposite end of the historical scale, some music composed for and played by the tape recorder has been issued in disc form by Composers Recordings, Inc. (CRI-112). Judging by the Ussachevsky *Piece for Tape Recorder*, the Luening-Ussachevsky *Poem in Cycles and Bells* for Tape Recorder and Orchestra, and the *Suite from "King Lear"* (Tape Recorder alone), this assault on the musical status-quo has passed its purely experimental stages. The "music" is already expressive, and some of the problems of giving shape to amorphous sound seem to have been solved. Whether the tape recorder will replace the orchestra is another question. On the reverse side of the record, a young American composer, William Bergsma, is represented by a convinced, skillful work for strings entitled *The Fortunate Islands*. Partially assimilated hints of the Harris, Copland and Stravinsky styles occur in it from time to time, but the idiom is, for the most part, homogeneous and attractive. Alfredo Antonini and the orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma give it an acceptable but somewhat clumsy reading.

and royal personages of The Regency do not burst into dramatic flame even with fanning. Of course, Mr. Ginsbury might have done much with dialogue to animate his morose, transplanted Germans. But his other disadvantage is that he cannot write lines that sound worth speaking in public. It would not surprise me to learn that the House of Hanover talked like boiled cabbage, but the style does not make bang-up entertainment.

Walter Slezak, in the title role, has worked prodigiously to make a man out of what the author has conceived as a mountain of flesh. He is a skillful player, but he spreads out his mannerisms in a desperate attempt to hide the nakedness of his part. It can't be done—in this case the Emperor has nothing but clothes.

DOUGLAS BADER, commander of the famous Duxworth Wing, fought at a leading position in the Battle of Britain under the handicap of two artificial legs. It was a unique, really an incredible display of will power, courage and aeronautic skill, and Bader is quite properly a hero of heroes to the British.

The Rank Organization has now made *Reach for the Sky* to honor this man. The picture is a well-meant but inadequate salute. Bader is played by Kenneth More, an intelligent and sensitive actor who has been too often cast as a "what-ho" life of the party type, and Louis Gilbert, who wrote the

## THEATRE and FILMS

### Robert Hatch

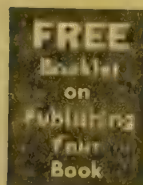
IT MUST be admitted that music is a great advantage to a musical comedy. There is nothing seriously wrong with *Livin' the Life* (Phoenix) which the score from *Show Boat* would not cure. Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller have put together a sensible book from Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories, mainly from *Tom Sawyer*. William and Jean Eckart have designed light, engaging sets; Alvin Colt has dressed the company well, though he insists a little on sweet pastels. John Butler has staged a succession of excellent dances, his high moment being Injun Joe's "Nightmare Ballet," and his recurring weakness being a loss of concentration which allows the ensemble numbers to tail off into ad lib romping. But Jack Urbont's score is a sustained musical doodle from opening chorus to final curtain. It can't be sung, at least no one in the Phoenix company can sing it, and what comes from the orchestra sounds like a musical bridge from nowhere to nowhere.

Lacking music, the company presses too hard. Timmy Everett, an acrobatic dancer, tries to be an ingratiating Tom Sawyer and succeeds only in becoming

unnecessarily wriggly. Richard Ide appears to be modelling his Huck Finn on Walt Disney's Goofy, and Lee Charles, in the role of Jim, is a melancholy shadow of Harry Belafonte. The show is carried by the grown-ups—James Mitchell (Injun Joe), Stephen Elliott (Muff Potter), Alice Ghostley (Aunt Polly)—who at least have a job to do in the plot.

It is hard for Broadway—uptown or down—to capture the simple joys. Theatre people don't really believe in pigtailed and picket fences, and in self-defense they kid what they understand as corn. This is always disagreeable—it turns innocence into something smirky—and *Livin' the Life* suffers from it. But it was sensibly written and crisply staged; if it had been given a voice it might have had enough self-confidence to be naive.

ENGLISH history has been so thoroughly mined by the playwrights that what remains underground is likely to be unprofitable. That, I think, is Norman Ginsbury's principal difficulty with *The First Gentleman* (Belasco): the events



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script and directed the picture, has apparently tailored his work more to the actor's reputation than to his ability. Certainly he cannot have tailored it to Bader.

The flier, we are told in endless clichés, was a man who couldn't be beat 'cause he wouldn't be beat. No one expected him to survive the accident (result of a show-off stunt in a pre-war plane), but he heard someone outside his hospital room say "there's a boy dying in there," and he ground his teeth and held on. Bader had only to wink and pretty girls came running; he had only to lift a phone and the General Staff trembled. His men loved him, the Germans honored him, he saved England and he did it all by grin and grit. There must have been more to Bader than this sermon for the Boy Scouts' annual powwow.

THE NAKED EYE is a history of the still camera. More accurately it is an appreciation of the work of four eminent photographers — Margaret Bourke-White, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Weegee and Edward Weston—with quick glimpses at some of the pioneers, including Brady's Civil War record.

The four principals were well chosen: Bourke-White and Eisenstaedt are photographic journalists, Weegee is a reporter with a press camera, Weston is an artist. The film gives a vivid impression of the power, flexibility and creative possibility of the still camera; it may even help you to make better snapshots, and it is so well edited that it qualifies as entertainment.

## A Rebel

A rebel of the absolute  
At gold-haired seventeen, he broke  
The kind maternal toggle rope.  
He fled a freckled, pimpled past

Of armless dolls in rain-pocked ponds,  
Black rustler evil, cowboy good,  
Love's lessoning rejections, salves,  
And stutters in the sacred wood.

He wheeled in engine joy  
Through Iowas of golden wheat  
That blurred before his absolute:  
A thrill of green light from pine trees

Faster and faster he hurtled past  
The bleaching signposts of man's way.  
Black eyes, red neons reached for him.  
He roared on past the toads of day.

Who would have thought a knotted oak  
Suddenly would veto joy?  
Truly, I cannot say his blood  
Glimmers from roses in that wood.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

Weston is given more attention than the others, and here a good deal of biographical background has been included. This was unwise, for it is very superficial comment on the life of a very complex man. The project is plagued by an inherent dilemma—it is a motion picture on still photography. Louis Stoumen, who made the film, was aware of the problem and did what he could to separate the subject from the medium that carries it. Nevertheless, it is often hard to decide how much Weston and his colleagues are contributing, how much comes from the movie camera watching over their shoulders. As the ads are saying, the commentary is spoken "movingly" by Raymond Massey—Mr. Massey is a splendid fellow, but he'll do it every time.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

May 12 through 16

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 12

THE KREMLIN (CBS; Odyssey). A "biography" of the building whose first wall was put up in the 15th century. Film from *Ten Days that Shook the World* and *Peter the Great* will be supplemented by comment from the unlikely team of Alexander Kerensky and Averell Harriman.

THE MAN WHO INHERITED EVERYTHING (CBS; General Electric Theatre). George Sanders stars as the valet who finally turns the tables on his master by assuming his identity. The story, which sounds familiar, is credited to Ernst Jacoby.

Wednesday, May 15

GENTLE DECEIVER (ABC; Ford Theatre). Hobo with a compulsion to good works transforms a backwoods village. Keenan Wynn in the lead.

ANTARCTICA—PAST AND PRESENT (ABC; Disneyland). An historical documentary leading up to and including the present Navy Task Force 43.

Thursday, May 16

THE HELEN MORGAN STORY (CBS; Playhouse 90). Personal saga of the musical toast of the twenties—era of the flapper and bathtub gin. Polly Bergen re-enacts the colorful, tragic life of the actress-singer in a production that will revive such songs as "Bill," "Why Was I Born?" "Body and Soul," "Can't Help Lovin' that Man." Written by Leonard Spiegelgass from information supplied by the late star's friends and family.

A.W.L.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 723

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Slight elision for where comforting arms go, ought to be in ■ form of a ball game. (5,9)
- 9 This is in free fantasia style. (7)
- 10 Slowed down in dim, deep, chaos. (7)
- 11 Their warning might only be ■ rising insistence. (6)
- 12 If Winter Comes—there's a way of speaking here! (8)
- 14 The literary receiver of good news comes back after a heap of fever. (7)
- 15 Just a little thing about the French that implies that vacant look! (2,3)
- 17 See 16 down
- 19 When it comes to fish, could this be beaten by the Russians? (3,4)
- 21 Try a dozen bottles or so, if you want to establish a precedent. (4,4)
- 23 Aimed as a ship might be. (6)
- 25 Sort of serial followed by one in the country. (7)
- 26 See 27 across
- 27 and 26 The ordinary material possessions of such things as 25 are typically British. (12,2,7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Excessive devotion. (9)
- 2 Almost a near relative to a snake let loose! (7)
- 3 The one from "Saul" might be

charmed—and about time! (4,5)

- 4 The alternative to 21 down, if you toss and turn. (4)
- 5 Implying the Damyankees could also be droll fellows? (5,5)
- 6 Led up in twos? (5)
- 7 and 13 down A surd, rather than "Down with the Government!" (7,10)
- 8 A barrier to "original sin." (4)
- 13 See 7 down
- 15 Mountain folk get lit up on this herb. (9)
- 16 and 17 across Mother is chafed by this time—evidently, the warning was ignored. (3,4,2,5)
- 18 Not where Rio Rita came from, but Rio Rosa. (7)
- 20 .03937 inches in an insect would still be big! (7)
- 21 At the other end (or other side) of 4 down. (4)
- 22 A hundred and twenty quires of reddish yellow. (5)
- 24 Quondam. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 722

ACROSS: 1 SHAVING MUGS; 9 and 21 IRON CURTAIN; 10 BEAST; 12 JURY-MAN; 13 COUNTRY; 15 ETCETERA; 16 KITTEN; 18 CRINES; 21 LOGICIAN; 26 UNCLEAN; 28 REAM; 30 DRUB; 31 MOLESTATION; DOWN: 2 HONEYBEES; 3 VIBRATE; 4 and 27 NEAR EAST; 5 MAT-TOK; 6 and 11 GREEN-EYED; 7 PROUST; 8 HEARSE; 17 and 20 TICKLED TO DEATH; 19 ROUTED; 20 SWINDLE; 22 GUNSHOT; 23 ABACUS; 25 and 14 TEMPORALLY.

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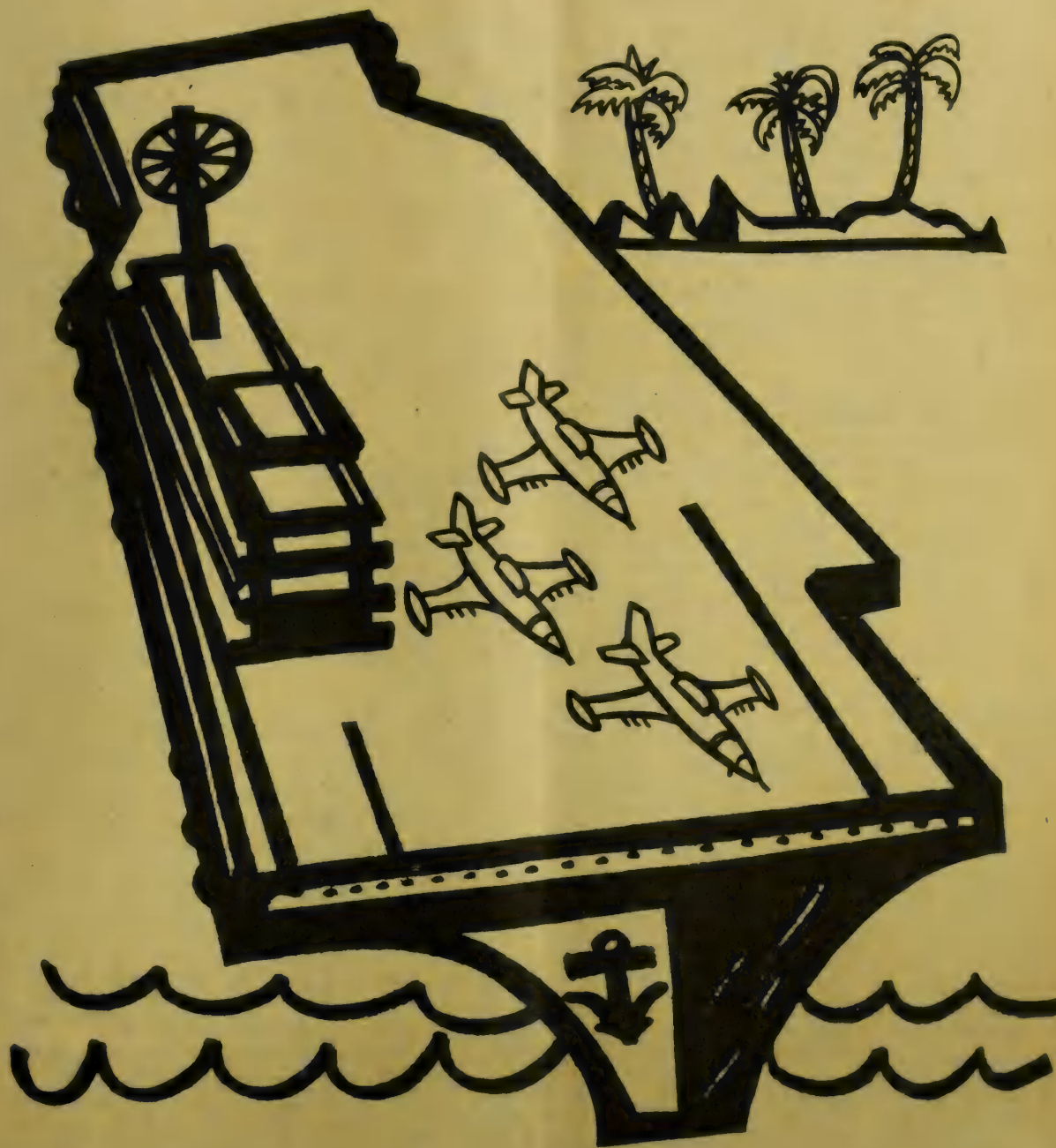
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# LETTERS

## The Public's Profit

Dear Sirs: As one who has spent almost twenty-five years in the field of ethical pharmaceutical advertising, I want to commend Milton Moskowitz for his generally excellent article, *Wonder Profits in Wonder Drugs*, in your issue of April 27. The author emphasized the tremendous climb in the volume and profits in the sale of these drugs, but mentions only fleetingly the impact they have had on the health and lifespan of millions. Whatever the profits the manufacturers have garnered, I would venture to estimate that the public has saved even more. The sulfonamides and antibiotics have saved millions of men, women and children from surgery (not to mention pain, grief and mortality). They have hastened recovery in tuberculosis, pneumonia, syphilis and numerous other conditions. A cost of \$10 or \$12 for a prescription is trifling when compared to the cost of an operation, a two-week stay in hospital and special nursing care.

As to the antagonism many doctors are alleged to have for direct-mail advertising, during the past two years our agency sent out double government postcards for surveys (offering nothing at all, not even a sample). One survey brought 36 per cent reply cards, the other 44 per cent. This would hardly be possible if 41.4 per cent of doctors didn't read or were not influenced by direct mailings.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

## Academic Freedom Award

Dear Sirs: Your readers will be interested in knowing that an annual award for an outstanding contribution to the promotion of academic freedom, to be known as the "Alexander Meiklejohn Award for Academic Freedom," has just been established through a gift to the American Association of University Professors by alumni and former faculty members of the Experimental College at Wisconsin University. The award will be bestowed each February to a president or other administrative officer, a member of a board of trustees or a board as a group, of an American college or university.

Dr. Meiklejohn, eighty-five, is an internationally known educator, philosopher and proponent of civil liberties and academic freedom. A former president of Amherst College and dean of Brown University, he directed the Experi-

mental College—a five-year testing ground for new teaching methods and curriculum—from 1927 to 1932.

This is the first award to be established in the area of academic freedom, and is further unique in that it has been established by the action of an alumni group.

ROBERT FRASE

Washington, D. C.

## Fair Exchange

Dear Sirs: Any reader of *The Nation* and the *Progressive* who would like to exchange these publications regularly for copies of the *New Statesman and Nation* and of the *Tribune* (London), please communicate with Mrs. R. Marshall, Tutties Ingle Neuk, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland.

ERNEST A. HUTCHINSON

South Pasadena, Calif.

## Age of Improvisation

Dear Sirs: Recent issues of *The Nation* suggest that we are in the Age of Improvisation. The writings of J. D. Salinger are linked to "brilliant mirror images" and Maurice Grosser's review of modern painting concludes that "improvisation is the determining characteristic." Improvisation has also become the familiar technique of other modern art forms. Jazz is born in the jam session; the modern dance is symbolic of the erratic and spontaneous; modern sculpture attempts to freeze a fragmentary sensation.

The technique is also represented in politics and industry. The State Department does not find it necessary to formulate a blueprint of policy; improvisation from one crisis to the next will suffice. Wage increases are offset by price increases, producing the highest profits in history, and there is no need to worry about the ultimate consequences.

The same attitude has grafted itself onto the basic patterns of living. Our interests and activities are not the result of careful planning and detailed attention, but rather a series of disconnected emotional satisfactions selected in a thoughtless fashion. We rush through life swiftly, making only a few significant decisions and allowing the natural course of events to determine our day-to-day activities.

Not that improvisation is to be deprecated. To the extent that the interpreter's experience has been rich and his communicative abilities perfected, the method of improvisation will be meaningful. The important thing is to

recognize the transition which has taken place, evaluate its implications and make improvisation a truer instrument of our purposes.

ELI E. FINK

Winnetka, Illinois

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## EDITORIALS

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### Guilty As Charged

The most crushing epithet that can be hurled in today's political discussions—the fact itself is both ironic and suggestive—is the charge of being “naive.” You're naive if you believe that nations should act as though the people and their leaders thought that wars might be avoided. You're naive if you believe that politicians might win more elections if they gave greater emphasis to sincerity and idealism and less to slick slogans and huckstering gimmicks. You're naive if you believe, with Ernest Gross, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, that morality is an important component of power. (Moral force, he has pointed out, cannot move mountains, but it moves people—and people move mountains.)

Two articles in this issue invite predictable reactions in this vein from some of our favorite, most idealistic readers. On the one hand, Geoffrey Barraclough's analysis (page 431) of Mr. Dulles' experiment with power politics in the Middle East will be denounced as cynical and defeatist, despite the fact that this use of a brand of ton-of-bricks diplomacy to stifle unrest (itself largely due to Western influence) is almost certain to be self-defeating in the end. On the other hand, James Avery Joyce's evaluation (page 433) of the United Nations as it struggles toward maturity and greater effectiveness will be flayed as “naive” by the same critics who will find Mr. Barraclough “cynical.” Yet the editors of *The Nation*, with one exception, feel that Mr. Joyce calls attention to an unmistakable reality which, in the excitement of the Suez crisis and subsequent events, has been obscured.

As events unfold, it will be interesting to see how effective the Administration's power gambit in the Middle East proves to be. The same test of time, we suspect, will reveal that Washington might have done better to heed the precepts of morality and enlightened self-interest by following through on the policy of applying American power through the U.N.

The one pathetic aspect of the world organization, as Ernest Gross has said, is its budget. Twelve million dollars—approximately the amount which the President has so casually offered Hussein—is set aside for all its

regional economic activities, the administration of all economic and human-rights progress, narcotic-drug control, world-wide statistical work and the administration of the refugee program! The way to strengthen the U.N., of course, would be to enable that body to place larger resources and energies at the service of populations which are determined to achieve higher standards of well-being and freedom; we would thereby infuse “the faltering of the free” with a sense of common interest and, at the same time, deepen the respect of these same populations for the moral authority of the world body.

Aneurin Bevan, who recently visited the Middle East, returned to London convinced that some of the aid which the people there need should be canalized through the U.N. He said: “When it comes to them from an individual power, it is tainted by Western imperialism, and that exposes the nation receiving it to the name of a kept nation. I should say the Eisenhower Doctrine is liable to prove disastrous, as it leaves the power of discipline to the United Nations and keeps the sugar for the United States.” But here we are, most forgetfully, quoting these “naive” fellows, Nye Bevan and Ernest Gross. . .

Kathleen Lonsdale, the distinguished British scientist and member of the Society of Friends, points out in her eloquent tract *Is Peace Possible?*—published this week as a Penguin Special—that enlightened self-interest is not morality, but morality often leads to the same conclusions by quicker and less painful routes. If belief in this copybook maxim makes one “naive,” as appears to be the case today, then we plead guilty to the dreadful charge.

### Saboteurs of Policy

Washington

The other day General James A. Van Fleet, former commander of U.N. forces in Korea, was reported to have declared at a press conference: “I hate neutrals as much as I hate the Commies.” This is the sort of outburst which could hardly be better designed to defeat the aims of American diplomacy. It is made to order for the engineers of Communist propaganda in

Moscow and Peking, who are in hot rivalry with us for the friendship of India, Burma, Indonesia, Ceylon, Nepal, Indo-China and the unaligned countries of the Middle East and Africa.

What is the setting in which the hero of Korea so explosively expressed his opinion of the millions of people whose friendship we are courting?

The Soviet Union has been wooing the neutrals ardently—and especially India. Last year Bulganin, Khrushchev and Chou En-lai toured South, Southeast and Central Asia, inducing the heads of neutral governments to return the visits. Meanwhile, to the displeasure of our State Department, India's influence over the unaligned bloc has been growing steadily. It has emerged as the acknowledged leader of the twenty-eight-nation Bandung bloc; its initiative led to the Korean armistice; it was instrumental in effecting the release of thirty-one American civilians from Red Chinese prisons. And more recently, it played an unobtrusive but vital role in assuring the availability of Suez for the maritime nations. For while Nehru supported Nasser on nationalization of the Canal and during the Anglo-French-Israeli attack which followed, he interceded to speed the reopening of the waterway when the Egyptian dictator threatened to balk.

Since the neutrals have become so important to Russia, Moscow must perforce pace its support of Egypt's anti-Westernism to India's. Egypt, in other words, is strong only as long as it has Soviet backing; but Cairo will have Russian support only while India goes along. This lesson of the recent Suez experience appears to have eluded not only General Van Fleet, but also Mr. Dulles, who not long ago declared that neutralism was "immoral." It appears that the Korean hero now joins the Secretary of State as a principal obstacle to the evolution of a successful American foreign policy.

## Reenter the Cave Man

Somewhere in this country today armed guards maintain a round-the-clock patrol in the grounds of what until recently was a secluded nursing home. Every day or so a caterer's truck drives up to the gates with a fresh supply of food, which is stored for a while and then thrown away. Other trucks deliver microfilm records for storage in fireproof, heatproof, shockproof files. One corporation is thus preparing for H-day.

If hydrogen bombs were to explode over New York, Detroit and Pittsburgh tomorrow, the public would die but some business would survive. According to a recent story in the *Wall Street Journal*, more than 700 companies, acting under the coordination of the Commerce Department's Business and Defense Services Administration, have taken steps to assure the continuity of their corporate activities. The nursing home

is a rendezvous point for such members of that firm's management as can get there after the blast. The same company is storing a duplicate set of microfilm in an underground vault at another distant point, just in case the nursing home is also hit. United States Steel now entrusts its "memory" to an old limestone mine; another large corporation has put supplies of checks in denominations from \$25 to \$100 at sixteen points—payrolls, these are, for the survivors. Anyone who owns a cave can sell it these days at a good price.

There is something funny about a company worrying how it will meet its payroll if the normal banking facilities are knocked out by a nuclear blast, and you would think some of those farsighted directors might wonder what the employees would do with their checks, supposing they ever showed up to collect them. But it's hard to laugh off the amount of time and money that is being spent by prudent business men on these preparations. The Pacific tests continue, the age of the intercontinental rocket is upon us and brinkmanship is a technique that has caused 700 boards of directors to think of the future in terms of remote nursing homes, caves, abandoned mines, emergency rations and the imperishability of microfilm.

## Rivalry in Wheat

Washington

The U.S. farm-surplus program, under which the taxpayer is called upon to subsidize both the American farmer and the foreign buyer of certain commodities, has hurt many nations we are seeking to befriend. When we sell excess cotton to Japan at one-fifth less than the American domestic price, other friendly cotton-exporting countries feel aggrieved. Our surplus-butter sales abroad have damaged the economies of Denmark, Holland and New Zealand. When we unload rice on the international market, we are harming Thailand and Burma.

Our recent decision to sell 500,000 tons of surplus wheat to Poland has now aroused Canada to protest. About 10 per cent of Canada's annual wheat export goes to Russia and Poland—one of the few regions in the world where, until now, our northern neighbor has been spared American subsidized competition. Canada, like the United States, has a wheat surplus; its estimated carry-over as of August 1, this year, will be approximately 600,000,000 bushels. And the Canadian farmer, like his American counterpart, has been having a bumpy journey across the years, as dollar-inflation outstripped the slow rise in wheat prices.

With general elections slated in Canada for June 10, American entry into the East European wheat market came at an inopportune time for Prime Minister St. Laurent, whose agricultural policy is under heavy fire. We refused to cancel our sales to Poland, but we



did send C. Douglas Dillon, deputy Under-Secretary of State, to Ottawa in answer to Canada's protest. Mr. Dulles promised the Canadians that hereafter they would be consulted before we undertook any large wheat-marketing operations in Eastern Europe; and, on his return to Washington, he drew from the Poles a pledge that for the next few years they would buy their usual amount of wheat from Canada.

Thus U.S.-Canadian tension has been relieved temporarily. But the worried Canadians are talking of adopting our own type of farm-surplus disposal system, a step which would mean cut-throat competition between the two countries.

### It Calls for an Oath, All Right

We learn from an unimpeachable source (*The New York Times*, May 7) that the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity of New York City now requires a loyalty oath from any person seeking a permit to fish in the city's reservoirs. As if to assure the skeptical reader that he is reading correctly, the *Times* cites the names of two Communists who have been refused permits. "We absolutely do not want to have any people with subversive connections to be in any way familiar with our installations," the Com-

missioner of the department has explained. Speaking from an admittedly casual acquaintance with the reservoirs, it is our impression that the only "installations" in them are a handful of moderate-sized dams and pumping stations. And to get close to most of these, you don't need a fishing permit; all you need is a driver's license.

In any case, we have the feeling that the Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity is showing a lamentable paternalistic attitude towards one of his responsibilities at the expense of the other two. What about electricity and gas? In the basement of our apartment house, there is a small vital installation—a battery of fuse boxes serving a half-hundred families—which anyone who hasn't signed a loyalty oath could demolish in ten seconds. And in our kitchen there is an old-fashioned contrivance known as a gas stove which can be turned on—with or without a loyalty oath—and, provided certain minimum precautions have been taken, be made to explode with force enough to shake the Commissioner right out of his Red nightmare.

We agree with the Commissioner that the whole situation calls for an oath—but not necessarily the kind he means.

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## SIXTH FLEET SAILS EAST . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

*London*  
FIRST OF ALL, let it be confessed that, here in London, United States action in Jordan has won unwilling admiration. For the first few days of the Jordan crisis, English observers thought we were in for the dithering which, in English eyes, has marred American handling of the Suez issue. Then Mr. Dulles came down like a ton of bricks. Whatever reservations one may have about the mess a ton of bricks will make, and the tidying up afterwards, it is always an impressive performance. We cast our minds back to the ignominious dismissal of Glubb a year ago, and thought: "Dulles steps in where Eden feared to tread." What intrepidity, what resolution, and above all else what lack of in-

hibitions! Instead of Glubb and sixty officers, the Sixth Fleet with its atomic artillery, and American marines in the streets of Beirut; instead of a discreet "subsidy," a prompt hand-out of \$10 million as a first token of the sums which would flow so readily at Hussein's asking.

But above all else what lack of inhibitions! How quickly, once the test came, the professions of sympathy for Arab nationalism and liberalism were buried, how easy it proved to write them off as tools of communism, with what consummate unconcern the United States found itself underpinning a full-blooded dictatorship enforced, as Hitler's dictatorship had been, by a regime of long knives, wielded in this case not by Nazi thugs but by 4,000 Bedouins! We in England, schooled by generations of cautious diplomacy to regard the Middle East as political dynamite, where one step in any direction will set off hostile explosions

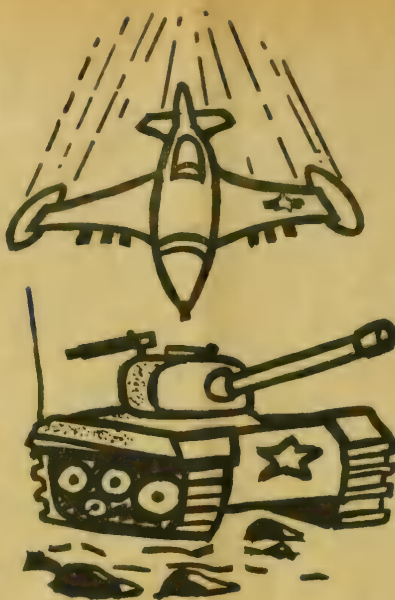
in at least one other, have learned to hedge, to put a modest bet on every horse in the Middle East stakes, but never to wager our shirt on even the most fiery charger. It isn't that we are unable to think in terms of cutting the Gordian knot—Suez proves that—but (here Suez was the exception) we have been taught to think first of all of the loose ends that will be left. And now along comes Mr. Dulles with a big pair of scissors and cuts right through. As I said at the beginning, we cannot withhold admiration, however much we try. We still express cautious doubts—what will happen when martial law is lifted, as sooner or later it must be? what will happen when the Sixth Fleet is withdrawn?—but our inmost feeling is that "Dulles has got away with it." We report with characteristic European *Schadenfreude* every rumor indicating that trouble is only beginning; but in our bones we know that

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Hussein won't so easily be displaced. We think the Russians are crying wolf, but we don't think they will act; in fact, we suspect that they also, at heart, are impressed by American intrepidity, and maybe that they will be more inclined to talk business after this demonstration of force than they would have been without it. Jordan, we are pretty sure, has been saved for Western civilization by Bedouin knives and the Sixth Fleet and a strong shot of dollars into the decrepit arteries.

Where, nevertheless, do we go from here? After all, the Sixth Fleet is not going to settle down in Asia Minor, like a Roman Legion, intermarrying with the local population and living off the land. Even if, all in all, dollars and machine guns ought to be able to keep Hussein on his wobbly throne, the problem of "afterwards" is real; but only an Eastern soothsayer would venture to predict where Jordan will be in twelve months' time (if it is still on the map); and the considerations we should have in mind at the present juncture are far wider than the immediate Jordanian context. Because American policy is a global policy, what is done at any single point must be evaluated by its effects all along the line. It is from this point of view that we have to examine the events in Jordan. It is an elementary principle of strategy that a local success may be won at too great a cost if its effect is to weaken the whole position or to deflect the grand lines of strategic planning, or even if it is a victory which leads to nothing further. The Middle East is only one of the fronts on which American global strategy is engaged; Jordan is only one point in the Middle Eastern front, and we may even doubt whether it is a decisive point. It is not an oil-producing country; it is not a part of, or essential to, the "northern tier" of defense against communism; while, on the other hand, it is an artificial state, chronically in deficit, which has never been able to exist without subsidies and military aid. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that it has become a focal-point in world politics not because of its intrinsic im-



portance, but because it chanced to be the first center of internal unrest after the Suez crisis had pitchforked the United States into the Middle East, and that the internal unrest was simply the result of its inherent weakness and instability. And if that is the history of American involvement, it would follow that, far from the State Department imposing a pattern on events, events are leading it by the nose.

IT IS NOT, however, simply that events are leading the State Department by the nose but that, placed in a wider context, they are leading it in the wrong direction. First of all there is the Western Pacific sphere, where the immediate national interests of the United States are certainly far more directly involved than in the Middle East. Here, beyond all doubt, the immediate problem facing the State Department is to work out a new relationship with Japan, which has given clear notice that it is not willing to remain in American leading-strings indefinitely, and for which it is a matter of life and death to build up its connections with Asia and, above all, with mainland China. The effects of the intervention in Jordan on Japan need no elaboration. Japan re-established diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia last December; in Jordan, Nabulsi has been thrown out

because he proposed to follow suit. Now, in effect, Japan has received notification that no nation in the Western net, particularly if it lies anywhere near the exposed perimeter, is to be allowed to escape, and that any Japanese attempt in its own legitimate national interests to relax tension with Communist China will invite intervention to the point, if necessary, of supporting the extreme right-wing crypto-Fascist groups which still exist in Japan, as they do in Jordan. American support for an unrepresentative government, ruling by openly dictatorial means, has indeed wider connotations. What is Mr. Dulles to say about Russian intervention in Hungary, if the United States is using its own forces to impose a no less unpopular dictatorial regime in Jordan? With what show of reason can America in the same breath insist that Jordan remain in the Western camp and demand that Hungary and Poland and other countries behind the iron curtain should be free to follow a policy of non-commitment? No doubt the pot will go on calling the kettle black; but the rest of the world will draw its own conclusions.

THE FIRST conclusion is that the present political contours, which when they came into existence a decade ago seemed grotesquely unacceptable, have in the American view come to stay. At no cost must any defection, however insignificant, be permitted—though in the case of Jordan what Amman intended was not defection from the Western into the Communist camp, but only a move into the limbo of the non-committed. The fact will not be lost on the Germans, who cannot but see, in the new rigidity of American policy, an end to their hopes of reunification; for if the United States cannot afford to allow little Jordan to go its own way, how can it afford to relax its grip on the Federal Republic? Everywhere, from the Western Pacific to Europe, if it keeps to the Jordan pattern, America will be surrounded by unwilling satellites, many of them ruled by small unrepresentative minorities dependent on American arms and American dollars, who resentfully see what



they consider to be their national interests subordinated to American policy. The interests will differ—in Japan they are essentially economic, in Germany the problem is reunification, in the Mideast it is the desire to be rid of repulsively barbarous regimes such as those of Saud and Hussein—but the resentment will be general.

We should not burke the fact that the new Dulles-Eisenhower policy is likely to be effective at first. Metternich bottled up European nationalism for thirty years, and the top only blew off (and Metternich with it) in 1848. Nowadays the tempo is quicker; but Mr. Dulles may bottle up Middle East nationalism for some years yet, though the explosion, when it comes, is likely to be more formidable. The question is whether this policy is really in American interest. When Metternich appointed himself the policeman of Europe, the gains for the Hapsburg Empire were not spectacular. What benefit does the United States expect to gain from Mr. Dulles setting himself up as the policeman of the Middle East? If there were any evidence that Soviet Russia is waiting to pounce, the position might be different. But the consensus of informed opinion—despite statements to the contrary by King Hussein and President Eisenhower—is that communism was not the issue in Jordan, though a more detached and neutral position between the Communist and

non-Communist worlds was. On the other hand, no one supposes that regimes like those of King Hussein and King Saud are going to last indefinitely—not because of the pressure of communism, but because of the pressure of Westernization. Here, indeed, is the fundamental predicament of the United States in the Middle East. On the one hand, there is the State Department shearing up reactionary monarchies; on the other hand, industrialization for which American capital is largely responsible, is sapping their foundations. In Jordan itself, as everyone knows, the crisis has come about through the impact of the more Westernized Palestinian Arabs on primitive, tribal Transjordan. What is incongruous is to find the United States throwing in its lot with the tribesmen.

Incongruous and—we must use the word—ominous. Mr. Dulles has shown most of the chameleon-like qualities the historians of the nineteenth century associate with Czar Alexander I. Like Czar Alexander, he has flirted with liberalism and indulged in the sort of high-flown moral platitudes which Alexander's English contemporaries described as "mysticism and nonsense." But like Alexander, as the heady sentiments evaporated under the impact of cold realities, he is settling down to a line of frank reaction. However little faith one may have in historical analogies, it is hard not to see a parallel with the reactionary epoch

following the Napoleonic wars, when every change, no matter how salutary, was condemned as a reversion to revolutionary Jacobinism, and when Metternich had an unimpeachable moral platitude to cover every form of repression. The trouble is that we know that Metternich was fighting a losing battle; that the early industrial revolution, bringing inexorable social change, was eating away at the foundations of Metternich's system; that armed intervention everywhere, and a network of secret police fighting "subversion," in the end availed him nothing. In the end; but it was singularly unpleasant while it lasted, and it begins to look as though the world is in for an unpleasant period now, unless American policy takes warning.

Unfortunately nothing succeeds like success; and a series of successful *coups* such as that in Jordan, for the very reason that they command a half-grudging admiration, cannot fail to produce a hardening of policy which makes it more difficult to halt and review their long-term consequences. That process, the evidence indicates, is already beginning; but the stakes today are bigger. If Mr. Dulles' system waits to be overtaken by the dialectic of events, the upheaval following the collapse of Metternich's system in mid-nineteenth century Europe will be nothing to the catastrophe that will ensue, on a global plane, for our twentieth-century world.

## THE U.N.: A Partisan View . . by James Avery Joyce

EVERYBODY knows that the United Nations, which moved into

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its second decade with the recent Eleventh General Assembly, is not the same organization which emerged from the San Francisco conference in 1945. But not everybody knows just how big—psychologically, as well as physically—it has become, or just how much and how quickly it has changed some of the people who have found themselves involved in it.

Three Big Powers and a little

power threw themselves headlong and simultaneously at it in October, 1956, and, by March, 1957, had come off worse for the encounter, leaving the U.N. not only stronger and bigger, but with a couple of new assets—a Peace Army and a sort of World Prime Minister—which it did not have before. It will clearly take some time for the resultant shock to be assimilated in some of the Foreign Offices, not to mention

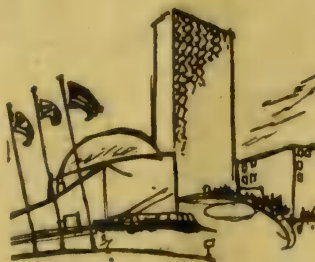
the editorial offices, which were not ready for what actually happened. But it is the purpose of this article (which can be said to have been literally written on the ground floor of the recent session) to take some measure of the transformation of the U.N. from an intensely interesting diplomatic tea-party to something which begins to take on the shape of a world parliament.

Let it be admitted, at the outset, that this last assertion may sound a little surprising—if not grossly exaggerated—to the unfortunate reader who has been forced to rely on the current press and radio carnage of what has actually taken place behind the translucent facades on East River during the last few months; for the glass is so constructed that it is much easier to see out than to see in.

Never in its history has so much been written by so many about the U.N.; never have so many columnists and commentators competed to beguile the public with what *they* wanted the man in the street outside to believe was going on under the famous fluted dome. The real trouble has not been in the multiplication of words, but in the gradual disappearance of the U.N. debate under a mounting mud-bank of propaganda. So much so that, towards the end of the session some delegates (and not for the first time) were proposing from the tribune that the Assembly should be removed from New York altogether.

INSIDE THIS crisis Assembly, the meticulous details of the inconvenient truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, were spelled out day by day, hour by hour, almost round the clock, with nothing hid, painstakingly and patiently, restrained by nothing but the rules of parliamentary procedure and the natural courtesy which men of education and breeding display towards each other when shut up together (with or without floodlights and cameras to assist them) until they have produced an agreement. But, as soon as one stepped across First Avenue, towards Times Square, it felt like stepping suddenly from civilization into the jungle. Nor was

such a feeling unwarranted, for, while the rule of law, enshrined in the organization's Charter, held the Assembly visibly together and brought it at last to its "Day of Glory" (in Senor Belaunde's final dramatic phrase) on March 4, the law of the jungle was getting all the votes outside. Hence, the general public at home and abroad was not prepared for some of the surprises which emerged towards the end of the Assembly. For example, Eisenhower's clear-cut broadcast, followed by his several written appeals in similarly unambiguous terms, didn't seem to "fit" into what ordinary people had been told. But, inside the Assembly, the U.S. President's position was so much part



of the structure of global thinking and mutual agreement, that African, Asian, Latin-American and European (with the sole exception of France) followed each other to the tribune for three successive days—without even a whimper from the Soviet bloc—to praise the man who has unquestionably done more than any other American, during these months of cruel trial, to vindicate the rule of law in world affairs. The Assembly, as we shall go on to show, is always quick to recognize the genuine article.

Now that the United Nations has decisively won its unflagging battle for the "immediate, complete, and unconditional withdrawal" of all the aggressors as an *essential prelude* to a permanent Arab-Israeli peace settlement, the U.N. undercover detractors and calumniators will, of course, speedily supply the many reasons why the unexpected happened—all except the reason which matters to the human race, namely, that the United Nations has grown up a good deal faster than they have.

Let us now take a swift backward glance at what actually happened to the three Suez partners. Brushing the Charter aside, the British, French and Israeli governments, activated by one of the strangest coincidences of history, bent their concerted energies to the dual end of "stopping Nasser" (to use the current vernacular) and internationalizing the Suez Canal. Within a matter of days, they had stopped the Canal and internationalized Nasser.

If the recent General Assembly session showed one result above all others, it was the sudden ascendancy of the Egyptian delegation, buttressed by the whole Arab, African and Asian group and, towards the end of the session, by most of the Latin Americans as well—comprising three-quarters of the Assembly—and the public humiliation of the three nations. The culminating vote of seventy-four against the two remaining malingerers, France and Israel, on January 19, reached an all-time U.N. record, after Britain had belatedly switched to the side of world law and joined "We the Peoples" in telling her former accomplice to get back behind the Arab-Israel Armistice lines.

Where France stands nowadays as a Big Power, nobody quite knows, as Algeria is still a national rallying point of popular loyalty and indignation. The "mobilization of shame," which worked so effectively against the British, has not yet had time to penetrate to the French capital. But it will. No one doubts that, when Algeria takes her inevitable place along the line of emancipated North African republics, the price which the French people will have to pay for the Suez *malfaisance* will never put De Lesseps back on his pedestal again.

But who would have imagined, six months ago, that the U.N. Assembly could get rid of a British prime minister in full career, who had flouted its authority? That is what happened. Sir Anthony's temporary illness was more to be endured than the outraged voice of millions of Englishmen who paraded all week and packed the biggest halls with "Law Not War" on their ban-



ners. It is disingenuous of some Americans, who never put their heads inside the U.N. debates, to imagine that the resident of the White House or the Texas oil barons held secret strings in their hands tied to Downing Street or that it was the newspaper rumors of what the Russians were supposed to be hatching which toppled Sir Anthony from the pinnacle of a life-long practice of foreign affairs. The two fundamentally important open secrets of the Atomic Age that Sir Anthony Eden had not discovered were that all foreign affairs had now become domestic affairs and that the fragile Conference of Foreign Ministers, with which his career had started in League of Nations days, had grown into a working world-scale semblance to the House of Commons, with a life and character of its own. And the commoners were no longer the Big Powers, the "haves"—but the small powers—the "have-nots."

Nor did the United States "leadership" (that hackneyed and obsolete word!) have that direct impact on the Assembly's early decisions which the American press liked to convince its public it had shared so embarrassingly, in this case, with the Soviet Union. The "leadership" came, as insiders knew at the time, from Canada and India, closely flanked by so many other middle and smaller powers. The demise of Big Power "leadership" is one of the stark-staring facts about the new U.N. which our old-world nationalists just won't see. Likewise, the myth—so sedulously cultivated by some journalists who ought to know better—that the Assembly votes by "blocs" (except, of course, the Communist states) was exploded once and for all. The Assembly voting on practically all the vital Suez questions could more aptly be likened to a stampede—a stampede, if you like, away from the H-bomb—sweeping the Americans and Russians along with it. For the most part, in resolution after resolution, there never was a doubt as to what was the "right" thing to do, what was the "U.N." thing to do. Never has an Assembly been so nearly united on so many differing and crucial is-

ues as the Eleventh Assembly, as the records clearly demonstrate. The almost uncanny and spontaneous unanimity of those three score or more speeches and votes on the Suez aggressions took one's mind back to some prophetic words of General Carlos P. Romulo, spoken at the Tenth Assembly, which seemed rhetorically farfetched at that time, but which, within a year, had become contemporary history:

The United Nations has its mandate only nominally through the actions of governments . . . It derives its total strength not from the discussions on this floor, but from the determination of the world's peoples to keep it alive.

The cynic, at this point, will produce his trump card—the final, unarguable last word to damn any attempt to cultivate the forward look in world affairs, when it appears that right is about to triumph and humanity stands a chance of survival: *Russia!* What about the U.N.'s truckling to Russia over the Hungarian tragedy? In putting Britain, France and Israel through the mill, the Assembly was dealing with civilized, normally law-abiding nations; people who, even in their worst moments, have a feeling for parliamentary procedure and really want to keep the rules. But the Kremlin—what price your budding world parliament when totalitarians occupy nine of the front seats?

HERE WE pause a moment to examine one of the cleverest triplines yet devised by the split-worlders to impede U.N. action, when it appeared that the Assembly was about to act as a universal, almost sovereign, body on behalf of "We the Peoples." This trick of dialectics, which spread like wildfire across the matted backwoods of the daily press and the tangled undergrowth of the radio networks, was called: "double standard of morality." Russia's savage and unlawful onslaught on the people of Budapest was evil enough; but that this tragic episode—to which was tacked on a few weeks later the altogether dissimilar treatment of Kashmir by India—should have been exploited to undermine and

discredit the U.N.'s undoubted authority in the Arab-Israeli dispute, is a reminder that Satan himself can appear as an Angel of Light. Supporters of the Knowland doctrine were really insisting that the "good boys" should be encouraged to go wrong until the "bad boys" had reformed. This was, indeed, a strange mode of treatment for international delinquency, namely, that the rule of law was not to be applied in world affairs by the democratic powers (who based their domestic systems on it) until the Russians (who rejected it for domestic purposes) have set the example to the rest of the world.

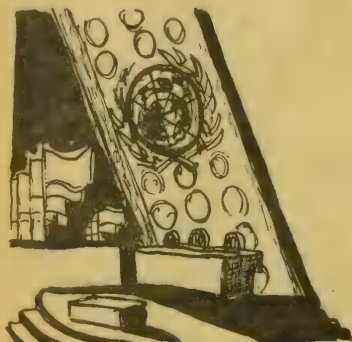
Fortunately, the U.N. Assembly, recognizing the "double standard" device for what it was—a deliberate heating up of the cold war when the Middle East was already about to erupt into an earth-wide conflagration—held fast to the principles of the Charter and proved, once again, that it was not to be fooled by platitudes. Obviously, the turbulent and interminable debates on what was happening in Hungary, coming into the thick of the Suez crisis, cannot be dismissed in one or two brief paragraphs. But three factors of crucial relevance emerged during those hectic sessions which it would be well to ponder, for they contain germs both of present guidance and future hope.

First, the treatment of their Charter obligations by the three "civilized" powers gave the green light to Russia's aggressions and, by straining the Assembly's timetable and machinery to the utmost, tended to block swift and resolute action. So the Assembly never had a



clear run on the Hungarian issue, thanks to its preoccupation with the delinquency of the three Western powers. That should stop some critics, at least, from condemning the U.N. for not moving in two different directions at the same moment.

Second, in spite of the repeated tactical errors of the anti-Communist forces in drafting resolutions so as



to hit Russia rather than help Hungary—thus making it more difficult for the large sympathetic group of neutralists to come in wholeheartedly on every point—the overwhelming solidarity of the Assembly once more, on all *essential* points, when the arguments and voting are scrutinized, can leave no doubt that Russia suffered an irreparable setback, thanks to this basically united abhorrence of Russia's actions at the very moment when Russia seemed to be steadily gaining the moral support of the uncommitted peoples in virtue of the Suez crisis. Moreover, because the U.N. had provided a firm common ground of protest, quite apart from what separate governments were saying, Russia lost at one blow all the prestige and influence in the Assembly she had undoubtedly built up since Stalin's death. Subsequent developments in the satellites have shown that Russia is not anxious to take on the whole U.N. again.

Third, the Suez and Hungarian incidents were not comparable. They plainly involved historical and geographical factors of an entirely different character which the anti-U.N. press and politicians kept under the counter in selling the public the "double standard" line. It could not honestly be expected that *any* modern government would concede

the national sovereignty demanded, in the heat of the moment, by outraged and hostile governments who, for ten long years, had themselves never been willing to concede their own sovereignty to the U.N., and allow political "observers" within its frontiers. It is all the more significant therefore, that, without advertisement or even prior debate, Dag Hammarskjöld should have slipped four of his most trusted and competent advisers into Budapest, by a side door, a few days after the Hungarians had slammed the front door on the Assembly. This triumph of Hammarskjöld's "quiet diplomacy" hardly received a mention in the editorials. Hammarskjöld's four wise men did more to put Humpty-Dumpty together again, and prepare the ground for the long-term rehabilitation of the Hungarian people who remain, than all the preaching in the Assembly hall. This approach, when all is said and done, is just the approach laid down by the Charter itself. It was the cold-war technique which lost out over the Hungarian episode, not the U.N.

WHAT some people do not yet grasp is that the United Nations is not a self-regulating mechanism dropped down from heaven, created and equipped by super-beings, to save mankind from the immaturities of their political leaders here on earth; it is an amalgam of their national policies and, sometimes, personal ambitions. In fact, the very critics who want the U.N. to act as a *Deus ex machina*, whenever it suits their particular political interests, are among the last to accord it the sovereign powers or independent funds it needs for its most elementary tasks. This is double morality, indeed!

Fortunately, however, because the basic interests of mankind are becoming more and more global and less and less national, the U.N. is steadily throwing up new patterns of thought and behavior which do not fit into any of the accepted nationalistic categories. In fact, the present Secretary-General—who is one of the advanced constitutional thinkers of our age—went straight

to the point when he spoke in 1955 to the Indian Council of World Affairs:

Ideology—the word is a little dangerous, especially when we come to a body now composed of seventy-six member states, representing all shades of ideas, philosophies and religions. But, all the same, I feel that there is something that might be called United Nations ideology, a United Nations ideology which is very much alive for everybody who is working in and for the organization.

It is this little-understood "ideology," binding together the curiously unique and ever-growing structure which surmounts the East River, which is transforming men as well as laws.

THIS STARTLINGLY alive body has thrown up definite standards and requirements of its own. It recognizes really great men for what they are—irrespective of their political prejudices, color of skin, personal wealth, or in what language they address the Assembly. In fact, by 1956, the Assembly had definitely come to acknowledge a limited range of "leadership," that is to say, a leadership whose ideology approximated that of the U.N.'s own. Its tests and standards are high ones, and they grow higher with each Assembly. At least a dozen well-known Assembly "names" spring to mind—covering as many different countries—names which, for the most part, receive only a casual mention in the American press and would probably not even be identified by the big majority of the legislators in Washington—or in London or Paris, for that matter.

Here at the U.N., the new delegate meets an unexpected phenomenon which, on the world level, has big favors to offer in personal respect and prestige. But he also soon learns that the Assembly has acquired the disconcerting habit of cutting down small men—small, that is, by U.N. standards—to their appropriate size. No "outsider" could walk in and tell the Assembly that it didn't really matter. No novice could bully or barnstorm this kind of gathering, or treat the "neu-



trals" therein—representing half the human race—as if they didn't count. Outside, the U.N. could be slandered, derided and misrepresented; inside, it has to be respected. Why is this?

The studied courtesy and orderliness, the sense of personal dignity and the mutual give-and-take which prevails in even the smallest sub-committee, operating within this extraordinary model of global democracy, impress the sensitive delegate at every turn. While he cannot but note his own insignificance—having, at best, only a tiny assignment on so immense an agenda—he cannot but feel elevated and even flattered that he should have been selected by his government to assist in making world history on this level. Everyone here is a "distinguished" delegate. The adjective, once a matter of form, has become of the very substance of the Assembly. He is treated by his fellow-delegates as a person of intrinsic im-

portance, or he wouldn't be here at all. If he comes from a small or remote country, *this* is the experience of a lifetime.

THUS, the U.N. has its own way of making small men out of big men and big men out of small men. And it has been assisted in this process by the tendency—all too obvious at the recent Assembly—for the Big Powers to assign second-raters to speak for them, while the small and middle powers send their outstanding statesmen and intellectual elite to treat the U.N. Assembly as though it did approximate a world parliament. Little wonder, therefore, that the initiative in world-based policy is visibly passing from the Big Powers. In disarmament, atomic energy, economic development, trusteeship and on a score of other constructive items, it has been the small and middle powers who are pressing on and the Big Powers who are holding back.

The one hope for the Big Powers is to send men to the U.N. who know what it is all about and who can put the building of world democracy before the building of a political career.

In short, an entirely new pattern is arising on the East River which is making some of Dr. Toynbee's boldest prophesies look like current history. How much longer shall we be content to acquiesce in an obsolete military "leadership" which, in face of the crushing debacle which humbled and discredited three Big Powers in Suez and Hungary and rolled back the Chariots of Zion, *still* insists on foisting Copernican doctrines on an Einsteinian universe? It was Einstein himself who said: "Peace cannot be kept by force; it can only be achieved by understanding."

These words convey precisely the lesson of the U.N. Eleventh Assembly from beginning to end. But will the Big Powers learn it in time?

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## SHALE-OIL SHELL GAME . . by Roscoe Fleming

*Denver, Colorado*

OUT OF THE current Congressional investigation of oil-industry practices, a demand has arisen for banning the huge imports of foreign oil into this country. The ostensible reason for the demand is that American oil companies with oil fields abroad enjoy a considerable advantage over purely domestic companies in producing fuel for the American market. It was revealed, for instance, that U.S.-owned Aramco, exploiter of the fabulously rich Saudi Arabian fields, pays no taxes to the United States.

The ostensible reason is unquestionably also a valid one for doing something about Aramco and other companies in a similar position. But there is more to the matter than this. It is not through accident that

among the opponents of continued high oil imports are Senators O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Carroll of Colorado. Both states have enormous oil-shale resources which today remain undeveloped because of the power of the oil-industry lobby.

Just after World War II began, while Hitler's submarines were sinking ships within sight of our shores and the glare of burning tankers lighted up the windows of Miami, the government began a crash program to find ways of making liquid fuels out of our enormous coal and Western oil-shale deposits. The shale alone is now estimated to contain more than a trillion barrels of oil underlying about 1,500 square miles—some twenty times as much as the United States has used in all its history. Just the richest shales—those considered more immediately exploitable—contain more than 100 billion barrels, or some five times our present estimated petroleum reserve.

When the war emergency had passed, the oil industry, not prepared to brook this potential competition, began a persistent campaign to close down the program. It succeeded first with the coal-hydrogenization plant in Missouri, which had cost taxpayers \$50 millions; immediately upon coming into office as Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay leased the plant for a song to private industry—and *not* for coal hydrogenization.

The oil lobby found the government's oil-shale research project in the cliffs of the Navy's reserve near Rifle, Colorado, harder to strangle. The Bureau of Mines, which operated it, had advanced cheap, huge-scale mining to the point where crushed shale could be brought to the retort at less than 50 cents a ton, and had made equally important progress in retorting the shale (as the process of producing the crude oil from the crushed rock is called).

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**ROSCOE FLEMING**, co-author of *Sun, Sea and Sky*, writes extensively on conservation problems and the development of the West.

May 18, 1957

Estimates of the cost of producing gasoline from shale varied somewhat, but experts generally agreed that it could now be made at only a few cents more per gallon than from petroleum. In any case, the margin was too close for comfort for the oil industry. Mr. McKay, a master in the practice of commissioning the coyotes to look after the sheep, asked a committee from the oil industry to advise him what to do with the Rifle enterprise; not unexpectedly, the committee recommended that it be closed down. Mr. McKay wholeheartedly agreed. Congress proved harder to convince, but only slightly so; after all, its leaders in both House and Senate are good and faithful members of what I call the B.O.P., or Bipartisan Oil Party (more powerful in oil matters than the two major parties). The Rifle project was first virtually wrecked through reduced appropriations, necessitating dismissal of most of the research staff. Finally, on June 30 last year, it was formally closed down and put on a standby basis.

THUS THE inauguration of a successful U.S. oil-shale industry was put almost as far away as it was when Hitler's submarines brought on the crash program; and the United States, and to a large extent the Western world, again were made dependent for fuel on slender lifelines from beyond the seas. Scarcely four months later, the closing of the Suez Canal brought the lesson resoundingly home. Western Europe passed a miserable, fuel-short winter, and in this country public attention focussed to some extent, but not enough, upon the dereliction of the Eisenhower Administration in the developing of our domestic fuel resources.

As part of the game, the oil-industry advisers had solemnly assured Mr. McKay that the industry was ready to take over where Rifle had left off. Indeed it is not! The largest oil companies in the United States are among those which long ago acquired blocks of the richest oil-shale country in Western Colorado (the richest had all passed into private ownership by the time the government had reserved the rest under

the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920). But the only company that has so far made a move in the direction of development is medium-sized Union Oil of California. A new-type retorting plant built by this company near Grand Valley, Colorado, at a cost of \$5 millions, will be dedicated next week. Union Oil owns approximately 40,000 acres underlaid by about five billion barrels of shale-oil in the richest, or "mahogany ledge," stratum alone.

The retort is already in test production, and indications are that the company's approach will be successful. It still faces, however, the problem of refining and transporting the oil. From the refiner's point of view, the organic content of shale, called "kerogen," resembles an atrociously low-grade crude. Union Oil is accustomed to refining low-grade California crudes, but this does not help much with the shale product. In water-short Western Colorado, both government and private researchers have learned how to retort shale without using water, but so far a

waterless refining technique is beyond them. Yet some degree of refining must be done on the spot, for the crude is as viscous as jelly at ordinary temperatures; it won't flow through pipelines unless heated to nearly 100 degrees, which is clearly impractical. Had the oil industry not succeeded in stopping government research, some of these problems might already have been solved.

A second research enterprise by private industry, involving the retort process only, is the \$250,000 project of the Oil Shale Corporation of California, to develop the revolutionary Aspeco retorting technique patented in Sweden. In this process the crushed shale is tumbled in a steel cylinder with ceramic balls heated to 1,000 degrees. The oil-shale comes off as vapor, and the spent shale, which still contains considerable carbon, is burned to preheat the balls. A pilot retort has been built at the Denver Research Institute of the University of Denver, under direction of Drs. Shirley Johnson and Charles Prien. The technique seems so far to promise success.

Dr. C. W. Schroeder of the University of Maryland has estimated that the curve of rising costs of petroleum production will meet the descending curve of shale-oil production costs in the early 1960s, and that a commercial shale industry may then begin. At the present pace of research, however, it is questionable if private industry will be able to confirm Dr. Schroeder as a prophet.

This was the situation as Westerners in Congress began their maneuvering to establish a shale-oil industry. The production of two million barrels daily, it is estimated, would require 100,000 workers, which means—when families are reckoned—the addition of several hundred thousand people to the area's population. It is also anticipated that the industry would turn some of Western Colorado's lovely pine-clad hills and valleys into a smoke-filled American Ruhr. Eugene C. Ayres once estimated that complete conversion of the oil-shales would produce enough ashes to cover all of Colorado six feet deep. But this is the





stuff of which Chamber of Commerce dreams are made.

One way of hastening shale-oil development would be to extend to shale operators the 27.5 per cent "depletion allowance" from income taxes now enjoyed by the oil industry; or conversely, to eliminate the allowance altogether. Shale generally operates with a 5 per cent allowance; under some interpretations of the law, it could get 15 per cent. Even so, the difference is considerable; equalization would greatly reduce the cost advantage which now accrues to the oil industry. The

governors of eleven Western states, meeting recently at San Francisco, were too oil-industry-minded to suggest cutting the latter's immense depletion advantage (estimated at more than \$1.5 billions yearly), but they did suggest to Congress, upon motion of Colorado's young governor Stephen L. R. McNichols, that the privilege be extended to shale-oil producers. The oil industry is not likely to allow this.

The Congressional delegations of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah (the last is also underlaid by part of the shale deposit), would like to

force resumption of the government's research program. The idle works at Rifle have been turned over to the Navy and are ready to resume the moment money is appropriated and a staff can be recruited. (Some research, incidentally, has been continued by the Bureau of Mines at its Laramie, Wyoming, laboratory.) But the Congressmen are realistic-minded enough to know that the oil industry, powerful enough to have wrecked the government program once, is quite likely to prove powerful enough to thwart any attempt to resume it.

**David Cort**

## The Bigger They Are the Harder They Bawl

A MAGNIFICENT free course in magazine publishing has been running for the past three months in full-page newspaper ads (in New York, chiefly in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*). It described, at something under \$3,000 a page, how great America's big magazines are. Most of it was addressed to advertisers, not to you. Nevertheless, it will be a public service to capture this splendid panorama of the present moment in magazine publishing by synthesizing the major theme of each ad as it appeared day by day.

*McCall's*, Feb. 19: "Togetherness" for 5,000,000 women.

*Time*, Feb. 21: "I know, I ken, I can." *Time* knows and hence can.

*Life*, Feb. 25: Picture of baby and pony. "Priceless. Warm. Human. Advertisements that make a lasting impression." 5,740,000 circulation.

*Good Housekeeping*, Feb. 25: "Picture of health"—over 4,000,000 circulation.

*Time*, Feb. 26: Hey, advertisers, *Time* readers buy anything.

*Saturday Evening Post*, Feb. 26: "News brought into focus." 5,100,000.

*McCall's*, Feb. 27: Sequel to "The Day Lincoln Was Shot"—"The Day

Christ Died." "Tumultuous action, doomed Roman empire, tragic interplay, destined conclusion . . . you are there." (Better than Lincoln.)

*S.E.P.*, Feb. 27: 5,200,000. Leads at newsstands. Best-read.

*Parade*, March 4: Man with high-waisted pants—"too much coverage above the waste line"—attack on a competitor.

*Ladies' Home Journal*, March 4: "Women have a world of their own." 5,600,000.

*Life*, March 4: "The deeper meaning." 5,740,000. "Advertisements that make a deep and lasting impression."

*S.E.P.*, March 5: "Doesn't rush mere facts, photos into print. Really big stories—Is Don Newcombe a quitter?"

*Newsweek*, March 6: "Continuing Study of Capital Appropriations. For management, and com-mu-ni-ca-tive people."

*Coronet*, March 6: New invention

—"triple-action ad" (also issued as a throwaway).

*Time*, March 7: Baby climbing bookcase. "The need to know. *Time* readers are a product of natural selection." (They don't fall off the bookcase?)

*Newsweek*, March 11: For people who can spell com-mu-ni-ca-tive. 1,100,000. Tops in 50 biggest corporate ad campaigns.

*Life*, March 11: Jolly man and dog. "Jolly. Advertisements that make a deep and lasting impression." 5,800,000.

*McCall's*, March 12: Ad revenue up 27.8 per cent.

*Ladies' Home Journal*, March 13: "Gentlemen, what's in the *Journal* is none of your business: . . . Has 'hers' stitched right on it." 5,600,000.

*Pageant*, March 13: "Hi-bomb hits St. Louis and doesn't go off." Tough fighters, good lobsters, Appassionata von Climax, naked girls. Yippee. 98 per cent newsstand sales.

*McCall's*, March 14: Same as March 12.

*Good Housekeeping*, March 19: Skip this lesson—dull.

*Ladies' Home Journal*, March 20: Advertisers got 7,044,302 bonus ladies (divided by twelve).

*Time*, March 20: "Baffled, but resolved to know."

*Life*, March 21: 6,000,000 soon.

*Look*, March 26: *Look* likes peo-

## HOLIDAY

is up 18.4% in ad pages,

28.7% in ad revenue

for the first half of '57!

Adv. in New York Times

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life editor, and author of *The Big Picture* and *The Calm Man*, is a frequent contributor.

May 18, 1957

# BIGGEST 1<sup>ST</sup> QUARTER IN LOOK HISTORY

Adv. in New York Times

ple. Looks like more people: 5,000,000.

*This Week*, March 26: "For a super era a super magazine." 12,000,000. Thirty-seven newspapers.

*Newsweek*, March 27: Still spelling com-mu-ni-ca-tive.

*Reader's Digest*, March 28: "R.D. readers own forty-two per cent of dishwashers. Over half are women." 11,000,000.

*Ladies' Home Journal*, April 1: Still a woman's world. 5,600,000.

*Time*, April 3: Atoms? *Time* doesn't know, but knows ABOUT.

*McCall's*, April 3: The most, the most, the most. Ever!

And so on.

This sequence looks at first like a poker game, with bets being called and raised on circulations, the pot being of course advertising budgets. The actual situation is that four magazines have newly arrived in the 5,000,000-class. *Look* did it by paying a million dollars for defunct *Colliers* circulation. *McCall's* and, in part, *Ladies' Home Journal*, did it by splitting about two million *Woman's Home Companion* (also defunct) paid-up subscriptions, after weeding out duplications. The *Post* just got there. Meanwhile, *Good Housekeeping* keeps murmuring reproachfully that "Healthy, natural growth is better."

If *Look* can hold on to the *Colliers* readers, it will really bother *Life*. If the two big women's magazines can hold theirs, they will win back some ground from TV advertising. The *Post* is claiming the more intelligent readers, *Life* the warm-hearted ones. (Readers tend to grow more simple and warm-hearted as they grow more numerous.)

But these full-page ads are not really waging a small, internecine war among the magazines (though this must be returned to). The real enemy

in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines is TV.

These two ghoulish capital letters have struck a terror into magazine publishers that seems almost insensate. TV's actual share of advertising revenue has become a nightmarish question. Using exactly the same figures (always excluding enormous TV discounts to advertisers), very different results are published. One has TV getting 15 per cent of all revenue, magazines 9 per cent. Another has TV and radio getting 25 per cent of revenue, all magazines an approximately equal amount. Another gives the actual figures for 1956: TV network gross time \$488,000,000, TV spot \$397,500,000; general and national farm magazines, \$723,500,000. But the TV figures are less discounts and the magazine figures are not all-inclusive.

WHAT scares the magazines is that TV revenues are on the rise and include big budgets from the biggest advertisers. For example, last year the biggest spenders on TV spot were Procter & Gamble, Brown & Williamson (Viceroy cigarettes), General Foods, Sterling Drugs and Philip Morris, all accounts that the big magazines could use. A still unkinder cut is that the big advertising agencies have tended to give over 50 per cent of their clients' billing to TV, a percentage far above its "just" share. The agencies may be attracted by the huge profit margin in collecting a million-dollar commission on a \$50,000 TV film commercial. But the big advertisers, who typically have a huge profit margin to play with, themselves encourage this crude approach to their problems.

The magazines naturally want to go over the agency's head directly to the advertiser, particularly with their argument against TV; i.e., that

TV can only entertain, not say anything. TV may be all right for advertisers who haven't much to say, like the soap and cigarette people, but not for anything more complex than A plus B. Furthermore, the argument goes, you can't take a second look at a TV commercial, or keep it around the house like a magazine advertisement. And thirdly, since the TV ad yells at the consumer, it is as likely to enrage as win him, whereas magazine ads lie there politely waiting.

The magazines' weakness rests in that obscenity of obscenities, "duplication." When the *Woman's Home Companion* subscriptions were combed over, it was found that one-tenth duplicated *McCall's* subscribers and another tenth the *Ladies' Home Journal* subscribers. One-twentieth of *Companion* readers had subscribed to all three magazines. This is 25 per cent duplication. Add the unknown duplication of *McCall's* and *Ladies Home Journal*, and you have between a third and a half; add *Life* and the *Post*, and you may have nearly 100 per cent.

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**LIFE's weekly circulation  
will soon be  
over 6,000,000**

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Adv. in New York Times

Advertisers recognize duplication by roughly dividing space between the women's and the general magazines; but there are not too many advertisers who can pay the high advertising rates of magazines past the 5,000,000 mark, even if these reach from twenty to thirty million people—as many as a good TV network program.

On a one-shot program, TV can safely claim that it has almost no duplication. Nobody can look at two channels simultaneously, though one can switch in mid-program, of course, or switch to another channel next week. At one time, TV even let advertisers kill off competition completely. By guaranteeing that no competitive product would be advertised within fifteen minutes, TV let one advertiser freeze four or five competitive categories of products



off the air for the best ninety minutes of night time. The trick was to buy two fifteen-minute spots half an hour apart and run commercials on four or five different lines of products. This was easy for P. & G., General Foods and Colgate.

But in fact, ephemeral as slick magazines are, TV is still more ephemeral. Who is looking at any particular program, how many, why, for how long and to what purpose, are still unanswerable questions. A magazine can prove it gets into 5,000,000 homes, and *almost* prove that 20,000,000 people pick it up 100,000,000 times, more or less, in the week, or month, or longer that the copy lasts intact.

TV's challenge, however, has made the magazines search their souls. The apparent answer of the women's magazines, if we can believe the full-page ads, is that they are more feminine than ever. This seems to be the exact opposite of the fact. *The Nation* suggested last year (September 15 issue) that the love affair between certain advertisers and the women was in trouble. An investment survey just completed corroborates this, and goes on to say that the women's magazines, notably *McCall's*, are therefore evolving editorially toward the general magazine. This can perhaps be more correctly stated as that women's magazines are trying to identify their audiences as a particular kind of woman who is also interested in general subjects. (The editorial content of *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, *Woman's Day*, richly confirms this statement.) As *Time* said, the new woman buys just anything, not only P. & G. and General Foods products.

## The trend at McCall's is

# UP

Adv. in New York Times

What has happened is that an undifferentiated mass of readers is no longer good enough to support a mass-circulation periodical. (*This Week* and *Reader's Digest* have the reader-mass, but not the advertising.) The developed relationship between the reader and the magazine is all-important; in short, the honor and integrity of the magazine are the key to its survival. This should always have been obvious; yet very few big magazine publishers have any but the dimmest notion of these great concepts. (Every new magazine is aware of them, but the vision fades.) They have flim-flammed the readers too long into sitting still for the advertiser's pitch; they have produced too many seven-day wonders, too many rabbits out of hats, repeated too many sure-thing stories too often, confirmed too many popular lies; and slowly that stain of skepticism has crept into the faithful reader's eye.

WHAT TO DO? The answer is obvious. At least get honor and integrity into the full-page ads in *The*

*New York Times*. The *Post* and *Time* seem to have best caught the point in the ads reviewed earlier. *Good Housekeeping*, an honorable magazine, seemed unable to get it across.

Some magazines that did not enter the course are to be found among the dozen leaders in auto-advertising pages for 1956. They are *Grit*, the small-town magazine; *U.S. News and World Report*, *Farm Journal* and *Sunset Magazine*. These are all distinguished by reasonable honesty and reader loyalty. It should be clear that something is happening to reading and believing habits of Americans—and that the advertisers are profoundly interested in it. (No claim is made that the analysis given here is the final and definitive one.)

If, in some impossible future, consumer-advertising were lost to general media entirely, the individual American would be far worse off than he is now. The immense, and generally awful, consequences are too complex and repulsive to be contemplated here. Such a possibility is only a reminder to magazine publishers that their hope and salvation is the individual citizen, with all his whims, rather than the advertiser who picks up the check.

It was not pleasant to have to write last June, "The existing press is primarily a vending machine. . . . It is unfair and irrelevant to criticize this vending machine because it dispenses Coca-Cola instead of truth." But another way of saying the same thing is the magazines' own description of themselves as "media" not for ideas, but for the merchandising of baby foods, detergents and washing machines.

## The Saturday Evening Post announces a new rate base:

# 5,200,000

Adv. in New York Times

May 18, 1957

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Misfortune of a Nation

IN THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION. By Alger Hiss. Alfred A. Knopf. 424 pp. \$5.

Mark DeWolfe Howe

WHEN Whittaker Chambers in *Witness* tearfully and joyfully exposed himself, he sought something more than the indecent satisfaction of undressing in public. He believed that if once more he could tell his story to the American people they would appreciate the heroism of his penitence and the immensity of the nation's peril. He evidently built his volume on two assumptions: first, that the jury's verdict foreclosed the issue of veracity as between himself and Mr. Hiss; and, second, that by telling the story of his own shabby life he would add significant perspective to public understanding of the tragic events which led to the conviction of his erstwhile friend.

Alger Hiss has now written an absorbing book which is built upon two very different assumptions. The title he has chosen—*In the Court of Public Opinion*—reveals the purpose which moved him to write his book. But he is not, like Chambers, concerned to establish his heroism and his innocence by telling the story of his life. He seeks to reveal the elements in our legal system and to expose the aspects of our political life which made his conviction possible. Save in the last chapter, where evidence is summarized tending to show the probability that forgery by typewriter was committed, the materials presented by Mr. Hiss are generally familiar to persons who followed the case with reasonably close attention. Those who looked beyond the dis-

puted questions of fact and the central issue of credibility as between Chambers and Hiss were undoubtedly aware of the influence which public emotion, political ambition and malice, and the excesses of the prosecutor had upon the outcome of the case. Nowhere else, however, have these elements by which the due processes of law were distorted been so carefully and persuasively analyzed. Mr. Hiss tells his story, not as the personal tragedy of a man and his family, but as the misfortune of a nation which found, yet did not very much care, that the instruments of government, effective in normal times for the administration of justice, were dangerous and clumsy weapons in a period of national alarm.

IF ONE believed that the issue in the Hiss case involved nothing more momentous than the decision whether Alger Hiss lied to the federal grand jury it would be easy, perhaps, to say that the petty jury's verdict concludes that issue, or at least that the verdict is sufficiently conclusive to put the nation's conscience at ease. We know, however, that the refutation of Hiss's sworn testimony was largely dependent upon the spongy word of Whittaker Chambers, a sinner who has found more joy in his public confessions than pleasure in his secret vices. If one has any interest in our national taste it is impossible to refrain from asking how American jurors could be persuaded to give credence to such a man as Chambers in preference to such a man as Hiss.

The reason why the grand and petty juries preferred the word of Chambers to that of Hiss was not, I believe, that reliable evidence corroborated his melodramatic story. The forces of persuasion were many and complicated. To say that Mr. Hiss has not discussed and analyzed them all is not to deny the great significance of those which he does

analyze. He has, in my judgment, presented a careful and an honest argument to establish his belief that the jury's preference was in large part the result of skilful maneuvering by members of the House Committee on un-American Activities. Resolved to justify their investigations at a time when their continued life was in danger, they saw that the exposure of Alger Hiss might give them a new lease on life. As Mr. Hiss makes abundantly clear, they drifted, partly in malice against the nation's past and partly in hopeful expectations for their own future, into the position of endorsing the patriotism if not the honor of Chambers. Their mounting gratitude for his responsive intelligence and flexible conscience led them to present Chambers to America as a tarnished but repentant hero.

To defend themselves they became the prosecutors of Alger Hiss and they found it advisable to submit the question of his guilt or innocence to the judgment of the people. They used their power, if not their authority, to transform the Committee from an agency of investigation into an instrument of persuasion. By the time the Hiss case came to the federal court for final resolution an eager United States attorney was able to build his case upon foundations of prejudice which the House Committee had firmly laid.

In my opinion there is little doubt that Mr. Hiss has proved this case. He has, in other words, satisfied me that abuses of Congressional power, supplemented by the excessive zeal of the prosecutor, go farther to explain the second jury's verdict than does any presumption that twelve jurors who heard the witnesses accurately measured the conflicting testimony. Mr. Hiss's indictment of the methods by which his conviction was facilitated must disturb those who are anxious to safeguard the integrity of the judicial system and its processes. The lesson that he asks us to learn from his case seems to me to be this: the capacity of courts to administer justice is largely dependent

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on the restraint of other agencies of government. A jury's verdict is normally entitled to respect not merely because the formalities of law have been observed, but because the judicial process was chosen by the government and the people as that through which guilt or innocence should be established. When a Congressional committee so conducts its affairs as to suggest that the public at large has primary jurisdiction to hear and decide criminal cases, it commits itself to the subversive enterprise of upsetting the presuppositions of our legal system. Once the decision has been made to bring a case to trial in the court of public opinion it makes relatively little difference whether the prosecuting committee has the bad manners of McCarthy or the more polished skill of Nixon. The bridge to subversion has been crossed. From that moment on, the basis of our confidence in the traditional means of adjudication—trial in a court of law—has been undermined. The federal court before which Alger Hiss was brought to trial was asked to decide a question which the committee had already submitted to a frightened people for their decision. Surely it is not surprising that Alger Hiss should ask us to keep these factors in mind when we ask ourselves whether the jury's decision that he had lied concludes the issue of his guilt.

THERE are sure to be some readers who will be disappointed that Mr. Hiss has not followed the lead of his antagonist and allowed his spirit to run naked and weeping through the streets. One of the ironies in Mr. Hiss's tragedy, perhaps, is the fact that he has never been able or willing to cast aside the stiff reserve of a proud lawyer. If it was inevitable—as perhaps it was in 1948—that the House Committee should succeed in its subversive effort to have the Hiss case tried by the people before it could be heard by the courts, might not the accused have been wiser to meet his attackers more in the open than he did? This is not to suggest that the charges against him were justified or that he committed perjury. It is only to suggest that had he spoken more

fully about the evolution of his political beliefs and the changing color of his liberal faith, it would have been more difficult for his prosecutors to persuade the people that he had been guilty of suspicious concealments. Alger Hiss behaved at all times as he would have behaved before a court of law. Perhaps we who consider the committee's effort subversive should honor him for standing in the ancient ways, for behaving more like an outraged lawyer than like an indignant citizen. We cannot help wondering, however, whether he might not have saved himself from disaster by substituting for the familiar defensive tactics suitable in a court of law those distasteful techniques of controversy which are likely to be effective in the court of public opinion.

When Alger Hiss decided to write this book he recognized the court to which the House Committee had assigned jurisdiction. He still defends himself, however, as a lawyer. Those who may have been hoping that Hiss, when it came his turn to ap-

peal to the court of public opinion, would speak with such passion and such fervor that the flame of his indignation would cast light on the darker mysteries of the case will be disappointed in the book. We see again the figure of a proud and thoughtful man. We see, perhaps more clearly than ever before, the shape of forces which made an unjust conviction possible. We are not, however, compelled by new revelations of fact or character to re-assess the elements on which our earlier judgment of Hiss's guilt or innocence was based.

TO SAY these things, to indicate that those who hoped for a sensational book will be disappointed, is not to suggest that Mr. Hiss failed to achieve his purpose. He has not sought to prove his innocence, but merely to persuade the American people that the processes of law are distorted by those who brought him to trial. The dignity and integrity of his effort cannot help but strengthen the faith of those who

### To C, with Two Lines from Eluard

*They threaten us with war.*

*They threaten us with peace.*

They threaten us with the barbarity of races,

And with the abominations of the psyche.

They threaten us with good harvests.

They threaten us with famine.

They threaten us with themselves.

(O, insufficient warning!)

They threaten us with ourselves.

(This also comes too late.)

They threaten us with the new expressionism,

With chemical preservatives having unknown effects on the gizzard;

With flatulence and the proper pronunciation of sheiks' names;

With the Sunday *Times* and with flesh-colored prosthetic devices;

With chiaroscuro and with motherhood;

They even offer to threaten us with literary criticism.

And what a Devil's-turd they have brought up, poling through history!

It is worth a life's appetite to breathe over one's shoulder.

When catcalls drove them off Atlantis,

Immediately they managed to foretell chimeras from the moon.

O what tigers they must think men are, to threaten us so!

What a carp's fecundity we must have to teem the seas dry

And locust down the makings of the world!

What bears to jostle with created things!

What falcon minds to crawl the skymost imagination!

These are the noble threats which Mexicans

Carry to festivals on a pole.

And yet I fear these death's-heads jaw too much.

To see them is to disbelieve them.

They too, alas, are men.

S. P. ZITNER

believe him innocent. Perhaps these qualities in the book will also weaken the conviction of some who have believed him guilty. In any case Alger Hiss has made it impossible for those who want to forget the case to justify their forgetfulness by citing its final disposition in the

courts. Whether the tribunal of history will accept or reject the jury's verdict we cannot say. It seems clear, however, that it will condemn the action of those who converted an investigating committee of the Congress into a prosecuting agency of the government.

## The Footsteps of Horace

*JUSTINE.* By Lawrence Durrell. Faber and Faber. 15/

*SELECTED POEMS.* By Lawrence Durrell. Grove Press. 79 pp. \$1.25.

Kenneth Rexroth

ONE OF the best, and certainly one of the most civilized writers in England today is Lawrence Durrell. Maybe that is why he is what is called inadequately known on this side. He has written a couple of superlative travel books, literary essays, miscellaneous *belles lettres*, four volumes of poetry, and two novels, different from each other and each quite unlike any other fictions of our day—at least until they produce imitators. Grove Press has gathered a selection of the poems. The only thing wrong with it is that it is much too short. I enjoy Durrell's poetry more than that of anybody else anywhere near his age—45—now writing in the British Isles. In fact, only MacDiarmid, Muir and Read appeal to me as much. It is a poetry of tone, the communication of the precise quality of a very precious kind of reverie—animalism and skeptic faith recollected in tranquillity. Wallace Stevens wrote with the same emotional subject matter, but his poetry is cooked and strident in comparison with Durrell's easy relaxation. Again, he is gifted with a gentle, unself-conscious eroticism very rare in our nasty and Puritan world—never nastier than amongst our advanced *émancipés*.

The poet who has probably influenced him most is Georgis Kavafis, the only homosexual writer in history who was not ridden with guilt. Durrell's loves and adventures have been more normal and less random, so that he is saved from Kavafis' heart-rending nostalgia for vanished and vanishing fulfillment. No one writing verse today can better evoke a scene, a place, a room, a situation, the body of a woman, alive at just that fleeting moment that it lived, with all the meaning of its present, and all the

pathos of its vanishing. Again, no one can better bow over unspeaking, resonant strings. Durrell's overtones and references would be destroyed by notes. It is just a haunting flavor of Gibbon's Theodora—lurking in the background with her rumors of bearpits and brothels—that counts in Durrell's poem to a modern intellectual tart of the same name. What glitters in the foreground is the gold fleck in the living girl's eye. And it is all done so simply, with never a mirror; the best kind of legerdemain, without a stick of apparatus. Durrell's ancestor is Horace. Someday, when the world has calmed down, we will again realize that Horace is the perfect artist he was known to be in less troubled times. Right now, Lawrence Durrell is the only person I know who has the guts to walk in his footsteps.

JUST BEFORE the war Durrell wrote a novel, *The Black Book*. Nobody who read it ever quite got over it. It is the story, told from the inside, of a bunch of thoroughly wretched characters—intellectuals seeking exquisite debauchery. It gets just the right tone. It is so perfect, so dead-pan, you have to think it over before you realize that Durrell himself didn't really mean it. Lots of people have portrayed the evils of musical beds. I believe quite a few novels nowadays deal with this and related subjects. By and large, scratch a pornographer and a furious puritan emerges from the tousled bed covers. Through *The Black Book's* disgraceful boudoirs there floats only the gentle echo of Epicurean malice.

*Justine* is at least the equal of *The Black Book*, from the comic irony of its title to the tour de force of a tour de force that is its style. It is an imitation of what the French call a *recit* of a weak, pretentious schoolmaster and amateur of the sensibility, who is very busy writing fine writing about his ridiculously self-conscious *amours*. But the take-off on fine writing is itself fine writing—very fine indeed—and the two qualities, the real and its satirical mirror image, are so blended and confused that

the exact nature of the "aesthetic satisfaction" is impossible to analyze. Proust manages this sometimes, like the absurd scene where his hero uses pages to describe the maneuvers by which he managed to spy on Charlus in the lumber room. Durrell is much more economical—Proust is so delighted to discover a spark of humor rising in his humorless mind that he usually works his jokes to death.

Once again Durrell has turned to Kavafis—in fact *Justine* is almost a novelification (like a versification but backwards) of Kavafis' poetry. It is not just an evocation, but a bodily conjugation of Alexandria—soft, sweet, corrupt and crazy, like some impossibly cloying tropical fruit. Shanghai—Alexandria—Tangiers—only our time has produced these sanatoria with the luxury rooms full of uprooted, rotting infants and the corridors full of eyeless beggars exhibiting their sores. Not only is the city so real that it envelops you like a cloud of its own miasmas, but the people are more real than real. The realist of all is the proverbial tart with a heart of gold. Both Durrell and I have been taken to task by the same British critics for imagining that this type of girl actually exists. He certainly makes her very convincing. I doubt that he just thought her up. Like all hearts of gold, she dies as pathetically as any Dickens girl. I don't think the other people have hearts at all—there doesn't seem to be anything inside them but dry rales and spoiling orchids, but they are frighteningly like the people you know.

## Peace

Somewhere is peace  
Where a ridge of black pines  
Throws shadows downward to a house  
of peace;

A house moated and moored  
Against time—  
Bright time burning, time rolling.

Break the spun wheel.  
Walk to dear darkness.

They are mauled by movement,  
The stiff strugglers  
Against the downdrawn shadows of  
pines.

I see them perish, palsied  
On the whirl of time.  
I see them rigid in a clutch of motion.  
I see them die in a house of peace.

And I would shutter me up from light  
And the delirium of space,  
Knowing the darkness of one night  
And of one place.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent book is *In Defense of Earth*.



# Economics of the Feed-Back

**AUTOMATION: ITS PURPOSE AND FUTURE.** By Magnus Pyke. Philosophical Library. 191 pp. \$10.

**THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF AUTOMATION.** By Paul Einzig. W. W. Norton & Co. 255 pp. \$3.95.

**Roy J. Sampson**

THE RAPID development of electronic computers has spawned a number of exotic children, including Operations Research, Linear Programming and Automation. The first two, which actually are old techniques wearing new names, have been embraced by literary-minded professional economists. Automation, however, which really is something new, and which is accompanied by a host of problems peculiarly within the province of economic science, has been left largely to the engineers, managers, laborites and politicians. It is to the shame of American economists that these two excellent books, one by a chemist and the other by a financial expert, had to originate in Britain.

Both Pyke and Einzig define automation in its broadest sense; that is, as a technique plus a philosophy. Both foresee a second Industrial Revolution, comparable in its social effects to the first, wherein not only muscle power but routine brain power will be replaced. They agree that this revolution is inevitable and probably desirable from the overall viewpoint, but both fear some of its possible consequences. Because of the authors' differing interests and approaches, however, the two books complement rather than compete with each other. Dr. Einzig writes of practical economic problems, whereas Mr. Pyke is concerned with the more important but more vague values of individualism, culture and human dignity.

Nine of Pyke's thirteen chapters are devoted to present or potential applications of automation in specific industries or occupations. These include engineering, chemistry, the petroleum industry, accounting, transport, merchandising, food and catering, guided missiles and automatic language translation. The principal merits of this section of his work are the author's simplicity of style and his interpretative and historical insights. The least technical reader can follow his discussion without difficulty, and the most prosaic will find food for his imagination.

Pyke's major contributions, however,

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are in his introductory and concluding chapters. It is here that the pertinent human questions are raised. Will our way of thinking be adapted to the machine, or vice versa? Will the need for labor finally be overtaken by the labor-saving capacity of the new techniques? If so, what will be the impact of the Leisure State upon a people dedicated to the Gospel of Work? Will the impersonalism of automation be extended to social and political decision-making? Will society preserve a place for the non-conformist, or will we become a robotized ant colony? Needless to say, the author does not have definitive answers to these questions, but it is important that the questions be asked. One gathers the impression that Pyke hopes for the best but would not be too greatly surprised if something less than the best developed.

EINZIG challenges the premise that the problems of automation can be solved by existing economic theory. Whether or not we need a new "Automation Economics," as he suggests, or only an application of present economic analysis to automation problems, is largely a matter of terminology. There is little dispute, however, that neither "classical" nor "Keynesian" economists have given sufficient attention to the potential problems of automation. To remedy this deficiency, the author devotes one or more chapters each to the probable effects of automation on employment, output, price levels, distribution of the product, capitalization, international trade and exchange, business cycles, monetary and fiscal policies, raw materials supplies, government intervention, wage policies, underdeveloped nations and national defense. Parenthetically, his analysis does not utilize a "new" economics. In addition, several chapters deal with technological, commercial and social aspects of automation.

Einzig's basic position might be described as a safe middle-of-the-road one. He concludes that the dangers of automation are not so great as claimed by its opponents, nor so small as maintained by its enthusiasts. The long-run advantages of the new technique far outweigh its admitted transitional disadvantages. And even the short-run disadvantages may be minimized by prompt and correct action.

Einzig's optimism is less cautious than Pyke's. As examples, two of his possible "answers" may be cited. Con-

cerning the possible rapid exhaustion of irreplaceable raw materials because of a "too-rapid increase in the standard of living resulting from automation," he finds that "Planning on national and international scale is the only answer to this problem." One may be pardoned for wondering if this is an "answer" or a dream. Again, in discussing the sharing of the benefits of automation, he suggests "some intelligent compromise in which all legitimate interests would be reconciled with each other and with the public interest." This is likely to occur on the day when philosophers become kings and kings philosophers! Meantime, we still are faced with the short-run problems of adapting to automation.



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# THEATRE

## Robert Hatch

WHEN O'Neill escaped from the family suicide implicit in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* he deserted his older brother James; in after years he paid for this with an irrational sense of guilt. In *A Moon for the Misbegotten* (Bijou) he dramatizes an episode from the family history which suggests that James found at least a moment of companionship, understanding and love before he died. By attributing a measure of fulfillment to his brother, O'Neill could accept a measure of peace for himself.

Or so we are tempted to speculate. We are assuming these days an identity between the various Tyrones of the plays and the members of the O'Neill family who obviously inspired them. I suspect that in time we shall find we have been too literal about it. But in the case of *A Moon for the Misbegotten* it is hard to avoid the notion—and the notion is what gives the play its poignancy—that O'Neill was trying to lay the ghost of his brother.

It seems a rationalized play, skilful as to plot, but uneasy, even specious, in its motivations. Unless you assume that it is factual, you may have trouble believing that it is plausible. Since Genet's *The Maids* I have not seen a play in which the truth was so evasive.

Toward the end of his life Jim Tyrone inherited a worn-out Connecticut farm that was being worked in a desultory way by a drunken Irish tenant and his almost ludicrously Rabelaisian daughter. Jim liked to drink with Mike Hogan and he soon came under the spell of the slutish Josie. When he threatened to sell the place, however, Hogan and his daughter cooked up a badger game, and late one moonlit night the scapegrace landlord walked into the trap.

Up to that point the play sounds a likely sequel to the sour miseries of *Long Day's Journey*, but then the focus changes. Jim was only kidding about the sale and Hogan, knowing it, was only trying to promote a romance which he thought would bring joy to the lonely pair. For Josie is really an idealistic maiden, yearning with mother love, and Jim is a tired little boy who wants to weep and sleep on the bosom of an understanding nurse. In the dawn light, everyone is transformed: the crafty Hogan is a kindly old cupid, the foul-mouthed Josie is a monument of self-denying love, and Jim has found the grail of understanding and forgiveness.

It is an affecting scene and would

make you glad about the ways of men and women if you could accept it. But the Hogans ring false as ministering angels and the theory that true confession is good for the soul seems an easy solution to the terrible experience of being a Tyrone. It is unlike O'Neill to force a play into reconciliation, and I cannot escape the feeling that in this, his last work, he wrote not what he understood, but what he wanted to believe. The trick behind the trick, says Hogan, is the spice of life. It is also a device by which a dramatist's heart may deny what his mind knows.

CYRIL CUSACK, a veteran of the Irish theatre, plays the crafty farmer. He uses all the tricks—the falsetto voice, the jabs, winks, leers, pate-scratching and dead-pan sallies—of Abbey Theatre knockabout farce and he makes great fun with the material O'Neill supplies.

Wendy Hiller and Franchot Tone have a harder time. Miss Hiller appears to be unfamiliar with farm wench behavior and displays a rough and immodest awkwardness that seems almost spastic. She is presumably haunted also by the knowledge that in the closing scenes she will have to assume a wise and suffering nobility for which she can find little forewarning in the earlier pages of the script. And Mr. Tone is in the thankless position of author's pawn. He overacts heartiness, he overacts contrition, he even hams pouring a drink or lighting a cigarette, and he is convincing only in the rather long stretch at the end when he is asleep in Josie's arms. I see nothing in the text to justify this hollow behavior—Tyrone was supposed to feel at home around the Hogan farm—and I attribute it to an experienced actor's feeling that his part does not hold together.

All this, I fear, is also a reflection on Carmen Capalbo's direction. He wisely gave Mr. Cusack his head, but he seems not to have found any solution to the problems of his other two principals.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THE RECITAL of experimental music given recently by the devoted young pianist, David Tudor, was the most distasteful and encervating event of the present musical season. Tudor, himself, is a good pianist—tense, sensitive, and possessed of evident intellectual capacities. He snorts a bit as he plays, but that is a minor disability. The music he chose to perform was enough to challenge both sanity and patience.

Four members of the European avant-garde were represented on the program: Karlheinz Stockhausen (German); Bo Nilsson and Bengt Hambraeus (Swedish); and Henri Pousseur (Belgian). They are all of them 12-tone composers. And, if ears are any judge, they are devoted to the idea of total disintegration. Dissociated thumps and spasms; brief, incongruous commotions—these were the result of their calculations. They expressed precisely nothing. And, worst of all, they were dull.

The most gimmicked work was one by Stockhausen called *Nr. 4 Klavierstück XI*. It was played from a great cardboard poster on which had been pasted various fragments of "music." The performer's duty was to bang his way through the various fragments, choosing them at random, and stop-

ping when the same paste-up had caught his eye for a third time. The poster attracted much attention, but the piece itself sounded no different from anything which had preceded it. There were a few swipes with the flat of the hand—that was all.

It has always been my opinion that 12-tone composers, like all others, are ultimately accepted or not on the basis of their personalities and of the "message" revealed in their music. In the early days of atonality, everybody's ears were troubled by it, and the tendency was to lump all composers of such music together. That is no longer the case. We can discern vast differences in the music of such composers as Berg, Webern and Schoenberg. It has become apparent, for example, that Berg was a warm and preeminently humane artist, while Schoenberg said some things in his music which one might find unpleasant in real life and which are equally, though more intangibly, disturbing in abstraction.

Now, with this group of young men a different situation presents itself. I think it is covered by the old Hollywood gag, "It's not enough to be a Hungarian; you've also got to have talent." The 12-tone technique is no longer a camou-



flage for sterility. Despite their pretensions to being deeply expressive, the works of these experimentalists were only aggressive, vacuous and mediocre.

IN SHINING contrast to all this was the performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* given at Carnegie Hall by the Desoff Choirs. Paul Boeppele, the group's director, is a strapping, vital fellow, and his conception of the work was as accurate as it was full of drive. With a chorus of respectable, but not militantly professional quality, and with the assistance of an under-rehearsed Symphony of the Air, he celebrated the Desoff Choirs' twentieth anniversary in a manner rewarding to all concerned. When the music called for drums, he gave us DRUMS, with the percussionist stationed on the apron of the stage and beating as if he meant it. When "the locusts came without number and devoured the fruits of the ground," the Symphony's strings buzzed like surrealist insects. And, in places where Handel wrote great, staccato chords for the chorus, they came forth with such force and ingenuous glee that only a deaf person could have misunderstood their meaning. Indeed, the section,

"He smote all the first-born of Egypt," might have been composed and conducted by an amiable prize-fighter.

Handel was frustrated as a man of the theatre. But *Israel in Egypt*, even within its static, non-operatic format, is a superlative theatrical achievement. Partly, the text is responsible. The verses for its first half (*Exodus*) are terse, nuggetal and poetic. They lend themselves to dissection and extension. By the time they have been partly stated, dis-assembled, and restated in different juxtapositions, an effect almost of Gertrude Stein has come about, and emphases are both joyfully and pungently made. The oratorio's second half (*Moses' Song*) is a restatement of the first in contemplative rather than pictorial terms, and it thus tends to bog down a bit. But even here, Handel saves the day by cannily bringing his soloists forward and by creating a touchingly sincere climax on "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever."

To those who have tired of *The Messiah* or at least of the institutional aspect it has assumed; to those who conceive that Handel is fully represented as a composer by that work—I suggest *Israel in Egypt* as a corrective.

subject squirm. The topic at hand, important for its drawing power, serves only as a springboard for the dive into muckraking waters. "RACE, BOOZE, HOMOS" shrieked a *Variety* headline describing *The Open Mind*. Heffner mildly dismisses this as "a distortion," but recognizes that national TV could not accept the free inquiry of his show. He considers it fortunate that such a program can be available on a local station, and is pleased that Boston's WGBH has decided to carry it.

By leaning over backwards to be fair, Heffner's program is sometimes dull. The Reverend Martin Luther King and Judge J. Waties Waring of South Carolina brought all their intelligence to discussing "The New Negro." "The violence we are undergoing now is dying. It's the last attempt to hold on to the old order," King said slowly. "Most great reforms have periods of stress and distress," followed Waring. They took turns making statements of this kind, but there was little interchange of thought. In the "Anti-Semitism" show, which has just won a distinguished award, Heffner's introduction ("We do not have an open mind on bigotry")

## TELEVISION

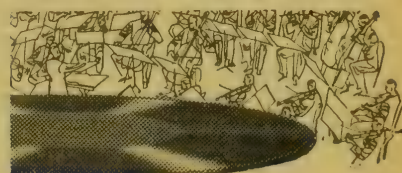
### Anne W. Langman

EVERYONE agrees that baseball makes a fine show on television and almost everyone will look in on a Congressional hearing with real if morbid curiosity. But aside from such entertainments, has the home screen anything to offer the adult mind? Not much, it seems. *OmniBus* can be counted on more often than not: Leonard Bernstein on music, Agnes DeMille on dance. *Camera 3* continues to find new ways of presenting music and art; *Medical Horizons* and *The March of Medicine* are better than respectable in their limited field. But these are exceptions to the network fear that serious discussion will upset the delicate balance of the sponsor-producer-consumer triangle. Race relations? The South wouldn't stand for it. Politics? You must be impartial. Divorce? The Catholic Church would boycott the show. Civil Rights? Watch out for the veteran groups. Sex? The children might be watching.

But local programs have to please viewers in a smaller community, and they are beginning to work at deeper levels. *The Open Mind*, which celebrated its first anniversary on New York City's

WRCA last Sunday, had as its topic for the day "The Alger Hiss Case and American Public Opinion." Regular viewers were not startled; in the last twelve months they have seen discussions of such topics as "Homosexuality," "Has Labor Grown too Big?" "Book, Movie and TV Censorship," "The New Negro," "Divorce," "Anti-Semitism" and "Alcoholism." Experts sit around a table with producer Richard Heffner, who acts as moderator. Teacher and historian (*A Documentary History of the United States*), Heffner wants his show "to bring important problems to light. It's a clearing house for ideas. . . . I believe TV is a good tool. And there is no reason why it cannot be used for intelligent and balanced discussion on topics of concern."

Such discussions can be on a national network only when they are clothed in sufficiently sensational trappings. Mike Wallace's two network shows to date have gotten away with discussing divorce (Gloria Swanson's marital career) and race relations (Ku Klux Klan Imperial Wizard Edwards) by allowing the audience the pleasure of watching the



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ruled out debate. Participants Dr. Marie Jahoda (from the psychiatric point of view), Arnold Foster (legal) and Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence, talked about the extent, cause and cure.

The show lights up when the people on it are able to project some passion onto the screen. The expressive gnarled hands and chiseled face of Father John LaFarge, in "Report on Civil Rights," emphasized the wisdom of his simply-expressed remarks: "Fanatics—those types that behave in such a looney fashion and go off half-cocked on issues—lose their battle to public opinion. They would like to keep this stuff local. But the minute it spreads over the whole nation, they are repudiated." Jay Nelson Tuck, TV critic of The New York Post, went hammer and tongs for NBC's Director of Continuity Acceptance (network location for censor) Stockton Hellfrich. Tuck was trying to find out why no TV drama tackling desegregation has ever been shown on the network. Hellfrich and Miles David of Sponsor magazine, dodged and ducked. "Be realistic—there's no room in mass-sponsored TV for such explorations." "The public has more popular taste." "A highly inflammatory play would be historically unethical." The conflict between the sponsor's wish to sell products and the use of TV to inform people became painfully clear in this show on "TV Censorship."

*The Open Mind* lets viewers share talk which might be going on in many a living room. At its worst, the guests are solidly pedantic; at its best, one can watch and listen to an intelligent, stimulating and illuminating exchange of opinion. It may be a long time before America gets anything like the BBC's "Third Program." Those who had such hopes for Pat Weaver's newly-announced plans for a program service are already seeing disillusioning signs of mass appeal. Pay TV, now authorized for trials, may give the medium some quality, but it too will be a long time coming. Non-profit educational TV stations, operating in seven large cities, still cannot get a foothold in Los Angeles or New York. But *The Open Mind* is a simple technique that any local station can put into work tomorrow. Live issues are everywhere and so are live minds.

## MEETING

DR. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government, Williams College, will speak on "THE CHALLENGE OF TOTALITARIANISM," Sunday, May 20th at 2 P.M., Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & Eighth Ave. Songs by Martha Schlamme. Admission 50c. Auspices: New York Jewish Conference.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

May 19 through 23

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 19

THIS IS DEFENSE (CBS). Open House at Andrews Air Force Base will show tactical maneuvers and defense exhibits of Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force and Coast Guard.

THREE, TWO, ONE—ZERO (NBC; Project 20). Film footage on nuclear explosions and the controlled use of atomic energy from Russia, Japan, United States and elsewhere. Repeat showing of a 1954 production by Henry Salomon. PROTEGE (NBC; Alcoa Hour). Ed Wynn in a play about a silent screen comedian's second chance at fame. With Evelyn Varden, Betsy Palmer, Skip Homeier.

Wednesday, May 22

THE PLAUSIBLE IMPOSSIBLE (ABC; Disneyland). An analysis of the animated cartoon.

Thursday, May 23

AGAIN THE STARS (ABC; Telephone Time). Dramatization of the story of Dr. Philippe Pinel, the first man to use humane methods in the confinement and treatment of the insane.

WINTER DREAMS (CBS; Playhouse 90). F. Scott Fitzgerald story concerning the pitfalls of ambition, starring Dana Wynter, John Cassavetes, Edmund Gwenn, Mildred Dunnock.

## RESORT



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## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 733

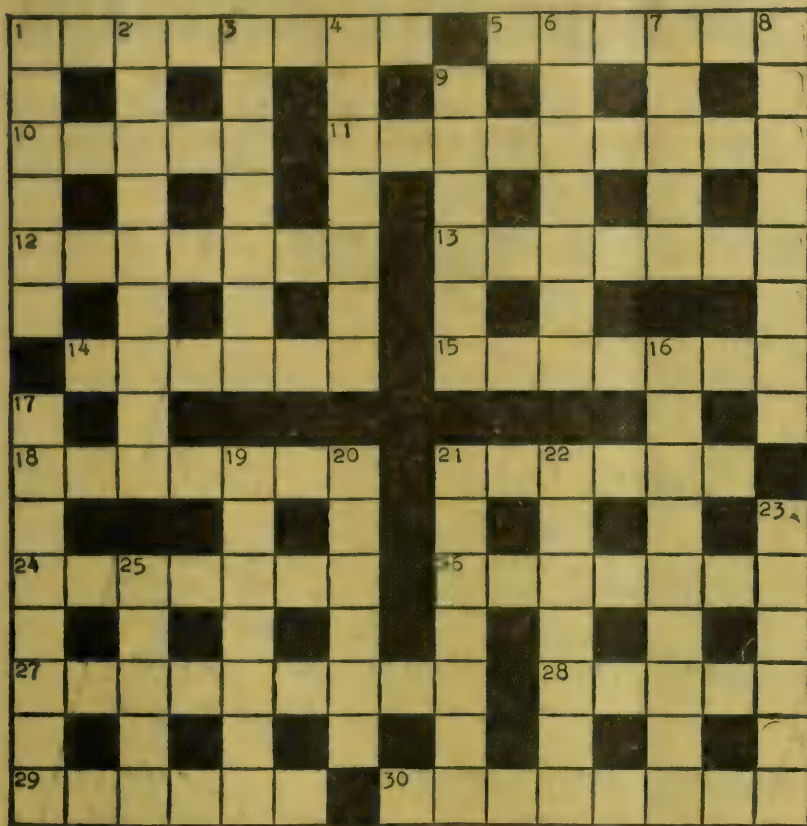
ACROSS: 1 ROUND SHOULDERS; 9 TOC-CATA; 10 IMPERIED; 11 ALARMS; 12 INTERCOM; 14 PYREXIA; 15 TO LEFT; 16 RED DRUM; 21 TEST CASE; 22 BEAMED; 25 ISRAELI; 27 and 28 COMMONWEALTH; OF NATIONS; 29 DOWN; 1 RITUALISM; 2 UNCLASP; 3 DEAD MARCH; 4 HEAD; 5 UNION CARDS; 6 DUPE; 7 and 13 RADICAL EXPRESSION; 8 ADAM; 15 TORMENT; 16 and 17 THE IDES OF MARCH; 18 ROSARIO; 20 MAMMOTH; 21 TAIL; 22 CREAM; 24 ONCE.

The NATION



# Crossword Puzzle No. 724

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Sounds as though something in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" might make one laugh, it's plain. (8)
- 5 Could be seen when the deep is explored. (6)
- 10 Where things are made in turn? (5)
- 11 See 14 across
- 12 Leader of Tate for New York? (Berkeley said the course of one was westward.) (7)
- 13 To return empty, but certainly not underfoot. (7)
- 14, 25 down and 11 across Proving one element is consistently at the point of discovery. (4, 2, 5, 3, 4, 2)
- 15 Put forward again, it might telescope with 12 properly. (7)
- 18 Is his elbow perpetually bent? (He returns first-class to his counterpart.) (7)
- 21 Now usually prescription, though some prefer a form of receipt for it. (6)
- 24 Existed in a school of whales with capacity for action. (7)
- 26 Doesn't exactly act for the "King of the Cowboys" instead of Mr. Rogers! (7)
- 27 Washington is this state. (9)
- 28 One probably doesn't like to put up with bad play. (5)

- 29 Gertrude, Ep and Ein, according to the song. (6)
- 30 Changes the trend concerning poetry. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 Something that stops around a woman's waist? (6)
- 2 They might suggest a likeness to Pa's mother. (9)
- 3 Fish and 16 down might be. (7)
- 4 What Tennyson had in common with Joyce. (7)
- 6 Evidently feels the cold of winter in France, amidstships. (7)
- 7 Country, or just the head of state? (5)
- 8 Examination indeed! (Had a bad reaction, no doubt!) (8)
- 9 See 21 down
- 16 A spring under which something sweet comes up and shoots. (9)
- 17 More than one 1 down, for bottles, perhaps. (8)
- 19 Pagan, or a perfect specimen thereof. (7)
- 20 Does it spread things like a British air marshal? (6)
- 21 and 9 down Supposed to help prevent losses to the government, rather than cause them! (7, 6)
- 22 Rosette, perhaps. (7)
- 23 Pumps around in circles? (6)
- 25 See 14 across

(Solution on Page 448)

## PUBLICATIONS

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minded by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.  
**NIXON BRANDED** the New Deal as a breeding ground  
for espionage by his "discovery" of State Department  
documents which have since been shown to be forgeries,  
and which were linked to Hiss by a Woodstock type-  
writer since shown to be a fake machine.

**NIXON DECEIVED** the public into believing that the  
famous "pumpkin papers" proved conclusively that Hiss  
was a spy, whereas in actual fact they were never linked  
to Hiss in any way.

**NIXON "DISCOVERED"** these "pumpkin papers" (three  
rolls of microfilm), which have mysteriously disappeared  
since Eastman Kodak Company declared that code  
marks showed that the films were not manufactured  
until 1947—nine years after Whittaker Chambers (and  
Nixon) said they were turned over by Hiss to the  
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**... AND GET THE FACTS BEHIND THIS AMAZING STATEMENT:**

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THE HOMOSEXUAL: Challenge to Science

*George A. Silver*

# LETTER from KENYA

## Paul Bowles

### Mombasa

I DON'T remember ever hearing of Kenya until I read Baroness Blixen's stately book *Out of Africa* during the war; even after that all I remembered about it was that there were people called the Masai who lived on the milk and blood of their cattle, and that lions, giraffes and zebras wandered loose over the countryside. Later, in England, I became conscious of Kenya as a place where the British consistently had themselves a rip-roaring good time; with the loss of India it had become the colony, the one land where British colonial tradition still existed in a relatively unaltered form. It took the recent local crisis with its sensational press reports to give me the desire to visit the country.

I landed, not at the Nairobi airport, but in classical fashion, coming from the Indian Ocean into the harbor of Mombasa. Between the northeast and the southwest monsoons Mombasa is one of the hotter cities, and the British of Kenya, unlike those left in India, Ceylon and Malaya, seem to think it more sporting to do without punkahs or fans of any sort. (The mention of air-conditioning would be *lèse-majesté*.) So you sleep under mosquito canopies hung in small ovens. The city is attractive and spacious; for some indefinable reason its main streets remind me faintly of the shopping district of Miami Beach. The population, however, is infinitely more cosmopolitan. At this season the cafés and markets are full of groups of Arab traders from the Hadhramaut and Socotra and Oman, fierce-faced brown men with daggers in their belts, squatting, waiting for the wind which will propel them homeward in their ancient-looking dhows. They speak classical Arabic, and hopefully offer to sell their double-edged, razor-sharp daggers for a thousand shillings. (They come without passports, and make a good deal of money in the interior selling on credit to unsuspecting Africans, and then applying physical intimidation to collect exorbitant prices for their goods.) Mombasa is more Asian than African in feeling. The shops are run by Hindus and Moslems who speak Gujarati or Punjabi, depending on which part of India they come from. But everyone—Af-

ricans, Asians and Europeans—speaks Swahili. Not to know this *lingua franca* makes you feel very much out of things; it is essential for communication between African and European, African and Asian, and most important of all, between Africans from different regions of Kenya itself and from across the border of the neighboring countries. It is phoneticized in both Roman and Arabic script; recently the government has begun to accept telegrams written in it.

The Sultan of Zanzibar claims ownership of the entire coast of Kenya to a depth of ten miles, as well as a multitude of islands. These claims are recognized by the British to the point of their being willing to pay him 16,000 pounds a year rental and interest for the land, and to use the official title "Colony and Protectorate of Kenya." Such things may not be of much interest at the moment in Kenya, but they are in Zanzibar, and the day when the question of autonomy for Kenya begins to be discussed, it will obviously become a matter of importance. Who will get what, and how?

In today's local press an article headed *Man-Eaters Kill 43* caught my attention. I half expected the piece to be an account of cannibalism, but it was only about lions. Yesterday one of them wandered into Likoni, across the harbor from Mombasa proper. Two were surprised walking in the streets of a Nairobi suburb, where they were amusing themselves eating the residents' dogs; the police had to shoot them. If you want to shoot a lion for sport, it will cost you twenty pounds for the permit, and at least another ten pounds to have the hide cured.

### Nairobi

THERE is only one other city in all of Kenya besides Mombasa, and that is Nairobi, the capital. The bus trip took a little more than eleven hours, and was not uncomfortable. Most of the time the road is a ribbon of bright red earth cutting straight over the slopes and across the plains. A car a mile ahead is a small puff of red dust. Overhead is the characteristic intense sky of the tropical highlands, whose brightness emphasizes remote details at the horizon. The giraffes are for the most part unmoving; in the distance they look like enormous wooden toys. The zebras and deer are more likely to be frisky. It was in the

few dreary villages where the bus stops along the way that I saw for the first and last time some shops run by Africans. Not one in Mombasa, not one in Nairobi. At a lonely spot the bus stopped and took on a few Masai passengers: the women heavy with coils of wire wound around their necks and vast wheels of it weighting down their ears, (Continued on page 466)

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PAUL BOWLES, long a resident of North Africa, is a composer and a novelist, the author of *The Spider's House*, *The Sheltering Sky* and other books.



## EDITORIALS

---

### Idols of the Tribe

Before the first issue of *The Nation* appeared in 1865, E. L. Godkin issued a prospectus in which he pointed out that the new magazine would "make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit" and would "wage war upon the violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred." Later a colleague, A. G. Sedgwick, observed that it was part of *The Nation's* purpose to seek out and expose "the absurdity of the fallacies underlying the extreme view on either side," describing this as "the faculty of seeing through the Idols of the Tribe." Here is a timeless function of *The Nation*; the Idols may change, but the Tribe is never without them. Issues that demanded critical scrutiny in the 1930s no longer require the same scrutiny; and even some which have not been resolved have been clarified to the degree that the principles on which ultimate victory can be won are no longer in doubt.

But there are always new problems; and sometimes old ones require fresh scrutiny. In the last year *The Nation* has critically examined such social problems as narcotic addiction, capital punishment, the treatment of sex deviants, the role of prisons in breeding crime, the rehabilitation of habitual criminals, and (in this issue) the problem of homosexuality. In each instance, the problem has been examined by an expert; and the impact of the articles has been proof to us that the scrutiny was overdue.

Social issues of this kind cater to mass prejudices. The principal victims are usually silent or silenced; hence demagogues can make outrageous statements without fear of challenge or reprisal. Politicians win votes not by talking sense about drug addiction, but by demanding the death penalty for narcotic addicts. Then, too, the mass of prejudice which encrusts the problem is in direct ratio to the ignorance about it. In such fields, the first task of a journal of critical opinion is to attack the popular prejudice and to insist, so to speak, that jurisdiction be transferred from the forums of sensationalism and misinformation to laboratories, where the facts can be verified and the evidence sifted. Invariably this involves a direct ref-

utation of the prevailing dogma on the subject, but as Sheriff Joseph D. Lohman of Cook County (Chicago) said in urging the abolition of capital punishment before a Memphis audience recently: "There are times when rational men must hold fast to what is right and assert it even if the public is not at the moment of that opinion."

### The President and the Budget

In his attempt to rally support for the budget, President Eisenhower appears to have been the victim of an odd interplay between the two aspects of his career which are institutionalized, so to speak, in his dual role as President and Commander-in-Chief. The people have more than usual respect for the military judgment of this particular Commander-in-Chief, but by his candor, the President has made them aware not merely that tensions have been reduced, but that the preparation of military budgets is more of an art than a science. At the same time, perhaps because he is a military expert, the President has not tried to push the budget through Congress by manipulating a crisis-of-the-moment which would stimulate the reflexes of the cold-war period. On the contrary, he has frankly acknowledged that the Russians are "feeling the pinch of building, supporting, maintaining these tremendous military organizations" and have begun to adopt a more conciliatory attitude in the disarmament talks. The President, in fact, was too candid to convey a graver apprehension than indeed he felt. The debate on the budget and Mr. Eisenhower's rather benign participation in it should help to convince the Russians that this country is in anything but a warlike mood at the moment. The President, of course, is the symbol of this mood.

### Bipartisanship Ad Absurdum

Those who fear that the structure of bipartisanship has been undermined should study a recent press release of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. The press release (May 13) announced the extension of the committee's activities to include not merely op-

position to China's admission to the world body, but to any form of trade, cultural or diplomatic exchange with Peking. But more remarkable than the release is the composition of the committee itself—a monument to ■ bipartisanship so inclusive as to give rise to the inference that some misunderstanding must exist among its sponsors and members. Until we scanned the committee's letterhead, we would have doubted that such diverse political types could be induced to agree on the time of the day or the day of the week, much less on a key aspect of American policy. The Honorary Chairman is Warren R. Austin. The Steering Committee consists of Senator Paul H. Douglas and Representative Francis E. Walter (Democrats), Senator H. Alexander Smith and Representative Walter H. Judd (Republicans), along with Joseph C. Grew and Charles Edison. This is an impressing, over-arching bipartisanship. Even more impressive are the delightful pairings which can be made by combining names drawn at random from the list of members: Senator Everett M. Dirksen and Senator Richard L. Neuberger, Senator William Knowland and Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Representative Chet Holifield and Representative George Dondero, Governor George M. Leader and former Governor J. Bracken Lee, Henry Luce and Jay Lovestone, Senator Mike Monroney and General Albert C. Wedemeyer, Conrad Aiken and Whittaker Chambers, General George C. Marshall and Senator Styles Bridges, James Burnham and Horace Kallen, Senator Barry Goldwater and Senator Mike Mansfield, Undersecretary of State Christian Herter and Senator Karl E. Mundt.

This is bipartisanship *ad absurdum*. How much more bipartisan do we want to be?

## They're Naive

In the judgment of the editors of the campus daily, the faculty committee at the University of Texas that named a Negro co-ed to sing the lead in an undergraduate opera was guilty of an act of "striking naivete." The faculty committee will stand rebuked. How artless of these old fogies not to have known that, in any conflict between principle and prejudice, only the naive will insist on principle. (See comments *The Nation*, May 18, p. 429).

## Pagoda Flirtation

Washington

Much in Burma has changed since Kipling, but one phenomenon survives: the dawn still "comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay." That's why the government of U Nu is so cautious in edging away from neutralism and leaning towards the West.

Not long ago the edging was the other way. In 1955, Mr. Nu was fêted in Peking. Chinese Premier Chou

En-lai was repeatedly welcomed in Rangoon. A year-and-a-half ago, Bulganin and Khrushchev—fresh from propagandist conquests in India—gathered laurels in Burma. U Nu returned from a tour of the Soviet Union, impressed by the transformation, in little more than a generation, of primitive, agrarian Russia into the world's second industrial power.

An incident in December, 1955, symbolized the West's alarm as Burma seemed to be gravitating toward the Moscow-Peking axis. A World Bank mission in Burma was abruptly ordered back after U Nu had accepted Soviet agricultural advisers.

However, tension between Burma and the West was brief. Last year the World Bank, in a forgiving mood, granted U Nu two loans totalling about \$30,000,000. One loan was to enlarge the port of Rangoon, Burma's capital, and the other to modernize Burmese railroads. A couple of months ago, the United States extended a \$25,000,000 credit for Burma's economic development.

Now Burma is on the verge of requesting more substantial American aid. It will be for \$90,000,000 worth of U.S. agricultural surpluses to be delivered over three years, starting July 1. Two-thirds of this amount is wanted for raw cotton to expand textile manufacture; the rest would supply American vegetable oils, tobacco, dairy products, wheat and flour. It would all be repayable in Burmese currency, thus safeguarding the nation's difficult foreign exchange position.

Such assistance in itself would not compromise Burmese neutralism. After all, the United States is giving similar aid to other unaligned countries like India, Indonesia and Yugoslavia—and now, even to Communist Poland. However, there are indications of quite another character. About a year ago, the commander-in-chief of Burma's armed forces, General Ne Win, came to Washington. Without publicity, U.S. military chiefs entertained him and engaged in conversations about which nothing became known. Last winter Lieutenant General Graves Erskine of the Marine Corps visited Burma. Nominally retired, the general is an active consultant of the Central Intelligence Agency.

The reciprocal mission of Ne Win and Erskine and efforts by the American military attaché in Rangoon, Colonel Edward Thelan, are bearing fruit. The United States has offered to supply machine-guns and rifles to the Burmese army to support its continuing war against Communist guerrillas. Burma has suggested that a few U.S. officers be assigned to help train Burmese non-coms and staff officers. However, Burma has stipulated that the officers should be under individual contract to the Burmese Defense Ministry and not under U.S. command. Thus U Nu hopes to avoid the appearance of departing from neutrality—an acknowledgment of the "thunder outer China 'crost the Bay."

But both American and Burmese authorities regard the proposed military collaboration as just a start.



# The Homosexual: Challenge to Science.. George A. Silver

COARSE BUTT of banal humor, condemned and despised, a criminal punishable by law, the homosexual continues to flourish. There is a cyclical character to this growth that is curious and revealing. In our own time, the spate of books on the subject—learned studies, novels of justification, poems, plays—may indicate increased tolerance rather than an increase of homosexuality. Certainly, although the restrictive laws remain, homosexuality is in large measure condoned. The homosexual allows himself to appear more boldly as such.

Any endorsement of toleration raises questions of social policy. Would the abrogation of cultural taboos and legal penalties, like a removal of quarantine, multiply the infection? Perhaps those who never would have known what the strange strivings were, would now be informed, and succumb. Others who might have exercised restraint, might now lose it. Still others might let themselves be more easily seduced by an attractive world of artists, poets, dancers, designers.

Does this mean that we ought to advocate censorship or suppression of information about homosexuality? Any adequate answer demands consideration of its history and causation.

Homosexuality from farthest antiquity has been known, and a matter of controversy. Female homosexuality has always been of much less concern because evidences of affection between women are acceptable and not suspect. For practical discussion, homosexuality means male homosexuality.

Oddly enough, in early times—as Westernmark, the anthropologist, points out—among the most warlike primitive peoples, homosexuality was a part of the warrior's code. The Dorians are supposed to have brought the practice into classical Greece, the Normans into Saxon

England. The Greek experience is well documented and shows that in a short space of time attitudes moved from approval and encouragement (Plato in *The Symposium*) to deprecation and punishment (Plato in *The Laws*). One may note that the Oedipus complex owes a great deal to homosexuality: the crime for which Laius had to be punished was the rape of a young boy. His fate, therefore, was to be murdered by his son, Oedipus.

John Addington Symonds, in *A Problem in Greek Ethics*, developed an apologetic thesis to remove the taint on his beloved Golden Age Greeks. He distinguished between "pederasty"—love for a young man without any sexual element—and the sexual connection between two men. The former (the Greek version of homosexuality) was noble and uplifting and socially valuable in developing character and passing on leadership qualities. Pederasty, he argued, derived from the warrior's life, the need to have a trusted friend with whom to fight shield to shield or back to back (cf. "buddy system" in modern armies or "shipmates" with the double connotation). This fierce, close relationship, "manly love," as strong as heterosexual love but without any sexual element, becomes corrupted when transferred from the harsh camp to the soft city. Or alternatively, it is corrupted by military expeditions among the vicious and degraded Orientals (Symonds' words).

The phenomenon of heightened intellectual or social activity associated with increase in homosexual activity can be seen not only in Periclean Greece, but in Imperial Rome, the Italian Renaissance, Elizabethan England. Postwar periods particularly seem to stimulate homosexuality—Restoration England, post-Civil War United States, post-World War I England and Germany, and of course, the present.

This periodicity of homosexuality may be more apparent than real. A residual continuing level of homosexuality (the component regarded

by Symonds as "manly love") may be present at all times, but the component "vice" may be added from time to time. The camaraderie of military camps arouses no questions and male-appearing, male-acting homosexuals are always more acceptable than female imitators. But while in some periods the female-appearing homosexual may openly present himself as such, at other times even a male-appearing homosexual may consider it more discreet or socially advisable to marry and even produce a family.

STRANGELY enough, in a subject known for such a long time and in so many diverse places, the factors of causation or development are still, if not altogether unknown, certainly bitterly controversial. There is a natural complexity about homosexuality, since it may be buried in the individual's psyche or physiology or chemistry, enforced from without by the family psychological setting, or arise from the social organization. "Occam's Razor" dictates that where many explanations flourish, none is true. It may be so with homosexuality. In discussing causation, I assume we can pass over the theory that involves inborn moral defect—an irremediable defect for which one can only imprison, isolate or execute the defective person.

First, a word on anthropological evidence. The observation of primitive peoples gives the strongest reasons for believing that homosexuality is a biologically "normal" method of sexual expression. There are cultures in which homosexuality is institutionalized, as among those American Indians in which the *berdache* (from the Persian word for a kept-boy) was a legitimate preparation for a *shaman*. Among the Indians, a *shaman* who had seen a vision and was therefore forced to become a woman by the will of the gods, was respected. The tribesmen who acted as women without having seen a vision, or those who dressed as women and allowed themselves to be treated sexually as women,

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were despised. A parallel to these exists in the farmyard "pecking order" and among baboons. The defeated male (defeated by life, society or his family) may assume a female position and attitude.

Westermarck relates homosexuality to lack of available women (either too few or too chaste). And he adds, "Homosexual practices in early youth have had a lasting effect on the sexual instinct, which at its first appearance, being somewhat indefinite, is easily turned into a homosexual direction."

Causation theory Number One, then, is that a basic "neutral" is shifted into homosexuality by cultural pressures. This theory could possibly explain the homosexuality of sailors and shepherds, of prisons, barracks and the English public schools. Kinsey's "biological" approach, in his book on male sexuality, is an extension of the argument. The fact that 37 per cent of American males have had at least one homosexual experience, or that 4 per cent of American males are exclusively homosexual, would seem to confirm that the pattern is not the sole prerogative of deviants or criminals. However, Kinsey's statistics and approach to the problem are now subject to as much debate as his conclusions.

Some may still believe homosexuals are physically different and that physical difference is evident on examination—hermaphroditism. This is Theory Number Two. Mostly the organicists have turned to physiology and postulate disordered function of the glands and variations in hormonal concentration. This etiological school occasionally furnishes startling and exciting material for the tabloids. Chemistry is also used in conjunction with some recent discoveries in structure to help explain homosexuality via "chromosomal sex." It has been established that the sexual organs may be of one sex while the chromosome distribution in the somatic cells may be of the opposite sex. A fixed number of people may be born with homosexual rather than heterosexual love as the end product of their natural development.

Critics of this theory ask: if chem-

istry or physiology offers a *method* whereby homosexuality might be established, what causes the physiological dysfunction to begin? To the pure organicist, it must be "an in-born error of metabolism."

Of those who embrace psychological explanations, one group—here is Theory Number Three—considers homosexuality a disease to which everyone is susceptible, but in only a few people does an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances (social and personal) produce the effect. No special susceptibility of the psyche is necessary. Other social diseases are similarly created: narcotic addiction, alcoholism, prostitution, juvenile delinquency—and auto accidents. Prevention is by a community approach—elimination of slums, barring exposure to perverted and distorted characters, shoring up the family relationship through mental-hygiene teaching, making greater and more wholesome recreational facilities available; in effect, "social treatment." Both sin and crime, in this theory, give way to illness as the fashionable explanation of deviant behavior.

NOW THE psychoanalytic interpretation (Theory Number Four) differs from this considerably. Each individual passes through a series of developmental stages. Arrest or distortion of development at an early stage ("oedipal" in some, "pre-oedipal" in others) results in the establishment of homosexuality. This doctrine bears considerable resemblance to original sin, and has the same merit—one can be saved through grace. In this case, grace is represented by analytic therapy. A powerful and persuasive thesis along these lines is developed by Edmund Bergler in *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?* Bergler is an irritating pamphleteer with some arrogant mannerisms, but he details his concept clearly and without equivocation. He says homosexuality is a curable illness, and that analysis is the cure. The cause, he says, lies in a distorted fear of deprivation of the breast derived from an unsatisfactory relationship with the pre-oedipal mother.

One type of homosexuality may

not be abnormal in either the psychiatric or social sense. That is the "prepuberal" or childish experimentation in which exploration of sex may occur between two boys as well as between a boy and a girl.

From the sum of the information gathered, it would seem that there may be several kinds of homosexuality, one of which may be a basic character trait; another, part of normal personal or social development and so temporary; still another, a permanent form derived from social and/or personal factors. There is also a type of homosexuality, associated with criminality and distortion of personality, which is a manifestation of an underlying character disorder rather than a disease in itself.

IN VIEW of these unprovable hypotheses, how shall we deal with homosexual literature?

From the very earliest, this literature reflected the cultural milieu. The artist's attitude was either accepting, weaving homosexuality into a plot as he would weave any other strand of human relationship; or, recognizing the social conflict involved, he would condemn, glorify or justify the manifestation. By and large, the former is the attitude of classical antiquity, the latter of more modern times.

Lately classical attitudes have begun to invade our own time (*The Last of the Wine* by Mary Renault and *Thin Ice* by Compton Mackenzie). And there is a quasi-scientific, fictional biographical literature developing, too, which represents the classical attitude. *Compulsion* by Meyer Levin is a powerful recent contribution to this field.

A generation ago, André Gide issued his brilliant, sly defense of homosexuality in his novels and in the devastating *Theseus*, in which Theseus abandons Ariadne, not for her sister, but for her brother! Today literature offers additional apologists and partisans. Three current books may serve as examples in point.

*Giovanni's Room* by James Baldwin is a love story, a tender (if the word does not grate) romance be-



tween two men. One of the men is sensitive to his ambivalence (he has been carrying on a heterosexual affair) and is baffled and depressed by the discovery itself and the violence of feeling it engenders. He is unable to control what is essentially a normal love feeling. The story would be trite if a boy and girl were involved (the triteness redeemed somewhat by the quality of the writing). However, the book is moving and appealing because of the *leitmotif* of social protest, and because the characterizations conform so well to psychoanalytic interpretation. Bergler comments on the "impersonality" of homosexual relations, the "disregard for the body of the partner and concentration on his sex organ" which Baldwin stresses. In other places also there is clear correspondence. Baldwin writes, "I was fantastically intimidated by her breasts, and when I entered her I began to feel that I would never get out alive." And again:

The beast which Giovanni had awakened in me would never go to sleep again... And would I then like all the others find myself turning and following all kinds of boys down God knows what dark avenues, into what dark places? With this fearful intimation, there opened in me a hatred for Giovanni which was so powerful as my love and which was nourished by the same roots.

This dark and pitiful passage really symbolizes the book. Whatever the unhappiness of a neurotic heterosexual, weary and dissatisfied with his lot, it is nothing compared with the torment of the homosexual lover, ambivalently desirable and desiring at best, contemptible and shameful at worst.

Compton Mackenzie's *Thin Ice* is a different approach and refreshingly ironical. Actually, it is a rather Jamesian biographical tale of an upper-class English career diplomat, clever and likeable, whose "fatal flaw" is homosexuality. The irony derives from the fact that Henry Fortescue has neither agony of spirit nor pangs of conscience. He goes about his business, becomes a successful and important personage and dies heroically in the German bombing of London. Suspicion of his

defect apparently interferes with his promotion in the civil service and this makes him rather bitter. But he carries on his homosexuality without any spiritual distress, though circumspcctly. It is the other people in the novel who suffer. His friend from school days (non-homosexual) is continuously in fear of exposure of the protagonist. Father is spiritually broken, mother saddened, brother shamed, and so on.

THE perspective here is that society makes a homosexual shameful or behave shamefully. There is no psychiatric overtone, as in Baldwin's book. There is no personal displacement. Just as one man might be an embezzler or a diabetic, Henry is homosexual. So the rather routine story is adroitly manipulated around the suspense of whether the protagonist will be caught. There is a complete lack of the complex modern psychoanalytic approach, and a sprinkling of delightfully characteristic British lines:

"I think one owes it to manners to conduct one's love affairs or for that matter one's passing desires, without creating scandal. When one's tastes are..." he hesitated, "exotic, shall we say, then it is imperative to avoid scandal!"

However, Mackenzie is very perceptive and makes a nice point on the place of homosexuality in the social order. He notes the difference in social acceptability between the male-acting and female-acting homosexual. Even among homosexuals, the female-acting one is despised and the male-acting one admired and desired. Baldwin, too, writes of the female-actors:

I always found it difficult to believe that they ever went to bed

with anybody, for a man who wanted a woman would certainly have rather had a real one and a man who wanted a man would certainly not want one of them.

Mackenzie astutely notes another characteristic that fits with the anthropological findings: "People of Henry's virile but abnormal temperament are always instinctive admirers and supporters of aggressively masculine races. . . ." Not only Sikhs and Afghans, but the Storm Troopers of the Roehm days can be seen as instruments of British foreign policy under the instruction of such a diplomat. In any case, there is no moralizing. Henry is successful and happy in his unsanctioned love. The routine story tends to support the feeling that social acceptance would be a desirable and useful thing—the homosexual could lead a normal, productive life if he were out of reach of blackmail and poisonous ostracism.

AN altogether different point is made by Meyer Levin in *Compulsion*. This big, awkward book, so passionately detailed in its account of the celebrated Leopold-Loeb case, boldly displays homosexuality as a manifestation of disease, not a disease in itself. The homoerotic relationships of Leopold and Loeb are psychoanalytically explained and reduced to a minor element in the tortured, distorted character-pattern of these two youths. The step by step analysis of the crime, its origins and antecedents, together with the explanation of each symbolic act and event, is masterly. The "senseless" crime is revealed as inordinately purposeful, a compulsive acting out of unconscious twisted needs. Levin cannot enlist sympathy for these two monstrous children. But one does share their



tragic probings, their pathetic grasping at murder to salvage their souls. Of course, homosexuality in such a context has symbolic value and no real existence of its own. To the reader, therefore, homosexuality as such is no disease, no crime. The late Robert Lindner, in *Rebel Without A Cause*, made this point some years ago, and there is a suggestion of it in Lucy Freeman's *Before I Kill More*. In other words, crime as such, or the psychopathic personality with its attendant criminal acts, is not a result of, or part of, homosexuality. Some of the same tremendous needs that search for gratification through abnormal social activity in these people, must seek abnormal sexual gratification as well.

TODAY homosexuals are seen as victims, patients or unjustly persecuted non-conformists, and so the present literary style is never to condemn them. It is a literature of social protest, presenting a world of sensitive, thoughtful people desperately hounded for their non-conformity. As such, it appeals to the charitable, democratic instinct in all of us and particularly to the eternally chivalric spirit of young people. If the premise agreed upon is reasonably correct, that there is a continuum of homoerotic experience and that the potential neutral group can be influenced one way or another, the influence of this literature may be devastating. But homosexuality has

always existed, with or without a literature. In order to do anything about it, we must have information.

The incidence of homosexuality is certainly not known. Kinsey's figures are too debatable, and the apparent increases from time to time may not be any more than changes in acceptability or in public expression. So we can't really know the incidence at all, without a census. And we can't know what proportion of susceptibles there may be in the population without study. In this sea of ignorance, to pass judgment on the social forces that "make" homosexuality would be nonsensical.

In order to get more information, we need fewer strictures, not more, on the literature of homosexuality. The *Lancet*, a British medical journal, notes: "Public attitudes may be perpetuating homosexuality by preventing any real investigation of the subject." Certainly this was true of syphilis before the bold public presentation by Surgeon-General Parran. More information from homosexuals and more investigation of homosexuality will serve to illuminate the subject, and perhaps help reduce homosexuality. A scientific study, such as was made of the problem of narcotic addiction and control by the New York Academy of Medicine, would be very helpful.

At the same time, treatment opportunities have to be developed so that those who are "exposed" and who need or want care can obtain

it. The sociological, psychoanalytic and legal aspects need to be explored much more fully. Although sin and crime tend to be merging into sickness, sickness itself undoubtedly has a variety of components that can be dealt with separately—if we get to know them.

The reason we need to concern ourselves with homosexuality as a social phenomenon at all is the family. Our basic social structure demands a family relationship, and therefore heterosexuality. The family is central to the development of humanity not only for perpetuation of the race, but because the proper psychological development of an individual can only occur within the warm circle of the nuclear family. Social and psychological studies indicate quite clearly that a strong family structure helps to develop and maintain a personality free of dangerous (to self and society) characteristics.

The family is already under attack from many sides—industrial mobility and increasing female employment, contraceptives and promiscuity, depersonalization in an increasingly mechanical age. Homosexuality is a further threat to its integrity. As such, it needs to be treated and *prevented*. At present cure is difficult, time consuming, maybe even impossible for many homosexuals. The key to the problem lies in prevention. Prevention waits on knowledge and study.

## SPAIN: Valley of the Fallen . . by John O'Kearney

*Barcelona*  
IN THE EXPRESS train out of Madrid a padded athletic type in striped trousers and gray jacket came down the aisle, flashing with a flip of lapel a sun-rayed badge. "Documento!" he said, in the peremptory tone of a strong man cut

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out for more important moments. Identification cards of various sorts came out. Mine was my passport. Photograph, check! (It looks like me.) He riffled, then doubled back. Visas: India, Burma, Nationalist China, Japan! He was having a tour for himself. Visa: Hungary! He studied it, then slapped the pages to, and with a pugnacious thrust and a long and hard-eyed stare at the top of my head, handed it back. Farce, by Ilitchcock out of Holly-

wood. But it gave me a sorcerer's foggy look into the character of the bully boys of the secret police. The vision put flesh on the words of men who for eighteen years have been spending their intellectual lives under ground. Today that underground is seething, particularly among the Basques and Catalans. Starvation is driving farm workers from the feudal, neglected South into the politically-aware cities by the tens of thousands. Foreign travel is



awakening the universities. All political parties (outside of the Falange), banned since Franco came into power in 1939, are linking arms in determination to undo the regime. Monarchists and Socialists, Christian Democrats and Communists, share a common revulsion toward the gags and blinds of absolute censorship and the greed of a dictatorship grown fat upon corruption. "These," I was told, "have been twenty years of waste and decay. The problems we were working to solve in 1936 (at the outbreak of the Civil War) face us in even larger form now. We'll need forty years to regain the lost twenty. But the mortal crisis for Franco is coming. It could have come last year. Only American aid has kept him in power. But even dollars cannot keep democracy and liberty suppressed forever."

I HAD crossed the French border into the Basque country from Hendaye, bearing a scribbled note of introduction from a man who was hunted out of Spain more than five years ago. This started me on a route from Irun to Bilbao, through Burgos and Valladolid to Madrid, through Guadalajara, Zaragoza and Tarragona to Barcelona. Reports had led me to expect beggary, evidence of starvation, pot-bellied children everywhere. These were not evident in the larger Northern cities, nor in Madrid; though in the arid open country between are settlements that are hardly more than hollowed heaps of rubble. Hundreds of farm houses lie in uninhabited ruin. Incalculable numbers live in holes they have cut in mounds and cliffs. "Misery is hidden," said a Castilian. Some is not so hidden, despite Franco's best efforts in the show city of Madrid. The 1956 *Banco Central Economic Study* says that Spanish workers labor 65 hours and 7 minutes to buy the food which a U.S. worker earns in 5 hours and 48 minutes, a Briton 16 hours and 6 minutes, an Italian, 45 hours, 32 minutes. But the figures fail to point out that millions of Spaniards cannot find 65 hours and 7 minutes of work to do. "In this country," I was told, "no one can tell you anything for sure." But of the 20,000 people dependent upon agriculture

(total population, 28,000,000), it is estimated that 7,000,000—one-fourth of the nation—are living on starvation rations.

Aside from hunger on the land, there are several main causes of opposition to Franco. These cross all party lines, embrace all classes and a large part of the Church. Basques and Catalans charge him with brutal efforts to stamp out their languages, their cultures, to scatter them as peoples and break the force of their resistance to authoritarian rule. The capitalists, from whom the Monarchist movement draws its great strength, charge him with the destruction of trade. (Once busy railway yards along the frontier are thick with weeds and rust.) The Catalans say they pay 49 per cent of all taxes, but that not a peseta returns to them in benefits. They manufacture textiles, chemicals, cars and light machinery, but their factories run down from want of raw materials, denied them by Franco's diversion and looting of foreign credits. Neither Basque nor Catalan manufacturers are permitted to expand. Under a policy of "decentralization," Franco is dispersing industry into backward areas of Spain, far from materials and skilled labor. Corrupt controls have driven essential metals, chemical fertilizers and other

items into a black market which charges three or four times more than the fixed prices. Franco agents grow rich on black-market trade. Every second man who works for a living lays to Franco the economic inflation that has cut the real value of the weekly pay packet to 60 per cent of that of 1936. Every man seeks extra work to make up the difference—if he can find it. Doctors write advertising copy while professors drive taxis. Each does what he can. "Everybody fears tomorrow."

Among the hardest pressed—the people who make only ninety to a hundred days' wages a year—the birthrate is rising for the good reason that each new child means an immediately added pittance in government-granted family allowances. Among the working class, marriages will neither take place or are being postponed five to ten years beyond the traditional age because the young men are not making enough money to set up house. Last year the government found that youths were becoming "at home" in licensed houses of prostitution. This was judged bad for spiritual welfare; the houses were shut. The banned profession then went as far under ground as the trade unions, and the VD rate shot up. So the madams of Spain were again licensed to set up somewhat more soulful *residencias*. But the fees in these are far beyond the capacity of the poor to pay. "That's the way it is in Spain," I was told, "nothing is too good for the rich."

NOTHING, surely, seems to be too good for Franco or his relations, friends and henchmen. The principal henchmen are the battalions of high-ranking officers who keep the army and police in line in return for company directorship and bribery rights in the business of government supply. There are tales—now common to the history of dictatorships—of millions in gold deposited to private accounts in Switzerland and Venezuela. Franco's closest friends are said to be the busiest shippers. Senora Franco's cash is being converted to jewels, according to reports from Amsterdam, while *El Caudillo*, through a drain in the treasury, spends vast sums every year on a



Civil War memorial and tomb for himself in the *Valle de los Caidos* (Valley of the Fallen) in the hills west of Madrid. Stone-cutters have been busy there for more than a decade, carving into the womb of a mountain a vast cruciform church. In the North transept will be Franco's tomb; in the South, the tomb of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of the Falange Party, executed by Republican Spain. Above everything, a stone cross springs more than 400 feet from the summit. (I applied in vain for a permit to visit the site. Some say I was turned down because work in the valley was suspended after the reorganization of the cabinet two months ago.)

The hunter of quick fortune need only have friends in government. He may get a license, form an import company, find out what sort of goods business men without friends have been clamoring for, and get permits to bring the stuff in. Long-standing orders for replacement of printing machinery, for example, were filled in this way, the freebooting importer alone having been licensed to bring it from Germany. The ultimate selling price was determined only by the market's desperate demand.

To be a relative of *El Caudillo* is better yet. Nicola Franco, his brother, is a multimillionaire, a member of more than twenty boards of directors. But the finest flower of the system is Juan March, Franco's own usurer. March laid the foundations of a fortune reputed to be among the ten greatest in the world on the profits of smuggling. He was jailed for it in 1932. Finance Minister Jaime Garcerán said then that the Republic must finish March, or March would finish the Republic. March escaped from jail by bribery, fled the country, returned with Franco, helped to finish the Republic, and today—as the late Senator Huey Long put it—has all four feet in the public trough. He controls the *Banco Central*, one of Spain's five great banks, and through it the tobacco monopoly and electricity, transport, shipping, petroleum, mines, chemicals, construction and cement. He and a horde of others gouge the nation by means of the *Instituto Nacional de Industria* (INI), the administering organization for

wholly state-owned enterprises and collaborator with private capital in almost all basic industries. INI buys what and where it likes. It advertises for no bids and pays its Franco-appointed agents high commissions, oftentimes on goods which, in effect, they are buying from themselves. INI's rules govern imports and exports. It grabs about four billion pesetas a year out of taxes to invest as it pleases. Its payrolls—as those of the government—are padded with Falangists who hold three or four posts, unrelated in nature and geographically scattered; the hardest work these men do is making the rounds to collect their pay. To illustrate the boldness of the buccaneering, the Ministry of Agriculture in this agricultural nation was allotted only a little more than 1 per cent of the budget, while the Ministry of Air got more than 8 per cent—in a country that is said to have more air force generals than aircraft.

To this regime the American taxpayer will soon have contributed a billion dollars for commercial investment and "defense."

IT WAS the strain of economic and student unrest, coupled with a shrewd effort to make himself presentable to critical but easily deluded American Congressmen, that led Franco in February to reorganize his ministries. He followed the shakeup with an announcement of planned administrative reforms and a promise that some liberty would be granted for "loyal and constructive" criticism. Among the new ministers were several who are believed to be members of the Roman Catholic *Opus Dei* movement, founded by the Catalan priest, Jose Maria Escrivá, in 1928. The aim of *Opus Dei* is to "Christianize" civil life. The movement does not talk about itself. It is said to have extensive banking interests and to have won control of the boards of examiners who select the staffs of secondary schools and universities. The Jesuits, according to reports, are determined to repel this invasion of what they consider their spheres of influence.

Hunger, directly attributable to agricultural decay, is the most widespread, most pathetic cause of dis-

content in Spain, but is not likely to be the strongest stimulus to corrective action. Most farmers are illiterate, and millions of them are migratory, moving with the crops from one absentee-owner's estate to another. To organize them would be impossible. "Still," I was told, "the word is getting to them. For the past ten years there has been a growing stream of hungry peasants into the cities. They learn from us. And now and again they go home. And they talk."

THE MAIN thrust to unseat Franco comes from the cities; the main strength of it, from the Basque country and Catalonia. The Basques were Basques before Greeks were Greeks. They had parliamentary government (it sat in Guernica, smashed to rubble by German pilots during the Civil War) more than a thousand years ago. Their industrial skills and mineral wealth give them, along with the Catalans, the highest standard of living in Spain. They number about 1,500,000. The 5,000,000 Catalans have run with Northern Italy in the democratic guild tradition, keeping pace for centuries with the industrial development of Europe. Both Basques and Catalans are proudly nationalistic, and have separatist inclinations which they confess are economically unreal.

It is said of the Basques that their underground is so well organized, from leadership in somebody's hat down to cells a handful strong, that 25,000 men could be rallied from the countryside to the heart of Bilbao within twenty-four hours. "We are prepared; we have our plans; we are waiting." It was not discreet to say, definitely, for what. Nor was it easy to see through the minds of the Basques a clear vision of the future. In-the-street thinking appears to be muddled by a fervid conservatism. The Basque looks with one eye back to the old days of benign monarchy, and with the other into the heart of the Church. Wealth also nurtures conservatism, and half the private capital of Spain is said to be Basque. Paradoxically, however, conservatism tends to have both a stimulating and a braking effect on the obviously lively hatred in the region for the re-



game. Conservatism demands that the Basques have their language back again, but it also argues that it may be better to wait for a propitious moment to bring back the monarchy, rather than risk something less stable rising in Franco's place.

Against a return of the monarchy—but joined with Monarchists in the universal desire to get rid of the dictatorship, whatever may follow—are the banned political parties, united with parish priests and factory owners in the underground movement as a whole. They are the right-wing *Partido Nacionalista Vasco*, with an auxiliary trade union, *Solidaridad de Trabajadores Vascos*, which claims 40 per cent of the Basques' working strength; *Partido Socialista*, independent from the *Partido Socialista Español*, claiming another 40 per cent for their *Unión General de Trabajadores*; and the *Cristiano Democráticos* and *Acción Nacionalista Vasca* parties, which have no trade-union affiliates. Basque royalists of the liberal Carlist tradition are reported to be trying to form a party which would bring Don Juan to the throne as a constitutional monarch with an English-style parliament.

In Catalonia, which pays in taxes almost half of all that the regime squeezes out of Spain, political thinking is seasoned. Relationships of parties and aims of leadership are clear-cut. It was here that I met men who showed most interest in the outside world. "Franco and his Western sympathizers to the contrary, communism is not a 'threat' to Spain, though more and more are joining the Communists because Franco's own alarmist propaganda has reacted to convince them that the Communists alone are really fighting the regime." Add to this the fact that Western friendliness has got Franco into the United Nations, and may soon get him into NATO, while most Spaniards believe that the only country still openly against Franco is the Soviet Union. "In a country that hates Franco and all his works, in what direction would sympathy flow? It's clear—towards communism, Eastward." And again: "In 1945 we hoped that Allied victory would bring a change. Instead, we have had six years of United States aid to

Franco. This assistance has discredited the democratic parties, has done the Communists a favor, has aided the extremes. America has done a disservice to the people of Spain. Its money has done nothing but enrich monopoly groups." And again: "The State Department's militaristic use of Franco against communism is bad. It is not possible to unite us with the West on a program of anti-communism. It would only be possible to win us on the basis of democracy."

Aside from the Communists, who are active but said to be loosely knit, there are three parties in Catalonia: Monarchists, Christian Democrats and Socialists. There are two unions (underground, of course): the UGT, or *Unión General de Trabajadores*, controlled absolutely by the Socialists, and the CNT, or *Confederación Nacional del Trabajo*. The CNT is anarchist; it is the strongest organization of workmen in Spain. All parties acknowledge that its ranks have been shock troops of the left-wing for more than fifty years. The first and last idea to which it is dedicated is that the trade unions must run the state. Its members fought against Franco's armies during the Civil War but, as anarcho-syndicalists, were under constant attack by the Communists, and today are described as anti-Red.

THE Socialists, who describe themselves as further Left than any other Socialist Party in Europe, hope to bring the CNT into alliance. They would thus, they think, offset gains of communism and renew the strength they have been losing as their former leaders die off in exile. The CNT and the Socialists would be a formidable force that could look to strong support from the Christian Democrats. This united-front project possibly portends the political nature of post-Franco Spain, no matter how the dictatorship comes to an end.

The Christian Democrats liken themselves to the British Labor Party ("in favor of private enterprise in some things"), and say that rank-and-file traditionalism in both parties is the only obstacle to a C.D.—S.P. alliance. A Socialist told me:

"We want the same things, but the C.D. is with the Church—even though it is opposed to the hierarchy's cooperation with Franco—and would be afraid of Socialist anti-clericalism. On the other hand, Socialist rank-and-file think that union with the Christian Democrats would mean a swing to the Right. Independent cooperation is best." For the immediate objective, C.D. cooperation with the Monarchists is more likely. And it is even said that the Communists would be willing to consider a federated Spain under a constitutional monarchy as a price worth paying for political freedom.

The Monarchists recently asked Socialist leaders exiled in Paris what the Socialist position would be on: (1) Restoration of the Monarchy by popular acclaim; (2) Restoration by force. The answer was that Socialists could not accept a *coup de force*; that they could accept restoration only if the monarchy came back as a provisional government prepared to conduct a plebiscite after a period of free propaganda by all parties. But, the Socialists added, even a right-wing monarchy restored by force would be better than Franco.

There's no one in Spain who remains unconvinced that action is coming. Last November the newspapers (all controlled by the *Ministerio de Información*) covered the Hungarian revolution with the headline, "Liberty for Hungary." This headline—not sympathy for Hungarians—brought the students of Barcelona into the streets shouting: "Liberty for us. Liberty for Spain. *Abajo Franco!*" They were locked out from their classrooms for two weeks. In January, they organized the great tram boycott, and 2,000 of them went to jail. The Ministry of Education later expelled 300 and ordered another 500 to pay double tuition. In February the students struck again against the government's holding three of their number without trial. They battled in the quadrangle against *Guardia de Franco* hoodlums, who beat them with chains as they sang the forbidden *Gaudeamus Igitur*. It is significant that children of Monarchists and Falangists led the rest.



# THE UNFINISHED INDIAN WARS . . by John Collier

THE WHITE MAN's war against the American Indian continues in ways undreamed of by the old frontiersmen and little heralded in the contemporary press. It is a quiet war, waged unobtrusively in legislative halls by men apparently convinced that, the Red Indian having lost a continent, it is time now to square accounts with him altogether by taking away the last of his tribal properties and, ultimately, his tribal identity.

The immediate issue is the small Klamath Tribe, comprising 2,118 souls altogether, most of whom live on the reservation of that name in Oregon. The reservation was created by formal treaty on October 14, 1864; the Indians' ninety-three years of residence have brought into being a community rooted in the land and functioning, under the treaty, in normal tribal fashion under a tribal council.

The undoing of the Klamaths is not that they are poor, but that they are men of some property. They own 800,000 acres of the finest ponderosa pine in the country, a timber stand which has been administered by the Indian Bureau of the federal government since 1913. The timber is cut and sold on a strictly sustained-yield basis—that is, the amount cut annually is geared carefully to the rate of growth—and the income, minus administration expenses, is turned over to the tribe. Under this arrangement, each tribal member—man, woman and child—has been receiving about \$800 a year (a family of five thus gets about \$4,000 annually). Moreover, there is every reason to believe that the Klamath forest could maintain this income for its owners so long as timber remains a desirable commodity. Indeed, some experts believe that the timber will increase in value as the country's resources

generally are diminished by intemperate cutting.

For many years the fair treatment afforded the Klamaths was typical, more or less, of federal policy toward the Indian—a policy dictated not only by a sense of justice, but by the white man's sense of guilt for the past. But in 1950, under Dillon S. Myer as Indian Commissioner, the policy began to change; the government prepared to divest itself of its responsibilities with regard to Indian affairs. In 1953, the Administration pushed through Public Law 280, an omnibus act which repudiated, in principle, all compacts and treaties between the federal government and Indian tribes and groups (see *Indian Takeaway*, *The Nation*, October 2, 1954).

It was within this context that, in 1954, the blow fell upon the Klamaths. In the final hours of its session, the Eighty-third Congress passed the Klamath Termination Act (Public Law 287), which compels the tribe to sell its corporate holdings—including the ponderosa pine forest and some 150,000 acres of range land—to non-Indians before March 31, 1958. Pursuant to the act, three management specialists were appointed who, in turn, hired a private corporation to appraise the tribal properties. In all, the management specialists were given a budget of more than \$220,000 for the fiscal year 1957 to carry out their work—the money to come out of Klamath tribal funds.

THE SPECIALISTS soon found out what must have been obvious to everyone who has any knowledge of timber. Whatever it might do to the Indians, a forced sale of their forest to private commercial interests, who would operate it without regard to the sustained-yield principle, would result in its destruction in a short time. This would have deleterious effects on the economy of a large section of Oregon in relation not only to timber losses, but to wild life and water resources. Moreover, a forced sale of this kind would in-

evitably result in the bottom dropping out of the sales price; in the end, it could depress the price by one-half or more.

Undoubtedly the act was passed in the first place on the assumption that non-Indian timber interests would welcome this dumping of Indian assets into their hands. But the anticipated cheers never materialized. Whatever their feeling about the Indians, the white communities of the Klamath region were keenly aware of what the destruction of the Klamath forest would mean.

WITH these facts in mind, the specialists reported to a Senate committee on October 18, last year, that it would be well to amend the Klamath Termination Act. The amendment they suggested is designed to "terminate" the Klamaths but to save their forest; specifically, they recommended that the tribe be forced to sell, not to private interests, but to the government. The timberland would then be administered by the Department of Agriculture on the sustained-yield principle.

So far as the Indians are concerned, of course, this is no amendment at all, except that they are likely to get a better price. The amount suggested by the specialists as fair was the full value of the reservation; i.e., \$113,775,000. This would be divided among the 2,118 members of the tribe, netting each member \$53,718. Of this, \$1,718 would be paid in cash and the rest amortized over a twenty-year period at \$2,600 annually. For Indians who are minors, or who are "in need of assistance in conducting their affairs," guardians would be appointed under state law. This proviso would affect nearly half the membership of the Klamaths. In Eastern Oklahoma, in the decade following 1910, identical provision was made with respect to the Five Civilized Tribes. The result was a series of scandals that attracted the attention of the whole country.

For the Indian, there is involved here more than a comparison of in-

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comes; i.e., \$2,600 a year for twenty years, and then nothing, as against \$800 a year for a lifetime, with every prospect that one's child and grandchild will profit equally. The fact is that the reservation Indian is still at a stage where, with a few exceptions, a relatively large amount of cash profits him less than it does the nearest storekeeper. The fact is also that to destroy the Indian communal property is to destroy the Indian. Anyone familiar with United States history for the last seventy-five years knows these things. The measures which proved disastrous all over the West in 1887, and in Eastern Oklahoma a quarter-century ago, are not likely to prove less disastrous in Oregon this year or next.

ONE EXAMINES the 182 pages of the Klamath hearings transcript in vain for a persuasive reason for the Klamath Termination Act. Reasons are advanced, of course; but they do more to illumine the thinking processes of those who advance them than to throw light on the issue. The specialists suggest that it is morally undesirable that the Indians should have a guaranteed income of \$800 a year. At one point they term the sum a "dole"! Senator Watkins adds, "If they [the Klamaths] are just living in idleness, drawing their own pay and doing nothing else, I do not think it is good for them. It has never been good for any people in the world and it will never be good for them." The ordinary heir, it is to be presumed, does not live on a dole; the tens of thousands of widows and orphans who have a small income from properties or stocks and bonds, do not live on a dole; but a Klamath Indian, because he is part owner of a forest and enjoys an income from it—he is living on a dole! (In this connection, the Indian Bureau made a survey of the Klamath Tribe and found that 35 per cent of its members "were able to make their living entirely without dependency upon" their dividends; 20 per cent needed the dividends to some extent; 45 per cent were entirely dependent upon their tribal income.)

Nowhere is it suggested that the Bureau of Indian Affairs had failed

to manage the tribal assets prudently and competently since the timber operation began in 1943.

What do the Indians themselves think? The transcript presents evidence the more interesting because it is conflicting. Most of the Klamaths "have indicated a desire to remain on the land which has been their home, their heritage" (page 68). But Mr. Watters, one of the specialists, testifies on page 18: "I still think the Indians should be terminated"; and further, on page 63: "It is the opinion of many persons . . . that this 'dole' system of per capita payments has resulted in a general decline in the incentive and initiative of the tribe as a whole." Several times, in the course of testimony, it is stated that 70 per cent of the Indians want to get rid of their property and dissolve their community life. But Mr. Watters states (page 35): "There is a tremendous lack of knowledge by Indians themselves of what this is all about." And the Indian's own attorney testifies (pages 106ff) that neither he nor anyone else can tell the Indians what will lie ahead when the act is executed next year. James Gamble, of the committee staff, remarks (page 25): "What the Indians had . . . was a choice between cash and an unknown quantity." To which Mr. Watters comments, "That is right." Ignorance and the inclination characteristic of all who are untrained in the discipline of thrift have persuaded many of the Klamaths to prefer the cash, even at the cost of losing their communal identity. One witness went even further in attempting to read the motivation of the Indians (page 136): "These people are full citizens of the United States who seek release from racially restricted laws!"

THE REAL reasons for the Klamath Termination Act must be looked for beyond the strict confines of the hearings. In the first place, the government has set itself upon a course of total withdrawal from its responsibilities toward the Indian. Second, this Administration is developing a kind of nihilistic philosophy toward the country's natural resources which must shock the

thoughtful citizen. How else explain the approval given to the Klamath Termination Act in its original form—a form practically guaranteed to destroy one of the country's great forests within a short time? The government's own specialists are clear on this point in the transcript of the hearings. "Our present thinking," Mr. Watters said (pages 12-13), "is that if this law is carried out as written. . . one of the finest stands of timber in the United States will be destroyed." And again:



"Under this law as written, we are supposed to sell [the timber] in a manner whereby we can get the highest possible market price for the Indians. The only way you can do that is to cut it up into small economic tracts. The smaller operators will come in droves and buy up these small tracts and they will practically clear them. . . ." And again: "To allow the promiscuous cutting of the Klamath reservation forest is to jeopardize the farm production and the waterpower developments dependent on the watershed protection provided by these forests."

Yet the Department of the Interior, supposedly dedicated to preserving our natural resources, permitted Congress to enact the law without opposition.

The Klamath Termination Act is designed as a pilot project of the Administration in Indian affairs—and possibly in the handling of all natural-resource problems. The repeal of the act is imperative for the good of the body, as well as the soul, of the country.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Western Historical Worm

### *THE VARIETIES OF HISTORY.*

Edited, selected and introduced by Fritz Stern. Meridian Books. Paperback. 427 pp. \$1.45.

### *WILHELM DILTHEY'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.*

By William Kluback. Columbia University Press. 118 pp. \$3.

### *THE DESTINY OF THE MIND, EAST AND WEST.*

By William S. Haas. The Macmillan Company. 327 pp. \$6.50.

### *IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN.*

By William Carlos Williams. New Directions Paperbooks. 235 pp. \$1.25.

### Geoffrey Barraclough

DO WE, in the Western world, ever realize how extraordinary our preoccupation with history is? History, as distinct from mere annals and chronology, may almost be called a characteristic aberration of the Western mind. India and China have no history, in our sense of the word; they do not feel the need to interrelate past events in order to establish unity or order, to bridge them by interpolating links, or to subordinate them to more general patterns, as we in the West always strive to do. For them, "what reality there is in this world resides in the individual, not as a link and member of the historical process, but in him as such."

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable parts of the late William Haas's last book are passages, such as these, in which he contrasts the attitudes of East and West to time, to history and to the past. But, he warns us, we must resist the temptation to regard the "ahistorical attitude" of the East as "a mere deficiency," proving our intellectual

superiority. For what, he asks, is the cause of our unceasing preoccupation with the past? And his answer is that it is "a deep uncertainty, a doubt that recurs again and again, particularly in the decisive periods of Western History," the primary reason for which is the West's failure to create a religion for itself.

This inability to create a religion, and the adoption of a foreign one, coupled with the gigantic effort to assimilate it by recreating it, are the deeply rooted causes of this deep uncertainty of the West . . . In this predicament Western man turns repeatedly to history and the philosophy of history in search of equilibrium and a fulcrum. From history he hopes to learn the process of his formation, from the philosophy of history his place in the world and his significance to humanity. All this he seeks to the end of securing and stabilizing his own relation to himself.

But Western historiography had not advanced far before it became evident that the expectation that history would teach man "the process of his formation" was less a demonstrable fact than an act of faith. As Friedrich Meinecke put it, in one of the essays printed in Mr. Stern's illuminating collection: "One wishes to see the spiritual goals one feels to be one's own confirmed by revelation in the world." "One wishes," indeed; but what justification is there for thinking that history will help one to succeed? The four books reviewed here illustrate, each in its own way, the nature of the predicament.

*The Varieties of History*, a collection of essays and papers by thirty-five historians, from Voltaire onwards, "a book by historians about history," shows the Western historical worm writhing and twisting in its desperate search through blind, earthy fact for ultimate meaning. This formulation is not meant to disparage Mr. Stern's efforts. His volume is the best collection of its sort I have seen, and he himself an

excellent guide. But whatever the incidental gains of history—particularly the sense of liberation, tearing us away (as Mr. Stern says) "from the parochialism of time and place" and enlivening our imagination—his book leaves us brooding over the presuppositions of historical thought, conscious that the answers of yesterday will not do, but uncertain what to put in their place.

Nineteenth-century historians believed in the possibility of objective history, speaking (so to say) for itself. "It is not I who speak," said the Frenchman, Fustel de Coulanges, "but history which speaks through me." It was an ideal of a neutral, value-free history; but what, in the words of James Harvey Robinson, was this so-called "objective history" but "history without an object"? Moreover, in Mr. Stern's formulation, "it left the historian without definite categories of judgment or criticism"; for "the very existence of truth in history is an unresolved problem of epistemology."

IT WAS the special task of the German philosophers, Rickert and Dilthey, to uncover the inherent weaknesses in the philosophical presuppositions of the so-called "scientific" historians. To use an expressive sentence, quoted by Mr. Stern, Dilthey saw more clearly than anyone before him that "the central problems of a historical methodology or epistemology hinge upon the fact that an objective knowledge of the past can only be obtained through the subjective experience of the scholar."

Mr. Kluback's essay on Dilthey explains his position very competently. He represented "the efforts made by German historical scholarship to free itself of positivism." The historical school of Ranke had, in Dilthey's view, "done a tremendous amount of empirical investigation and had developed intensive and successful techniques"; but "they had set to work empirically without a critical understanding of what they were doing," and therefore they

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"lacked the epistemological foundation for their work." Dilthey's object was to provide this foundation. The attempt of the positivist school to apply scientific methods to history was in his view misconceived; their place must be taken by "trained intuitive insight." For "whereas the scientist dealt with the external world, the historian dealt with thoughts, feelings and actions," which "he could only experience by a process of reliving."

BUT THE fundamental question remained: was the historical world intuitively accessible to human understanding in the way that Dilthey believed, or must one assume in this field, as Kant had postulated in regard to the physical world, that one could never know the reality of things in themselves? Mr. Kluback correctly admits that Dilthey never satisfactorily resolved this basic problem: the "psychological foundation" of his thought "vanished under him." There is a further point which Mr. Kluback might have emphasized. By casting doubt upon the value of "scientific history," by exalting intuition, Dilthey inevitably weakened the foundations of historical scholarship. As Mr. Kluback says, Dilthey's attitude came to him from the poets. But where, in that case, draw the line between the poet's intuition and the historian's intuition, between the poet's imagination and the historian's imagination? If the detailed, specialized work of the professional historian is today falling into disrepute, it is in part due to the ideas about history, its nature and its function, which Dilthey propagated.

One reaction was the grandiose synthesis, which seeks (in Meinecke's words) "to rise above the trivia of causal enquiry to the majestic values of life," and "to extract the 'eternal' and the 'timeless' from the past, allowing its historical conditioning in time to fade from view." For all its positive qualities, *The Destiny of the Mind, East and West*—as its very title indicates—is not always free from this dangerous tendency to stray into an ethereal region of pure speculation, where plain fact seems a brutal intrusion.

May 25, 1957

The other reaction is seen in William Carlos Williams' interpretations of American history—a truly remarkable collection of essays, which is a classic, very welcome in a paperback reissue. You will like his strange unorthodox style, or you won't; but you will not deny that he has something to say. The question is whether that something is history or not; and I, for one,

cannot bring myself to classify it as such. For Williams is a poet, and it is the poet's vision—not the historian's vision—which he brings to bear on the American past, with the deliberate object of breaking through the deadening mould in which history has encased it. "History, that lie!", he cries; "Good Lord, these historians!"

Only a fool will suppose that to

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# The Lamont Case

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deny William Carlos Williams the title of historian implies a criticism of his work. His perceptions are real, incisive, true—often, perhaps, more true than the historian's perceptions, which he criticizes—but that very fact indicates the reality of the dilemma. For if the poet, stripping off the “chaos of borrowed titles,” sees the past more clearly than the historian, what is the use of the vast panoply of learning with which history is surrounded?

For a full answer to that question the reader cannot do better than turn to *The Varieties of History*. The short answer, as I see it, is that the demands and expectations which we in the West have been wont to place on history are largely misconceived. The objective certainty which we hoped for from it is an illusion; and if we wish to know the process of our formation, or our place in the world, the poet is more likely to illuminate than the historian. This does not mean that history turns out to be a broken reed; it only means that our conception of its nature is mistaken. It is not concerned with the whole of reality, and to expect of it a key to understanding is to ask of history more than it can give.

Dilthey may have been right when he said that man can only understand himself in history, for we cannot abstract ourselves from time and place; but *in* history is not the same thing as *through* history. The historian, wrote Jaurès in one of the essays in Mr. Stern's book, “must never forget that he deals with a mere abstraction.” He deals always with limited, selected data, and with these he can deal effectively. He can

clarify, for example, the constitutional position in England on the eve of American independence, and this is useful knowledge for Americans and for Englishmen.

But constitutional history of this sort is an abstraction; and if we add to it political history and social history and religious history and the history of ideas—all of which are also abstractions—the mere sum does not add up to reality. This, as Mr. Stern well says, historians “can neither deduce from first principles nor create by an act of the imagination”; and it has been a peculiar

Western aberration to suppose that they could. The oriental world, with what William Haas calls its “penetrating insight into history's lack of significance,” saw further and saw more truly. There is no reason why we in the West should give up our pursuit of the shadow of events, “the chain of activities in the outside world,” with which our traditional Western history deals; but we shall understand better the nature of our history, and what it can do for us, and what it cannot, if we can widen our perspective and measure it against the experience of the East.

## In Double Harness with Churchill

*THE TURN OF THE TIDE: A History of the War Years Based on the Diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.* By Arthur Bryant. Doubleday & Co. 624 pp. \$6.95.

George Dangerfield

FIELD-MARSHAL Lord Alanbrooke—who as Lieutenant General Alan Brooke saved the British Army at Dunkirk and as General Sir Alan Brooke became professional head of the Army he had saved—seemed destined at one time to an undeserved but rather charming obscurity. “He is best known today,” Sir Arthur Bryant wrote in the opening chapter of *The Turn of the Tide*, “as a lecturer on bird-films and ex-president of the Zoo.” But that was written before the book was published.

Its publication seems to have started something of a rumpus in England. Bryant's purpose was nothing less than to transmit to posterity, in two stout volumes, of which this is the first, the notion that Lord Alanbrooke was “England's greatest soldier.” This would have been all right if Alanbrooke had not been a consultant and to some extent a co-author; for the claim of “greatest soldier” is not derived from Bryant's speculations but based solidly on two of Brook's immense unpublished works—the uninhibited daily war record which Brooke called his “Diary” and the subsequent commentary and amplification which he called “Notes on my Life.”

Brooke—unexpectedly emerging from

the shadows in this unreticent way—is not the most usual kind of British general. He is an Anglo-Irishman, brought up in France, and probably more fluent in French than in English. When he was sent to France after Dunkirk on the lunatic mission of cooperating with the French “in the defeat of the common enemy,” he could find no more soldierly terms for his predicament than “I feel like Alice in Wonderland!” He once alarmed Turkey's Field-Marshal Cakmak by staring blankly out of the window of the railroad car in which they were conferring, not (as Cakmak supposed) at some would-be assassin, but at the unexpected appearance of a rare bird called the “pallid harrier.” In short, he has the makings of a first-class eccentric.

But the eccentric is unhappily lost in the “greatest soldier” who emerges from these pages, with their rather tiresome alternation of carefully selected quotations and awestruck connecting narratives. One has to read between the lines to realize that Alan Brooke is not the immodest and complaining windbag whom Bryant and Alanbrooke have somehow created between them: that he is, rather, a soldier with a mind of his own and no ordinary mind at that.

In some respects, moreover, this book is a simple act of justice. Brooke was not only Chief of the Imperial General Staff but also Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee—a dual position which made him the first strategic adviser to the British Government, that is to say to Winston Churchill in his dual role of Minister of Defense and Prime Minister. The relations between the two men were, therefore, exceedingly close; and, though Churchill could have fired Brooke at any time, as

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of *The Era of Good Feelings*, *Victoria's Heir*, *The Strange Death of Liberal England* and other books.



strategic planners they were obliged to think on equal terms.

You will find little trace of this relationship in the six volumes of Churchill's *The Second World War*, fully as *ex parte* a statement as *The Turn of the Tide*. In the main text of this opus the references to Brooke, while invariably kind, are also brief, infrequent and laconic. In the appendices, on the other hand, where Churchill waspishly collected those personal minutes which showed him in the congenial act of lecturing, scolding and generally gingering up his military advisers, Brooke's appearances are far more numerous.

I would be the last to suggest that Lord Alanbrooke saw in this volume a chance of getting his own back. Brooke's admiration for his political chief—whom he does not hesitate to describe, and not in irony, as "a superhuman genius"—is evidently as great as the next man's. All he has done is to mingle with his rhapsodies a certain amount of forthright criticism. "Winston," he writes in one typical passage, "never had the slightest doubt that he inherited all the military genius of his great ancestor, Marlborough. His military plans and ideas varied from the most brilliant conception at the one end to the wildest and most dangerous ideas at the other. To wean him from those wilder plans required superhuman efforts. . . ."

To any reader of *The Second World War*, not totally deafened by Churchill's blowing of his own horn, these criticisms can but have a most reasonable sound. What created the rumpus was, presumably, Alanbrooke's willingness to have them printed now; posthumous publication, surely, would have been the decent thing. And yet the criticisms do not amount to very much, nor could they have been so very surprising. Churchill had a "mad" plan for the invasion of Norway; he had a most unstrategic obsession with the tip of Sumatra as the ideal base for operations against Malaya; he often tried to bully his generals into premature action; he meddled, he was irascible, he kept everyone up much too late. But it is clear that on fundamental strategy, on a Mediterranean policy for example, the two men saw eye to eye: indeed, they would never have stayed together if they had not. As a reputedly explosive account of the first years of World War II, *The Turn of the Tide* is something of a damp squib.

What is more valuable is its overtactful but persistent harping on the theme of the professional soldier versus the amateur strategist.

The theme is complicated by the fact that Brooke, though far from character-

istic in his background and his more advanced ideas, was not merely a professional soldier but a *British* professional soldier—that is to say, a professional with certain odd yearnings for amateur status; while Churchill was an amateur so widely read and deeply experienced in the art and administration of war that he almost deserved to be called a top professional.

ALMOST but not quite. Brooke is more soldierly in his rooted mistrust of happy shortcuts and makeshift expedients; more soldierly in his sturdy faith in ultimate victory but intermediate defeat. Churchill, to be sure, announced and believed that the task would be long and difficult; but Churchill was always looking for intermediate victory, anywhere, everywhere, and as soon as possible. This amateur enthusiasm made him the great leader in a war which, if left to the British professionals, might well have gone on and on until the world bled itself white or blew itself up or died of despondency. And Churchill was quite un-English in his distaste for military incompetence (England's favorite military poem is on the simple theme of "someone had blundered"). Brooke also had a quick way with incompetence; yet you can detect in his Diary a fondness for those lion-hearted, imperturbable and ignorant warriors whose departure from the scene he made as easy as possible, and whose nicknames of "Bulgy," "Jumbo" and so forth suggest that they were not only imperturbable but overweight.

And then, in a far deeper sense, Churchill is the amateur of amateurs. He was a valiant and devoted public servant; but there is no denying that he got a tremendous bang out of the war. This was not true of Brooke. Few professional soldiers find war exhilarating. Wellington said that next to a battle lost the greatest misery was a battle gained. But Churchill, obviously lightheaded from a prolonged exercise of immense power at a very rare altitude, was able to describe a trip to Normandy only three days after the bloodletting of D-Day as a "jolly" visit to the beaches. At such moments, with the atomic age almost upon him, he seems most tragically out of date. Or is it that World War II—by giving him such power and then putting such a word in his mouth—had proved that modern warfare, as a means of settling anything, was already archaic? Brooke, whose Diary begins "It [the outbreak of war] is too ghastly even for a nightmare," seems—as a prophet at any rate—so far to have the last word.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

Stockholm—Copenhagen

SHOULD we hang our heads in shame? Here in the Scandinavian countries—Sweden with a population of little more than seven million and Denmark with a population of four million—each of the governments spends about a million dollars a year to support their state theatres for drama, opera, ballet.

The director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, Karl Gierow, assured me that he suffers no political pressure in the choice of plays, actors, artistic staff, even though one-third of the theatre's income is state money. He manages his theatre in consultation with a committee of members of his acting company, some of his stage directors and certain gentlemen from the Ministry of Education. Formerly a poet and a playwright, Gierow now finds his hands full with his theatre job: he oversees twelve new productions a season on two stages—to be increased next season to eighteen productions on three stages.

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Actors are poorly paid, everyone in Stockholm agrees. But there is continuity of employment because even the privately-controlled theatres have permanent companies, and actors supplement their salaries by work in pictures, recitals, radio. The theatres, especially the private ones, have been hurt this past season by the new lure of television. But when the novelty wears off, business, it is believed, will return to normal.

AT THE Royal Opera in Stockholm I saw a well-staged *Carmen*, and an evening of ballet with a superbly spare set by Picasso for de Falla's *Three Corners Hat* and an agreeably naïve folk ballet with a score by the eighty-five-year-old Swedish composer, Hugo Alfvén. The Scandinavians have fondness in their ballet for a country-like candor with baby bright shades of yellow, blue, orange, green which is perhaps a needed relief from their taste for sombre plays and their dark winters. The performance I attended was a celebration for Alfvén. Many speeches were made, flowers were brought on the stage, and the old gentleman responded gayly with a deserved tribute to the legs of the very good-looking girls in the *corps de ballet*. All this in the presence of Sweden's Gustav Adolphus VI, the first king—and a very nice one he seemed—I ever beheld!

Although I was chiefly interested in seeing O'Neill's "new" play, *A Touch of the Poet*, at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm, I shall refrain from discussing it now because I am to direct it myself in New York sometime next winter. Everyone assured me however that the production of this play was inferior to that of last year's world premiere of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*—which by the way is being done in Copenhagen and all over Germany.

I also saw a production of *Look Back in Anger* by John Osborne, the interesting young English playwright who for the first time, it would appear, has in-

troduced a certain younger generation realism onto the British stage. This first play, rapturously greeted at its opening last year in London where I saw it, is chiefly a study of the psychological impasse of many articulate youths in England today—mental delinquents suffering from a frustrated hyperaesthesia which tends to make for bad manners rather than significant thoughts.

The Stockholm cast (which includes Anita Björk, the Miss Julie of the excellent Swedish film version of Strindberg's play) does the English play well—though the cast is somewhat too mature for the parts they act. The play is ably directed by Alf Sjöberg, also the director of the above mentioned film.

I saw half of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* with a talented and extremely attractive actress, Mai Brett-Nilsson as Maggie. The young man who played Brick was good too, and I preferred the more realistic setting with a proper bed to the arty distortion—which would have broken the backs of any two people who slept in it—in the New York production.

Though my stay in Stockholm was too brief to permit any artistic generalizations about the Swedish theatre, I was dazzled by the fact that two openings of new productions were announced one night after the other at the Royal Theatre: one of Shaw's *Captain Brassbound*, the other of a play never before produced—because it was written like Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* as part play, part novel—a Swedish piece dating from 1840, *The Queen's Jewels*.

I saw a rehearsal of this and found in it a fascinating combination of an E. T. A. Hoffman or Edgar Allan Poe macabre quality done with a kind of sparkling elegance—the total effect being that of a courtly nightmare.

From all this it must be clear that the Swedish theatre—and this is true of Denmark as well—is in a healthy state—except for the lack of important new playwrights. "There hasn't been a first-rate Swedish playwright since

Strindberg. But how many first rate playwrights have there ever been?" Gierow asked me. The Danes claim one such playwright: Kaj Munk, a clergyman who was killed at the age of forty-six by the Gestapo in 1944.

COPENHAGEN, reputedly a gayer city than the stolidly handsome Stockholm, is said to excel in comedy. I was ready to believe this from a highly amusing production of Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* I saw at one of the private theatres in the Danish capital. (Bert Lahr would be wonderful in this marvelous old farce.) I couldn't laugh at the verbal jokes, but my eye caught so much comic byplay and inventive action that the play was clear as well as funny throughout.

The four old biddies—especially an actress named Ipsen in the titular role—of Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillost* were charmingly played, but I have yet to see this little masterpiece properly produced.

The Giraudoux play is a revival: it was first produced in Copenhagen shortly after the war. Good plays are frequently revived here and do not have to wait for a generation to pass before they may be seen after their initial run. And if it is a serious lack for a country not to have outstanding playwrights—as America now does, most Europeans affirm—it is still a fine thing to see the best plays of the international theatre, contemporary and classic, on the stages of two such small countries as Sweden and Denmark.

Before quitting this part of the world—as well as this report—I must note two minor observations which for different reasons charmed me: (a) On the Danish ten crown note one finds the face of Hans Christian Andersen; (b) the next play at the theatre where the Molière production was done is to be *The Road to Rome*—which the local tourist guide book announces as the work of *Sherwood Anderson!*



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## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM is holding until June 16 a retrospective exhibition of the works of the German-born Hans Hoffman, veteran modern painter and most influential art teacher in America today. Most of the pictures are those done during his long residence in this country. They are large and bright. The paint surface is thick and crusted, made up of impressive quanti-

ties of the most expensive pigments—pounds upon pounds of veridians, cadmiums and cobalts, put on with brush, thumb and palette knife. The forms portrayed are for the most part imprecise—patches and squiggles of vivid color in elaborately contrived textures. The titles are sometimes fanciful. The image is either negligible or non-existent. The work is direct and exuberant,



with little wit, elegance, restraint or tension—pure enthusiasm in paint.

Hoffman belongs among the Action painters, to the group otherwise known as the Abstract Expressionists. It is even possible that he is its inventor, for most of the members in this country have been at one time his students. The theory of this school of painting has been somewhat obscured by its advocates, perhaps more devoted to salesmanship than to clarity, but the ideas involved are simple and respectable. They are roughly these:

It can be claimed with a great deal of reason that the beauty in a work of art comes from the pattern of shapes and colors painted on the canvas and from this alone; that our apprehension of this beauty has nothing to do with the objects these shapes and colors might depict or with the sentiments the depicted objects might evoke. Thus, the lift we feel in a Greco comes uniquely from the interlacing lines of its composition; the intense peace expressed in the face of a Cambodian Buddha is a question alone of the proportions and relations of its sculptured planes; and the impressive weight of a Cézanne still life comes only from the spacial relations of those solid chunks of depicted matter we name, by habit and association, apples and pears. It can furthermore be claimed that the presence of such objects or sentiments, by their very familiarity, obscures the real impact of a picture.

When these ideas first began to be taken seriously by teachers and painters some thirty years ago it was assumed that the basic structure of shape and color which constitutes beauty was a question of exact proportion, and probably had a numerical foundation. An aestetitian named Hambridge revived a Renaissance tradition and suggested that beauty might be inherent in the incommensurable proportions of one to the square roots of two, of three and of five, and proceeded to derive the proportions of all Greek art and architecture from one or another of these fundamental ratios. To the Greek these incommensurables, not being real numbers, were probably as divine and as mysterious as beauty itself. On this basis, elaborate systems were proposed for the division of a canvas to provide perfect compositions for the representational painter. The abstract artists adopted the idea and their painting became more and more precise, with tight lines and sharply defined color areas. In most cases they did not follow a mathematical formula, but they believed, nevertheless, that the essence of beauty lay in

the exact division of space and, in obedience to this idea, they tortured themselves to an almost Calvinistic exactitude.

A theory such as this eventually becomes untenable. It removes all freedom from the act of painting, and with the freedom goes also all the pleasure the painter takes in his labor. Another system had to be devised.

This was the present system of Abstract Expressionism, based principally, I believe, on certain pictures of Kandinsky. The concept of the universe on which it is apparently based, I myself cannot accept. It is none the less quite tenable: that the cosmos is the result of accidents caused by chance encounters between energies; that the artist's mind is itself the result of similar accidents; and that by yielding to his subliminal motor impulses, the painter's hand will automatically create accidents which will depict our accidental universe. This is the discipline of spontaneity—Abstract Expressionism's contribution to the technique of the art. With this discipline the abstract artist could pretend to be the instrument of forces greater than himself, his conscience was no longer racked by the demands of an impossible precision, his liberty of color and texture, so severely restricted by formal abstraction, was restored, and he could again enjoy his work.

ALL THE kinds of abstract painting, however, have certain serious drawbacks. The principal one is that the picture tends to lie flat on the canvas. It is almost impossible for a painter who uses no images to obtain the illusion of depth or of space. The painting is limited to surface pattern and tends to become pure decoration. To overcome this limitation the abstract painter frequently uses contrasts of hot and cold pigments, claiming that by an optical illusion, the red will advance from the picture plane and the blue will retreat into it and thus provide his picture with a third dimension. The effect is very marked with red and blue lights. But, in spite of the confidence Cézanne himself had in this theory, when dealing with pigments instead of lights, the effect is so slight as to be almost negligible. To achieve depth, the abstract painter can also take advantage of tones and values. Any irregular mottling when looked at with the eye of the imagination, will give bulges and recesses, heads and landscapes. But in a purely abstract picture, such variations of depth are placed there by the fancy of the spectator and not by the design of the painter. In principle, ab-

stract painting is severely two dimensional, and I do not at all understand the apologists who speak so fervently of these painters' "exploration of space."

Disciplines of painting such as the two I have described tend to form schools. It is perhaps more accurate to say that these disciplines are the product of schools. Certainly they are more useful to teaching and to industry than to the mature artist. I suspect that the independent artist, once his student days are over, finds their possibilities too limited. They confine him to the exploration of shapes and colors, to the elaboration of textures, to the exploration of his own motor impulses. He is forced inside himself, cut off from the fecundation he might find in the outside world, limited to decoration—or to anti-decoration—and forbidden the expression of personal poetry.

The present exhibition shows little that is personal. It is all virtuosity. It is exuberant and non-committal in the highest possible key. It is like a model put before students by a brilliant teacher—all that cannot be taught has been removed. Hoffman has always taught, has always been surrounded by the admiration of students. That perhaps is why his work seems more the expression of a cult than a serious attack on the really interesting problems of artistic communication.

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## LETTER from KENYA

(Continued from inside cover)

the men carrying beautifully wrought spears. They paid their fare, the bus started up. A few miles further on, in a place without a sign of habitation, they pressed the buzzer and the bus stopped. They got out in leisurely fashion, pausing in the doorway to drink casually from a bead-encrusted gourd. The language of the Masai reveals their Nilotic origin; they are generally considered to be a "backward" group, almost militantly uninterested in Western ideas and inventions. In this they differ spectacularly from their next-door neighbors, the Kikuyus, who are impressionable and desirous of assimilating a maximum of European culture. With the understanding of how the Western mind works goes political canniness: by fomenting a full-scale political revolt they have managed to make themselves the focal group in this era of their country's history, for they think in national as well as in tribal terms.

THE CLIMB up from the lowlands is so gradual as to be unnoticeable; if it were not for the coolness in the air you would refuse to believe you had climbed 5,500 feet. But the sudden emergence of a large and very modern city in the wilderness is something of a shock. All at once you are in England; amber fog-lights glare above the endless streams of traffic, and you find yourself reflecting that there is nowhere for all these cars to be going, nowhere for them to be coming from, in the middle of this desert. Nairobi covers an enormous area, and a car is considered a "necessity."

In the hotel the first thing I noticed was that my room was a cage. Every window is fitted with stout iron bars. Even the door has bars running from top to bottom, and the bolt is fitted to a metal frame enclosing the bars, so that even if the paneling should be broken through from the outside, the room could still not be entered. The

thoughts engendered by this sight were not pleasant. It is impossible not to recall the hideous tales of tortures and slow deaths inflicted upon the Europeans by the Kikuyus, as told me by the English passengers on the ship coming to Kenya. "No one will have a Kikuyu any more as a servant," they assured me. On this score at least they obviously were misinformed. My own room boy is a Kikuyu, as are several of the waiters in the dining room.

I determined not to mention the word *Mau Mau* to anyone while I was in Kenya, and I have not. Nor have the English ever used it while talking to me. *The trouble* would appear to be the most usual way of referring to the activities of the Kikuyu nationalists which resulted in the great retaliatory campaign by the British—just *the trouble*.

I ask an Englishman: "Just what was the cause of all the trouble here?" The reply is not always the same on each occasion, but it always has the same vagueness and lack of imagination, and is expressed with uniform inarticulateness. "Russian propaganda," "free schools," "sudden upsurge of savagery within the tribe," "difficulties over ownership of land," and even "Egyptian interference" (via Radio Cairo), figure among the causes offered me. Not one answer has come near to anything like: "dissatisfaction with the policy of racial discrimination," or even: "poverty," or "hunger." These last, of course, are reasons given by the Africans. However, if the British and the Africans do not concur on causes, they seem to be in agreement as to the eventual results of the present situation. The British are generally gloomy about future prospects for their rule in Kenya; the Africans, in spite of their appalling predicament, are confident of their own ultimate victory.

THE minimum wage for Africans at present, the wage in the hope of earning which they flock to Nairobi, is 82½ shillings a month, which equals \$2.75 a week. (A 20-shilling monthly rent allowance is also accorded.) Of the relatively few Africans who have jobs at all, the vast majority work for the minimum wage. (Food is not cheap in Kenya.) Members of the Kenya Federation of Labor were unanimous in assuring me that no Asian earns less than five hundred shillings a month. The English, of course, make even more than they would back in England. "Equal pay for equal work" is one of the Federation's aims, but it will not be the first to be achieved. For the "emergency" is still in force (although the

British insist that *Mau Mau* is a thing of the past), and the emergency means that any African can be picked up at any moment and imprisoned without trial in one of the vast detention camps, or arbitrarily deported from wherever he is to his reserve. Late in March Mr. Lennox Boyd announced in the House of Commons that Africans are being arrested in Kenya this year so far at the rate of 3,000 a month.

Nairobi's residential districts for Africans, called *locations*, were already designated before the "trouble" as the only places where Africans could live; they are well outside the city in desert land, and all of them are surrounded by massive fortifications of barbed wire. No attempt is made to give them the appearance of anything but what they are: concentration camps whose gates happen at the moment to be open. If you are on some of the higher slopes of the Royal Nairobi National Park, you can see in the far distance the dismal stretches of some of these locations, baking in the sun of the waste land, and it is impossible to avoid having the sentimental reflection that the wild animals of Kenya fare better than its human inhabitants.

I was invited to visit some African homes, and this gave me the opportunity of inspecting several locations. In Pumwani Location, in a standard room nine feet by seven, lived a family of five; there was not even room for a chair or table between the two sleeping-boards which filled the entire space. Next door, in an identical cubicle, lived four unmarried men. There is no point in dwelling on the hopeless dirt and squalor; under these conditions there is no alternative to filth. The rent on each room is 26 shillings a month, payable to the government. In Ziwana Location a woman was living with her twelve children in only slightly larger accommodations. Makadara Location seemed a little less crowded; my host here told me that the government provides the foundations of the huts (since Africans are not allowed to own land in the cities) after which the residents must build the rest themselves at their own expense. Notwithstanding this, they still must pay 32 shillings a month rent for the regulation one-room dwelling. The lease is for ten years, after which the constructions are pulled down, again at the builder's expense, and the property reverts to the government with no compensation paid to the builder-resident.

What must be borne in mind is that, apart from those who lost their lives in the recent hostilities and the 44,000 who

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still crowd the detention camps, most of the educated African citizens of Kenya are included in the 100,000 Africans who live in the Nairobi locations. To be allowed to remain there, even under these intolerable conditions, is a privilege which may at any moment be withdrawn, while to be obliged to return to the reserves is tantamount to being deprived of all means of earning a living. The Africans carry pass-books in Nairobi. It is a constant sidewalk phenomenon, the sight of a policeman examining the pass-book of a worried-looking African. It is interesting to note that the two institutions of the location and the pass-book are used in identical form and called by the same names in the Union of South Africa to enforce *apartheid*.

A glimmer of hope can perhaps be found in the fact that for the handful of Africans employed in the Civil Service and the High Commission services, the principle of equal pay for equal work does apply. But the request that all Africans be given the same recompense as Asians and Europeans for doing the same work is not one which is likely to be heeded as long as the authorities have absolute power over the Africans' physical movements.

IN A hotel bar I asked one cynical British government employee whether the March elections for members of the Legislative Council had in his opinion been what is ordinarily called "free elections." His answer: "I suppose so, as free as in any other police state." Then he added quickly: "I really must learn to keep my mouth shut!" However, Tom Mboya, the General Secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labor, considers the elections a step in the desired direction, even though less than ten per cent of the Africans in the country were qualified to vote. On the official side of the Legislative Council the members are all British civil servants appointed to their posts. On the unofficial side the members are elected according to a "parity" system which provides sixteen posts to be filled by Europeans (who number 45,000) and sixteen by non-Europeans (who make up the rest of the 6,000,000 people in Kenya). As if this were not already derisory, there is a further breakdown of the non-European posts, eight going to Africans (nearly 6,000,000) and eight to Asians (about 150,000, of whom 25,000 are Arabs, the rest Indians).

The eight African members, having been duly elected, decided unanimously to refrain from participating in government, thus forming what amounts to an

opposition. Participation, they feel, would be a tacit acceptance of things as they are. Their principal concern at the moment is to replace the Lyttleton Plan, a compromise measure passed in 1954 during the crisis, with some sort of guarantee that the country will remain under the administration of the Colonial Office in London. The Lyttleton Plan's great danger is that it leaves the door open to cabinet government (that is, home rule) in Kenya. Under present conditions self-government could result only in the establishment of a regime in which the local European colonists would be free to legislate openly in favor of total African subjection, thus ending all possibility of evolution toward democratic government.

Immediately after the March elections the eight elected African members to the Legislative Council issued a press statement defining their position. A section of this reads: "We do. . . hereby declare that the most urgent and immediate need is to secure constitutional reform in the Legislature giving everyone effective and real representation, to which end it is our intention to direct all our efforts and energies. We are firmly and unequivocally opposed to any system which serves as a device to secure for certain people permanent political and economic domination of other sections of our community in Kenya." The statement is signed by Tom Mboya (Naibori), Oginga Odinga (Central Nyanza), Masinde Muliro (Nyanza North), Bernard Mate (Central Province), Arap Moi (Rift Valley), James Nzau (Akamba Constituency), Ronald Ngala (Coast Province) and Laurence Oguda (Nyanza South).

UNLESS one is actually in this land of barbed wire and watch towers, it is hard to conceive that the aims expressed above should cause the man who formulated them to be consistently attacked in the local press as "Enemy Number One." In an editorial entitled "Survival" the review *New Comment* (Nairobi) of April 5 characterizes Mr. Mboya's position as "ludicrous," and ends with the italicized recommendation: "*Hard work and longer hours should be the order of the day for Kenya.*"

The remarks of the more moderate *Kenya Weekly News* strike a "Now let's just try to be sensible about this thing" attitude; the argument is that government by Africans "would mean the end of civilization in Kenya and a reversion to the Dark Ages, to the countless centuries when the Africans ruled themselves and produced absolutely nothing." The Africans' answer to

this line is that for a colonial power which can maintain itself only by imposing the conditions that obtain today in Kenya, it is impolitic even to mention the word "civilization." For them a "reversion to the Dark Ages" might be an improvement.

Mboya is vehement in denying one of the favorite contentions of the British in East Africa—that there is considerable tribal disunity in Kenya. I had been told again and again of how the Kikuyu were disliked by their neighbors, of how the Wakamba had offered to take charge of operations against the Mau Mau (which in the beginning was a purely Kikuyu organization), of how the Kikuyu were called "the Jews of Kenya" by the other tribes because they were more interested in education and culture than in "doing an honest day's work," of the inability of the members of any tribe to understand or agree with those of any other. Wishful thinking, says Mboya, who as a Luo is far removed ethnically from the Kikuyus. "We're all together. We have to be. Kenya is a test case for all of colonial Africa south of the Sahara."

"They call us Mau Mau," said one Kikuyu derisively. "Do you know what Mau Mau means?" I said I did not. He put his hand over his stomach. "When this is empty, a man is Mau Mau. You see?" Like most revolutionary struggles, the freedom movement in Kenya has its terrorist elements. But the number of European victims of terrorist attacks has been unbelievably small—perhaps fifty altogether since the incep-

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tion of the movement. When you compare this with the number of victims of the counter-terror initiated by the British!—"100,000 would not cover the number of our dead," the secretary of one of the trade unions in Nairobi told me—you become aware of the ferocity of local European reaction to any concrete effort, however small, to change the basis of colonial society. Apart from the fact that the more easily sensationalized aspects of Mau Mau activity (its connections with animism, the ceremony of the oath and the ritual mutilation of certain victims) made it excellent copy for news correspondents, there is no justification for the enormous publicity it received at the time of its apogee. Infinitely greater numbers of French colonists, for instance, died equally horrible deaths at the hands of Moroccan terrorists during the War for Independence in 1954 and 1955, but because there was no way of camouflaging the openly anti-colonial nature of the struggle, relatively little was made of it in the world press. The inference in most of the material written on the conflict in Kenya is that Mau Mau is (the British like to say: *was*) an irrational outbreak of bloodthirstiness on the part of a group of fanatical savages. This unrealistic conception is a natural one to expect on the part of the local European population; further afield it becomes pure colonialist propaganda.

Since the industry of the country has a racial structure, the trade union movement has been obliged to organize itself in accordance with that structure. The Kenya Federation of Labor thus comprises nine unions whose membership is totally African. The most moving experi-

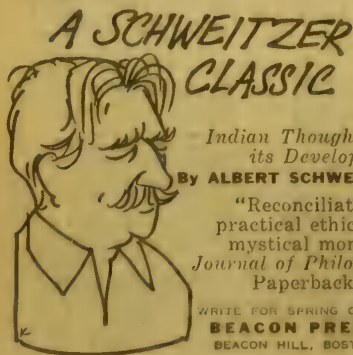
1. It is not excessive to characterize the measures of British retaliation, including the expedient of setting a bounty on dead Kikuyus, as counter-terror. An additional item of interest is the number of official hangings carried out by the government during the peak period of hostilities. From October 1952 through March 1956, 1,015 were executed, an average of one a day.

ence I had in East Africa was the afternoon and evening I spent going from office to office within the unions' building, talking with union directors. Their desperate faith in trade unionism came out in halting sentences, sometimes in Swahili which had to be translated for me, and sometimes in English, but all of them said the same thing: "Trade Unionism is our only hope." The office rooms were incredibly small; when night came the only illumination they had was a candle stuck onto the table.

Segregation here is fairly thorough, but not complete. Thus although there are European and non-European waiting-rooms and toilets in the stations, in Nairobi as in Mombasa the municipal buses merely have first and second class sections, and the seating depends wholly upon the class in which the passenger chooses to ride. This arrangement gives rise to some strange little scenes. An African policeman in khaki shorts was sitting alone on the wide three-passenger seat in front of me. An English woman boarded the bus, and the policeman shifted over to the end of the seat by the window, to leave space for her. She glared furiously at him for an instant, said in a voice for the whole bus to hear: "Well, *you* make a most presentable lady, I must say!" and strode indignantly to the seat behind me, where she sat down beside an Englishman, remarking: "Did you see that incredible performance?" They ended by having a good laugh together, but the meaning of the episode eluded me. I decided there must be a law providing that European women and African men shall not sit next to one another on a public conveyance. Not knowing, however, I asked about it at the first opportunity. There is no such law; it was not a question of seats at all. The English woman was angry merely because the policeman had not stood up when she came into the bus; some Africans still do, it seems, in deference to their superiors.

Mombasa

THERE WAS A RIOT in the Athi River Detention Camp two days before I left Nairobi; a British guard was stabbed. Severe disciplinary measures were urged by the press. Today there is a news story of a mass escape of Mau Mau convicts on their way back to a camp from the quarry where they had been working. Twenty prisoners are still at large. Before going up to Nairobi I should have hoped vaguely for their capture as a part of the necessary process of re-establishing order in the land. Now I find it difficult to wish them anything but the best of luck.



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# Crossword Puzzle No. 725

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Friendly clouds that might foretell something pleasant. (8)
- 5 Famous trial ranges? (6)
- 10 Periodically in the dark? (7)
- 11 Make a bet in a mixed deal, and put at rest. (7)
- 12 A grand place according to Baum? (5)
- 13 A street an unusual collection of animals paraded. (9)
- 14 Bone period of the Indians? (5)
- 16 Remove a passage for the deputy. (8)
- 19 Rather mixed twos than open sets of shelves. (8)
- 22 12 across found in New York, but not a very smart one. (5)
- 24 The way to change a sort of beast into something more like a mule! (9)
- 26 Turn over nothing but a Norse chieftain (5)
- 28 See 7 down
- 29 Refers to a sort of dull sea. (7)
- 30 What British insurance companies do? (6)
- 31 Sometimes rung in, and a badly focused eye warns of it. (3, 5)

## DOWN:

- 1 Put a cooking utensil on around the temple. (8)
- 2 Certainly not a heavy beam. (5)
- 3 Obviously a knowing faculty. (9)

- 4 Only Herbert's operetta would have told any other version! (7)
- 6 Appeal to a house plant for this. (5)
- 7 and 28 across Would mercenary soldiers expect it? (7, 2, 7)
- 8 It's sad, but not quite true that one might be cruel. (6)
- 9 Mental disturbance, but certainly not under fire. (6)
- 15 Glue and cement have sides also! (9)
- 17 Usually a biological factor to revive. (9)
- 18 A general view. (8)
- 20 The animal is practically a goner! (6)
- 21 Look at the leaf—it has gone through porous material! (7)
- 23 Little boy at a part of the concert, perhaps. (6)
- 25 Aesop said outside show is a poor substitute for this worth. (5)
- 27 Kingdom where they always had a daily change. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 724

ACROSS: 1 HOMESPUN; 5 ESPIED; 10 LATH; 12 EMPIRES; 13 TOECAPS; 14. 25 down and 11 across GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT; 15 RESTATE; 18 TOSSPOT; 21 RECIPE; 24 POWERED; 26 VICE-ROY; 27 EVERGREEN; 28 ANGEL; 29 STEINS; 30 REVERSES. DOWN: 1 HALTER; 2 METAPHORS; 3 SPEARED; 4 ULYSSES; 6 SHIVERS; 7 INDIA; 8 DETESTED; 16 ASPARAGUS; 17 STOPPERS; 19 PARAGON; 20 TEDDER; 21 and 9 REVENUE CUTTER; 22 COCKADE; 23 CYCLES.

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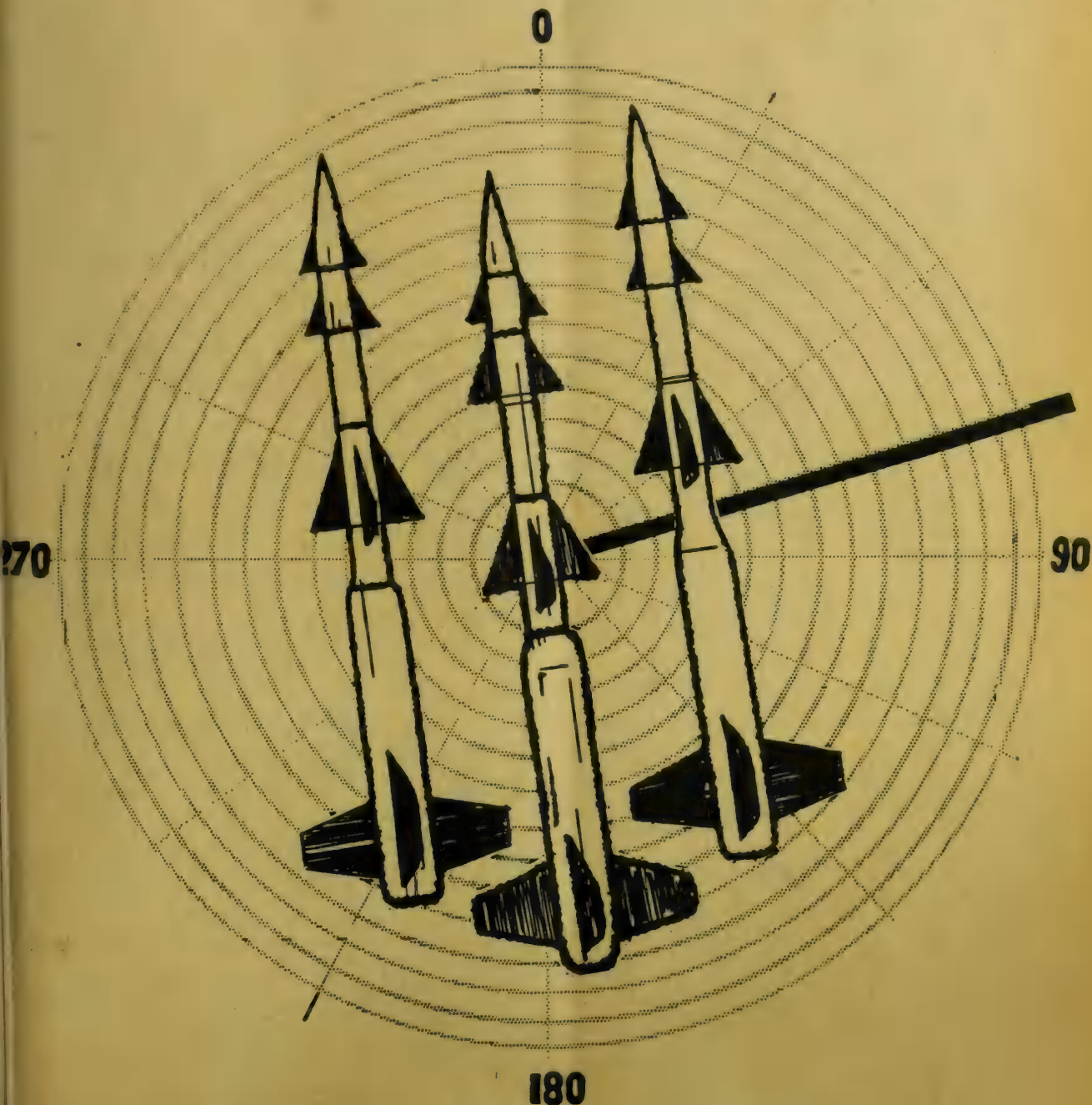
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THE  
**NATION**

JUNE 1, 1957 . . 25c



**THE MISSILE ERA**

# LETTERS

## How Many Big Powers?

Dear Sirs: Barrister James Joyce's gleeful hosannas concerning the U.N.'s coming of age (*The Nation*, May 18) presents an interesting spectacle. Could it be that the U.N. has its own version of Madison Ave.—the delegates' lounge, perhaps? It is beyond the scope of this letter to expose all of the article's contradictions and logical failings. However, it should be obvious to anyone who is even slightly aware of contemporary happenings that the author's basic premise is false. He errs in assuming that there are four Big Powers in the U.N. There are just two—United States and Russia! The U.N. has been effective in only one instance—and then only because the two Big Powers acted in unison.

LEON SALES

Elizabeth, N.J.

## Justice Holmes

Dear Sirs: I agree with Professor Latham's observation (in his review of Mark DeWolfe Howe's book on Justice Holmes in *The Nation* of May 4) that Holmes's admirers fail to "discriminate between his artistry and his doctrine." But I suggest that, by implication at least, Professor Latham over-corrects the popular impression.

Holmes was certainly no liberal in the current sense of the word. From the beginning to the end of his long life he was a patrician in manner and attitudes, a Republican in politics and an innocent in the economic world of every day. But a few years after the letter to Dean Wigmore which Professor Latham quotes, he came under the influence of a group of men, especially Harold Laski and Justice Brandeis, and a remarkable thing happened to him. His theretofore cosmic indifference to the plight of man, which excluded a "moral tone," began to soften and a new strain of sympathy and humanism began to assert itself in his thought. Of the many evidences that came from his pen and in his correspondence with Laski (a rich storehouse edited by Professor Howe), I shall cite only his dissent in the child-labor case, in which he protests feelingly against the majority's holding that it was permissible to prohibit interstate transportation of strong drink but not of "the products of ruined lives."

In the perspective of a long life (1841-1935), all this may be regarded as mere overtones. But it was in these

overtones that the grandeur of Holmes was revealed and it is for this grandeur, and not merely for his "artistry," that he is admired. Justice Jackson was not less an artist, indeed he was one perhaps more consistently, than Holmes. What made Holmes a popular hero and sage, whereas Justice Jackson is already all but forgotten, is the difference in their responses to the crises that challenged the last periods of their careers. Like Justice Black in our own day, Holmes rose to meet it nobly; Jackson, to put it charitably, faltered.

DAVID L. WEISSMAN

New York City

## The Foundation Profits

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* article, Billy Graham: In Business with the Lord, by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr., [issue of May 11] is on my desk and read. The temper of the article, which does not surprise me at all, is sharply defined by this sentence: "Some will turn to alcohol, others to religion." Apparently the author has equal regard for each.

Factually the piece is frequently far offside—to put it mildly. For instance: "He obtains, of course, a sizable income from his books, articles and syndicated newspaper column." *Christian Herald* has just received a canceled check made out to Billy Graham for an article which we purchased from him. He, in turn, endorsed the check to the foundation which supports the overall and comprehensive "Billy Graham" activities.

DANIEL A. POLING

Editor, *Christian Herald*

New York City

## The Price of Health

Dear Sirs: Mr. Allen Klein's letter in your issue of May 18 rightly points out that sulfonamides and anti-biotics have saved millions of lives, but gives the credit for this achievement to the manufacturers and not, where it rightly belongs, to the discoverer, the scientist and to the clinician. Making the manufacturer the hero, he feels that an extra premium from the public's pockets is trifling when compared with the cost of an operation. It would be equally absurd to make the pasteurization of milk, which has brought infant mortality down to the present low level, or purification of our water supply which has practically eliminated typhoid fever, a source of unlimited profit. The mere fact that there is universal demand for antibiotics today makes reduction of their price mandatory, unless their use becomes a privilege of the rich. A cost of

\$10 or \$12 for a prescription may seem trifling to Mr. Klein, but is prohibitive to the average wage-earner.

JACOB AUSLANDER, M.D.

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

### "You Can't Trust the Russians"

At a crucial interlude in the London disarmament talks, with Mr. Stassen recalled to Washington and Mr. Zorin to Moscow for additional instructions before the final sessions, Admiral Radford has once again sounded the familiar tocsin, "You can't trust the Russians." And so you can't, if you assume that we are currently engaged in a cold war which can only be resolved by a treaty of capitulation to be followed by a televised parade of victorious NATO forces in Red Square. Again and again one gets the impression that "the big guns" in Washington are waiting for the Russians to say "uncle" and sue for peace. If they did, then we would be able to "trust" them despite centuries of bitter experience certifying to the fact that no nation is more to be distrusted than one which has been forced to surrender.

As things stand, therefore, both sides are in the strange position of having prepared for over a decade to fight a war which has now become unthinkable. The trouble is that neither quite knows how to end the stalemate. It must be admitted, moreover, that the precedents are meager and not wholly apposite. One of the difficulties, in fact, is that both sides are still entrapped by the experience of having witnessed the unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan. Each proceeds, therefore, upon the assumption that it would be dangerous to initiate alternative policies until the cold war is terminated; yet, in the novel circumstances which prevail, it is only the adoption of alternative policies—a step at a time—that might end the cold war. If the view could prevail that there will be no occasion this time to commission out-size murals depicting "the surrender," "the parade of the victors," "the signing of the treaty" and "the scrapping of the fleet," we might be able to overcome our block about not being able to trust the Russians and get on with the business of negotiating a just and durable peace.

Fortunately the President, who in the view of today's sophisticates is a most "naive" person, has seen the point. Something, he told a press conference last week,

"just has to be done in the interest of the United States" to end the arms race and our first concern is to make sure that "we are not ourselves being recalcitrant" or "picayunish." Only a most "naive" President would, by implication, refer to an Admiral of the United States Navy, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as recalcitrant and picayunish.

### Is Nasser Kaput?

Washington

Is President Nasser of Egypt finished, *kaput*? *The New York Times* thinks so. In an editorial the other day, it wrote, "The power of President Nasser as the dominating and domineering leader of the Arab nations has been broken." It went on to devote a column to offering thanks for his political demise.

We hate to intrude in the *Times*' fun at Nasser's wake. But we don't like to see a reputable paper encourage public delusions. It's true that King Hussein's emergence as master of Jordan was a setback for Nasser. So, too, was the Baghdad meeting of Saud of Arabia and Feisal of Iraq, though Hussein's refusal to attend and to turn the two-power conference into a two-and-a-half power meeting deprived it of greater meaning.

Who really believes, however, that these Nasser reverses offset his historic triumph in the Suez conflict? One after another the United States, Britain and all other maritime nations—except, for the moment, France—have capitulated to little Egypt's terms. His victory is the more impressive when one matches the West's armed might and money against Egypt's military impotence and impoverishment.

Not only Arabs but many non-Arab Moslems and millions of anti-colonial peoples continue looking to Nasser as their champion. He expresses the nationalist dreams of groups far exceeding the forty million Arabs.

How long can Hussein, Saud and Feisal retain even a modicum of Arab support? Anti-feudal and anti-monarchical emotions among the Arabs are still inarticulate and unorganized. Here, as elsewhere, these

emotions will eventually assert themselves with a vengeance. Who questions that the mediaeval order in Arabia is on its way out? Yet it is to this system that the United States has tied itself. The Arabs' reactionary leaders pray five times a day, but turn to Washington for advice and money.

The day after the *Times* editorially chanted the requiem over Nasser, contradiction came from one of its own correspondents in the Mideast. Reporting from Lebanon, Robert C. Doty wrote, "To the Arab masses and young middle-class intellectuals, President Nasser represents a revolutionary leader sprung from the people and expressing their aspirations. He is able to appeal effectively and directly to Iraqis, Saudis and Jordanians over the heads of their conservative monarchs."

Meanwhile, the Eisenhower Administration is trying to anticipate where Nasser may strike next. Will he stir the workers in the Saudi or Kuwait oilfields? Will he hit back at Saud by taxing him with letting Israeli or Israeli-chartered ships through the Gulf of Aqaba? Will he incite the Palestine Arabs in Jordan—one-third of the country's inhabitants—against Hussein? Will he use the anti-Christian Moslems in Lebanon or the Leftists in Syria for his next anti-Western stroke? Will he grant new favors to the Soviet Union or make further amiable gestures to Communist China?

These are among the questions plaguing our State Department and Central Intelligence Agency. They do not bear out the opinion that Nasser's power is broken.

### Interesting to Note

Herbert A. Philbrick, who regularly protects the readers of the New York *Herald Tribune* against the machinations of the diabolically clever leaders of the American Communist Party—whose verbose confessions of mistakes, failures and stupidities do not fool Philbrick for a second—has made a startling discovery about the newly-formed American Forum for Socialist Education. "It is interesting to note," he knowingly observes, "that Secretary Sidney Lens is, conveniently, located in Chicago, which has also been designated by the Communists as the location for their national headquarters." Philbrick is, of course, much too astute to be fooled by the fact that Sidney Lens, business agent for the Chicago local of a most conservative A. F. of L. union, has been an active, vocal anti-Communist for many years and holds to a brand of political thought that is anathema to William Z. Foster and colleagues. Nor has he been thrown off the scent of the conspiracy by the circumstance that the New York metropolitan press (which Mr. Philbrick is apparently much too far underground to read) recently carried the story of the purchase by the Communist Party of the old Astor-

Vanderbilt-Field mansion on West 26th Street in New York City, as a combination state-and-national headquarters. Even so, who can deny that it is "interesting" that Sid Lens lives in Chicago, the city in which Adlai Stevenson practices law and Dwight David Eisenhower was nominated for the Presidency? It is interesting, too, that Chicago should be the headquarters of institutions vital to national security, including the *Chicago Tribune*, the Union Stockyards and the Chicago White Sox. But what interests us even more is the desperation of the anti-Communist experts in their search for "interesting" evidence of the plots and conspiracies the uncovering of which is their stock-in-trade.

### Spiritual Entree

There must be weeks when the guardians of our political and moral purity get plumb discouraged. Year in and year out, they work away, censoring and subpoenaing, and then in simultaneous issues *Time* and *Newsweek* turn themselves inside out to celebrate a man who is an avowed Communist and who has an attitude toward marriage that can only be called debonaire. Picasso is drawing crowds at the Museum of Modern Art second in size and fervor only to those being drawn by Billy Graham at Madison Square Garden.

Not Picasso in person, of course. He is very rich (largely because of the dollars pressed on him by American collectors) and he would have as much chance getting through an American port of entry as through the eye of a needle. But his art is here and that is the essence of the man. The Americans are funny people—they ban the body of a man, which is very much like any other body, and they gather in adulation around his spirit, which is all that is unique and important about him, for good or evil. All our guardians would agree that there is a big loophole here, but how to plug it?

### Mr. Dulles as Reporter

Washington

When John Foster Dulles condescends to let American correspondents enter China, we'll wager they'll do a more accurate reporting job than the Secretary of State. On at least two recent occasions, Mr. Dulles has grossly misled the American press and public. One concerned freedom of the press and the other European security.

In a letter to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Mr. Dulles argued that the constitutional guarantee of a free press relates only to publication and not to gathering of news. As the *Washington Post* remarked, this is like arguing that the right to vote has nothing to do with the freedom to cast ballots. The Secretary of State invoked three Supreme Court decisions, but took them



out of context and misconstrued them to justify his indefensible interference with the right of American newspapers and periodicals to send correspondents to Communist China.

On the second occasion—his May 14 news conference—Mr. Dulles spoke a demonstrable untruth. A reporter asked him to define U. S. policy on creation of a neutralized or demilitarized zone in Europe based on the iron-curtain division inside Germany. He began by replying that we do not accept any arrangement based upon the present partition of Germany. He then went on: "There seems to be perhaps some misunderstanding about the so-called *Eden formula* which, as submitted at the summit conference, *did not involve any demilitarized zone at all.*" [Italics added.] We have unearthed from the files the official text of the speech in which Sir Anthony Eden, then Prime Minister, reported to Commons on July 27, 1955, what he had proposed at the Geneva summit conference the preceding week.

"Finally," said Sir Anthony, "*we also suggested that we should examine the possibility of a wholly demilitarized area between the East and the West to interpose, as it were, something in the nature of a protective pad between the armies facing each other in Europe.*"

Why did Mr. Dulles thus falsify history by denying that Eden suggested a demilitarized zone? Could it be because the Eden proposal infuriated Chancellor Adenauer and our own Pentagon by implying a curb on Germany's remilitarization? Herr Adenauer, who has been visiting Washington this week, is in the midst of an election campaign. One of the strongest planks in his platform is that he, better than any other German, can assure American support for German aspirations. It would not be the first time that Mr. Dulles intervened directly in a West German national election on behalf of his friend, Konrad Adenauer.

## No Qualifications Desired

Our Foreign Service operates, apparently, on two inflexible principles: (1) Never send a qualified man to a foreign post if an unqualified man is available; (2) If by accident Principle (1) is violated, and a qualified man is appointed, remove him as quickly as possible. Thus Scott McLeod is foisted upon Ireland, which doesn't really deserve him; and thus John Moors Cabot, the "best-liked diplomat ever to have served" in Sweden—the quotation is from the *American Swedish Monthly*—is transferred from Stockholm to Colombia.

In his three years of service in Stockholm, Ambassador Cabot endeared himself to the Swedes by proving that the natural habitat of the diplomat is not necessarily the cocktail party. He was more likely to be found in a factory than in a *salon*; repeatedly he toured the country, meeting workingmen at their lathes or

benches, standing up to barrages of undiplomatic questions and making friends for the United States among a section of the population which, for most diplomats, simply does not exist. Employers who at first raised their eyebrows at the spectacle of a foreign Ambassador hobnobbing with workers finally came around to the point where they were enthusiastic participants in these informal meetings.

"It seems illogical to remove Mr. Cabot," the *American Swedish Monthly* complains, "at a time when Russian interests in Scandinavia show every sign of becoming livelier by the day." Illogical to the Swedes, but not to Washington. If the logical place for "Chip" Bohlen, who knows the Russians, is the Philippines, isn't it equally logical that Mr. Cabot, who knows the Swedes, should be sent to Colombia?

## In Defense of Democracy

In our April 20 issue, we reprinted a letter smuggled out of then riot-torn Chile from our Latin American correspondent, Claudio Veliz, foreign editor of *Ultima Hora* of Santiago. "I am writing this note from a friend's house," the letter began, "where I am hiding from police. Last night police and troops attacked our newspaper offices and destroyed our equipment. Three of our men were shot and a dozen seriously injured." Our readers will be happy to know that Mr. Veliz is out of hiding and that *Ultima Hora* is once again appearing daily, albeit printed on the presses of another newspaper. This information comes to us in a letter from Mr. Veliz, who comments:

The staff of *Ultima Hora* joins me in expressing gratitude for all you did for us. . . . Now things are definitely looking better and the change in the government's attitude is due in no small part to the fact that for the first time in many years, the press in the United States and Britain managed to report what was really happening here. President Ibanez knows that the curtain of silence is no longer there and that he can't get away with anything he wishes as he used to in the old days.

But if Santiago's streets are again quiet and the Ibanez regime, under the pressure of domestic resistance and world opinion, has given up the more violent forms of repression, it would be over-optimistic to report that democracy has returned to Chile. The government's Tribunal for the Congressional Election of March 3, a reviewing body, has just disqualified four victorious Popular Front candidates on the ground that they are Communists. Two of those disqualified had been under attack from within the Popular Front itself as right-wing Socialists too moderate in their views to represent the left-wing coalition.

A final ironic note: the Tribunal operates under Chile's Law for the Permanent Defense of Democracy.

# THE MISSILE ERA

THE MISSILE era has come upon us so suddenly that one can almost fix the date of its inception: November 5, 1956, the day the Soviet Union threatened Britain and France with a rocket attack unless the Suez adventure was abandoned. Overnight a vast new industrial complex devoted to the production of missiles and rockets has come into being. But already many military experts point up the possibility that it will not be long before missiles to defeat missiles will be devised. And the missile era, of course, is merely a phase in the race to dominate the strategic space beyond the earth's atmosphere.

The two articles that follow, describing the inception of the missile phase and outlining its immediate diplomatic impact, should serve to focus attention on the predictable pattern of the new weapons cycle. Certain recurrent terms suggest the nature of the cycle. An initial technological *breakthrough* leads to a *crash program* which is invariably billed as a race against time to avert national catastrophe. In each instance the public is told that the crash program will produce the *ulti-*

*mate weapon* which, once perfected, tested and stockpiled, will give us a *position of strength* from which we can negotiate the settlement we seek. In the meantime, it is suggested that negotiation would be ill-advised since more advantageous terms might be obtained once the new weapon is perfected. But no sooner is the position of strength attained than it proves to be a mirage, for by that time "the enemy," spurred on by his fear of the latest increment to our power, comes up with the self-same "ultimate weapon." A momentary *stalemate* then ensues which usually prompts renewed talk of the possibility of settlement through negotiation. But before negotiation can yield significant results, a new breakthrough is achieved which in turn makes the latest "ultimate weapon" obsolete and sets in motion a new cycle which in due time repeats the pattern.

"The ultimate weapon," of course, is a fantasy. First it was the A-bomb, then the H-bomb, then the globe-circling bomber with H-bomb load, now it is the ICBM, and beyond the ICBM it is possible to discern the shadowy outline of the H-bomb-

atom-powered-intercontinental-missile-radar-directed-non-interceptible-gadget-of-ultimate-destructiveness which, one day soon, will be described with frightening overtones. But the ultimate weapon will never be obtained because it is quite impossible to place a limit on man's ingenuity in devising instruments of destruction. A real breakthrough in human affairs might be obtained, however, if man's creative capacity could be harnessed to the task of attaining peace rather than to the mirage of devising an ultimate weapon to win a war. But the nation's best energies cannot be devoted to the task of peace as long as policy is dominated and directed by a revolutionary military technology; weapons must not be permitted to dictate strategy. Currently a runaway military technology dictates the size and shape of the budget, distorts the economy, fashions diplomacy, determines policy. The first corrective is to demolish the myth of ultimate weapons. Once rid of this fantasy, we might be able to concentrate on the fashioning of a policy aimed at the achievement of a just and durable peace.

THE EDITORS.

## 1. Bull Market for Missiles .. by Vern Haugland

SEVEN YEARS ago, just before the outbreak of the Korean war, the United States was spending only 1 per cent of its defense budget on missiles. By 1954 this had shot up to 14 per cent; in 1956, it had risen to more than 21 per cent. Soon this swift-growing and expensive offspring of the aircraft industry will be gobbling up greater hunks of the defense dollar than its parent.

The missile and rocket industry is itself changing constantly, with some

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segments outpacing others in growth and in demands upon the national budget. In the early years, the emphasis was on guided missiles; the prospects of developing a satisfactory ballistic missile with intercontinental range appeared dim. The picture changed abruptly in 1953 and 1954, when one of science's major "breakthroughs" pointed the way to development of a thermonuclear warhead of moderate bulk. This new type of hydrogen weapon, vastly more efficient than the early atomic bombs, could be carried in the nose of a ballistic missile and thus would make development of such a missile worth the cost.

The result was the establishment by the Air Force of the Air Re-

search and Development Command of the Western Development Division (WDD), at Inglewood, California, to develop ballistic missiles. In 1955, President Eisenhower assigned the "highest national program priority" to the project. Now it has far outstripped in size the Manhattan atom-bomb project of World War II.

WDD is commanded by Maj. Gen. Bernard A. (Ben) Schriever. Currently the program embraces two intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) projects, Atlas and Titan, and one of intermediate range (IRBM), the Thor. More recently the Air Force has been ordered by Defense Secretary Wilson to take over the Army's IRBM Jupiter



development. The Navy disclosed this year that it is developing its own IRBM, the Polaris.

The IRBM category includes missiles with a range up to 1,500 miles. Beyond that the weapons rank as ICBMs, some with a striking range of 5,000 miles or more. Unlike guided missiles, which are powered by air-breathing jet or ramjet engines and hence can operate only within the earth's atmosphere, ballistic missiles function most efficiently above the atmosphere, where they can attain speeds of 8,000 to 12,000 miles an hour—ten to fifteen times the speed of sound. Essentially unguided, the ICBMs and IRBMs will follow an arched ballistic course, like that of a tossed stone, to the target.

The Aircraft Industries Association (A.I.A.) reports that of the Defense Department's procurement total of \$124,348,916,000 in the eight years ending June 30, 1958, aircraft orders accounted for 49.6 per cent and missile obligations came to 8.2 per cent. During the 1955-58 period, however, aircraft orders accounted for 51.2 per cent and missiles for 16½ per cent.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1951, missile-spending in the Army amounted to less than half of 1 per cent of expenditures; in the Navy, a little under 2 per cent; in the Air Force, 1.3 per cent. But for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1958, the Army will spend 49 per cent of its procurement for missiles, the Navy 11 per cent and the Air Force 19 per cent.

"Nobody will stick his neck out

and say how far missiles will supplant manned aircraft," said Air Force Lt. Gen. James F. Phillips (retired), senior coordinator of the A.I.A. guided-missile committee. "Probably between 1961 and 1962 half the Air Force wings will be guided-missile wings or will include guided missiles. The Army says it will have no tactical aircraft, only tactical missiles. All the major aircraft companies are showing greater growth in missile programming than in aircraft. Some companies are setting up their own missile divisions. All is in a state of confusion."

Phillips points out that the ideal missile plant differs considerably from the conventional aircraft plant, particularly in requiring more air-conditioning and dust-proofing, and more equipment for testing all along the line.

Major General David H. Baker, Air Force procurement officer, says: "The guided missile has so reduced the importance of airframe weight as compared to electronic-control and propulsion items that the old efficiency-measuring devices have become somewhat obsolete. As we move further into the missiles era, we will need newer and more accurate types of machine tools, even for our newer and faster manned aircraft. More important, it is probable that new buildings will be required to provide missile-development and production facilities in areas where missiles can be tested. And some of our older aircraft plants

have not proved adaptable to missile production and have been replaced with more modern plants.

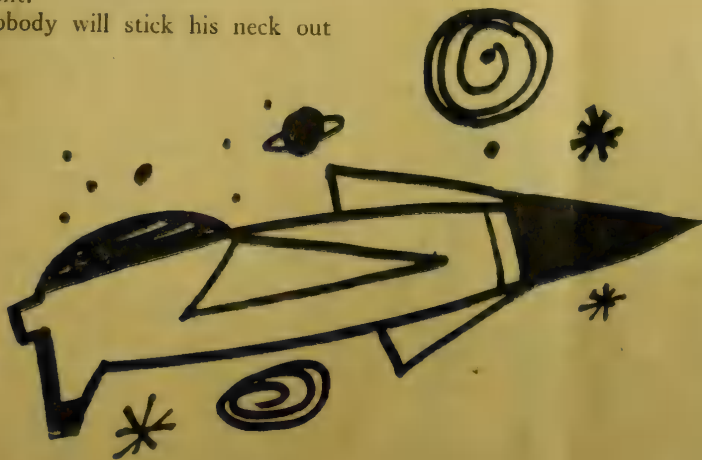
"If new plants are deemed necessary, the industry must plan to dispose of existing aircraft plants; otherwise we will find ourselves 'over-facilitized.' In such an event, the high cost of maintaining and operating present aircraft plants at a low level of production would strain the budget and an increasing percentage of taxpayers' and industry's funds would be going into non-productive overhead."

COMPANIES widely scattered throughout the United States are mushrooming in the wake of the rocket and missile industry's rise. The ICBM-IRBM programs administered by General Schriever and WDD alone involve sixteen principal contractors in nineteen major locations, supported by more than 200 major subcontractors. The key contractors alone employ more than 75,000 people in direct support of the program, compared with only 7,000 a year ago. Population growth in the area of missile-test centers such as Patrick Air Force Base, Florida, and Alamogordo, New Mexico, have been fantastic.

The pioneer in the ICBM field, Convair Division of General Dynamic Corp., has started building a \$40,000,000 plant near San Diego for construction of the Atlas. Convair also is producing the supersonic Terrier, surface-to-air guided missile, in quantity for the Navy.

The Martin Company of Baltimore reported that at the start of 1957 more than half its \$810,000,000 contract backlog was in missiles. In 1956, Martin started construction of a huge plant near Denver for the production of the Titan ICBM. At a new plant in Orlando, Florida, the company is producing the LaCrosse surface-to-surface guided missile for the Army. Martin also is the prime contractor in the design and construction of the three-stage rocket which will put the earth satellite into its orbit.

Donald W. Douglas, president of the Douglas Aircraft Co., said in his recent annual report to stockholders: "... An increasingly high percent-



age of Douglas military effort is now devoted to the design, development and production of guided missiles and their supporting components. That this percentage will continue to mount at an accelerated pace seems certain. . . . Our missiles sales to the three services in 1956 totaled \$140,000,000, a figure of arresting and timely significance." Douglas more than doubled the size of its missiles-engineering department in the past year. The company said its production of the airframe for the Thor IRBM was its outstanding accomplishment of the year, but added that Thor was only one of eight major missile projects in its program.

THE missile-system division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California, more than doubled its sales last year to a new high of \$52,700,000, and forecast a 50 per cent increase for 1957. The plant area of the missile division now in use or under construction has increased 90 per cent since 1955, and by the end of this year it will be operating \$30,000,000 worth of facilities and equipment in its three California locations. Employment in the division almost doubled in 1956; it is now four times as large as that of the entire company twenty years ago. The division's sales equal in dollar volume those of the *entire aircraft industry* twenty years ago.

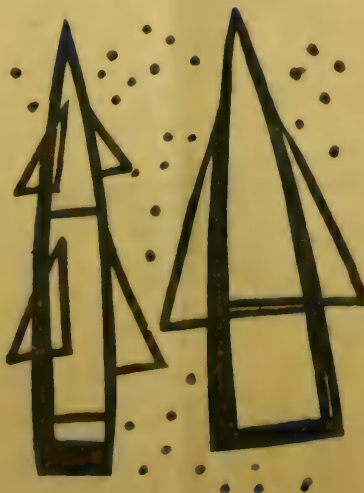
Lockheed is at work on a dozen major and several minor missile programs, only three of which it has been allowed to announce. One is the Polaris, the Navy's ship-launched 1,500-mile-range Polaris IRBM. The second, the X-7 supersonic ramjet test missile, has been produced "by the dozens" and has been launched many times. The missile, costing around \$350,000, is recovered by parachute to fly again. The third is the X-17, a hypersonic ballistic rocket to study heat and friction problems that IRBMs encounter in reentering the earth's atmosphere.

Boeing Airplane Company is building the Bomarc surface-to-air missile, Northrop Aircraft the Snark surface-to-surface intercontinental guided missile. McDonnell Aircraft Corporation has two missile programs under way for the Navy, in-

cluding the Talos, and two for the Air Force. Its missile contract backlog of more than \$34,000,000 has increased 126½ per cent since June, 1955, and employment in its missile-engineering division has increased almost 50 per cent.

Bell Aircraft Corporation's missile programs have become so extensive that its main plant at Buffalo, N.Y., is devoted exclusively to Air Force and Navy projects in this field. Among nine missiles on which Bell has been either a prime contractor or a supplier of parts in the last decade, the major effort has been directed toward the GAM-63 Rascal, an air-to-ground strategic missile designed to be carried aloft by long-range bombers.

North American Aviation, Inc., is famous for its supersonic 5,000-mile-range ramjet-powered, rocket-boosted SM-64 Navaho cruise-type missile and for the jet-powered supersonic X-10 recoverable test vehicle. North America's Rocketdyne division more than doubled in size last year, and now employs more than 10,000 persons at its main plant in Canoga Park, California, its propulsion field laboratory in the nearby Santa Susana mountains, and at its recently completed production plant in Neosho, Missouri. The nation's leading producer of high-thrust rocket engines, Rocketdyne is manufacturing rocket-power plants for the Atlas, Titan and Thor, for the Army mid-range Redstone ballistic missile, for the Army-Air Force Jupiter IRBM, and for the Navaho.



A giant of the rocket-engine industry, along with Rocketdyne, is Aerojet-General Corp. of Azusa, California, a subsidiary of General Tire and Rubber Company. Aerojet is the leading producer of JATO—auxiliary power units that get their name from "jet-assisted takeoff"—and is building rocket engines of from 60,000 to 300,000 pounds of thrust for the Titan "and other large missiles of intercontinental or intermediate range." The company's sales have increased from \$2,500,000 in 1946 to more than \$70,000,000 last year. Former Navy Secretary Dan Kimball, Aerojet president, said the company increased its total of engineers last year from 1,200 to 2,000.

Reaction Motors, Inc., which calls itself "America's first rocket-engine company," recently consolidated its former installations at Rockaway and Lake Denmark, N.J., in a new \$4,000,000 plant at Denville, N.J. Its main test area at Lake Denmark has been improved and expanded. The company enjoyed sales of \$7,500,000 in 1955 and \$16,193,000 in 1956. General Electric Company built the first-stage rocket for Project Vanguard. Sperry Rand Corporation built the Sparrow air-to-air missile for the Navy, and Sperry's Ford Instrument Company division manufactures launching computers for the Terrier and Tartar missiles and for Navy rockets. Thiokol Chemical Corp., Trenton, N.J., a specialist in rocket-fuel development, also builds rocket engines for test missiles of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Dozens of other firms are becoming active in the expanding missile field.

THE requirement that missiles be reliable despite their extreme complexity leads inevitably to high costs. But Schriever and his associates at WDD believe that ballistic missiles, particularly, will reduce defense costs eventually. They say that each Atlas will cost less than a million dollars—about an eighth as much as a B-52 heavy bomber—and that when the U.S. has an arsenal of ICBMs there will be little need for further expensive bases overseas.



But the services themselves disagree sharply as to policy on missile production. The Army and the Navy Bureau of Ordnance favor standardization on a few of the most satisfactory missile types so that the cost economies of mass production may be realized. They would like to see the missiles stockpiled in considerable quantities, ready for immediate use in the event of sudden hostilities. Lined up against them are the Air Force and the Navy Bureau of

Aeronautics, which argue that the U.S. must try always to have the best air weapons, not merely the most. They say that the missile obsolescence rate is so great that overreliance on stockpiles would be a grave national mistake.

In the middle, with an eye on military trends, is an alert aircraft industry. An industry spokesman, Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey (retired), until recently president of the A.I.A., says:

"It appears that in the years to come, guided missiles will represent an ever-growing proportion of the aircraft industry's research, development, production and sales activities. For the next decade at least the missile will supplement and complement piloted aircraft, but it is highly unlikely that any important military aviation activities will be completely taken over by unmanned aircraft during the period."

Pilots are not yet obsolescent.

## 2. Missiles Guide Diplomacy . . by *Frederic W. Collins*

*Washington*

THERE SHOULD be an axiom, if there isn't, that new weapons bring new diplomacy. As the world ventures into the era of missiles, diplomacy must bestir itself to keep abreast.

In the present stage of evolution toward medium-range and, ultimately, intercontinental weapons, the attendant diplomacy is being conducted in two fields. In one, each side is trying to prevent the other from establishing launching sites within menacing range. In the second field, the purpose is to assure that the launching sites, even if established, will never be used.

The development and deployment of missiles is sufficiently advanced and has gathered such momentum that it seems unlikely the establishment of launching sites can be prevented. In this field, then, the objective of diplomacy becomes more limited, i.e., to seek assurances that the sites will not be used for surprise attack.

The other field involves the long diplomatic processes leading toward disarmament. Here the long-range Washington estimate on prospects is that at the end of ten years the outcome will have been either disarmament or war. The alternative of permanent stalemate is dismissed, or at least minimized.

If present forecasts hold, the first

period of the missile era—that of the intermediate-range missile—will be one of strategic imbalance adverse to the Soviet Union. The theory is that with forward bases in Europe, the United States will be able to reach the centers of Soviet power, while the Soviet Union, lacking forward bases, will not be able to use the intermediate-range missile against the comparable centers of American power.

IT MIGHT be argued that during this period, with the West speaking from such a "position of strength" as Mr. Acheson could hardly have dreamed of, great opportunity exists for negotiating outstanding issues with the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, history argues the other way. During the last period of imbalance, when the United States had an atomic-bomb monopoly, negotiations were not possible for the simple reason that Soviet power was in Stalin's hands, and he was not having any. It can be said all but conclusively that a similar situation exists today vis-a-vis the collective regime in Moscow, and there is little reason to suppose it will not persist into the period of intermediate missiles. Mr. Khrushchev, talking recently to Turner Catledge of *The New York Times*, suggested top-level conferences on general relaxation of tensions, on nuclear bombs and on armaments. But he excluded from the agenda the questions of German unification and satellite liberation. As the proposal is read in

Washington, the Soviet price for relaxation of tensions and disarmament is that the United States sell Europe down the Elba. This is a price Washington is unwilling to pay.

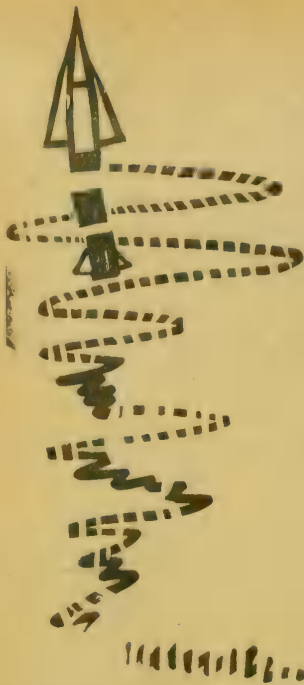
The second period of the missile era will usher in the intercontinental missile, which needs no forward bases. With its advent, the strategic imbalance will disappear and a new stalemate be established. In the Washington analysis, the rational Soviet procedure is to play for that day, which would open a period not unlike the stalemate of strategic air power from which we are now passing; except that so far as anyone now knows it would be stalemate at the maximum level of terror—the last stalemate. Presumably the world would then be forced to resort to politics for the solution of its problems; in the final extension of the aphorism, diplomacy would become a continuation of war by other means.

In the nascent diplomacy of the intermediate-missile phase, the Soviet Union and the United States have been following different methods toward the same practical end: protection against surprise missile assault. For the Soviet Union, this has meant an effort—unavailing, so far—to frighten its neighbors out of becoming hosts for missile sites. The United States, in its turn, has been urging "aerial inspection" to uncover "potential launching sites which might be used in an atomic war" (Dulles, May 14 press conference).

The Soviet Union began its cam-

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*June 1, 1957*



paign with its rocket-rattling broadcast of last autumn, at the time of the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt. After a pause, the theme of devastation-by-missile was repeated in notes or broadcasts to nations all along the Soviet perimeter, beginning with Norway and extending around the arc deep into the Middle East. A mixture of courtship and terror, the communications made plain that, in the event of war, the Soviet Union would visit total destruction upon nations which had permitted themselves to be used as forward bases: West Germany would become an "atomic cemetery"; Norway would suffer "catastrophe"; Holland would be devastated by a hydrogen blast on a pinpointed area embracing Amsterdam, The Hague, Utrecht and other towns. As an emphatic counterpoint to its rhetoric, the Soviet Union set off a series of nuclear explosions.

Western reaction displayed firmness, but little finesse. There appears to have been a minimum of United States leadership; rather, Washington trusted its allies to make the proper responses—and they did so. Early last month the Soviet "first round" ended in failure as the North Atlantic Council declared from Bonn that NATO would employ the most modern arms needed

for its defenses—which meant atomic weapons up to and including missiles.

At the outset of this Soviet campaign, and more particularly on the occasion of the Kremlin's stern note of warning to Norway, American analysts had some apprehension that the Soviet Union was in a really dangerous flap. The West has been—and is—pressing the cold war with an almost total disregard of Soviet sensibilities. Active steps toward the deployment of atomic missiles around the world—for example, the shipping of Matadors to Formosa—have been part of a Western reinforcement of the ring around the USSR. Other instances: the effort of the British and French to reestablish their military power in the Middle East; American adherence to the military committee of the Baghdad Pact; the Western play for Poland in the wake of its uprising; the Washington decision to send jets to Tito; the visit of NATO defense ministers to Washington on a missiles-shopping trip; the Anglo-American guided-missiles agreement reached at Bermuda.

AS EACH of these steps was taken, American evaluation had to take into account the possibility that the Soviet Union, looking forward realistically to a period of strategic imbalance against it, might fall victim to the bewitching logic of preventive war. Therefore Washington had to consider, at each stage, the possibility that the Kremlin might be about to "panic out" or "panic forward" (both phrases were used here). The analysis led to the judgment that the Kremlin's violent verbal reaction to the West's missile program could be considered normal diplomatic behavior, under the circumstances. While it was acknowledged here that the Soviet Union might be acting partly out of genuine fear, the feeling was that its primary purpose was to prevent, if possible, the establishment of missile sites close to its borders. This purpose, so Washington reasoned, reflected Soviet concern with the West's military *capabilities* rather than its *intentions*. For the rest, analysts here decided that the Soviet Union was engaged once again in trying to dis-

rupt the Western alliance for other than strictly military purposes, to impair morale among the Western peoples and, in the words of the North Atlantic Council communiqué, to throw "the cloak of oblivion over Soviet repression in Hungary."

What, then, of the danger that the Russians might launch a preventive war? State Department experts discounted the possibility. They reasoned that the Soviet, looking forward to an eventual intercontinental stalemate, would do nothing to interrupt the progress of the missile race toward that goal. In other words, the logic of preventive war, it was thought, could hardly prevail against the logical possibility that war might ultimately prevent itself.

This line of reasoning assumes, of course, that the Soviet Union is convinced—whatever it may say publicly—that the United States system of military alliances is not aggressive in purpose. There must always be at least a flicker of doubt as to the inner Soviet attitude. Mr. Khrushchev told Mr. Catledge that aggressive intent on the part of the United States and its allies is an "indisputable fact." When one contemplates Soviet political intelligence operations in the field—as for example, in Washington—one necessarily worries about the validity of the intelligence and, hence, about the validity of the judgments.

In passing, it is worth noting that the Kremlin is already aware that an election will occur in 1960 which will put someone other than Mr. Eisenhower in the White House. Unquestionably, the Soviet leaders feel reasonably safe with Mr. Eisenhower; they think they know what he is going to do next. But when one considers the kind of information Moscow may be getting on Eisenhower's possible successors and the effects this information could have on Soviet policy, there is some ground for apprehension. Thus the 1960 election becomes, in a sense, an important—and an uncontrollable—factor in the diplomacy of the intermediate-missile era.

On the United States side there is a settled conclusion, for the time being, that the Soviet Union does not want war. However, on both



sides there is a lurking fear (at least Washington hypothesizes that the fear exists on the Soviet side) that someone may blunder and that a small war may mushroom (in the awful megaton connotations of the word). On both sides, therefore, diplomacy aims at avoiding direct confrontations, or even confrontations by proxy in degrees too close for comfort. And on the American side there is a fixed procedure for reassuring the Soviets now and again. Both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles did this explicitly in speeches last fall after the uprisings in Poland and Hungary. Mr. Dulles did it again in a speech on April 22.

AS FOR the disarmament talks now proceeding in London, all signs suggest that at present the stakes are limited. If it could be considered that here was the first curve of a broadening spiral of accomplishment, there would be more ground for hope. But the current Washington judgment is that, with one possible exception, no issues with the Soviet Union outside of those directly encompassed in the talks are really subject to fruitful discussion. The exception is the proposal for new Big Two or Big Four talks advanced by Mr. Khrushchev in his conversation with Mr. Catledge—a proposal

which was taken seriously here. The possibility of a four-power conference (the United States would consider nothing else) in the fall, or better, in the spring, must therefore be recognized.

It is unfortunate that too much optimism developed too early around the London negotiations. The chief error seems to have been in overestimating the pressure of the armaments race on the Soviet economy. But today there is less conviction in the West that the seemingly reasonable Soviet attitude will prove to be genuine and enduring.

Mr. Eisenhower dearly wants progress toward disarmament, the great purpose of his second term. The United States as a whole wants relief in some measure from arms costs. And it devoutly wishes protection against surprise attack at some future time. For these things, Washington was ready to pay a price: granting some relief to the Soviets from the strain of armaments, and a review of its own defensive facilities in the far North.

On its side, the Soviet Union was ready to pay a price to free men from armed service and unproductive arms-building. It would itself welcome protection from surprise attack. But there is no certainty that these motivations are enough to car-

ry it to concrete agreement. The one solid fact emerging from the negotiations so far is that agreement has been reached in principle on aerial inspection.

Soviet diplomacy could win a net advantage by professing agreement on disarmament, which would almost certainly have as a quick and direct result a weakening of the North Atlantic Alliance. And by seeming to be reasonable in London, Soviet diplomacy might succeed in blurring to some extent the memories of the performance in Hungary. So, for a divisive purpose with respect to Europe, and for tactical reasons with respect to Hungary, the Soviet attitude might well be one which could generate essentially false hopes on this side.

Although a desire to obtain assurance that the long-range missiles will never be used may rationally be imputed to the Soviet Union, and may be considered to be a thread in the fabric of Soviet policy, it must be conceded that, on hard evidence, Soviet diplomacy has not gone seriously and whole-heartedly to work on the problem. If prophecies of doom are not yet justified, neither are prophecies of release from the threat now being prepared in the laboratories, the factories and the test sites.

## "GIVE US THE VOTE!... by Dan Wakefield

*Washington*  
ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, the preacher-Congressman from New York City's Harlem district, stood at the pulpit-like platform atop the steps of the Lincoln Memorial on May 17 and told the thousands of Negroes massed below him who had come to the nation's capital on a "pilgrimage of prayer" for civil rights:

If Eisenhower won't speak, God will speak; if Nixon won't speak, God will speak; if Knowland won't

speak, God will speak; if Rayburn won't speak, God will speak.

There was little applause, for the leaders of the pilgrimage had asked that applause be withheld "because of the religious nature of this program"; but out across the crowd that pressed at the foot of the Memorial steps and flared out into the park on each side, a wave of white handkerchiefs and programs fanned the air and a low, spontaneous chorus of "Ah-mens" sounded at the end of each phrase. The restraint was immense, for the passion was immense, and the recurrent deep choruses that rose through the after-

noon seemed far more powerful than full-force yells and applause that have come from crowds ten times as large. There was the feeling that if God preferred the silence of Eisenhower, Nixon, Knowland and Rayburn, these people had the voice to speak themselves.

It was the third anniversary of the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation, and the assembled pilgrims had learned that their nation's highest leaders were hesitant to talk in specific terms about the implementation of the ruling. They had learned that when those leaders did speak it was either in pious

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

June 1, 1957

generalities or with buoyant attention to the "bright side," as demonstrated the very day of their assemblage in a message sent by Eisenhower to a "human relations conference" at the University of Maryland:

Through the schools and colleges of our land much progress is being made in lessening tensions and in advancing the spirit of goodwill among our people. This is the result of the splendid work of educators and all responsible citizens who are meeting the daily problems of human relations with intelligence, courage, and mutual respect. This is the American way.

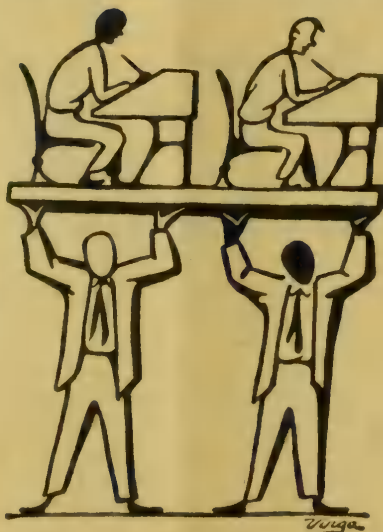
But many of the pilgrims at the Lincoln Memorial, and thousands of their brothers, are going through experiences classified as other than examples of "The American Way." The leaders of the pilgrimage, in asking that Negroes assemble in Washington to "arouse the conscience of the nation" on the matter of civil rights, had cited these grim statistics that seem to be drawn from some other world than the one discussed in the President's summary:

On the public-school question, nine states and the District of Columbia have either completed desegregation or have made a beginning. But eight states have defied the nation's highest court. . . . In these states privately organized groups have exerted economic pressure upon Negro citizens who have simply asked obedience to the Supreme Court. Men and women have been refused credit and goods. Farmers have been denied loans. . . . The law-enforcement agencies of these states have permitted violence to be visited upon individuals and institutions which oppose segregation. Ministers have been arrested, threatened and shot. Churches and homes have been bombed. School children have been threatened by mobs.

These were the accumulated experiences that brought the pilgrims to the place of their legal release from discrimination. The leaders of the pilgrimage had hoped for 50,000, and the Southern white press had hoped that the whole thing was an illusion that wouldn't occur at all. There was no official estimate of the crowd, but the guesses ranged from 15,000 (by the Washington police

officer in charge of parks) to 27,000 (by the leaders of the march); it would probably be reasonable to figure that about 20,000 actually were there. The only issue of real passion alive in the country today is reflected in the outraged human dignity that brought these travelers to Washington; by contrast, Billy Graham's revivals almost seem to be a process of salvation by boredom.

But although our Negro citizens are not themselves afflicted with apathy, they are victims of our other current national disease—schizophrenia. The law says one thing, and half our people do another. Our lead-



ers say one thing, and mean another. When the Reverend William H. Borders of the Wheat Street Baptist Church of Atlanta, Georgia, walked to the microphone following the speech of President Mordecai Johnson of Howard University, he had to explain to his audience that "Dr. Johnson has reported on the Constitution. I shall report on Georgia." The Reverend Borders told how he and five other Negro ministers rode in the front of a bus on January 7 and were put in jail. He told how the segregation laws of the Southern states were made by whites who had the votes, and that those laws were aimed "to blow out the light in our brain and the spark in our heart." He told how he had flown around the world, and in all the countries he was in he was never segregated because of his color except in the

South in the United States of America. He told about his two sons in medical school who had to go out of their native state because Negroes can't go to the Georgia state schools. He said: "I pay my taxes in Georgia and my father paid his taxes in Georgia and his father paid his taxes in Georgia, and Georgia hasn't educated a single Negro doctor in 25 years.

"We have been subjected to 244 years of the most abominable slavery in history," the Reverend Borders said, "and we have given our blood in every war," and a low and awful "Yes" surged up from the crowd. And then there was C. K. Steele of the Bethel Baptist Church of Tallahassee, Florida, asking "goodwill for your enemies—pity and compassion," and the Reverend F. L. Shuttleworth of Birmingham, Alabama, whose neighbors' homes and churches have been destroyed by bombs, saying "No man can make us hate, and no man can make us afraid."

AND SOMEWHERE in the same city sat the President of the United States, whose official acts of the day as reported by *The New York Times* consisted of appointing Earl E. T. Smith as ambassador to Cuba and leaving to spend the weekend at Gettysburg; and presumably he will never know how the air waved with handkerchiefs and paper programs like a living thing in Lincoln Memorial park when Congressman Charles Diggs of Michigan looked upon the pilgrims and said that "the President of the United States must raise the curtain of silence surrounding the White House."

But perhaps if not in compassion, the understanding will come in practical politics to the White House, for this meeting of prayer was reminded by Mrs. Irene Gaines, president of the National Association of Colored Women, that "prayer is sterile unless accompanied by good works and good faith," and Congressman Diggs said, "Those of you here today who will only pray and shout might as well have stayed at home or at the family altar. . . . There is strength in our numbers," he said, and now unity and leader-



ship are needed and political action: "There is time—but none to spare."

Adam Clayton Powell, who has the talent, as one of his constituents in the audience described it, of "saying what's on your mind," was even more specific. "We are here at the Lincoln Memorial," he said, "because we're getting more from a dead Republican than any alive Republican or Democrat . . . We have 'bipartisan discrimination.'" Congressman Powell told how he called Paul Butler not long ago to ask that civil rights be mentioned in the new Democratic statement of policy and now the statement was out and civil rights wasn't in it, though Tidelands Oil and Hell's Canyon and the natural-gas bill were in it, and then he exercised that talent for "saying what's on your mind" and cried, "I don't give a tinker's damn about Tidelands Oil, and neither do you! We're concerned about decent civil rights!"

And perhaps Paul Butler will be more concerned with civil rights when he learns how the audience responded to Powell's suggestion that "I'm sick and tired of Democrat and Republican hypocrisy. We Negroes need a third force—non-racial, but led by Negro Christians. . . . We'll go forward with unity based on passive resistance . . . we'll use the boycott, the picket, the strike, and we'll bring bigotry to an end."

The crowd was alive to the message, and even cheers broke out,

and when Powell was through, Philip Randolph was introducing the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., the leader of the Montgomery bus boycott, and all the crowd was on its feet, the women who had taken off their shoes and relaxed on the steps and the man who had wandered down by the long, thin pond that stretches to the Washington Monument. The crowd was on its feet to this man who has become their symbol and the place was in silence.

Martin Luther King spoke slowly, explaining:

Our most urgent request to Eisenhower and to Congress is to give us the right to vote. Give us the ballot and we will no longer plead—we will write the proper laws on the books. Give us the ballot and we will fill the legislature with men of good will. Give us the ballot and we will get the people judges who love mercy. Give us the ballot and we will quietly, lawfully, implement the May 17, 1954, decision of the Supreme Court. . . . We often look to Washington in vain. There is a high blood pressure of words there and an anemia of deeds.

And then the Rev. King, Jr., twenty-eight, of Montgomery, Alabama, spoke to the crowd with the words that had led his own people at home through the year of the boycott and bombings, and the crowd leaned forward toward him as he said, "We must never be bitter—if we indulge in hate, the new order will only be the old order. . . . We



must meet hate with love, physical force with soul force."

And he asked them to go back with faith to their states and homes, and to remember that things would be difficult and they would be tried, but that "It is always difficult to get out of Egypt."

In the power and the dignity it was almost possible to forget the shame and the sorrow—the young Negro from Boston distributing leaflets entitled *Segregation: America's Democratic Disgrace*, who was asked what he thought about the pilgrimage and who heavily shook his head and said, "You know, it's strange, to come upon a scene like this and hear these speeches about what's happening and realize it's in America, happening in America. The pilgrimage is fine, I suppose, now that we're here. But it just shouldn't be necessary."

## POLITICS, PROTECTION and FISH . . Fred J. Cook

JOSEPH (SOCKS) LANZA, the racket boss of New York's huge Fulton Fish Market, is living proof that muscle builds millions, defies laws and prison, and rules vast segments of the American economy. His case demonstrates once again that the power of the underworld reaches to the seats of the mighty and that, even when sad mischance brings

about the imprisonment of a gangster czar, his empire goes on and on and on.

Lanza supposedly was de-fanged back in the mid-1930s when the federal government convicted him on the charge that his extensive activities—like Standard Oil in the old days—violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. He was de-fanged a second time in 1943 by District Attorney Frank S. Hogan and packed away for seven and a half to fifteen years as a multi-

million-dollar extortionist. Placed on parole in 1950—naturally, such a model citizen would be required to serve only minimum time—Lanza supposedly was inhibited from flexing the muscles that had brought him Brooks Brothers suits and made him a star of the night-club circuit.

The restrictions of parole—"pure" associations, regular working hours, a scale of living restricted to the bounds of honest cash—all of these, it now becomes clear, were not for

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Lanza. He was picked up February 5 of this year for violating every parole provision in the book, but fourteen days later he was returned to his status as exemplary citizen despite the unanimous recommendation of parole officers that the place for him was definitely a restricted patch of concrete behind bars.

This final flip of Lanza's magic wand erupted into a scandal that has had New York State in a righteous froth for two months. After a number of cautious private probings, a public exposé was decided upon by the legislature's so-called watchdog committee, dominated by Republicans, who hope to show that the Democrats had put in "the fix."

While this strictly partisan aspiration makes headlines in the hopeful press, the Lanza hearings have provided once again a startling insight into the mechanics of modern American society — a society in which, ever since the days of Prohibition, the bosses of the underworld have been able to call their shots.

A square-jawed, tough-talking parole officer, Abe Simon, put the issue squarely into focus in closed-session testimony before the watchdog committee. "The market should be called Lanza's Fish Market," Simon told the probers bluntly. "Fulton Fish Market is a misnomer."

Simon and other parole officers explained that, despite the occasional triumphs of the law, despite the inconvenience of spending time in stir, Lanza had never ceased to be the unchallenged czar of the whole lower East Side area, where fishing boats rock at the wharves, their stubby masts making a waving forest reminiscent of Gloucester.

SUCH IS the quality of muscle. It is a quality that has been demonstrated time and again in New York State. Notably there was the case of Charles (Lucky) Luciano, unquestionably the No. 1 boss of the underworld when Thomas E. Dewey, racket-busting his way to the threshold of the Presidency, put him in jail for thirty to fifty years. Prison bars, it was later disclosed, didn't keep Luciano from holding gangster court with such underworld bosses as Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky,

Willie Moretti and Socks Lanza. Nor did Luciano's pre-eminence in the underworld deter Governor Dewey from setting him free in early 1946 on the pretext that Luciano had been a noble patriot who helped the war effort and that, anyway, he was being deported. Luciano promptly demonstrated his devotion to democracy by becoming, according to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the mastermind of the international narcotics racket.

More recently there was the case of Joe Fay, rackets boss of the operating-engineers union. Fay lost his liberty for committing the indiscretion of shaking down contractors on New York City's Delaware Aqueduct project. He, too, held court in prison. Disclosures made during the harness-track racing scandal in 1953 showed that union deputies conferred with him, high politicians visited him and business men and politicians wrote glowing letters devoted to cataloguing the outstanding virtues of Joe Fay.

SOCKS LANZA stands only as the latest exhibition in the gallery of musclemen who have demonstrated the virtues of crude strength over Phi Beta Kappa intellectuals. If Lanza is at all distinguished, it is by the fact that he has shown just how much weight can be thrown around in high circles by a two-bit thug ruling a limited, district empire.

For Socks Lanza, while he has always been a sharpie at forging the right connections, has never extended himself on a national scale like Costello. Like a robber baron of old, he has stuck strictly to his own demesne—the fish market and the boats and the trucks and the businesses there.

The Fulton Fish Market, located at the foot of Fulton Street on Manhattan's lower East Side, no longer boasts the tremendous fishing fleet it once had, but it is steadily growing in importance as a wholesale center. Of the 158,900,000 tons of fish and shellfish which passed through the market in 1956, only 11,500,000 tons were unloaded from vessels. The rest—some 147,400,000 tons—were brought by truck and railway from other East Coast fish-

ing centers. On this subject, the federal Fish and Wildlife Service reports:

Over the course of the ten-year period 1944-1953, the truck transport of fishery products into New York's Fulton Market has increased steadily at the expense of transport by rail express or freight.

Thus it has been during Socks Lanza's reign as New York's fish czar that Dave Beck's Teamsters have come to play an increasingly important role in the market.

Lanza's whole life has revolved about the market. He began as a ham-handed, 200-pound boy of fifteen wrestling huge, heavy crates of fish on the docks for \$12 a week. Four years later, he organized the Sea Food Workers Union, and at nineteen, he was on his way. In these early, muscle-building days, he was tagged with some crude raps by police. He was charged with juvenile delinquency, burglary, murder and violation of the Sullivan Law for packing a gun. All of these charges, by the time they got to court, just faded away.

As Socks grew in muscle, he began "protecting" people. The first of the helpless to arouse his sympathy were the push-cart peddlers. He decided they needed him—for a fee. Next, he extended his benevolence to the fishing vessels, making the port safe for them at a tariff of \$10 on each load of fish they brought to the docks. He "protected" trucking companies at fees ranging from \$50 a truck to \$2,000 a company. He couldn't stand seeing businesses in the dock area suffering from vandalism and pilfering, and so, out of his bigness of heart, he brought these under his wing, too. And all the time, as he extended his power, he perfected his political connections.

He developed such influence that once, when a cop on the beat roughed up a fish dealer belonging to Socks' faction, Socks had the offender in blue transferred to the hinterlands. Another time, when former Markets Commissioner William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., tried to blow the whistle on Socks' operations, Socks showed up at the docks the next day waving a copy of the confidential statement



Morgan had given to the authorities.

Contacts? Socks certainly had them.

Even while he was in Leavenworth on the Sherman Anti-Trust Law rap, Socks continued to show his muscle. In 1941, Dewey as district attorney charged that Socks, all the time he was behind bars, extorted \$120 a week from Local 202 of the Brotherhood of Teamsters by the simple device of threatening to have the unions' officers murdered if they didn't pay.

When Lanza was sent up a second time in 1943 after pleading guilty to this charge, the pattern of the past was repeated. Lanza was inconvenienced but not dethroned. He still ruled.

The record of the current watchdog committee investigation makes this abundantly plain. Parole officers read into the record information they had received from an informant, and they made it clear they believed every word of it. They charged:

Joseph Lanza, through his family and combination, continues to control the Fulton Fish Market. Specifically, this operation consists of the shakedown of loaders, labor racketeering and the cornering of the shrimp, spungile and halibut produce market. It has been reported to us that Lanza owns and/or controls certain businesses in the Fish Market, that not one fish boat is unloaded without Lanza's combination getting his cut. He [the informant] alleges that this is common knowledge in the market.

Ten strong-arm characters are utilized by Lanza in enforcing his operations in the market. These he described as strong-arm men, pay-off men, enforcers and collectors, mostly of Italian extraction and residents or habitués of what he refers to as the Fourth Ward . . .

In describing Lanza's influence in the Fish Market, [the informant] stated: "He has always been the boss of the Fish Market. He is still the boss; if you send him back for ten years, he will still be the boss."

The legislature's watchdogs, shocked by the imputation that the majesty of the law hadn't been able to stand up to Lanza and his strong arms, wondered out loud whether the parole officers' informant had

been indulging in a pipe dream. It was a hopeful, rhetorical question, but any newspaperman who has attempted on-the-spot research knows that this awesome picture of Socks Lanza was not born in hashish.

For instance, you walk into a bar much frequented by fish handlers in the heart of the market. You buy a couple of drinks, pretend to scan a newspaper and call the bartender's attention to the glaring headline.

"Who's this Socks Lanza they're making all the fuss about?" you ask.

The bartender gives you a look, shrugs and moves off toward the other end of the bar as if he's suddenly discovered leprosy. All talk stops. Up and down the bar, all eyes turn on you—a stranger. The first thing you know, a couple of rough characters sidle up on either side of you; they strike up small talk, begin buying you drinks, and they pump, pump, pump, trying to find out who you are, what you want.

You shake yourself loose finally and go out on the street, trying to pursue your researches. But you soon find out, from the moment you asked that one casual question, you have become a marked man. Strange characters follow you. When you stop and try to talk to men busy behind the stalls, the insides of a gutted fish go splattering across the walk inches from your pants.

You have been told about one "solid, substantial business man" who can give you the low-down on Lanza. You go into his place, and at first he won't even admit his identity. When he does, and you try to question him, he turns into an abject, twittering wreck.

"I wouldn't know Lanza if I fell over him any more," he protests. "He hasn't been around here for years. No, I don't know anything about him. I haven't been reading the papers. I don't know anything about it. Whatever the papers say is their own business. I never had anything to do with him personally."

You come away feeling that Hitler and Stalin never used terror to more effective purpose.

Later, if you're lucky, you develop a contact who knows the neighborhood, somebody who was brought up there and "belongs" with the peo-

ple who still live along Cherry and Madison and Catherine and Market Streets. Your friend checks with his friends, and sure, he tells you, Joe Zox (as the local citizenry calls him) still runs the rackets, still runs the market, always has.

When Lanza is away, his deputies run the show. One who is known as "the watchdog" checks every boat that comes in, collecting \$10 from every dealer receiving shipments from it. Other deputies handle the kickbacks from loading and unloading, from the truck deliveries, from the union. When Lanza is free, there are always a couple of Cadillacs at his disposal, and he rides with one of his strong-arms for chauffeur.

SUCH IS the picture you get of Mr. Muscle ruling his own private satrapy. You pick up some other details, too. Of course, everyone knows that Socks' very own brother-in-law, Prospero Vincent (Duke) Viggiano, is Tammany district leader in the area—and the clerk to a Supreme Court Justice. This shows that Socks has some real solid connections, but the boys on the East Side insist that all anyone who doubted ever needed to do was to use his eyes.

There have been times when a block-long Cadillac, with uniformed chauffeur and distinguished license plate, would draw up before one of Socks' favorite bars. Socks would come out, his conservative and expensive garb fitting like a millionaire's should, and he would climb to the seat of honor and be whisked away to high-level conferences.

Of course, things are a little different now. Socks has been put back in jail until the stench surrounding his mysterious February 19 restoration to parole evaporates. His incarceration, however, seems unlikely to be more than temporary. After all, Socks was free from 1950-57, piling up good behavior time on parole, and it seems the most that can be demanded of him now on old scores is just a few months.

Socks can afford to laugh. His boys seem to be taking care of things in the market. Only the politicians are investigating the politicians. And everybody knows what always comes of *that*.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Of Children and Idiots

George Cuomo

WITH surprisingly few exceptions, serious fiction writers of the past thirty years have dealt almost exclusively with four characters, each of whom is in some way abnormal. Never before have these characters, despite previous appearances, had the field so much to themselves, and no one who has read ten good American novels written since 1925 should have any trouble citing examples.

Of the popularity of the first new character, the child, Martha Foley has spoken in her introduction to *Best American Short Stories, 1955*:

To be frank, there really have been two lists of selections for this year's book. The first list was all prepared when, glancing for what I thought was the last time over it, I noticed a peculiar fact. Almost every story in the list was about a child or an aged person.

... the magazines of the past year have overflowed with such stories. One magazine, for instance, published five stories in an issue, four of which were about children.

The child in modern fiction is so different from his predecessors—Penrod, Tom Brown, Oliver Twist, Huck Finn—that he must fairly be considered new. He is a fragile individual, troubled, introspective, painstakingly dissected by his fictional creator. As Miss Foley indicates, he can be found in almost any issue of the quarterlies, and in most of the commercial magazines as well. J. D. Salinger's novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, is a good example of his presence in the longer form.

The second group of new characters consists of those whom, as Steinbeck put it, "God did not quite finish." They are the idiots, the mo-

rons, the slow, half-developed ones. Steinbeck, Faulkner, Caldwell and most of the recent Southern writers have cultivated this land with varying effectiveness. For obvious reasons, such characters are not usually protagonists, but the reader can find them lurking ominously behind the barn, or crouching in an upstairs attic, making soft hissing sounds.

The psychological deviants hold third place. There is considerable variety: simple neurotics, manic depressives, homosexuals of various schools, and psychotics who merely want to sit and brood, or breed. Different forms of violence not generally condoned by society are much in favor among these characters. Literary treatment often borders on notebook factuality, and the difference between fiction and the favorite "human interest" article of the slick magazines ("What Psychoanalysis Did For Me") is not always clear.

The work of Fritz Peters is better than most in this group. Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms* illustrates the natural and frequent combinations possible with different types. In that book Joel moves steadily from the child of group one to the group three homosexual. Obviously, these types can be isolated only in criticism, not in literature.

Bringing up the rear of this admittedly morbid retinue are those sometimes very happy (as in most of Steinbeck) and sometimes very unhappy (as in most of Hemingway) fringe-dwellers. This last segment is composed of many kinds: the down-and-outers, professional and amateur malcontents, oddballs, prostitutes, drunkards, pimps, gamblers, expatriates, slummers, hoboes, addicts, bums—a self-enclosed world of irreverent, aimless drifters who float on the foam of society. So pervasive is the lure of this group that Paul Pickrel was able to sum up much modern writing when in *Harper's* he referred to Nelson Algren's *Walk on the Wild Side* as a "blanket

rejection of conventional society and a hymn of praise for those who cannot or will not fit into it."

Considered as a group, these four new characters—child, idiot, psychological deviant, fringe-dweller—have certain obvious similarities. None would be labelled "normal" no matter how that much-abused word were defined. Each, decisively cut off from the broader world beyond his own narrow life, is either asocial or anti-social. Each is an outcast, an exile, an iconoclast, a rebel.

WHY are our authors so much interested in these people?

A good writer searches for an original view of life. Turning from conventional vantage points, he breaks the regular prism and finds the fragment best for him. What he finds (when he does find something, and when he as an artist can use it) is poetry in the broadest sense. Perhaps more than anything else, this constant search for the sources of poetry leads writers to the four abnormal characters. Each of the four possesses a unique viewpoint valuable to the writer.

A child's drawing, for instance, can be a remarkable piece of work. Twenty years later, if asked to draw, the former child exhibits the adult logic he has acquired in the interim: "Oh, no. I can't even make a straight line." Somehow our culture (it can't all be blamed on the schools—it's no worse there than anywhere else) has taught the child that art is concerned with straight lines, and that the grass is green, the sky blue, and life not worth looking at too closely.

The poetic insight of even an average child is a wondrous thing when viewed in relief against the old-maidism of an adult world. The child is not awed by atom bombs, rocket launchers, space travel, television screens; to him these are not numbing miracles but only commonplace aspects of a normally miraculous world. They fit casually into place and do not disrupt. The personalized view remains. It is his world.

The NATION

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For the child, life and death are not conventions, cruelty is only too natural (until that too is suppressed) and his emotions are unencumbered. No adult is ever as happy, or sad, or excited as a child. Or as bored. A bored child is a tragic and devastating figure.

But the child is not wise. Sentimental adults enjoy lauding the wisdom of the little ones, but the in-looking at life freshly, without prejudice, without rigidity. This quality is as rare as wisdom in the adult world, and often confused with it.

LIKE the child, the idiot is unspoiled for the writer by an education of right answers and correct attitudes. His point of view remains limited, distorted and honest. In his actions there is always a helpless naturalness, a strange sensitivity to much that the fully endowed never see, and a primary unawareness of what we consider important—money, appearance, reputation, sociability—the whole parade of vital conventions.

In Steinbeck's story of Tuleracito, for instance, the idiot boy wishes to do nothing in school except draw pictures on the blackboards, all around the room. When the teacher wants to erase his work to make room for other things, he becomes furious. What else could be as important as beautiful pictures?

In the first chapter of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, Benjy views the world through uncomprehending, abruptly honest eyes:

Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. They were coming toward where the flag was and I went along the fence.... They took the flag out, and they were hitting. Then they put the flag back and went to the table, and he hit and the other hit. Then they went on, and I went along the fence.

The country club set might not agree, but there is a straightforward honesty in this report of a game of golf.

The psychologically disturbed person gains his unique, distorted frame of reference not from lack of training (as with the child) or lack of intelligence (as with the idiot),

## A Narrow Squeak

I shut my eyes and turned round thrice  
And opened them again: the day was gone;  
A bloodshot moonlight crept along,  
And the green hills were caked with ice.

Who was it wavered in the frosty air,  
Looked back and hesitated, turned away,  
But waited—with a word to say?  
She moved her lips. I could not hear,

I could not hear the word she said.  
It was a word of life or death.  
It stoned my heart, it stopped my breath.  
I dropped like stone, I dropped down dead.

The ground swung round three times I think.  
I pushed my heavy lids apart;  
I drank the air; I felt my heart;  
It moved, and I could smile or wink.

My eyelids fluttered: all returned—  
Bright day, green grass, soft air, warm love—  
No bloodshot moon at all, but high above,  
Just as before, the gold sun burned.

A. J. M. SMITH

but from disorder and imbalance. It is not ignorance that gives him value to a writer, but perversion. From within the confines of a chilling, terror-haunted world of his own, he looks out at us only half-trustingly, and his fearful visions are hard to shake. Either completely wrong or painfully right, even in their wrongness these visions can startle us toward original and valid perceptions.

Of these four characters, the last, the fringe-dweller, is the only true rebel. He has everything the first three lack, experience, intelligence, and often a fair amount of psychological balance, yet chooses to spurn normal society, to cast his lot with neither God nor Mammon, but instead with Epicurus. Sometimes he seems to be posing. He wants the best of both worlds, the advantages of childhood and idiocy with none of the disadvantages, and can look pretty silly for his efforts.

Steinbeck and Hemingway have written best about the fringe-dwellers. *Tortilla Flat*, perhaps Steinbeck's finest book, presents a classic picture of the natural man. For Danny, Pilon, Pirate and their friends, no other existence seems possible, let alone desirable. In a very different fringe world live the characters of *The Sun Also Rises*. Hemingway's people, unlike Steinbeck's, had first known a different

world, which they gave up for lonely, unhappy exile. There are many differences between the fringe worlds presented by these authors, but both represent facets of the same thing, a life outside normal society, divorced from its basic convictions, alien to all it holds dear.

Through these four groups of characters, these crooked and broken individuals, the writer tries to free himself from the superficiality of art confined to straight lines. Most people, considered normal, have long ago forgotten how to be honest, are disciplined not to be unique, and are too much with the world and its ways to be amoral. To find what he wants and needs, the writer must turn to those who, like himself, break conventional molds.

If these four characters, however, offer so much, why have not writers discovered them before?

Part of the answer, of course, is that they have. Shakespeare used these characters. So did Dostoevski and Melville, and innumerable others. But in our time such characters have become the rule.

Some reasons for this seem obvious: the wars, the H-bomb, the depression, the strains of industrial and urban growth. There is also the influence of Freud. But why, for that matter, has Freud been so popular?

Perhaps our literary interest in

abnormality springs largely from our everyday insistence on "normality." From politics and education to fashion and the popular arts, the pressures to conform are great. Our off-beat literature seems to reflect a safe and well-disguised protest against conventional absolutes.

The anti-social mood of fiction has appeared even in that most rigid bulwark of conformity—mass entertainment. Presley, Brando and Dean represent everything their average fan is not, wishes he were, and is afraid to be. We have a fantasy revolution. The rebels are numerous but afraid to declare themselves. They choose an indirect course, identifying with contra-idols who glorify the opposite of their culture's accepted ideals. Perhaps some basic sickness is suggested when this pattern becomes common.

Writers are usually among the first to see the imbalances of their age, and American literature became disreputable some years before its audience was ready to follow suit, even surreptitiously. Our writers have done again what Wordsworth did in 1798 when he broke with his time in search of freer concepts of literature and life. They have tried to keep their world in balance by espousing what is unconventional and unacceptable, and by attacking what is sacred. From Socrates' day to the present, writers and philosophers have rightly been considered dangerous by guardians of status quo morality.

A PRIMARY weakness of the mass of fiction about abnormality is that there is such a mass of it. What was once daring and rebellious becomes first successful, then repetitive; and imitative writers often ruin the game for those who play it well. Too many writers, embracing abnormality, have not looked long enough at their world before disowning it. They disown some pretty good things, and some pretty bad things for the wrong reasons, cited by rote. Now that these four new characters have been made acceptable, there is no reason to spend the rest of our lives with them only. Even Greek gods can seem flat after a while.

Distortion and abnormality have

most value when they give meaning to what is not distorted. Freud certainly recognized this, although his popularizers sometimes fail to. In much modern writing, abnormality becomes an end in itself, rather than a way of viewing a more universal end in a more enlightened manner.

The writer must sit as Joyce saw him, omnipotent above his creation,

paring his fingernails. He must retain through education and maturity the honesty of the child, the carelessness of the idiot, the perversity of the mentally disturbed, and the rootlessness of the fringe-dweller. The writer must contain all these attitudes, and also, in his detachment, none of them. The writer, behind and above his character, must look with his own eyes.

## The Fate of a Writer

Mark Gayn

*IN ITS issue of February 23, The Nation printed a short story, "Love," by Tibor Dery. In addition to its intrinsic merit, the story had the special interest that it was a work by one of the intellectual and literary leaders of postwar Hungary. As we said in a note at the time, Dery had been an influential Communist; more recently he had come under severe party attack. A few weeks ago he was arrested by the political police and his present situation is unknown.*

NOW SIXTY-THREE, Tibor Dery has always been intractable. Under the Fascist regime of Admiral Horthy, he led a double life—as a writer and poet and as a member of the Communist underground. When the Communists came to power in Hungary in 1945, they took Dery to their bosom, and Dery repaid well. Early in 1950, he joined other writers in a "labor competition," and announced he would have the first volume of a major trilogy, *The Answer*, ready for "Book Day" on June 4. When the work did appear, one top-ranking critic called it "probably the most important prose work since the liberation." The hero of *The Answer* was Balint Kope, the son of a worker and a janitress, and the trilogy was to depict his life, from boyhood and participation in the bloody strike of September 1, 1930, to the day in 1948 when he became manager of a nationalized factory. In the process, Dery dealt with the brutality of Horthyism, the revolutionary movement, and "the treason of the Right-Wing Social-Democrats, who worked hand in glove with the Horthy police."

Yet, the Communists remained wary of their prized author. In 1951, Joseph Revai, the intellectual taskmaster in Hungary, urged Dery to stop "being an

outsider though within the Party." "In his work and behavior," Revai said, "Dery continues to stress his aloofness and his peculiarities." The peculiarities were displayed again in *The White Butterfly*, the love story of a young worker and an amoral girl Communist. When Dery was bombarded with critical letters from Red puritans, he wrote back angrily: "You demand purity in my heroes. . . . You do not want to hear the truth; you want the writer to create a world without struggle and without conflict. . . . You turn away from the plain truth!" This response added fuel to the party criticism, and it was extended later to the second volume of *The Answer*.

THE party was loath to break with one of its veterans and best writers. It kept wooing him, and whenever that failed, it denied him readers. At least three of his works, including the story of his favorite dog, Niki, were refused publication. Neither the carrot nor the blue pencil worked. When the Writers' Union became custodian of the revolutionary flame in the summer of 1956, Dery was among the leading literary rebels. And when the revolt did break out on October 23, he was one of the writers who went to the parliament to give counsel to Premier Imre Nagy.

In a speech on April 4, the twelfth anniversary of the liberation of Hungary by the Soviet troops, George Marosan, one of the new regime's hatchetmen, quoted Dery as saying, "When the first guns opened fire [on October 23], I felt as if it was my own finger that was pulling the trigger." If that is so, Marosan added, "it was also Dery who, along with the other writers, was burning the Red flag and pulling the Red star down from rooftops. . . . That was our error; we pampered our writers too much. We kept some of them in such material wealth and fame that they did not even

MARK GAYN is the author of *Japan Diary* and of many books and articles on Eastern Europe.



have to fight for the reader's approval."

Barely two weeks after this speech, Dery—who, either as a writer or as man, was never wholly kept—was arrested "because there is sound reason to believe he committed a crime against the state." At the same time, the government reaffirmed its order closing down the Writers' Union. In prison, Dery joined Joseph Gali, the young playwright, and Gyula Obersovszky, who, for his last word in the courtroom, chose to read his own poetry to the indifferent bench. Still to go, if the press denunciations are a guide, are the noted playwright Gyula Hay, the Communist poet Zoltan Zelk, the writer Tibor Tardos and a dozen others. Thus, in cold blood, the Communist Party is settling its scores.

In *Le Monde* the other day, Tidor Meray, himself an escaped journalist,

quoted the last bit of Dery's writing he had seen: "I am old . . . and I have taken part in two revolutions. In 1945, I thought that the workers and the peasants, all those who had been on the nation's margins, would find a new homeland. But, during the past ten years, piece by piece, our country has been stolen. We thought we were building socialism; in fact, we were being enclosed within prison walls, stained with blood and falsehood. I hold myself responsible, because my eyes did not open until it was too late. The thing is done; I reproach myself for not having used my words—or my silence—so that the whole world could understand. But we do have an excuse, we Hungarian writers: we have certainly been too late in launching an open fight against tyranny, but it was we at least who gave the signal."

## The Policy of Backward Nations

**THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF GROWTH.** By Paul A. Baran. Monthly Review Press. 308 pp. \$5.

Joan Robinson

IT IS a pity that Professor Baran writes in a style that is liable to get him dismissed as a "mere propagandist," for his main thesis is one that all open-minded people need to consider. It is (as far as a brief summary can do justice to a richly embroidered theme) that the causes of economic backwardness in the underdeveloped regions of the world are not to be found in "a shortage of capital" or "lack of entrepreneurship," but in the social and political structure of the countries concerned; and that this is rooted in the nature of their relations with the developed capitalist nations.

In every country there is some economic surplus and as soon as it begins to be systematically invested in productive forms the self-multiplying process of development begins. What is preventing it from getting under way in the underdeveloped parts of the so-called "free" world? Professor Baran divides them into three categories—those which are still colonies; those where nominally independent governments, representing feudal or native capitalist classes, are

maintained by the capitalist powers for their own economic or political benefit, and those, India is the leading example, with governments "of what might be called a 'New Deal' orientation."

In the first group, in spite of modern improvements, the surplus which might provide the foundations for development is syphoned off in profits to alien investors and absorbed by the expense of an alien administration. The second group, also, is important to the advanced capitalist countries as a source of raw materials. In particular it contains the oil producers. The fantastic story of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia is well enough known but gains fresh point in this context. The less-favored agricultural and metal exporting countries enjoy a smaller, but still considerable, foreign revenue, which runs to waste in corruption and "squandering of vast sums on the maintenance of sprawling bureaucracies and military establishments the sole function of which is to keep the comprador regimes in power."

In the countries which have freed themselves from actual or camouflaged colonialism, governments have come into being with popular support, but they function in societies still set in the colonial mould and they lack the resolution to crack the mould and deal with their own propertied classes. Professor Baran takes a pessimistic view of their capacity for development, though curiously enough he holds out some moderate hope for Egypt.

THE BOOK has many faults. The economic analysis is slapdash. It is hardly adequate to bring out the moth-eaten argument that a Keynesian policy is impossible in the developed capitalist countries, because budget deficits cause inflation. In the discussion of agriculture the vitally important distinction between land-improving and labor-saving investment is overlooked and the argument about capital-intensive techniques is self-contradictory.

The historical analysis is wildly hypothetical—romantic rather than Marxian. If only India had not been occupied she would have developed like Japan (a nightmare, surely, though Professor Baran treats it as a pleasant daydream). If only socialism had been established in the advanced countries Stalinism would not have occurred. If only the world were different it would not be what it is.

The fervor of Professor Baran's dislike of complacency and self-deception never allows him to give the devil his due. In his attack upon those who make the population problem an excuse for doing nothing he seems to deny that growing numbers are an obstacle to raising income per head or that a fool-proof contraceptive would be the greatest blessing that medical science could offer to mankind.

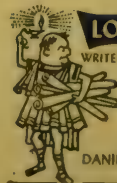
Such weaknesses will make it only too easy for a reader who dislikes Professor Baran's point of view to score tricks against him, but they do not affect the main case, which cannot be lightly dismissed.

Professor Baran ends the book on

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JOAN ROBINSON is a Reader in Economics at Cambridge University. She is the author of *Economics of Imperfect Competition*, *Essays on Marxian Economics* and other books in the field.

June 1, 1957

a moderately cheerful note by pointing to the development of the countries which have set out on the Socialist path. But his last word, in the preface, is far from encouraging. "Only the advanced countries' progress and guidance on the road to a Socialist democracy will terminate the untold suffering to which mankind has been condemned thus far." If development has to wait for socialism

in the now prosperous capitalist countries the outlook is gloomy indeed. This line of argument is surely ill-judged as well as unnecessarily pessimistic. Only when the advanced countries are satisfied that *they* need not disturb themselves will they tolerate, and so permit, the drastic social changes required to set the colonial, and ex-colonial and quasi-colonial nations on a hopeful path.

## THEATRE and FILMS

### Robert Hatch

THIS being the year of O'Neill, it was almost predictable that one of his plays would come to town as a song and dance show. I would have bet on *The Emperor Jones* with Harry Belafonte, but *Anna Christie* with Gwen Verdon is not a surprise.

George Abbott has taken as much from O'Neill as he can use in a musical—he has borrowed the basic situation and the central characters and then gone off on his own to cut the expected comedy capers. The resemblance of *New Girl in Town* (Forty-Sixth Street Theatre) to *Anna Christie* is apparent but not striking. The smart trick was to build the role of Marthy Owen up to co-starring stature and then give it to Thelma Ritter. Miss Verdon is an ingenue with scarlet petticoats; Miss Ritter is a ribald, apple-cheeked gnome who appears to move on concealed springs. Each in her way is a superb showman and neither is inclined to step aside for the other. The result is an invigorating neck and neck race for the applause of the final curtain.

The two ladies work their heads off against a conventional but pleasant background of music by Bob Merrill (there is at least one tune you can whistle), sets by Rouben Ter-Arutunian and dances (including the now-obligatory dream ballet) by Bob Fosse. The

male leads are George Wallace as Anna's lover and Cameron Prud'homme as Chris Christopherson, Anna's father and Marthy's old man. Sensible actors with good, strong singing voices, they are quick enough on their feet to keep out of the way of the main contest.

Broadway is as rich in technical know-how as General Motors and *New Girl in Town* is the product of that applied skill. I applaud it; I think *New Girl* is a great show, just as I think my Chevrolet is a great car. Both cost more than I like, but it is impossible to resist the absurdly efficient machinery.

IT IS my firm, if narrow, conviction that the world of bull fighting is no place for Anglo Saxons. Non-Latin aficionados are corrupted; they go about talking of "the moment of truth," telling you of the sacred brotherhood between matador and bull and asserting that death in the afternoon is somehow a purification. Feverish talk, this, and I've always suspected that the northern zealots were making it up out of a misty romanticism unknown in the Spanish-speaking countries.

There is nothing romantic or high-flown about *Torero!*, incomparably the most lucid and revealing account of the sport I have seen. Why does a boy become a matador? Because he is poor and the bullring offers the one hope he can see of escape. No child of the well-to-do, says this picture, ever becomes a torero. How does the matador feel about the bulls? He fears them; awake and asleep he fears them. Why does he go on fighting? Because he fears even more the jeers of his public. A bullfighter is paid well for his skill and his courage; it is part of the unspoken bargain, apparently, that he will not retire until age and injuries force him.

*Torero!* is the semi-documentary professional biography of Luis Procuna, one of Mexico's most-celebrated matadors, who plays himself in the film. He

is a man of great charm and frankness of countenance; you are compelled to like him and to sympathize with him—he is caught in the ironic trap of his skill and fame. It would be wrong to say that Procuna hates his profession—no one hates a thing he does as well as Procuna kills bulls—but it is obvious that it haunts him and poisons the joy he takes in his home and family. I came from the theatre praying that this simple but very sensitive man will survive (he has already been gored to the very point of death) until the day when he can retire with honor.

Carlos Velo, the director of *Torero!*, has photographed and edited a documentary of unflinching clarity. He draws you into the hot, noisy, blood-reeking scene as into the vortex of a nightmare; the stupid, pathetic, terribly dangerous bulls; the slim, graceful, incredibly tight-nerved matadors; the cheering, taunting crowd, demanding always greater and greater risks, idolizing those who will take them, staring avidly when someone has taken a risk too great. It does not seem beautiful or admirable to me, but I think I understand what the Spanish peoples find to admire in it. It is a matter of living with death as a familiar and violence as a commonplace. Our savagery is as real, but less in the open.

*SOMETHING OF VALUE* is made from Robert Ruark's novel of the same name. It is a melodrama of the Kenya uprisings and takes its title from a state-

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Pine to have,  
Under the covers,  
One faithful love,  
And treat their lust,  
Being overwrought,  
With rare disgust  
On second thought.

Faithful lovers  
Soon develop  
The eye of rovers:  
Satyr, trollope,  
Long out of mind,  
Become enticing  
And come around—  
The cake needs icing.

Though most have tried  
A bit of both,  
Lied and denied,  
And nothing loth  
To lie again,  
They've never found,  
With women and men,  
A middle ground.

HOWARD MOSS

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ment by one of the British characters to the effect that if you deprive the African of all his beliefs, customs and pleasures you had best give him in return something of value, or one day he will be avenged.

It is not a remarkable picture, though exciting as a story and well enough acted by Rock Hudson, Sidney Poitier, William Marshall, Wendy Hiller and the others; but it does make a commendable effort to show what the issues are and to divide the human decency evenly between the whites and blacks.

*THE DEVIL'S GENERAL* is a screen adaptation of a play by Carl Zuckmayer and directed by Helmut Kautner, whose *The Murderer Is Among Us* was shown here several years ago. Like its predecessor, like so much of what the Germans have done since the war, it is another attempt to define the guilt. In this case the argument falls into quicksand.

If the honorable old soldier sees so clearly what swine the Nazis are, does he save his own soul by small personal kindnesses, muttered sneers and the consumption of alarming quantities of alcohol? Does he prove anything by committing suicide? The problem is human enough, but it now seems to lack relevance. Curt Jurgens plays the part with considerable weary charm; there is a sabotage mystery to hold your attention, and the usual S.S. exquisite for you to grind your teeth at.

*THREE FEET IN A BED* finds Fernandel engaged in a slapstick of matchless dreariness. He is a vacuum cleaner salesman and she (whoever she is) is an amorous South American hotel owner with a pistol in her reticule. Fernandel flashes all his grimaces in a kind of desperate semaphore which I read as request for the audience to leave without creating a disorder.

tion: five bullets into a gangster in a curbside taxi; Texas Guinan drinking in a patrol wagon; a wild prohibition brawl. And the songs—"Black Bottom," "Body and Soul," the hits from *Show Boat*—took the viewer back to the era.

Both shows had subjects admirably suited to biography with music. The difference between them was in their ability to translate the real personality to television. The Cohan show crowded the screen with realistic detail; Spiegelgass and his associates used impressionism, working by suggestion, and evocative flashes. Their show was lighter, it better suited the intimacy of the small screen and it conveyed a much clearer and more persuasive overall portrait. One of the great advantages of television is just this imaginative technique, and it is by going in that direction that the medium can be successful.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

I CANNOT think that anyone ever wanted to turn off George M. Cohan. But the hectic *Mr. Broadway*—NBC's musical comedy portrait of the great showman—had me reaching for the knob. Written by Sam and Bella Spewack, who have given Broadway such literate and entertaining shows as *Boy Meets Girl* and *Kiss Me Kate*, and starring Mickey Rooney in the title role, its failure was a surprise, for all are experienced in show business. If they were trying to present a biography of the man, they failed to capture his character; if their aim was a ninety-minute musical using Cohan as a peg, the ghost of Mr. Broadway got in the way. The result was neither Cohan nor entertainment.

The musical treatment was elaborate, but it featured such bottom-of-the-trunk Cohan numbers as "Indians and Trees" and "The Shoes that Hurt," perhaps to avoid duplication with the movies' ode to Cohan, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Cohan came out pure Mickey Rooney at his most frenetic, bullying, bossing, screaming, fighting. The shudder which Rooney can produce as the ruthless egomaniac was perfectly suited to *The Comedian* which he did on Playhouse 90 a few months ago. But the backstage tyrant is a stereotype that has little to do with the personality or talent of George M. Cohan.

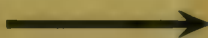
A few nights later, Playhouse 90

(CBS) undertook a similar theme in *The Helen Morgan Story* and produced an evening of excellent entertainment and drama. Leonard Spiegelgass, aided by Miss Morgan's mother, wrote a straightforward and engrossing story of the singer's unhappy life; the title role was handled admirably by a lively, curvaceous young singer named Polly Bergen, with Hoagy Carmichael at the piano. "Why was I born, why am I living?" Helen crooned from her perch on the piano, and ninety minutes of skilful writing, acting and directing gave us a sketch of the answer. Miss Morgan loved unwisely and drank too much; she was thus a symbol of what we remember as the twenties. To its great credit, the show did not attempt to prettify her story; with great finesse it sketched the background against which she performed almost by sugges-

VIEWING NOTES: Ed Wynn's portrayal of a man facing the emptiness of retirement in *The Great American Hoax*, a Paddy Chayefsky story on the 20th Century-Fox Hour, was a gentle but authoritative characterization. With an excellent assist performance from Conrad Nagel, Wynn made "the old-age problem" real and human. His statement: "I believe a man should keep his dignity till the day he dies," accomplished more than any number of high-level conferences on geriatrics or enforced leisure time. And a lot more people watched and listened.

Although *A Drum Is a Woman* was not a well-constructed TV show, it was an experiment in a new form which should be influential. Now that the ice is broken, TV producers may tackle other works of music as frames for dramatic shows. Marc Blitzstein's "Ode to New York," Aaron Copland's program music—even Vivaldi's "The Seasons"—come to mind as possible material. I saw no review of the Ellington show which noted that it was produced according to the strictest principle of segregation: there was not one white performer on the program.

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## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

**PANFILO AND LAURETTA**, a new opera by the Mexican composer, Carlos Chavez, and the American poet-librettist, Chester Kallman, called forth much interested speculation before its recent premiere at the Brander Matthews Theatre. For one thing, it had been commissioned by the Rockefeller Foundation and Lincoln Kirstein. Then too, Chavez, despite massive ventures in other musical fields, had not yet presented the public with an opera. Kallman, who collaborated with W. H. Auden on the libretto for Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, had been working with the text of *Panfilo* for a considerable time, and it was rumored to be both complex and operatically unusual.

Rumor proved to be correct. The libretto, in apparent relationship to Boccaccio's *Decameron*, presents four characters who have taken up an isolated existence in a Tuscan villa to hide from the plague which has infected renaissance Florence. To while away the days, they enact a series of little plays. Dioneo, the playwright, would seem to represent the creative personality who observes and, in a way, directs life, but takes little part in it and is ultimately consumed by his muse. Elissa, a worldly, passionate woman, gives succor to all, but receives little for herself. Panfilo, a young knight, places faith in direct action and bodily health, while Lauretta, the object of his importunity, is cool, distant and wilfully submerged in unreality. One other player appears variously as a Monk, a Physician, and the leader of a chorus of cadaverous plague-refugees.

All of these characters (with the exception of the Monk) are, in their simplest terms, sharply delineated and attractive. Because Panfilo, in his impersonations of Cupid, a Centurion, and the first Adam, is consistently representing his real-life nature, his switches from the play to the "plays within a play" are clear. Elissa, too, remains sharply defined as a woman of compassion and expansive morals whether she appears as Venus, a Procureur, or Lilith. With Lauretta, however, we begin to encounter complications. And, in the character of the Monk-Physician, we find ambiguities which most fully illustrate the text's intrinsic difficulty.

At the beginning of the second act, this character knocks on the bolted door and, over the protests of Lauretta and Dioneo, is admitted to the citadel.

The line which gains him entrance is: "I thought I might be needed." Subsequently, he enacts the role of Lazarus and then, resuming his own character, betrays the company by throwing open the door to a plague-ridden crowd. Suddenly, without warning, he falls dead.

A MULTITUDE of questions are raised by such enigmatic behavior: what does the author mean to say by having his four isolates betrayed by a symbol of the Church? When the Monk reappears in the next act as a Physician—possibly a symbol of healing—what is the meaning of this reincarnation? Clearly these things are significant. But the viewer is left with no time for rumination. When statements are tenuous in meaning he simply grows confused and the play proceeds without him.

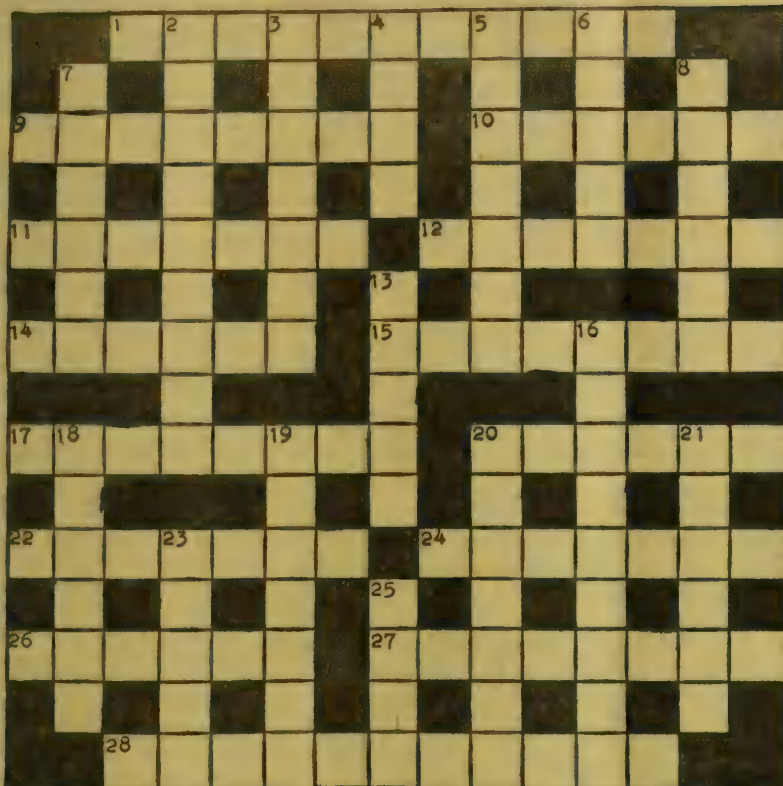
This, I think, points up a danger inherent in every fusion of a poetic text with dramatic action and music. Libretti, in their highest development, should be poetry. Onstage, however, they must provide some of the broad clues to meaning and to subsequent action that a prose text would afford.

*Panfilo and Lauretta*, regardless of these criticisms, is a more successful opera than it appeared to be on opening night or on the second occasion I heard it. As it stands, the textual difficulties automatically place it within a special, obscurantist category. But with a bit of reworking, many passages could be given more strongly marked significance. As for the music, despite a desperately ragged performance by the amateur orchestra in the pit, and despite the attention diverted from it by the need to concentrate on the libretto, it showed itself to have the lusty, primitivist strength which characterizes Chavez' music in general. Certain time-marking neo-classic techniques were certainly overused, and the ridiculous "laughing" music in the second act should be lifted in its entirety. But the composition as a whole was full of ominous roiling colors, both abstractly interesting and appropriate to the macabre elements in the plot. The flights of lyricism afforded Lauretta, and to a lesser degree, Panfilo, were enough in themselves to establish Chavez as a convincing operatic composer. This, his first dramatic work, may require some internal adjustments; but the adjustments will be matters of technique and detail, not of substance.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 726

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Sheridan's character was responsible for such a blunder. (11)
- 9 Missile in the news, perhaps. (8)
- 10 Perfect 26 suggests that it's twice this—but not forty! (6)
- 11 and 12 The characters in "Guys and Dolls" who acted like a well-known Trader?? (3-4, 7)
- 14 Lucia's is famous. (6)
- 15 One of its features is to retain control, and it shows it. (8)
- 17 Ragweed or beebread doesn't suggest anything so heavenly! (8)
- 20 Takes a rather unhealthy position during business depressions. (6)
- 22 Fielding might be credited with them, in contributing to 5 down. (7)
- 24 Western ones sometimes have horns, and mix things up amidst-ships. (7)
- 26 Are good-lookers proud of theirs? (6)
- 27 Something that might cause trouble with the distortion of sound, and shuts up completely. (8)
- 28 and 25 down What a comic does when he adheres to a kidding manner? Mulligan reputedly behaves so! (6, 2, 3, 4)

## DOWN:

- 2 Animal associated with a rocking departure? (9)
- 3 Where nickels seem to disappear under the driver's seat (7)

- 4 Let a tear, perhaps. (4)
- 5 Runners aren't always safe when others are making them. (3-4)
- 6 and 13 down Meat certainly isn't made from 16 down! (10)
- 7 Rather wolfish line, when not down-hearted. (6)
- 8 This type doesn't have much variation. (6)
- 13 See 6 down
- 16 He may have had prospects, and this was responsible for his getting a rise out of things. (9)
- 18 The sort of law that is pretty on the surface. (6)
- 19 Rather like the chief head of 27, as it can prove. (7)
- 20 A frightening word is about the current measure of preparation applicable on top. (7)
- 21 Argues what might be at the bottom of the page is about to come first. (6)
- 23 I would in short get over one to upset a fool. (5)
- 25 See 28 across

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 725

ACROSS: 1 PALMISTS; 5 SCOPES; 10 NIGHTLY; 11 ALLAYED; 12 HOTEL; 13 ANTEATERS; 14 OSAGE; 16 DELEGATE; 19 WHATNOTS; 22 NINNY; 24 OBSTINATE; 26 ROLLO; 29 ALLUDES; 30 ASSURE; 31 NEW YEARS. DOWN: 1 PANTHEON; 2 LIGHT; 3 INTELLECT; 4 TOYLAND; 6 CALLA; 7 and 28 PAYMENT IN ADVANCE; 8 SADIST; 9 MANTEL; 15 ADHESIVES; 17 GENERALLY; 18 SYNOPSIS; 20 ONAGER; 21 SEEPAGE; 23 SONATA; 25 INNER; 27 LYDIA.

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# THE NATION

JUNE 8, 1957 . . 25c



**GEARING DEMOCRACY TO BIGNESS** *Michael Reagan*

# LETTERS

## Price of Heresy

Dear Sirs: I read the editorial in the May 11 *Nation* concerning the risk which Southern professors were taking in supporting integration. Unfortunately, what is a risk among professors has already become an actuality among students. Several students of South Carolina State College have been expelled for participating in anti-segregation activities. In January of this year I was told that I could not continue as a student of Florida State University, due to my participation in the activities of the Tallahassee Inter-Civic Council. My expulsion was based on my work for the election of a Negro candidate to the Tallahassee City Commission; I was promptly "disciplined" on the morning after the local White Citizens' Council demanded my scalp.

JOHN BOARDMAN

Syracuse, N. Y.

## Molecules and Mother Love

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* for May 4, Dr. H. B. Richardson has taken rather strong exception to some aspects of my article, *Molecules and Mental Illness*, which appeared two weeks earlier. Dr. Richardson's letter refers to Dr. Linus Pauling's "chemical approach to mental illness which he believes to be the only solution of the whole problem." Nowhere in my article is there such an implication, and if there were, Dr. Pauling would certainly renounce it. Secondly, it was my decision, not Dr. Pauling's, to go rather deeply into sickle-cell anemia in order to make as clear as I could what was meant by "molecular disease." Any implication that this is the only possible proof, or that nothing else exists in the record of medical science to support Pauling's mental-disease research, is my fault. Needless to say, the Ford Foundation would hardly have granted Dr. Pauling \$450,000 to study mental disease simply because he had demonstrated the existence of a disordered hemoglobin molecule.

Dr. Richardson states that "No disease... can be adequately understood on the theory that it has any one origin or cause." He adds: "Pauling contends that the root of the matter might as logically be molecules as mother love. This statement is true... neither excludes the other." Here, I think, we part, unless Dr. Richardson wants to run barefoot through a Reichenbach chapter on causality. Both might be in-

volved, but both could hardly be "the root of the matter." The phrase "molecules or mother love," by the way, is not Dr. Pauling's but mine, though I think the sentiment is accurate.

Finally, Dr. Richardson writes that "From the point of view of treatment that aspect of the illness is the most important for which a technique is available for treatment." The first seven words are the key: from the point of view of treatment *when?* The whole point of the article is that molecular understanding of disease—not just mental disease—can and almost certainly will open up methods of treating illness that are far more certain and far more scientific than methods used today.

GENE MARINE

San Francisco, Calif.

## Defining the Illness

Dear Sirs: Even though I am not a psychoanalyst, I was very disturbed by Gene Marine's article on Molecules and Mental Illness. What, exactly, is a "mental illness"? Where does one draw the line between mental illness and uniqueness, mental illness and rebellion? Is a liberal in a totalitarian society mentally ill? Is a non-conformist in a democratic society mentally ill? Basically, would not the discovery of a chemical "cure" for mental illness—aside from the extreme and more obvious organic illnesses—simply be a device for adjusting personality to the standards set by society? Would not such a "cure" make a person "well" according to the wishes of the doctor-chemist or make him "well" by making him non-human? I don't know. Perhaps not. Perhaps Dr. Pauling's research will lead to the blessing which Mr. Marine thinks that it will be. But, after reading the article, I found the *Brave New World* much too close for comfort, and I suggest we be more concerned with evaluating and less concerned with tranquilizing.

GENE MORNELL

Los Angeles, Calif.

## The Canary Did It

Dear Sirs: After reading David Cort's article, *The Bigger They Are the Harder They Bawl* (*The Nation*, May 18) my life will never be the same. One of my weaknesses was the advertisements for Coca Cola, with happy young people enjoying the "Pause That Refreshes," and for the red ripe tomatoes, crisp celery, green beans that snapped, yellow carrots and heads of cabbage that were the SELECTED ingredients of canned

soup. I never read the articles—just the advertisements. But credulity was shaken when one ad claimed that a canary bird, fed only French's Bird Seed, had saved a whole family from destruction by rousing it when the house caught fire.

I do thank Mr. Cort for getting some sense into my head.

JAMES J. CORBETT

Detroit, Mich.

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## EDITORIALS

### The Hayride Is Over

In season and out, for nearly a decade, *The Nation* has insisted, often to the annoyance of its readers, that Chiang Kai-shek was one of history's most successful confidence men who, with the aid of the China Lobby and its spokesmen in Washington, was taking the American people on a hayride that could only end, where Chiang's adventures always end, in defeat and bankruptcy—for everyone, that is, but the Generalissimo himself. O. E. Clubb's piece in this issue (p. 491) points to the debacle that now threatens to engulf the policy foisted on Washington by the China Lobby with the assistance of Admiral Radford, Senators Knowland and Bridges, Walter S. Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and other friends of Chiang.

Not unexpectedly, the Nationalists at first suggested that the disastrous Taipei riots were the result of Communist instigation; proof of this, we were told, would soon be forthcoming. But then the tone changed and Taipei reported that the riots were "spontaneous"—regrettable, unfortunate, but essentially a flare-up of only passing significance. Can the reason for this sudden shift be that, for once, a Formosan report of Communist plotting might have a grain of truth? That the riots were to some degree organized is clear; if not by Chiang—and it is unthinkable that this buccaneer would endanger the source of his booty—then by other elements in the Nationalist set-up. Could these other elements be, if not agents of the mainland Chinese, then some of Chiang's assistants who hope to preside, some day soon, at the "liberation" of Formosa through a bloodless coup that would see Chiang fleeing on an American destroyer for a rendezvous in Hawaii with Messrs. Radford-Knowland-Bridges-Robertson?

The mainland Chinese can be relied upon to exploit to the fullest degree the opportunity which is now theirs, not only in Formosa but in South Korea and Japan. Fortunately, the American people, like kittens opening their eyes on the ninth day, should now be able to see the bankruptcy of the China policy which Washington has pursued since 1949, when the old China

hands were driven from the State Department and our own Nationalists took over. If reports of the President's angry reaction to the Taipei riots are accurate—they have an authentic ring to us—then American policy may soon be "liberated" from the dead hand of the China Lobby.

### The First Little Steps

Washington

If all goes well, the negotiations in London may culminate within a year or two in a treaty with Russia for reduction and inspection of military establishments. As matters now stand, such a pact would have four major weaknesses:

1. It would provide for no curtailment whatever of nuclear arms.
2. The nation with the largest army of them all—China—would not be a partner because the United States refuses to sign an accord with the Chinese Communists.
3. The trial zone of inspection would be limited to Alaska, a thin strip of northwestern Canada, the Bering Straits and a segment of Siberia. Under such an arrangement, there might be foolproof inspection of polar bears, while Europe, which both sides have packed to overflowing with military installations and troops, would be ignored.
4. Even conventional weapons—aircraft, warships, tanks and guns—would be cut only by 10 to 15 per cent, or by numbers corresponding to some

### TO NATION SUBSCRIBERS

In line with a growing trend among national magazines, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks during July and August. It will be published as follows: July 6, July 20, August 3, August 17, August 31.

Thereafter the normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed.

such percentage. Reduction of manpower and military budgets would also be small.

All sensible Americans and the overwhelming mass of peoples everywhere would welcome an agreement even with such grave defects. We're sorry if Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a few like-minded militarists are going to stay in the corner and sulk. Mr. Eisenhower has done the only reasonable thing by overruling Radford's petulant verdict that "one can't trust the Russians on a disarmament agreement, or anything." Radford must know that if the treaty is born, it will bristle with safeguards for both sides.

The five-nation disarmament subcommittee in London last week resumed its discussions after a ten-day recess. The American delegate, Harold Stassen, used the recess period to good advantage in Washington. He persuaded influential waverers in the Administration and in Congress that the Russians now seem to be very much in earnest and that after eleven postwar years of evasion, shadow-sparring, duplicity and futility on both sides, a small, partial agreement has moved into the realm of the possible. Mr. Stassen gave the President and others four indications that the Soviets mean business:

*First*, on April 26, for the first time, Soviet delegate Valerian Zorin stated specifically that the Russians are ready to negotiate an agreement for *partial* disarmament.

*Second*, Mr. Zorin dropped two proposals which the United States, Britain, France and Canada (the other subcommittee members) had rejected. One of these was the demand for complete elimination of nuclear weapons.

*Third*, the Russians renounced their insistence that the United States abandon its foreign bases as a condition for an arms-reduction pact.

*Fourth*, and most significant, the Russians for the first time offered to throw open to international aerial inspection a large area of Soviet territory. This was quite a departure from Nikita Khrushchev's denunciation of Mr. Eisenhower's July, 1955, open-sky proposal as a palpable espionage device.

On at least one issue the United States will be under world-wide pressure—and in time also under pressure at home—to countermand its attitude on Communist China's participation in the proposed treaty. The American position hardly can stand scrutiny. On the one hand, Washington wants nothing to do with Red China because its rulers are an aggressive bunch; on the other, this country refuses to let Peking join as a charter member in a pact designed to lessen—however slightly—the means for committing aggression.

We believe the President and Harold Stassen are right in their view that a first little step could clear the road for broader agreements later.

## The Itch to Investigate

At long last Congress may cure itself of the itch to investigate. For it has come up finally with a truly important subject matter: the fall-out peril from nuclear explosions. As the Joint Atomic Energy subcommittee assembled in the huge marble-pillared Senate caucus room, where such stellar performers as General Douglas MacArthur, Roy Cohn and Dave Beck have testified, the committee members, like enrollees in a high school night course, were given a nine-page glossary explaining such terms as *alleles*, *keloid*, *meiosis* and *polyd*, and then told to listen as professors—that is, eggheads—standing before blackboards lectured them on nuclear physics. Could anything be more appropriate than this strange scene? For years, now, Congressional committees have been "informing" the public on a variety of subjects, including such stoppers as, "Is Dave Beck, a Regent of the University of Washington, really interested in higher education?" Now Congress has elected to use the power of investigation to inform itself. This, after all, is the basic justification of the power.

As might be expected, the Joint Committee is learning all sorts of things which, in due course, will be reported to the Congress. For example, it has learned that particles of cancer-producing strontium 90 released by H-bomb blasts tend to concentrate in the more densely-populated Northern temperate latitudes, where most Congressmen reside. As a journal dedicated to adult self-education, *The Nation* applauds the determination of Congress to inform itself about the consequences of its own actions.

## Secret Virtues of Uncle Sam

Washington

The other day we caught the United States government performing acts of decency in secret. That isn't like Uncle Sam, John Bull, Marianne, Uncle Ivan or any of their colleagues. It is very much less like John Foster Dulles.

One day last month the Chargé d'Affaires at the American Embassy in Manila, Horace C. Smith, went to see President Garcia of the Philippines. The United States Government, Mr. Smith said, was asking permission to hoist the Philippine flag alongside the Stars and Stripes at all our thirty-odd military bases in the islands. President Garcia was delighted. For six years the Philippine government had been pressing for this symbolic recognition of Philippine independence and sovereignty.

At about the same time, we learned, Washington had ordered equivalent action in Japan; the Rising Sun is to flutter from flagpoles at all our bases there. It was a small but important and sensible gesture. In 1951 the United States fathered a generous peace treaty for



Japan, signed by forty-nine nations, but in minor affairs—like the flag matter—we continued to remind the Japanese of their defeat.

What was singular about all this was not that we rectified an error and did the right thing by two allies. It was that no announcement whatever was made of the fact. As far as we could see, not a word about these interesting events appeared in a single American newspaper.

This sort of coyness about a good deed done secretly always intrigues us. So we also did the sensible thing and went to the competent official at the responsible government department here. We asked him to explain why on earth were we so mute and secretive about those Philippine and Japanese flags at our bases?

He smiled a little sheepishly.

"Well," he said, "frankly, it's just that we'd rather not have Panama hear about it."

## Sex-Killer at 18

The story of eighteen-year-old Roland Marrone, rape-slayer of a fifteen-year-old girl, is in many ways a classic of a type becoming tragically familiar. Here is a boy of "good" home, who enjoyed "good" companions, apparently deeply religious, well-mannered, passive rather than aggressive in normal behavior. Yet for the eight years prior to May 17, when he raped and then murdered Ruth Starr Zeitler, his record shows sporadic emotional outbursts of a kind which led several psychiatrists to recommend treatment which he never received. It is the fact that warning signs were posted, yet ignored, which gives the case a special urgency. Young Marrone, at one time or another, had been in the purview not only of psychiatrists, but of the police; nowhere was there put upon him the restraining hand which might have saved the life of Ruth Starr Zeitler—and perhaps, eventually, his own.

If there were a simple answer to this problem, there would never have been a "Marrone case."

One of the psychiatrists who saw Roland—the boy was thirteen at the time—was Dr. Ralph Brancale, director of the New Jersey State Diagnostic Center (see *How to Treat Sex Offenders*, by Dr. Brancale and F. Lovell Bixby, in *The Nation* of April 6). Obviously, a psychiatrist's findings in such circumstances are confidential. But it can be said that the Diagnostic Center found Roland emotionally unstable, and recommended treatment for him; it did not find him, at the time, a potential homicide. Psychiatry has not yet reached the stage where it can reach into the subconscious of a thirteen-year-old boy and unerringly sense the presence of an eighteen-year-old sex-killer.

Yet there was no doubt that the boy was sick, and if the slightest evidence existed that the sickness might take violent form, was it not the psychiatrist's duty to protect society by seeing to it that the boy was put away? "Put away where?" Dr. Brancale asked. "In jail? He had committed no crime, so far as we were aware. In a state institution? But the boy was not 'insane' at the time we saw him. And in any case, of ten thirteen-year-olds who might show symptoms similar to those of Roland, perhaps nine will be able to resolve their inner conflicts without resort to dangerous violence. Are we to flood our existing institutions with teen-agers, nine-tenths of whom would be better off outside?"

We asked Dr. Brancale, then: "Is there nothing that can be done?" His answer was, "Yes, two things. The first is more money for basic research into mental health. The second is to make possible, through the establishment of special institutions or through some other means, the treatment of such cases as Roland's. Private psychiatric treatment is expensive; private sanatoriums even more so. This is a social problem, and financially it will have to be solved as such.

"I believe that there is a good chance that, had Roland been given proper treatment, Ruth Starr Zeitler would have been alive today."

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## FORMOSA: the Dream Dissolves . . by O. Edmund Clubb

ON MAY 24, the United States was startled by mob action in Taipei, the capital of Formosa, that resulted in the wrecking of the American Embassy and the USIA establishment, the destruction of Amer-

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ican property and the injury of eleven Americans—nine of whom had worn the cloak of "diplomatic immunity." If there has been any international liaison of recent years which appeared to be an idyllic romance, it was that between the United States and Formosa. So the *New York Times* reflected much American official feeling when it called the sudden eruption "shocking

and amazing," and Nationalist officialdom hastened to assure the U.S. Government that the affair did not signify any "deep anti-American sentiment" among the Formosans. But a prevailing American illusion has been shattered, and some things can now be seen more clearly.

The Taipei incident would seem at first glance to have resulted from popular rage at the acquittal by an

American military court of an American army sergeant charged with killing a Chinese whom he discovered peeping at his wife in her bath. But various aspects of the riot suggest that this explanation does not alone suffice. It was, after all, the most outrageous assault upon an American embassy, in any country, in this century; and it appears strangely to have continued for hours. Reports from newsmen on the spot call attention to peculiar circumstances. The Taipei correspondents of the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *World Telegram* respectively quoted Embassy statements that "the police made no determined effort that could be observed to disperse or discourage the mob when it first began to form or afterwards," and that the riot was "definitely organized"—possibly by political forces desirous of making a deal with the Chinese Communists.

Three high Nationalist military and police officials have since been fired. But Foreign Minister George Yeh has categorically denied that any official or political organization was involved. The demonstrations, he asserted, were entirely a spontaneous outbreak of feeling against the court-martial acquittal of the American sergeant. Speculation on possible hidden motives or backstage manipulations would be fruitless in the absence of concrete evidence. But such speculation is in any event unnecessary; the known facts suffice to permit some important conclusions.

Washington has justified our Formosa policy in part with the argument that it contributes toward maintaining our prestige in Asia and gives the lie to the taunt that the United States is only "a paper tiger."

### Accidents and Allies

Enmities succeed to friendships; strength declines to weakness; accident as men call it, in a moment and amid universal astonishment, reverses conditions.

—*The Problem of Asia*, by Admiral Alfred T. Mahan (1900)



Chiang Kai-shek

But the American flag has been torn from its mast and U.S. Embassy personnel beaten—in Taipei. Washington purports to worry about Communists' making capital from the Taipei developments. Peking and Moscow have already confirmed these fears in their treatment of the news. But no Communist effort was required for the affair to leave its impact in Tokyo, New Delhi and the Middle East.

AMERICAN prestige in Asia is the lower for the Taipei incident, and there can be no full restitution. True, we have received prompt apologies from the Chiang government, but our Formosa policy has been dealt a heavy blow in full view of all the world. We have demanded compensation for the material damage wrought, but we can hardly be consoled by the thought that any money paid us for our losses must come out of our own pockets in the end—for the National Government subsists in good part upon our subsidies. It is evident that no fully satisfactory outcome is to be hoped for. It is also clear that the Taipei incident, especially if it came as a complete surprise to the U.S. Government, demands a review of our Formosa policy.

We are forced to face up to hard questions: has the American policy of maintaining the Chinese Nationalists in being for possible use against the Chinese Communists perhaps

reached a critical juncture? Is the \$2 billion spent in support of the Nationalists on Formosa to go the way of the \$3.5 billion given them while they were still on the mainland—and disappear "down the drain"? After "the loss of China," are we threatened with "the loss of Formosa"? Is our China policy to suffer a new frustration?

The situation that confronts us is not a pretty one. We had omitted to consider that any sovereign ally has his own designs and aspirations. The Nationalists have avowedly desired to return to power on the mainland. Without a major war in which the United States participated on the Nationalist side, this would be a manifest impossibility. The chances for our enlisting global support for such a venture have been virtually nil. We could have "gone it alone," but only at great cost to our world position, and against imponderable dangers.

In a *Look* article in January, 1956, Canadian Minister for External Affairs Pearson pointed up what was really the American dilemma:

No one seriously expects Chiang Kai-shek to return to the mainland. Yet if we seem to support his ambitions, especially on Quemoy and Matsu, a situation is perpetuated that could conceivably develop into a war . . . Are any of us really willing to go to war to help repel an attack on these "offshore" islands? Have we merely painted ourselves into a corner here, without any obvious way out?

In the final analysis, the U.S. Government set a limit to the Nationalists' borrowing of American power for use in the Chinese political arena: we balked at going to war for the Nationalist cause.

The Nationalists therefore, by all logic, are destined in the end to fail to recover the Mandate of Heaven over China. This has become increasingly clear in Taipei. But—what then? Is a long-term American overlordship to be substituted for the former Japanese rule in Formosa? Some of the immediate beneficiaries of American spending on Formosa might remain in our pay as mercenaries, but their allegiance would be uncertain: Asians have grown



to abhor the dependent status and "puppet" regimes.

The Taipei incident is to be interpreted in the light of that dominating factor of Asian nationalism. Regardless of the immediate occasion, and regardless as well of any concealed schemes, the riot patently was able to draw heavily upon an overflowing reservoir of popular resentment. The rioters' wrath may have been directed in the first instance against the American exercise of extraterritorial jurisdiction—a sore subject for any Asian—but it was almost certainly in addition a manifestation of the "deep anti-American sentiment" that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Foreign Minister and his Ambassador to Washington have all denied existed. In the Nationalist camp, anti-Americanism has fed upon a growing sense of frustration at our failure to return them to power on the mainland.

As a political faction, the right-wing Nationalists were prepared to accept American aid to attain *their* ends. But as Chinese, they will not be content to continue indefinitely

in a position dependent upon us.

It is within this framework that our East Asia policy must be viewed. Communist China, despite manifest difficulties, is evolving into a world power. It has recently exerted influence even as regards developments in Eastern Europe, and as a leading protagonist of Asian nationalism has expressed its concern in respect to the Middle Eastern crisis. Negotiations are currently in progress in Paris between ourselves, who want to maintain a tight economic embargo against China, and the representatives of fourteen friendly nations—most of whom now demand that the existing restrictions be relaxed. The issue of China's representation in the United Nations, barred even from debate heretofore, begins to press down upon us with a force that is becoming irresistible. The convergence of events is making it increasingly difficult to continue to evade these issues. The whole question of the future status of Formosa thus threatens to advance into the foreground at a time when the United States is still unready to deal with it.

This is the situation, and these are the problems. A Micawberish attitude of waiting in the hope that "something will turn up" is no solution, for in the present circumstances time alone will not cure, but only bring a further deterioration. The events in Taipei have dispelled a myth and simultaneously laid bare the reality: the people of Formosa are Chinese—not American even by adoptive processes—and will eventually strive to go their own way.

Self-deception has been the crutch for our Formosa policy. But that device will serve us no longer, for we are at long last undeceived. We can now see the problem clearly enough. It is how to provide for the future of Formosa and adjust our stance vis-a-vis China. We can even see that since our allies will not accept our present doctrine, we shall be compelled to make concessions to their thinking and join Japan, India and British Commonwealth countries on this issue. The recent events in Taipei emphasize a critical factor: time has run out on our special position in Formosa.

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## TEXAS, TEXTILES and TOKYO . . by Harry Golden

*Charlotte, North Carolina*  
FROM President Eisenhower's first inauguration in 1953 to the close of business as of March 31, 1957, eighty-seven Southern textile mills, involving approximately 35,000 textile workers, have closed their doors. In North Carolina alone, from January 1, 1956, to March 31, 1957, twelve plants were liquidated, involving 3,190 employees; and in South Carolina five plants employing 2,090 workers were closed down.

What happens to the mill workers? They live on unemployment compensation until it expires; afterwards the young ones move on to seek work in other mill towns. But the old

folks, many of whom are paying for homes, cannot move. In the shut-down Kendall Mills of Charlotte, dozens of employees were thrown out of work who had only two or three years to go before retirement. The same was true in the closing of the giant Darlington (S.C.) Manufacturing Company.

Even this does not reflect the full seriousness of the textile situation. There have been many mergers which cannot be called "liquidations," but which, in many instances, have had the same effect on large bodies of mill workers. A sales manager, covering the textile industry, told me that in 1945 he had 176 "prospects" to call on in Gastonia, North Carolina. Today there are only eighty-one separate "boss-men."

True, the textile industry has al-

ways been a small-profit industry as compared with steel, automobiles, oil and chemicals. Often the margin between success and failure has depended on the business of a single year; occasionally, on a single order. In no other large industry are the factory hands so involved in the day-to-day events of their front office. "It looks like we'll work only three days for a while, Montgomery Ward cut its order one-half," or "Did you hear of the J. C. Penney order we got yesterday?" These are the comments that form part of the Saturday night discussion in every mill home in the South.

The lower wage scale of the South has not helped the textile industry at all; on the contrary, it has encouraged what is known as the "quick operation." Often machinery

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is not replaced over the years; the project, in many instances, becomes nothing more than a "milking" process. The first setback—the "threat" of a union contract, or Japanese imports, or over-production—and the owners call "quits." This "corrupting" influence spreads throughout the industry. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine tried hard to keep certain mills open in her state. She introduced a bill which would authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to sell surplus raw cotton in storage to American textile mills at such prices as they could afford to pay. But when the Smith bill could make no headway, Lester A. Martin, owner of the mills, turned to the labor unions: "All we want is temporary relief—an 8½-cent per hour wage cut. *We are only asking for equalization of wages with those in the South to stay in business as long as we can.* We want our spindles in Maine to stay in competition as long as we can." The union refused the cut and two mills closed down.

Over-production has also played its part in the situation. In some mills today there are warehouses covering acres of ground filled with gray goods, flannels and velveteens. Perhaps more important is the increased use of synthetics. In a few manufactures, synthetics have taken over entirely: men's caps, for instance, are nearly all made of synthetics, and an excellent product, too.

WHEN the owner closed the big Darlington (S.C.) Manufacturing Company, he gave as the reason his disputation of the validity of his workers' majority vote in favor of the Textile Union. Other manufacturers, too, have alleged that the "threat" of unionism has forced them to give up business. Actually, unionization is the most negligible factor of all in the situation. *Of the eighty-seven plants closed in the South since Jan. 1, 1953, only nineteen had union contracts and only four others were in the process of being "organized."* Unionization is a pretext, not a reason, for what is happening to the South's textile industry.

Of all these factors, the most wide-

ly discussed is the disastrous effect on the textile industry of Japanese imports. You can go into any of the large five-and-ten-cent stores and for 69 cents buy a Japanese-made blouse which cannot be duplicated by American industry for less than \$1.98. Nor does the \$1.98 American garment compare at all favorably with the Japanese job in workmanship and stitching, to say nothing of the pearl buttons.

In discussing this problem, government officials point out that Japanese imports represent only 2 per cent of the total United States production. This is true, but the Japanese, concentrating on certain segments of the industry, now control over 30 per cent of our blouse market and 20 per cent of the velveteen and gingham markets. Thus



the "only 2 per cent" statement is utterly misleading. Last year, for example, Japan sent us nearly 200,000,000 square yards of cloth, not counting finished garments (which included 1,500,000 dozen shirts).

Everybody in the industrial South has been talking about these Japanese imports; every major newspaper has written editorials and feature stories on the subject. Every textile manufacturer—most of whom went all-out to elect President Eisenhower—has expressed indignation at the Administration's stubborn support of Japanese imports as a matter of policy. But nothing they say makes any impression on Washington. To tell the truth, both sides have been less than frank about the whole matter. The big cotton growers of Texas also helped the Republicans—and this controversy is not really one of "Textile Industry

versus Administration," but of "Textile Industry versus Cotton Growers." It is a family fight—strictly among Southerners. Fellows down in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama and Georgia are making a lot of money selling cotton to Japan. But that is not all. The big cotton growers are not only permitted to sell to Japan at prices lower than the fixed American market, but their surpluses have been sold at these "export" prices in the domestic market. The excuse? Alleged "cancellations" from abroad.

Now it would be foolish to deny that Japanese imports have hurt the American manufacturer, but what should be of greater concern is that all through this highly controversial matter no one has mentioned the key word—*China*. Senator Ervin (North Carolina) made several speeches on the Senate floor about these Japanese imports. During a local Congressional campaign, the Democratic candidate accused the Republicans of hurting the Carolina textile industry with these Japanese imports; his successful opponent, Republican Congressman Jonas, went to the White House and brought back an official statement from the President to the effect that "limits" would now be provided in the form of new federal "controls" over them. The big point is that no one, from manufacturer to President, has discussed this problem with any degree of maturity—i.e., in terms of cotton exports and *China*. In 1937, for instance, Japan sent 64 per cent of its manufactured textiles to Manchuria, Korea and the China mainland. Now we have ordered Japan not to trade with Red China—and in order to make it financially possible for Japan to obey the order, we are giving the Japanese textile industry a subsidy out of our Southern industrial pocket.

Clearly, it is in the name of national defense that scores of textile plants in the South are being forced to shut down and thousands of workers are being thrown out of work. But, then, why doesn't Washington admit this openly, so that the American voters can weigh the benefits—and the price?



# HE WANTED TO BE FIRED . . . *by Alexander Werth*

*Paris*  
THAT LANKY, bossy schoolmaster had become such a permanent fixture here that even long after the critical debate opened, there were many who still thought the National Assembly wouldn't have the heart to overthrow him. But Mollet was overthrown, all the same—by that ungrateful crowd of right-wing deputies to whom he had given so much satisfaction during the last sixteen months. They had all cheered their heads off over his Suez policy, and had heartily approved of his policy in Algeria. But now that the time had come to pay the bill—which included \$420,000,000 in new taxes—they rattled on him.

The truth is that Mollet *wanted* to be overthrown. He had got his government in a fix. And, what is more, he wanted it to be quite clear that he had been overthrown by the Right; that is why, in his final speech preceding the vote, he made practically none of those concessions the Right had been hoping from him, and which would have given them an excuse at least to abstain—and so save him. And, to crown it all, he suddenly reminded the National Assembly that he (Mollet) was the leader of the French Socialist Party—a party, he emphasized, which believed in both Social Progress and in the greatness of France and the French Union.

And, at the back of Mollet's mind, there was the conviction that, whatever else happened, no new government could do without the 100 Socialist votes in the present parliament. Nor was a new government likely to last long, unless Mollet was a member of it.

WHAT Mollet's fall really amounts to is that he would like somebody else to take responsibility for cleaning up the financial mess, while "Molletism" in the international and colonial fields should continue.

Although public opinion in France

is less enthusiastic about the Algerian war than it was a year or even six months ago, the number of voices in favor of starting negotiations with the rebels in all seriousness is still relatively small. Molletism, or (as it has been aptly called) National Molletism, is still with us in France, whether Mollet himself is at the head of the government or not. It is perhaps the most significant of all ideological developments in Western Europe during the last ten years. Far be it from me to suggest that it is the same as German National Socialism or Italian Fascism, but it has one thing in common with them: it is a reaction against a nationwide feeling of frustration. Just as Hitler exploited the "humiliation" of Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, and Mussolini exploited the feeling that Italy had been cheated of the fruits of victory by the 1919 peace-makers, so Molletism represents a reaction against the national humiliation of 1940, against the back-seat treatment given to France in international affairs since 1944 and, above all, against the defeat in Indo-China in 1954 and the subsequent "surrenders" in Tunisia and Morocco. Mollet fought his election campaign under the slogan: "Put an end to this senseless Algerian war"; but National Molletism was really born at Algiers on February 6, 1956, when Mollet eagerly surrendered to the outcry of the French in Algeria that they "must not be abandoned" and that Algeria was "the last trench of France's greatness."

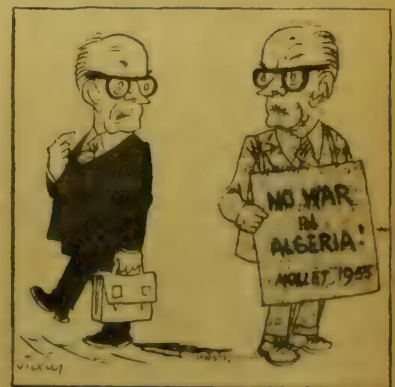
This "surrender" was welcomed by public opinion in France, and Mollet felt that he had become a national leader of the first magnitude. He was glad to see the last of "defeatist" Mendès-France (who resigned from his government in May), and when there were a few timid protests against his Algerian policy inside the French Socialist Party, he ignored them or else tried to appease them with vague assurances that "pacification" in Algeria was getting on splendidly.

It was Mollet who embarked on the Suez adventure—and he did so,

as he cleverly reminded the Assembly, with the fullest approval of parliament, the greatest part of which clung to the idea that "knocking Nasser on the head" was the remedy for all France's ills.

Except for the Communists (who by this time, however, had all the trouble in the world to try to explain away Budapest) and a few intellectuals, nobody in France objected to the Suez adventure, and even all the old Jew-baiters became passionate supporters of Israel! If Suez failed, it was, as another French Socialist, Foreign Minister Pineau, explained, chiefly the fault of the British Labor Party.

MOLLET hasn't an attractive personality; and yet he is strangely representative of some fundamental French moods; that is why he stayed in office longer than any other French premier in the last twenty-five years, and that is why I am convinced he has not gone for good. He will leave it to others to deal with the financial mess, but he still stands for French greatness, and also for "Europe"—common market, Euratom and all. Thus this strange Socialist has far more support than is suggested by the vote which overthrew him. The only optimistic comment made (by *Combat*) in connection with the present crisis is that "since every such crisis is accompanied by some hard thinking and stock-taking, perhaps a few new ideas on Algeria will crop up in the process." Is it wishful thinking?



"You Socialist, you!"

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's Paris correspondent, is the author of France: 1940-1955.

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# GEARING DEMOCRACY to BIGNESS

Michael Reagan

DEMOCRATIC politics in America is less in need of preservation than of re-creation. An economic base of small-scale farms and an industrialism of individual entrepreneurs in face-to-face contact with independent artisans sustained democracy in the nineteenth century. But that base has long since been displaced by the bigness and interdependence of mass organization in both the economy and government. *Industrial* relations are typically those of a managerial élite governing thousands of workers who know neither the boss nor their fellow workmen, and who have no participative responsibilities beyond their immediate jobs; *political* relations are typically those between leaders at the top and the rest of us, who are not participants in decision-making so much as subjects to be persuaded of the rightness of the decisions taken.

Our political system has grown in size and complexity along with the economic system, but unlike production technology and business management, government has grown haphazardly and without basic adjustment to the new forces of our times. Mass-production technology has revolutionized the economic system, while the political framework in which it is contained continues in much the same institutional and ideological patterns as prevailed a half-century ago. Despite the present concentrations of social power produced by economic giantism, we still pretend that regular, frequent elections are a sufficient structure for a viable democracy. We still pretend that economics and politics are separate; and while much ranting is heard concerning the "intrusions" of politics into the economy, little attention is paid to the impact of twentieth-century corporate industrialism upon our eighteenth-century political system. Increasingly, the democratic elements in our so-

cial system are becoming isolated, impotent segments in a world of large, hierarchically organized, institutionally unaccountable organisms.

Nowhere is the gap between economic change and political stagnation more evident than in our continued adherence to the rhetoric of anti-trust. In 1890, when Senator Sherman's bill was passed, one could entertain seriously, perhaps, the thought that giantism was still new enough to be stopped. In 1957, to think that the big ones can ever be broken up sufficiently to re-create the power-diffused economy of pure competition is but a dream. The high technology, mass-production orientation of our system simply doesn't permit the number of firms and the smallness of each which a self-regulating economy presupposes. The most vigorous anti-trust program imaginable could offer no more than a slight—and temporary—easing of the present centralization of economic power.

SO THE problem of bigness is with us to stay. Since we can't live without it—and maintain the standards of economic welfare to which we aspire—we had better find some way to take the curse off of bigness and learn to live with it. Time spent exhorting the Department of Justice to "bust 'em up," and exhorting the public to support such a drive, is time wasted.

What is needed instead is hard thought about how we can control what Mr. Dooley called the "heejooous monstheres" to ensure that they serve our ends, not we theirs. The first step would be to devise criteria for separating those enterprises which, because of their power, require public supervision from those whose impact on economic activity is so slight as to make it safe to leave them alone. Obviously, we don't want to attempt public control of every frozen-custard stand in the land. At the other extreme, the need for some public accountability for those decisions of General Motors or U. S. Steel which may affect the livelihood of millions (their invest-

ment plans, or G.M.'s tax ultimatum to the state of Michigan, for example) should also be manifest to democrats. But where to draw the line?

The American Institute of Management has suggested that a firm be considered "too big" when its sales volume equals one per cent of Gross National Product. With G.N.P. at 400 billion dollars, however, this is probably too restrictive a category; it would permit many firms having a substantial impact on the economy to escape control. Another easy standard would be regulation of the billion-dollar firms (in assets or sales); but here, too, the same objection would apply.

THE country's top 100 manufacturing firms, which in 1950 accounted for 33.3 per cent of the total value of manufactured products, and whose control over employment and wage patterns is commensurable with their share in production, constitute a more promising group. The top 100 of *all* corporations, whether manufacturing or no, constitutes a group whose combined impact on the economy is sufficiently great to make control over them a crucial lever over the activities of the rest. Typically, the giants are firms with self-administered (rather than market-regulated) prices and administered profits (G.M. aims at an after-tax profit of 15 to 20 per cent on invested capital, and for the past eight years has averaged over 25 per cent). They are able to finance much or all of their expansion internally, thus escaping the test of the capital market. And they are the determiners of the fate of countless suppliers and dealers. As leaders in a highly interdependent system, their failure could not be permitted by governments responsible for full employment. For this reason they represent little or no element of capitalist risk, and so a strong argument exists for the imposition of a trusteeship concept to their operations.

The trusteeship in mind here, however, is not the one, dear to the hearts of managerial spokesmen, which rests on a self-imposed ethic

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permitting management to remain judge in its own cause. Rather it is one which makes management accountable to the people of the United States, for whose welfare our economic institutions supposedly exist. Just what form this accountability might take, and which functions of the giants would require public participation, are questions whose answers require certain additional information, as suggested by the following queries:

1. Which base for regulation—federal chartering, public ownership, regulatory commission, or labor and public co-determination—offers the best means of channeling the power of the giants to public ends?

2. Is control over the rate and direction of investment sufficient for purposes of economic stabilization, or is it also necessary to regulate the proportions of expenditures as between wages and stockholder dividends? (And if wage rates are a crucial factor, what accountability needs to be imposed upon unions as well as upon corporations?)

3. Even in a system which accepts bigness under administrative controls, is there a useful though limited function for the anti-trust approach in limiting each firm to the size at which maximum technical efficiency is attained? Can such size be determined, or is the pace of technological change too rapid to make determination feasible?

4. Once adequate control devices are available, should *combination* rather than *competition* be encouraged in lines where the product is simple and standard, such as soap, salt, sugar or matches? As things stand now, the consumer pays a heavy advertising tax to support the competition among producers of dozens of basically identical detergents. Might we not be better served by non-competitive production in such cases, thus avoiding the tax? And think of the by-product benefits: no soap advertising, no soap operas!

5. Does bigness reach a point of diminishing returns, after which the producer or distributor gets out of touch with the people whom he claims to be serving? Can we determine what that point is for each ma-



jor industry? That this may have already happened is indicated in at least two instances. One was the apparent failure of Detroit to recognize the potential demand for a light, maneuverable automobile until foreign imports had led the way. (Or did Detroit see the possibility, but simply hope it could be ignored in the interest of avoiding the extensive innovations involved?) Another is the situation of mass magazines. Originally designed for upper middle-class tastes, the periodicals whose circulations have reached four or five million may so have diluted their level of content as no longer to appeal to the original market.

6. Can a suitable institutional mechanism be devised for allocating scarce materials in such a way that the criterion of public benefit, rather than of private profit, is applied to avoid situations in which houses and schools go unbuilt while less essential items using the same materials abound?

7. How big a slice of industry needs to be included to operate a system of key-point controls? What indices of measurement are available for determining the impact of firms or industrial groups upon the total operation of the economy?

These questions make no attempt

at completeness; they are intended merely to suggest some of the areas where knowledge might give us a basis for a policy compatible with present economic realities. The biggest questions of all, of course, are those most obfuscated by ideological nonsense and public-relations propaganda: i.e., what ends, and whose, does our economic system now serve? What ends do we, the whole people, want that system to serve? As Joan Robinson put it recently, is industry "a field for adventure" in which the needs of the consumer are "an incidental by-product of the sport"? Or "do we regard meeting the needs of the nation as the prime end and purpose and think of industry as a kind of public service?"

Quite a different facet of the problem of bigness is management's inevitable orientation toward its workers as producers of goods rather than as people with aspirations of their own. Frank Abrams, president of Jersey Standard, has said that "Modern management might well measure its success or failure as a profession in large part by the satisfactions it is able to produce for its employees." Given the existing structure of the system, however, we may doubt whether even the firm Abrams heads places this criterion

ahead of productivity in cases where the two interests diverge. David Lilienthal has gone further than Abrams, arguing in *Big Business* that the purpose of America's economic system is to promote freedom for the individual. This sounds fine—until Mr. Lilienthal explains that freedom to choose one's job, one's goods and one's investments is "the mark of men who are as free as in society it is possible for men to be." The nature of one's life on the job is apparently unimportant—(not to mention the author's neglect to mention the non-economic freedoms).

The problems which neither Abrams, Lilienthal nor *Fortune* magazine (which emphasizes the social responsibilities of "welfare capitalism") face squarely are those involved in giving the worker a sense of accomplishment on the job, and of letting him share in the organization in which he spends the best of his waking hours. In a recent study of management ideologies,\* Reinhold Bendix makes it clear that a sense of accomplishment is now more likely to be a product of a worker's leisure-time activities than of his job. And Mr. Bendix demonstrates that the aim of managerial ideology in both American and totalitarian cultures is to prove "why managers need considerable freedom for themselves and substantial obedience from others." It is in the discretion of the managers, exercising hierarchic authority, to decide how much the production and profit goals can be reconciled with the employee's search for personal expression and growth. But this authority is neither selected by, nor accountable to, the employees; indeed, since the separation of management from control, it is not even accountable in practice to the shareholder-owners of large corporations.

Again, the source of the problem is bigness, for as the size of an organization increases, it is necessary to increase proportionately the de-

gree of "specialization" within the firm. Specialization produces in turn a corresponding need for coordination of the manifold specialties; and the coordinators constitute a hierarchy of command from foreman through middle management to top executive. Life for the participant at any level in such a bureaucratic structure is one of subordination to organizational compulsions.

As these units become increasingly typical of our economic organization, the political question becomes



ever more pressing: how much of our lives can we spend in authoritarian relationships of command and subordination without destroying our ability to participate, in a creative sense, in political life? Can we call our society democratic when democracy—which means participation on a basis of equality in the making of decisions affecting our search for the good life—is restricted to the formal political process? In nineteenth-century America, the social structure was more equalitarian because the simpler economic system of that time did not have the range of status gradations characteristic of large organizations today. In the relative absence today of social structures which make democracy a part of our daily lives, the survival of political democracy itself may be a questionable proposition.

To make hierarchic rule compatible with democracy, those subject to controls from above must have a voice in the selection of the controllers and—this is even more essential—in setting at least the broad goals of the organization for which they labor. How to achieve this control is perhaps the Number One social and political problem of industrial democracy.

Consumer councils or consumer representatives, financially supported by sources beyond the control of the organizations with whose decisions they will be concerned, are one possibility. Ample precedents exist for such a scheme. Many World War II regulatory boards had public members, and a system of consumer representation was employed under NRA. Some states have established consumers' advisory councils. While none of the arrangements tried so far has been completely successful, further experimentation merits encouragement. One major difficulty, to which no solution is immediately apparent, is that such groups lack the power of sanctions.

Another avenue toward greater democratic control in industry might be a combination of worker and consumer representation on boards of directors or in the managerial group. Here the problem, aside from the vehement resistance which might be expected from the defenders of "managerial prerogatives," would be how to ensure that the representatives retain their loyalties toward their non-managerial constituencies. The West German experience with co-determination suggests that this is a hard nut to crack.

THE QUESTION of the ends to be served by our economic system is crucial here, also. We must go beyond Joan Robinson's statement of alternatives to ask whether even production for use is not too limited a goal; perhaps the goal should be defined more broadly as providing the material bases of the good life within the bounds of processes compatible with the greatest possible personal freedom. Do we want to increase production at any cost, or would a less than optimum rate be preferable where this would achieve an increase in the freedom of the workers? Because of the "overstructuring" of our economic activities, neatly sketched by Robert Lynd in his book, *Knowledge for What?*, we have been applying exclusively material criteria to the evaluation of our economic system. A broadening of the standard is essential if we are not to make of ourselves a nation of contented cows.

\* *Work and Authority in Industry: Ideologies of Management in the Course of Industrialization*. (Wiley, 1956). A fascinating study of management ideology in nineteenth-century Britain and Russia and in twentieth-century America and East Germany.



# THE HERETIC'S COAT . . by Bertolt Brecht

[This is the first publication in English of a short story by the late Bertolt Brecht, noted German poet and playwright, author of *Mother Courage, The Threepenny Opera* and other works well known in this country. The story, in the original German, appears in the Gebrüder Weiss Verlag (Berlin) edition of Brecht's *Kalendergeschichten*.—Editors.]

Translated by HELMUT W. BONHEIM

GIORDANO BRUNO, the man of Nola, was burned at the stake in 1600 by order of the Roman Inquisition. He is generally considered a great man—not only for his daring hypotheses on the motion of the planets (since proven to be true) but also for the courage he showed before the Inquisition. To the Inquisition he said: "You pass your sentence on me with perhaps greater fear than I have in receiving it." And a glance at his writings and at the reports of his public appearances makes it impossible to doubt his greatness. But another story may increase our respect for him even more.

It is the story of his coat.

First we must learn how he fell into the hands of the Inquisition.

A Venetian, a patrician by the name of Mocenigo, invited the learned man into his house, asking to be taught physics and skills of memory. For a few months Mocenigo accepted the stipulated lessons as payment for his hospitality. But he was tutored in physics instead of in the black magic he had hoped for. Physics seemed to him to be of no use at all: very dissatisfied, he regretted the expenses occasioned by his guest. Several times he earnestly urged the man of Nola to impart the secret and lucrative information which such a famous man must surely possess. When this did not help he sent a letter of denunciation to the Inquisition. He wrote that this evil and ungrateful man had, in his presence, spoken ill of Christ, said that the monks were

asses and misled the people, and moreover he claimed that there existed, contrary to the teaching of the Bible, not just one sun but countless suns, etc., etc. He, Mocenigo, had therefore locked him into his attic and requested that the authorities fetch him as quickly as possible.

And so in the middle of the night between a Sunday and a Monday the authorities came to take the scholar to an Inquisition dungeon.

This was 3 o'clock, Monday, the 25th day of May, 1592. The terrible trial lasted for eight long years. Although he fought unceasingly for his life, the fight he conducted that first year in Venice against his extradition to Rome was, perhaps, the most frustrating part of the long difficult process.

In this period occurred the affair of his coat.

In the winter of 1592, while still living in a hotel, the man of Nola had a heavy coat fitted by a tailor, Gabriele Zunto. When he was arrested he had not yet paid for the coat.

Hearing of the arrest the tailor rushed to the house of Mocenigo in the neighborhood of St. Samuel to present his bill. It was too late. A servant of Mocenigo showed him to the door. "We have paid out enough for that swindler," he shouted so loudly from the doorstep that sev-

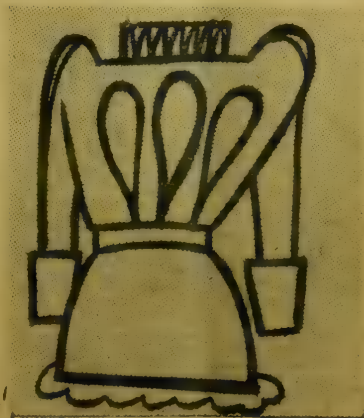
eral passers-by looked around. "Perhaps you would care to run to the tribunal of the holy office and announce that you have business with this heretic."

Frightened, the tailor stood in the street. A group of alley-boys had heard it all and one of them, a be-pimpled and ragged urchin, threw a stone at him. Although a meanly dressed woman emerged from a door and gave the boy a slap, Zunto, an old man, already felt the danger of "having business with this heretic." After glancing timidly about he ran around the corner and took a wide circuit home. He told his wife nothing of this ill fortune, and for a week she was puzzled by his depressed behavior.

BUT ON the first of June she made out the bills and discovered that payment was still due for the coat of a man whose name was on everybody's tongue, for the man of Nola was being talked about all over town. The most fearful rumors of his evil nature were noised about. He had not only dragged marriage through the mud in books as well as in conversation, but had even called Christ a charlatan and made the most insane statements about the sun. That he had not paid for his coat fitted in very well. The good woman was not in the least inclined to suffer this loss. After a violent quarrel with her husband, the seventy-year-old woman went to the building of the holy office in her Sunday best and, in great anger, demanded the 230 skudi which the arrested heretic owed her.

The official whom she addressed wrote down her demand and promised to look into the matter.

And soon Zunto received a summons; trembling and wobbling, he reported at the feared building. To his surprise he was not cross-examined. He was simply told that his demand would be considered in the settlement of the arrested man. To



be sure, the official indicated that not much would come of it.

The old man was only too glad to come off so cheaply and he showed his gratitude most obsequiously. But his wife was not satisfied. It was not enough that her husband make good the loss by giving up his evening pint and stitching into the night. What about the debts to the cloth-merchant? She cried out in the kitchen and in the courtyard that it was scandalous to arrest a criminal before he had paid his debts. If need be she would go to the holy father in Rome to get her 230 skudi. "He won't need a coat to burn in!" she cried.

She told her father confessor what had happened. He advised her to request that at least the coat be released to her. Herein she saw the admission by a churchly authority that her claim was just and she declared she would in no way be satisfied with the coat, which had probably been worn already and besides had been made to measure. She had to have the money. As she waxed a bit loud in her zeal, the father threw her out. That brought her to reason a little and she was quiet for a few weeks. No further reports on the arrested heretic emerged from the palace of the Inquisition. Yet everywhere one heard it whispered that the examinations were bringing monstrously shameful deeds to light. The old woman kept her ears wide open for all such gossip. It tortured her to hear that the case of the heretic stood so badly. He would never be free and able to pay his debts.

SHE COULD not sleep a single night now, and in August, when the heat altogether ruined her nerves, she started to present her complaint with great loquacity where she shopped and to the customers who came for fittings. She pointed out that the fathers committed a sin if they so carelessly refused the justified demands of a minor workman. The taxes were oppressive and bread prices had just shot up again.

One morning an official summoned her to the building of the holy office, where she was sternly warned to give up her malicious chatter. She

was asked if she were not ashamed to dirty a very serious and holy proceeding with her grumbling for a few skudi. She was given to understand that all manner of means were at hand for dealing with people of her sort.

This helped for a while, even though the thought of the phrase "for a few skudi" in the muzzle of the well-fed brother brought a flush of anger to her face. But in September it was heard that the head inquisitor in Rome had demanded the extradition of the man of Nola. The matter was being negotiated in the signory.

The citizenry briskly discussed this application for extradition, and feeling was generally against it. The guilds did not care to hear Roman judgments on themselves.

The old woman was beside herself. Did they really intend to let the heretic go to Rome before he had settled his debts? That was the limit. She had barely received the unbelievable news before she ran, without even taking time to change into a better skirt, to the palace of the holy office.

This time she was received by an official of higher rank and he proved strangely more conciliatory than the former officials had been. He was almost as old as she and quietly and attentively heard her complaint. After a slight pause when she had done, he asked if she wished to speak to Bruno.

She agreed immediately. A meeting was arranged for the next day.

On this morning, in a tiny room with barred windows, a lean man with a sparse dark beard approached her and courteously asked her what she desired.

She had seen him at the time of the fittings, and although she had remembered his face very well she did not recognize him immediately. The excitement of the examinations must have changed him.

She said hastily: "The coat. You never paid for it."

He looked at her for a few seconds in astonishment. Then he remembered and asked in a low voice: "What do I owe you?"

"Two-hundred-thirty skudi," said she. "You got the bill."

He turned to the large fat official who guarded the conference and asked him if he knew how much money was with his belongings in the building of the holy office. The man did not know, but he promised to find out.

"How is your husband?" asked the prisoner, turning again to the old woman as though the affair were now so ordered that normal relationships were again established, and the circumstances of an every-day visit created.

And the old woman, confused by the friendliness of the little man, mumbled that he was well and even added something about his rheumatism.

SHE WAITED two whole days before returning to the building of the holy office, for it seemed to her proper to leave the gentleman time to make inquiries.

She actually received permission to see him again. Admittedly she had to wait more than an hour in the tiny room with barred windows, for he was being examined.

He came and seemed quite exhausted. For lack of a chair to sit on, he leaned against the wall a little. Yet he spoke to the point at once.

With a weak voice he told her that he was unfortunately not in a position to pay for the coat. No money had been found with his belongings. Yet she did not need to give up all hope. He had thought about it and recollected that there must be money held for him by a man in Frankfurt who had printed books of his. He would write to him if granted permission and he would ask for the permission the next day. He had felt at the examination that day that they were not too well disposed toward him at the moment. So he did not wish to ask at once and thus possibly ruin all.

The old woman looked searchingly at him as he spoke. She knew the evasions and excuses of tardy debtors. They were devilishly concerned about their responsibilities, and when one came to grips with them they acted as though they were trying to move all heaven and earth.



"What did you need a coat for if you had no money to pay for it?" she asked coldly.

The prisoner nodded to show her that he followed her line of thought. He answered:

"I had always earned something with my books and my teaching. So I thought I would earn something now. And I had expected to use the coat—I thought I would still be going about in the open air." This without a touch of bitterness, clearly so as not to owe her an answer.

Again the old woman inspected him from top to bottom, full of scorn; but feeling that she was getting nowhere with him, she turned without a word and ran out of the room.

"Who would send money to a man in the claws of the Inquisition?" she angrily declared to her husband when they lay in bed that night. He felt more comfortable about his relation to the holy office now, but did not care for his wife's tireless efforts to rake in their money.

"I guess he has other things to think about now," he grumbled.

She made no answer.

THE following months passed without any fresh news of the unpleasant affair. Early in January it went about that the signory was weighing the idea of bowing to the wish of the Pope and extraditing the heretic. And then a fresh summons to the building of the holy office was received by the Zuntos.

Since no particular time was specified, she went one afternoon. She came at an awkward moment. The prisoner was expecting a visit from the procurator of the republic, whom the signory had ordered to work out a report on the problem of extradition. She was received by the higher official who had arranged her first interview with the man of Nola. The old man told her that the prisoner had asked to speak to her but that she should consider if this time was a favorable one to choose, since the prisoner was about to enter into a highly important conference.

She said curtly that they only needed to ask him.

An official left and returned with the prisoner. The interview took

place before the older official.

Before the man of Nola, who was already smiling at her from the door, could say a word, the old woman burst forth:

"Then why do you behave that way, if you really want to go about in the open air?"

The little man seemed puzzled for a moment. He had answered so many questions in that quarter-year that he hardly remembered the conclusion of his last interview with the tailor's wife.

"No money has come for me," he finally said; "although I wrote about it twice, it did not come. I wondered if you would take the coat back."

"I knew it would come to that," she said scornfully. "And it was made to measure and too small for most people."

The man of Nola looked at the woman in embarrassment.

"I did not think of that," he said, and turned to the holy man.

"Could not all my belongings be sold and the money given these people?"

"That is not possible," put in the official who had fetched him, the big fat one. "Mocenigo lays claim to that. You lived for a long time at his expense."

"He invited me," the man of Nola replied wearily.

The older official raised his hand.

"That is really out of place here. I think the coat should be returned."

"What am I to do with it?" said the old woman stubbornly.

The old man got a little red in the face. Slowly he said:

"My dear woman, a bit of Christian charity would not suit you ill. The accused waits an interview which may mean life or death to him. You can hardly expect that he concern himself greatly with your coat."

The old woman looked at him uncertainly. She suddenly remembered where she stood. She was thinking of leaving when she heard the prisoner behind her say in his low voice:

"I believe she can expect it."

And when she turned to him, he added: "You must excuse all this. In any case do not think that your loss is immaterial to me. I will submit a petition on the matter."

Upon a nod of the old man the big fat one left the room. Now he came back, spread out his arms and said: "The coat was not delivered with the other articles at all. Mocenigo must have kept it."

The man of Nola gave an obvious start. Then he firmly declared:

"That is not just. I will bring action against him."

The old man shook his head.

"Rather concern yourself with the interview that you must undertake in a few minutes. I cannot permit you to argue further here about a few skudi."

The blood streamed to the old woman's face. While the man of Nola spoke she had been silent, grumpily looking into a corner of the room. But now again her patience was stretched beyond bounds.

"A few skudi!" she cried. "That is a month's earnings! It is easy for you to be considerate. You suffer no loss!"

At that moment a tall monk stepped into the doorway.

In a monotone he said: "The procurator has come," and he cast a wondering look at the screaming old woman.

The big fat one took the man of Nola by the sleeve and led him out. The prisoner looked back at the woman over his narrow shoulder until he was led over the threshold. His lean face was very pale.

TROUBLED, the old woman descended the steps of the building. She did not know what to think. After all, the man was doing what he could.

A week later, when the big fat one delivered the coat, she did not go into the shop. But she listened at the door and heard the official say: "He has actually spent all his last days here bothering about the coat. Twice in between the hearings and interviews with the local authorities he submitted a petition, and several times demanded an interview with Nuntius on this matter. He fought it through. Mocenigo had to give up the coat. As a matter of fact, Bruno could have made good use of it, for he is being extradited and is to go to Rome this very week."

That was so. It was late January.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Millennium of Henry Miller

*BIG SUR AND THE ORANGES OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH.* By Henry Miller. New Directions. 404 pp. \$6.50.

**M. L. Rosenthal**

THOUGH several of his most interesting books are still forbidden to Americans unskilled in bootlegging, Henry Miller is fast becoming institutionalized as the chief human landmark of Big Sur, California. Tourists take in Miller after doing Yosemite Valley and Hollywood. In addition, the artistically groping, the intellectually curious and the "insulted and injured" make pilgrimages unto him, often either to bear him the Word or to take it away. But one gathers from his latest book that he has not yet become an Elder Zossima, accessible to all comers. Your chances of being well received will improve if you speak French, offer salamis or rare volumes or legal tender, publicly belch or break wind, or show overt affection for children and dogs. If you do none of these things or if you arrive on the wrong day, you may, if received at all, be treated to a display of Mr. Miller's considerable talent for rudeness.

TO DO him credit, he did not settle in California some fifteen years ago to become a goal for pilgrims. Like other writers, he finds it important to be able to complain about the time visitors and correspondents take from his work, but the truth is that he has settled himself in something closely resembling an earthly paradise. Here he leads a vaguely Thoreauvian life, tries to be a good neighbor to the creative, self-reliant people who have come to live in the area out of motives very like his own, and—if we are to take his book at face value—cultivates a spirit of love and reconciliation within himself. It is also a spirit of anarcho-estheticism, with room in its

large confines for the doctrines of Mary Baker Eddy as well as Joseph Delteil, for Christianity as well as paganism, for sentimentality as well as calculated toughness. That is to say, it is irrationally inclusive when it suits Miller to have it so. It would not be amiss, I think, to say that he emerges from this miscellaneous assemblage of notes, essays, yarns and portraits as the Billy Graham of the bohemian Left. In his present state of modified beatitude, he may indeed be the spokesman of the Diverted Revolution in America—a movement without banners, individualist and "personalist," mystically inclined toward a creed something like Schweitzer's "reverence for life" but rather more self-indulgent, nihilistic and averse to the concept of Duty. Some of the best portions of this book are given over to pictures of the men and women, the majority of them still quite young, who make up the ranks of this silent revolution. Miller's vision of human liberation and the problems accompanying it, and his criticisms of our mechanized money-civilization are also effectively restated. Like all great preachers, he seems immune to the boredom of ideas that are endlessly reiterated.

Of course, Miller's claims as a spiritual influence remain open to hilarious question. His qualifications for sainthood are his genuine intimacy with despair, his infinite candor and unconcern for appearances, and his conception of property as the subject matter of the science of panhandling. He has a vast capacity, too, for devotion to selected individuals, certain children, artists, and innocents especially, on whom his eye has happened to light under the right circumstances. The other side of the coin is revealed in his accounts of his relations with his penultimate wife, of his pitifully and shockingly short-lived effort to look after his children when she left him, and of his irritation with chance acquaintances for reasons of the

grossest irrelevance. Yet the things that annoy us in Miller are frequently things true of ourselves also—and of a sort which shame and "self-respect" hardly permit us to admit to ourselves, let alone to the world. His freedom in communicating such matters is one of his true distinctions; he is sure that whatever he experiences is wonderfully meaningful and that if he recounts it with the right intensity it may even lead to everybody's salvation. If he is involved in some bit of sexual slobbery, if he brutally insults some passing victim, if he is subjected to some grotesque humiliation—why, *that's all right*. Others have been there before and since. And though he does not always employ them gainfully, he has the gift and energy for great understanding, and with it great compassion.

THESE qualities, it seems to me, account for Miller's devoted following far more than his special brand of spiritual unction, liberally spread as it is over so many of these pages. By their means the reader can see his own meannesses purged and his own possibilities glorified; in Miller's ego our peace, or something like that. We can discount the specifics of his preaching, including the constant reference to Hieronymus Bosch's triptych *The Millennium* and to Bosch's religious community, The Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit. (According to Wilhelm Fränger's *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch*, quoted by Miller, these people "called their devotional community-life 'Paradise' and interpreted the word as signifying the quintessence of love.") But there is something "millennial" in the thorough acceptance of the self, without pretense but without the loss of love and concern either, which Miller promulgates and which leads him into an uncritical enthusiasm for several varieties of "magical" and evangelical teaching.

In this book, as before, Miller is a brilliant portrait-sketcher and anecdotist. His pictures of friends and neighbors are magnificently sym-

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pathetic appreciations; almost always they include equally sympathetic appreciations of food and drink—one thinks of Wolfe, except that he lacked Miller's humor and anti-fastidiousness. These pictures, and the whole impression Miller is after in his interpretation of Big Sur, attempt to create some of the "hallucinating" reality, the "ambiance," he attributes to Bosch's oranges on the trees in the triptych. Bosch, we are told, "saw through the phenomenal world, rendered it transparent, and thus revealed its pristine aspect." Miller tries to do the same in his rendering of Big Sur as the embodiment of man's opportunity to make a paradise in this life and then to maintain it.

The most unified and sustained portion of the book, the story of Conrad Moricand's disastrous descent upon this West Coast paradise, is a perfect expression of Miller's moral perspectives, as well as one of his outstanding demonstrations of narrative skill. It provides a wonderful cinematic view of two indomitable egotists in deadly conflict. Both were utterly ruthless—the French astrologer in his determination to keep intact his whole self-destructive

personality and pattern of life, Miller in his desire to "cure" his guest through sunshine and peace, combined with a generous immersion in custom-made, faith-healing propaganda. It was better than the Dempsey-Tunney fights—Kid Paradise vs. Psychosomatic Itch, with a great deal of dirty fighting by the latter if we are to believe everything we read here. Miller didn't convert Moricand, but he did help break him in the long run, all through the best of intentions. The Philosophy of the Handout was bitterly tested and its chief tenet—that help will always be forthcoming when at last we are in such desperate need that pride no longer inhibits us—was shown to have its limits. Dostoevski gives us more inclusive views of the problem, and it is doubtful that Miller has grasped some of the more fundamental lessons we might read into his story. Nevertheless, the account will remain a classic allegory of the dilemma of good will and the difficulties of reorienting modern man toward realization of what he can still do with the old planet if only he can make himself wise and subtle and—what is more important—simple enough.

their national concerns, *The Town*, moves among the manners, intentions, reactions and second guesses characteristic of city life. In making this change, and taking the minds rather than the actions of his characters for his focus, Mr. Faulkner seems to have left behind his distinctive strength. *The Town*, like much of his best work, is a recital of thoughts, but he is no sensitive or profound psychologist. Although he is always telling us what his people are thinking, his real medium of expression is the external world with which their thoughts are occupied. His message is most authentic when it is embodied in the objects, landscapes, animals and actions of country life. Take one step backward to gain a general view of *The Hamlet*, for example, and its people become vague shadows moving through a vivid atmosphere. Their minds are continually revealed in diffuse rhetorical prose, but their characters and situations are driven home by such physical actualities as Flem's pathetically genteel snap-on bow-tie, the hollow tree where Mink Snopes deposits the body of Jack Houston, and the runaway horse blundering into Ratliff's bedroom.

IN FORM *The Town* is an unintentional parody of the conventional social novel, for it makes use of a fairly tight plot, rivalries in love and even the device of the Old Man's Will. The direct narration of *The Hamlet* is replaced by monologues of three citizens of Jefferson. The main action of the novel is embedded in their speculations about it, and serves as a point of departure for the interplay of their insights and miscalculations. Through the narrative of these observers we witness the spectacle of Jefferson delivering itself into the hands of Flem Snopes through its own rapacity, stubbornness and inertia.

Mr. Faulkner's comparative lack of success with a project of this kind can

## Buckboard to Model T

*THE TOWN.* By William Faulkner. Random House. 371 pp. \$3.95.

— Jacob Korg

WILLIAM FAULKNER's latest addition to the chronicles of Yoknapatawpha County follows the career of Flem Snopes from the buckboard era through that of the Model T, and from the impoverished farms and unpainted cabins of Frenchman's Bend to the drugstores, offices and banks of the town of Jefferson. As Snopes exploits the fears and passions of the townsfolk, the tale of his ruthless deeds often shades off into social comedy. Before the novel is over, however, the comedy has turned to something more serious, and this descendant of a Confederate horse-thief, who appeared in Yoknapatawpha County amid a swarm of poor and predatory kinfolk, has eliminated every

other Snopes from competition and risen to become the president of Jefferson's bank by manipulating his relatives' misfortunes and his wife's infidelity to his own advantage.

Unlike its predecessor, *The Hamlet*, which dealt with country people and

## A Charm To Be Whispered

Walk, ghost, no more in the long corridor  
After the spindled slipper's shuffle whispers  
No more, and no hushed silk more rustles;  
Softly the watching shadows now  
No more breathe in the quiet doors,  
Nor curtain holds a sigh.  
Nor sigh  
Lost footfalls of soft woman going to bed,  
To the brocaded arms both girl and oranges  
Offering no more now, orange girl, girl  
Not girl not ghost not anything:  
Unscented now.

Lie, love, no more in the long bed of my side.

HILARY CORKE

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June 8, 1957

be partly explained by the narrative style of the Yoknapatawpha stories. Although it has made a place for itself in American literature, it remains an extremely eccentric style. Characteristically, its episodes begin *in medias res* without transitions, and end with crisp, arch conclusions. Place and character are not identified, but are established casually in the course of the scene. The events are seldom presented directly, but are screened through conversations or ruminations. The narrative stress is often deliberately misplaced, and important actions are brought in subtly through suggestion or allusion while something else is being discussed.

There are, strictly speaking, no actions in a Faulkner novel. Their motion is frozen as the author seizes single moments to describe details and explore their past and future bearings. Also, he very oddly enters into long speculations upon the non-existent, telling what might have happened under different conditions, sometimes developing these excursions with the same vividness and fullness found in the actual narrative, while he holds the story still. His comment and description usually have a rude amateur afflatus that contrasts disastrously with the homely poetry and directness found in the conversation of his country people. He sidles into a sentence, interrupts himself with flashes of synthetic eloquence and then, prodding himself into emotion, embarks on flights that can be pompous, melodramatic or sentimental.

These obliquities, however necessary they may be to the effect Mr. Faulkner

finally achieves, do tend to interfere with the authenticity of his realizations. Sometimes they lead him into factual inconsistencies. Only his incredibly powerful sense of the reality of Yoknapatawpha County enables his subject matter to survive his style. When his imaginative invention fails, as it does whenever he is called upon to trace spiritual changes in his characters, the complexities of his method obscure, instead of illuminating, the tale.

To take a crucial instance of this failure, the two central figures of the novel, Flem and Eula Snopes, are discussed endlessly by the narrators, but little genuine insight into their characters emerges. The reader has to accept Eula's sensuality and remorse and Flem's unfailing malevolence at the word of his informants, for he is given little direct experience of them. Instead, the events that form the core of the story are handed down from obscure and implausible sources. In an extreme case, some of the facts of Eula Snopes' adultery are told by young Charles Mallison, who has heard them from his cousin Gowan, who learned them from a conversation that took place before Charles was born, and which Gowan was really too young at the time to understand. As the novel progresses and its main characters are kept at a distance, Mr. Faulkner's indirect approach becomes an elaborate evasion. Through much of *The Town* the familiar device of the naive observer is used in this way, not to heighten the reader's awareness of the events, but to wrap them in a spurious mystery.

## Satire Without Malice

*LOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.* By David Low. Simon and Schuster. 387 pp. \$5.

Keith Hutchison

ONE reason why Low has proved so refreshing an influence on British life is that he was *not* born in Britain. A New Zealander, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he had already made a big reputation as a cartoonist in Australia, when, at the end of World War I, he received an offer from the London *Star*. Thus he came from a young, equalitarian country to an old one with a highly differentiated class system, the beneficiaries of which were fighting hard to maintain their privileges.

Low approached this situation with a well-developed bump of irreverence, a hatred of cruelty and pretentiousness, and a strong feeling for the under-dog.

But while fundamentally a liberal, even a radical, he was never willing to follow a party line. He did not get on very well with the *Star*, a Liberal Party organ. His more recent and brief sojourn with the Labor *Daily Herald* was even less happy: the trade unionist sponsors of the paper failed to appreciate his symbolization of their movement by an amiable but dim-witted draught-horse. In fact, his freest years were with the Tory *Evening Standard*. Lord Beaverbrook faithfully observed a contract that gave the cartoonist *carte blanche*.

Karsh's photograph of Low, the frontispiece of this volume, suggests Mephistopheles. It is good fun and clever photography but hardly accurate portraiture, for there is really nothing devilish about Low. He can be biting; occasionally, when deeply moved, he

## The Savage Flutes

"Les flûtes sauvages du malheur..."

ST. JOHN PERSE

The savage flutes of disaster  
Are not sounding for her,  
Who walks away from her empty house  
Nor turns a key in the door.

Her retreat is taken;  
Gone before a first advance,  
Without ceremony or angry drum  
Or any banner broken.

The house, deserted citadel,  
Invites an intruder;  
Swept, polished, neat,  
A last vestige of her.

Warm hum of summer  
Pine aerials intercept,  
Fans across a wide bed  
Where two have slept.

Their boat in shallows  
Rests by the lake;  
Brambles crowd over  
The path she must take.

A doe in the bracken  
Turns a quick ear,  
And crashes the woodland, hearing  
Flutes she could not hear.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

can be savage. But he is a man utterly without malice who is "sure personal hatred is not the right inspiration for critical satire." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that he was on friendly terms with many of his prominent "victims."

Their partisans were not always so tolerant and Low could measure the accuracy with which any particular cartoon hit the bull's-eye by the volume of "letters-to-the-editor" denouncing him as a coarse, degenerate Bolshevik. Such critics did not unduly disturb him but he did get annoyed with friendly people who admired his "gags" but failed to recognize cartooning as a form of art. "I was a caricaturist," he writes, "and I believed that caricature was the most important of arts, if only because it clearly involved to a greater extent than any other the exercise of the two principles fundamental to all art...—selection and emphasis."

We may think this generalization a bit sweeping. But when we look at the reproductions of his work with which this book is generously illustrated, and recall other favorites for which there was no space, we can agree that Low's claim to be an artist of taste and integrity is beyond dispute.

KEITH HUTCHISON is the author of *The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism*.



# The Tools of Society

**ENGINEERING IN HISTORY.** By Richard Shelton Kirby, Sidney Withington, Arthur Burr Darling and Frederick Gridley Kilgour. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 530 pp. \$8.50.

**Carl Dreher**

THORSTEIN VEBLEN envisioned economics as the bridge between social and technological evolution. One difficulty has been that "the guild of theoretical economists" has shown little taste for technology—Veblen himself, Schumpeter, Marx, Engels and the editors of *Fortune* being among the exceptions. Another is that technological history has been a relatively neglected field. Technology is not science, thus Sarton's great work has been peripheral; for other reasons the studies of Mumford, Smiles, Burlingame, Usher and others have failed to influence economic thought in proportion to their merits. *Engineering in History*, politically uncommitted and hence leaning toward the status quo, but leaving little excuse for ignorance of technological development on the part of social scientists, may help to build Veblen's bridge.

The writing team consisted of a civil engineer (Kirby) who is also an engineering historian, an electrical engineer (Withington) with a long-standing interest in engineering history, a historian (Darling) and a librarian and science historian (Kilgour). Their book is modestly billed as "a general introduction rather than a definitive history," and since it spans some 8,000 years it does necessarily leave many gaps for other scholars to fill. Ten years in the making, and based largely on original sources, it has, however, mapped the terrain for later researchers and obliterated some hoary technological myths.

*Engineering in History* tells how the modern mechanical, electrical, electronic and nuclear world has been put together. The presentation is clear and non-technical, without striving for effect. There are 177 illustrations, many from early original sources. Dozens of technological epics are compressed into a few paragraphs, and the text is studded with thousands of odd, revealing facts, such as that the sand hogs in the caissons of the 1870s worked by candlelight, that our method of measuring time and angles originated in the Babylonian number system based on 60, that the

CARL DREHER is an engineer and writer. His book on automation is being published in the fall.

death rate rose in the 19th century because improvement in pumps resulted in the increased use of nearby river water instead of upland sources. But the real value of the book is that it never loses sight of the interaction of engineering and social history.

The fall of Rome and the subsequent history of Europe is an illustration. Christianity taught that slavery was wrong. Accordingly—and also for economic reasons—many owners freed their slaves. But slaves were the only important source of power in Rome. By the time Roman engineers began to substitute water power for slave power, it was too late. Nevertheless the Christian ethic was instrumental in giving rise to power engineering. As Lynn White puts it, "The chief glory of the Middle Ages was not its cathedrals or its epics or its scholasticism: it was the building for the first time in history of a complex civilization which rested not on the backs of sweating slaves or coolies but primarily on non-human power." For all its heresy-hunting, the Church did on the whole foster the advance of technology. This book disposes of the notion that all scientific and technological advance was in the teeth of religious hostility, and the equally mistaken idea that "there was no one except the clergy concerned with improving the condition of daily life of his fellow men in those times."

WITHOUT technological history, history cannot be written in accurate perspective. Nor can technological history be written without economics. At a later stage, when steam was added to water, wind and animal power, half a dozen inventors devised technologically successful steamboats before Robert Fulton. But shabbily as John Fitch, in particular, was treated by his country, the fact remains that the engines of his boats left little room for a payload. Fulton was the first to build a steamship in which the hull did more than support the power plant and the power plant did more than move the hull.

Discoveries are made by those willing and able to look for them, but among those who are able, few are willing. Engineering groups acquire a vested interest in existing technology quite as moneyed groups do and are similarly handicapped in pressing a new development. They see the obstacles rather than the opportunities. Similarly the engineering innovator of yesterday not infrequently turns into the reactionary

of tomorrow. James Watt, in fear of explosions, fought high-pressure steam. Edison, obstinately and ignorantly opposing alternating current transmission, played into the hands of his financial enemies. As for inter-industry struggles, sabotage is the rule rather than the exception. The Mississippi River steamboat interests, abetted by the Army Engineers, tried to have the magnificent St. Louis arch bridge of James B. Eads torn down as it neared completion in 1873, while in England the British Electric Lighting Act of 1882 set back electric power generation in the interest of the gas lighting monopoly.

*Engineering in History* has little sympathy with American technological chauvinism, which antedated its Soviet counterpart and, if less strident, is equally misleading. The average educated American can hardly fail to be aware that Europeans are responsible for most of the discoveries and innovations of science and fundamental research, but he takes it for granted that we lead in engineering innovation. Even this, unfortunately, is not true except in a few cases like that of the airplane, where the genius of Wilbur and Orville Wright played a major role in original conception and application. In the more typical case of the automobile, Europeans made all the basic inventions and were in production several years before Americans. But sixty years later the United States had 75 per cent of all the motor vehicles in the world. We excel in those phases of engineering associated with terminal applications and sales.

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particular should be persuaded, if not compelled, to read *Engineering in History*. One can become a successful engineer without it but an engineer will

be a better human being, and almost surely a better engineer, if he knows to whom, and to what errors and agonies, he owes the tools of his trade.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE Museum of Modern Art of New York is showing for the summer an exhibition of some three hundred works by Pablo Picasso in honor of the painter's seventy-fifth anniversary. Picasso has been the most inventive painter of our time. What we call modern art is made of innovations he originated or explored. The variety of his painting methods, the multiplicity of his styles and the vivacity of his ideas have always dazzled. He is the one painter of our time with claim to genius. And now that more than fifty years have passed since his influence began to be felt, one would like to make an evaluation of his work and to find its place in history.

As Gertrude Stein pointed out, a contemporary work will be interesting to us because it is about things that are interesting us at the time. But it will not strike us as beautiful. Instead, it will appear troublesome and ugly, because the things that are interesting us at that time are principally the things that are troubling us. Conse-

quently it is always difficult to put any sort of final evaluation on a contemporary work. It is interesting or not, and that is all that can be said of it. If it is very good it will either be ignored—like the Cézannes—or create a scandal—like Impressionism. It is only later, when times have changed and the subject of the work of art is no longer a disturbing or antagonizing part of our living, that the work can become beautiful. At that point we begin to see with detachment what the work was about and how well it was done.

Today the work of Picasso is no longer contemporary. Even the most recent paintings are in a familiar style: in the last twenty-five years there has been little radical change—except perhaps for an added brilliance—either in his technical approach or in his choice of image. And it has at length become possible to sort out the pictures according to quality and to understand more clearly the painter's intentions.

All this is made much easier by the excellent chronological arrangement of the exhibition and relative completeness of the sampling. One notices in the earliest works the imitations and stylistic uncertainties always characteristic of the talented young. The faces—of *The Woman in Blue*, of the *Dwarf Dancer*, of the figures in *Le Moulin de la Galette*—have that flamboyant and eager toughness affected by Beardsley and his admirers. Pictures are begun in one style and finished in another. Even in the *Woman Ironing*, as late as 1903, the mannered and sentimental treatment of the head is out of keeping with the quiet and accurate drawing of the arms and hands.

Then suddenly something happens, a flowering, a maturity. *The Boy with Pipe* and the *Boy Leading a Horse*, both of 1905—like the miraculous *Jugger's Family* of Chicago—are images one cannot forget, painted in the most direct and unpretentious of painting styles. Uncertainty, brashness, even pathos are gone. The painter has disappeared, the work itself has come to life and speaks with a directness that only the greatest artists have ever managed to accomplish.

PICASSO was then 23. This particular sort of lyricism he never repeated. Probably he could not. His fantastic success had already begun. Perhaps that is why the pictures of the next few years seem unevenly painted. The portrait of Gertrude Stein and the *Woman Combing Her Hair* (of 1906) again have heads in one style and hands and bodies in another. The *Two Nudes* of the same year (much less successful than the drawings for it), and *Les Femmes d'Alger*, a fairly sketchy canvas where little but the heads have any sort of elaborate treatment, both seem more interesting as stylistic experiments than as completed pictures. It is not until one arrives at the Cubist period beginning in 1910 that Picasso seems again to be painting a unified style. These subtle greys, the crisp brushwork, the balanced composition, and the tantalizing glimpses of the subject seen through a sort of prismatic dislocation, render these pictures the perfect and perhaps the most provocative portion of his work. This was a manner that held his interest for more than ten years. But the elaborate game of textures which was its development—patterns of paper cutouts, of false wood, of confetti, with their wonderful wit and half-hidden references to the classical subjects of painting—shifted the painter's attention from the difficult problems of painting in oil to the easier problems of pure decoration.

It was not until his visit to Rome with Diaghilev for the preparation of the ballet *Parade* of 1917, and his discovery there of Graeco-Roman wall painting, that he again attacked the problems of painting in the round. The smaller of these "classical" compositions are more successful than the larger ones which, impressive as they are, appear somewhat wooden and over-pink. And few of them are as pleasing as the drawings of the period, some of which—of *Diaghilev* and *Selousburg*, the *Two Peasants*, and *Dr. Claribel Cone*—with their sure, unshaded line, are among the most beautiful of all his work. The

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portrait of his son Paul in harlequin costume, dated 1924, in the same precise and fluid drawing style, is one of the most direct and touching of his works in oil.

From this point the work becomes more brilliant, more violent and less humanly interesting. The canvas is often larger than the subject deserves, and although the pictures are always pulled off in a masterly fashion, the painting itself is frequently either skimpy or brutal. The joke of how the human figure can be recognized in spite of all distortions by the presence of teeth and breasts is endlessly repeated, frequently with wit but generally with hatred, arriving sometimes at the savage disgust of the *Reclining Nude* of 1936—an amoebic form overlooked by moon and stars—or of the *Woman Dressing Her Hair* of 1940—a harpy all the more terrifying on account of the solidity of her projecting forms. The color is sometimes handsome, sometimes even quite astonishing, as in the *Girl Reading* of 1934 where the bright yellow of the lamp and the mauve, lilac and white of the hands and face give the effect of a real illumination. There is an extremely skilful evocation of a child's drawing in *Night Fishing in Antibes* of 1939. But even before the *Guernica*, large scale and hard outline seem to have become a permanent part of the painting method so that many of the later pictures seem like posters intended chiefly to advertise the manufacturer's name.

Among the most recent pictures, the most interesting are perhaps *The Portrait of a Painter, after El Greco*, of 1950, an extremely mordant comment in brown and black on the 16th century Spanish style, the *Winter Landscape* in dark greens of Vallauris of the same year, and the very engaging portrait of the infant *Paul in Polish Costume* of 1948. Otherwise there is little that is completely free of malice or

bravura. The series of fifteen canvases painted during the winter of 1954, inspired by *The Women of Algiers* of Delacroix, arrives at nothing more impressive than a pastiche of Matisse.

A progress such as this, from the tenderest human sympathy to the bitterest misanthropy, from the most impersonal and delicate mastery of paint to bleak outline and hard embroideries, from the lyricism of personal sentiment to the public utterances of a loud speaker, is unusual in a painter. Painters, in general, once mastery is acquired, do not degenerate unless there is present some vice of character or some unmanageable element in the career. Here I believe the trouble has been publicity.

Selling pictures by publicity is a special technique invented by our time. Under ordinary circumstances it is impossible to sell pictures by advertising methods. The normal picture-buying public is too disdainful to be influenced by outside and unauthorized pressure, and it is too small to be touched by the large-scale methods devised to influence groups. Publicity's discovery in this field is that by turning the painter into a superhuman figure, a new and larger public can be created. This public is not in the least interested in painting, but it can be made to want to possess a work of genius. What is being sold is not the picture, but the painter.

Picasso, among the living painters, has been publicity's greatest and only stable success and, I believe, its greatest victim. For it is the necessity to astonish, which this regimen has imposed, that has driven this greatest painter of our time into the practice of mystification, of eclecticism and of brutality. Certainly a great deal of his work will remain as the finest of our century. But I suspect that he will be remembered, not as the painter who liberated us from dead traditions, but as the man who could not find a tradition he dared follow.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

*Hamburg* JUDGING by this city, Germany is enjoying a paroxysm of prosperity. The town has rebuilt 200,000 of its 300,000 damaged or demolished edifices; it is now a solidly handsome metropolis with very few scars to reveal its recent wounds or the fact that, like most great ports, it accumulates its little sacks of corruption. Two things are at once

evident to the passing visitor: in all its big hotels, men from everywhere are talking business deals, and thousands of people are thronging to the theatre.

Though Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance* was playing at one theatre and Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* at another, I confined my theatregoing to the elegant municipal playhouse, the *Deutsches Schauspielhaus*, which is un-

der the management of Gustaf Gründgens, a highly endowed actor, director and, so to speak, "diplomat," for, born and bred under the Empire, he has survived three different political regimes.

Hamburg's *Deutsches Schauspielhaus*, like all the German state and municipal theatres, is a repertory theatre with a large company of excellent actors. Its productions at the moment are: Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, Garcia Lorca's *Mariana Pineda*, Goethe's *Faust* and Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates* (under its original title *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place*). I saw the first three of these productions.

Before saying anything about them, I should like to note certain details of the theatrical environment in which these productions occur. The theatre itself is rather large—though not too large for intimate plays—with a spacious lobby besides ample room around the auditorium for the audience to move

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about in the intermissions; as in most European theatres, one can buy all sorts of drinks and, often in Germany, something to eat.

The price of tickets ranges from thirty-five cents to three dollars. The program, which costs about ten cents, contains, besides the usual information, rather learned articles on the origins of the play, quotes from the author's other works (for example, some of Lorca's poems in the program for *Mariana Pineda*), pictures of the company's actors and directors. The ushers admit you to the auditorium, but the audience finds its own seats without any difficulty—and is almost always prompt.

The German audience is respectful, attentive and discriminating. It rarely applauds—except for especially fine moments of acting—until the curtain is down, the house fully illuminated. In Hamburg the large stage is scented with something like incense, the fragrance of which extends out into the house. The audience never straggles in after the second-act curtain is up but is comfortably and quietly seated by the time the play resumes. There is usually only one intermission.

MOST characteristic is the answer I got to a question about the plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge—nearly all of which have been presented in many German cities. (Every city with a population greater than 25,000 has at least two municipal theatres, one for drama, the other for opera.) Were these plays, I asked, played at the state theatres? Rarely, I was told, because they are entertainment and the German state theatres devote themselves to *Bildung*, that is, to education or culture.

The production of *Much Ado About Nothing* is one of the best I have ever seen of any comedy by Shakespeare. It had vigor, boldness, a lusty sense of fun. The men were particularly good-looking, and all the actors' voices were ringing, their diction impeccable, their

stage deportment authoritative in every respect. The play was not an exercise in archaic drama: it was free, alert, splendidly fresh—and the full house responded to it with an energetic delight equal to the performance. One feels here that acting, and the theatre generally, is truly a profession, an honored craft worthy of serious dedication, because the community needs, enjoys and appreciates it. One feels this because it is a fact.

The Lorca play, beautiful and utterly simple in design with a kind of opulent asceticism—all black, grey and gold—is a tragically ironic love story with social overtones. For Mariana Pineda, it appears, was a young woman who was executed in 1830 because she sewed a flag for the rebel (liberal) conspirators who threatened the tyrannically reactionary Spanish monarchy of the period. She sewed the flag because she was in love with one of the liberal leaders. She is condemned to death, but she is assured she can evade the sentence if she names the men with whom she was connected in the conspiracy. She refuses to do this even though she learns that her lover—whom she romantically hopes will come to save her—has escaped to England with his friends and is thus beyond the reach of the law. Her refusal to reveal the identity of the conspirators is thus an act of pure sacrifice to an ideal of love and honor which she alone—rather than her lover—represents. She herself is freedom, Lorca proclaims, and solitary.

The play is thin in plotting and its mixture of realistic argument and poetic utterance not wholly integrated. But Lorca's spirit is so exalted, his language so spare and yet so rich—every word is like a gem—emerald, ruby, sapphire—set down with noble economy on a black velvet or ebony background—that the effect is as moving as some ritual of profound religious import.

The production of *Faust*, which is the smash of the Hamburg season, is peculiarly impressive to its audience because, while it is done as if it were presented with bare physical means on a wooden wagon platform, it is made wholly modern in the clarity of its intellectual content with a maximum of theatrical point. This is a difficult feat since *Faust* is largely a literary-philosophical parable rather than a true poetic drama. Its sentimental plot and its attempts at showmanship for the groundlings have in them something naive and gauche which betrays a talent imperfectly oriented to the stage, despite Goethe's great concern with and feeling for the theatre.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 727

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 This vessel could be opening after a short time. (7)
- 5 One of these go with game on the stage—a sleeper, no doubt! (7)
- 9 Following 8 or 15, these might supply one or two leads to the station, however tortuous. (5)
- 10 Is this theory original? (9)
- 11 To enlarge discourse made at the middle, to atone for the environs. (9)
- 12 Who telephoned for lodging inside? (5)
- 13 What the perfect host picks up allows slabs of it. (7)
- 15 Might go over 8, but doesn't have to be twice as large! (7)
- 17 This might fit an expert to a T, but doesn't show intent. (7)
- 19 They should supply quite a few pounds, if the load doesn't slide. (7)
- 21 The way dogies get is certainly not a short way. (5)
- 23 Applicable to those which might easily tumble. (9)
- 25 Marks the end of the run a short time ago? (4,5)
- 26 Lower a bag of diamonds? (5)
- 27 Didn't get on with a song in the act. (7)
- 28 Talent requires quite a lot of them. (7)

## DOWN:

- 1 A sign of emptiness, in place of a tear. (3,4)

- 2 In an explosive charge having the power to render impotent. (9)
- 3 Resource. (5)
- 4 The last word to the listeners improves the estimation. (7)
- 5 Left at the finish, to give a sign of it. (7)
- 6 Evidently several ballad singers were confined to this. (9)
- 7 All wet? Tom is not quite bad! (5)
- 8 Jersey way to imitate a bird, as one might allow. (7)
- 14 and 24 Stopper pulled with difficulty, perhaps. (9,5)
- 16 The rather pale type? (5-4)
- 17 Evidently fruit was in the van, but the stones haven't been taken out. (7)
- 18 What made the wand get out of shape, as string might be? (7)
- 19 Evidently stripes come in different shades. (7)
- 20 These don't always have good keepers. (7)
- 22 This bird always has a parasitic make-up. (5)
- 24 See 14 down

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 726

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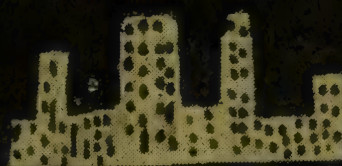
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# THE NATION

JUNE 15, 1957 . . 25c



**MOTEL**

American Myth

**"You Can't  
Stop Progress"**

*by Mary Freeman*

# LETTERS

## The Tax as Weapon

Dear Sirs: As director of the California Labor School, I announced on May 3 that the school would close in June because of financial inability to appeal to the courts from an SACB ruling that it had been dominated by Communists. The ruling was handed down in March by SACB member Francis Cherry, who noted that while most of the government's witnesses against the school were paid informers, some of whose testimony he discredited, there were other witnesses in whom he chose to place credence.

A few hours after I announced the June closing, U.S. Treasury officials seized and padlocked the building, alleging failure to pay certain back taxes. The tax story is as follows. In 1948, the U.S. Attorney General, without notifying the school, placed it on his "subversive" list. The Treasury Department at once revoked the exemption the institution had enjoyed and demanded payment of back taxes from 1942 to 1948, totalling \$7,000. The school paid all taxes from 1948 forward; as to the arrears, an agreement—initiated by the Treasury Department itself—was reached last year for a compromise settlement of \$3,000 to be paid in installments. Letters confirming the agreement were exchanged by the parties.

A week before I announced the closing of the school and after the institution had paid \$1,200 of back taxes in accordance with the agreement, the Treasury Department suddenly and unilaterally revoked it. Then followed the seizure. The head of the flying squad which padlocked the building told a school staff member that his purpose was to forestall a scheduled May Day celebration and a book sale—involving perhaps \$50 worth of books—which had been announced for May 5.

The May Day meeting took place anyway—in another hall. Supporters offered financial aid. We need more money to get out of our tax straits, and I ask *Nation* readers to help us. Please send contributions to me at P.O. Box 392, San Francisco 1, California.

HOLLAND ROBERTS

San Francisco, Calif.

## Dr. Poling and Billy

Dear Sirs: I feel compelled, as a minister of a Christian church, to register my objection to the Reverend Daniel A. Poling's letter, published in your

issue of June 1, commenting on the brilliant and scholarly article on Billy Graham by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr. [*The Nation*, May 11].

In the first place, Dr. Poling has been so completely blinded by his own rigid patterns of thought that he failed to note that the very reason he offers as evidence of "the temper" of Mr. McLoughlin's article—"Some will turn to alcohol, some to religion"—was in fact a quotation attributed to Billy Graham himself by *U.S. News and World Report*. Dr. Poling seems to imply that the quotation is to be credited to Mr. McLoughlin. If, as the editor of the *Christian Herald* would have us believe, Mr. McLoughlin reveals his insensibility to religion by identifying himself with the quotation, does not the reputed author reveal the same insensibility?

In the second place, for Dr. Poling to accuse Mr. McLoughlin of being "far off-side" on the basis of the returned cancelled check endorsed over to Billy's Enterprises, provides scarcely sufficient evidence to establish the size of Mr. Graham's income. It may be true, as Mr. McLoughlin suggests, that Billy restricts himself to a mere \$15,000 annual salary. If one happens to believe this, so what? Some of us would consider such a salary as a most convenient compromise with "the flesh."

In the event that *Nation* readers believe that the Polings speak for the Protestant ministers of this country, permit me to suggest that they read the thought-provoking condemnation of Billy Graham's techniques which appeared in the May 29 issue of *The Christian Century*.

WILLIAM T. BAIRD

Minister, Essex Community Church  
Chicago, Illinois

## Holmes's Humanism

Dear Sirs: This is to supplement Mr. David L. Weissman's letter [*The Nation*, June 1] illustrating the humanism of the late Mr. Justice Holmes.

When at the last hour, Mr. Arthur D. Hill, lawyer for Sacco and Vanzetti, appeared before Justice Holmes seeking a stay of execution and federal intervention on the ground that since the court in which they were tried was charged with prejudice and hence the defendants, in effect, were not in court at all, the Justice was quoted in the press to the following effect: That he was much impressed with Mr. Hill's argument and would issue the injunction but for the fact that he was certain that none of his

brethren on the bench would share in his sentiment. (Mr. Justice Brandeis had disqualified himself from hearing a similar petition on the ground that members of his family were active in behalf of the defendants.)

RICHARD BADLIAN

Boston, Mass.

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## EDITORIALS

### The Price of Bases

General Carlos Romulo's article (p. 511) should serve as a reminder that the price of overseas military bases is much higher than it used to be. Not to negotiate Status of Forces agreements with the host nations invites antagonism, gives rise to popular agitations and may eventually endanger the bases themselves. Nor do the agreements entirely eliminate these dangers; disputes can arise over their interpretation. In the Girard case in Japan, for example, the division commander certified that the defendant was on official duty; the Japanese insisted he was not. Under the agreement, of course, the host nation has the final determination in disputes over whether an offense is, or is not, committed in performance of duty. But the fact that this was apparently a close decision will inflame isolationist sentiment here; nor will Washington's acquiescence in the decision necessarily allay nationalist sentiment in Japan. It may have the opposite effect. Then, too, the fact that Washington's announcement followed so closely the Tapei riots will suggest to our isolationists that Girard's rights were sacrificed to appease Asian sentiment. And the isolationists already have a strong emotional appeal in the contention that citizens, conscripted for service, should not be tried in courts that fail, in some respects, to adhere to American standards of justice. A legal fight to keep Girard in U.S. hands is already under way. Demagogic agitation here can exacerbate Japanese-American relations in much the same fashion as does anti-American agitation in Japan.

But this is all part of the price we pay for bases. It is not only the Status of Forces agreements, therefore, that Congress should investigate; it should also study the implications of a foreign policy that requires for its implementation the stationing of American troops in a network of bases extending from Iceland to Tokyo.

### No Divorce in Sight

Washington

For several years there has been a trend in some high places here and abroad to foresee a divorce between Communist China and the USSR. This thesis drew

sustenance lately from reports of two speeches by Mao Tse-tung. Known interventions by the grand panjandrum of Chinese communism are so rare that every word he says undergoes close scrutiny.

Interest has focused on two of the themes in Mao's secret addresses of February 27 and March 12: first, that even in Communist states "contradiction exists between the masses of the people and their leaders"; and second (here Mao revived slogans he offered last year), "Many flowers should be allowed to bloom" and "Let us satisfy different schools of thought."

Newspapers in Poland published versions of doubtful accuracy and confused the analysts. Polish journalists were probably wrong, for instance, when they wrote that Mao had strongly attacked Moscow's handling of the Hungarian uprising. In fact, Peking's attitude on Hungary has been out-Moscowing Moscow.

Wishful people also read subtle meaning into *Pravda's* abstinence from comment in reprinting the Peking *People's Daily* digest of Mao's remarks. Wiser heads point out that if the Chinese leader's statements had worried the Soviet party chiefs, they would never have permitted *Pravda* to publicize the story at all. Certainly, they did not appear to worry Khrushchev, who composedly reminded his C.B.S. interviewers recently that China, a Communist state for only eight years, conceivably had problems different from those of the USSR, whose revolution was now forty years old.

One can avoid plunging off the rails about Sino-Soviet relations by keeping in mind Peking's economic, military and political dependence on Moscow. The Russians are building something like 240 factories in China. They are supplying many engineers and other technicians to help operate Chinese industries and train Chinese managers and workers. Moscow has advanced large, long-term credits to China. Red China's second Five Year Plan, starting January 1, 1958, will rely on continuing Soviet assistance. Moreover, for Chinese Communists, Russia is the only major power defending their interests in the United Nations and elsewhere. American policy increases Chinese reliance on the Soviets. Only credulity can assume an early Sino-Soviet split.

Having stated this, however, we would like to add our belief that Mao's speeches will have an important impact on Soviet policy. They align Communist China's rulers more firmly than ever on the side of liberalization and against Stalinist police-state methods. That is also the significance of a confidential April 27 directive from the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. An authentic summary of the directive, which we have seen, has reached Washington from Peking in a third power's diplomatic pouch.

While dismissing talk of a Sino-Soviet rift, it can reasonably be said that Red China has become a prime factor against Soviet relapse into Stalinism. Chinese influence is pulling international communism toward more liberalization, though always within the frontiers of Marxism.

## The Wrap-Up

Remember the Great Miami Witch-hunt? the Soviet spies that were plotting with Miami spinsters to seize a local airport? the harassment of scores of witnesses by a local grand jury presided over by Judge George E. Holt? the summary disbarment of Leo Sheiner, an attorney who represented some of the victims? (*The Nation*, August 7, 1954, and January 22, 1955). A few weeks back (April 27, p. 355), we noted with satisfaction that Mr. Sheiner had finally prevailed in his long struggle to have the disbarment judgment reversed. But, in the jargon of the newsroom, the wrap-up can now be written. For the Florida House of Representatives has just voted—65-to-25—the impeachment of Judge Holt for bringing his court into “scandal and disrepute,” and Judge Vincent C. Giblin, who had summarily disbarred Sheiner, has now been charged with bringing *his* court into “disgrace, ridicule and contempt” by referring to Judge Holt’s handling of receivership cases as “thievery”! What was it the good Dr. Johnson said about the last refuge of scoundrels? That’s all for now.

## Still in Business

Justice Clark would have us believe that the FBI and other intelligence agencies will have to “close shop” merely because the Supreme Court has ruled that the reports of informers must be made available to the defense in cases where they appear as witnesses. Nor is he alone in these forebodings. Representative Francis Walter and Senator James Eastland want Congress to adopt emergency legislation to keep the FBI in business. And the New York *Herald Tribune* suggests in an editorial that “the whole structure of the FBI and its strength and stature depend upon” the completely confidential character of the reports it receives from informers. This, of course, is the view of Mr. J. Edgar

Hoover (see, for example, his article in the *Syracuse Law Journal*, fall, 1956).

More extravagant nonsense has not been voiced in weeks. In the first place, the informer is of primary interest to the FBI in only a few types of prosecution, such as violations of narcotic laws, violations of certain sumptuary legislation and political prosecutions (as in violations of the Smith Act or perjury prosecutions arising under the Taft-Hartley Act). Secondly, the Supreme Court’s ruling does not require the FBI to identify informers; it simply gives the defendant in a criminal prosecution the right to inspect reports which informers who appear as witnesses have previously made to the FBI. In such cases, it is up to the FBI whether it wants to disclose the informer’s identity. If national security requires that the identity be protected, the courts cannot compel revelation. But the decision does put Mr. Hoover’s agency on notice that an informer will not be able to modify, change or enlarge upon his original reports without fear of cross-examination. And if Justice Brennan’s decision rests, as it appears to rest, on the Fifth Amendment, then it follows that Messrs. Walter and Eastland will be unable to circumvent it by special legislation.

Meanwhile, everyone may relax: national security has not been endangered, the FBI will remain in business.

## Labor’s Double Standard

Seven officials of the U.A.W. have now invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee. Robert Morris, the committee’s counsel, comments with irrepressible glee that the AFL-CIO has not yet taken disciplinary action against any of them, while Senator James O. Eastland expresses the pious hope that “there is no double standard between Dave Beck and these things.” The charge of a double standard of ethics applies not to the circumstances cited by the committee’s chairman and counsel, but to the unfortunate action of the AFL-CIO in setting up a standard for its own officers—i.e., barring them from pleading the Fifth—which is at variance with the standard sanctioned by the Constitution. Even lawyers, who are officers of the court, and applicants for entrance to the bar cannot be penalized for invoking the protection of an amendment which, if invoked by an officer of a union affiliated with the AFL-CIO, invites disciplinary action. At the time the AFL-CIO adopted this short-sighted policy we pointed out that it would plague the labor movement until it was repealed (*The Nation*, February 16 and April 6). The latest developments amply confirm this judgment; and the end is not yet in sight. Eventually, of course, the AFL-CIO will be compelled to rescind the policy. If it acts promptly, it will not only minimize



the consequences, but possibly save itself the embarrassment of having the policy struck down by the courts as an unconstitutional infringement on the rights of American citizens.

## Mr. Dulles Goes Out for Lunch

Washington

In 1951, Konrad Adenauer and Moshe Sharett signed an agreement under which West Germany is paying Israel \$780,000,000 in goods over twelve years as partial restitution for Nazi crimes against the Jews. The Germans have been meeting this debt of honor punctually. Israel maintains a purchasing mission in Cologne. In these economic affairs there hasn't been the slightest hitch.

But a snag appeared after Israel raised the question of establishing full diplomatic relations. Israeli political parties showed reluctance about erecting an embassy in Bonn and still more about admitting a German embassy to Tel Aviv. There's no inclination to forget the Nazis' murder of six million Jews. Nevertheless, the government of Israel decided to make the plunge. Whatever the merit of this move *per se*, subsequent developments shed interesting light on American policy.

The Israeli Embassy in Washington asked the State Department to use its good offices to help normalize relations between West Germany and Israel. The department consented. Secretary Dulles discussed the suggestion with German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano when the German diplomat came to Wash-

ington last March. Afterwards Eban heard that both the Adenauer-Brentano cabinet and the Eisenhower Administration backed the plan.

But nothing happened. It seems that Ambassador Eban had been "had." The explanation soon was unveiled.

Leaders of the German Federal Republic had grown afraid of their own courage. They recoiled from the risk that the Arab countries might retaliate by recognizing the East German Communist regime. Such threats—especially from Egypt—were already current before Adenauer signed the reparations deal with Israel. The Arabs then warned that they might strike back with a trade boycott against West Germany.

The State Department, meanwhile, talked out of both sides of its mouth. It told Eban it was supporting normalization of relations. Secretly it advised the Germans to go slowly and to avoid action which might provoke fresh trouble in the Middle East. It whispered that opening German diplomatic relations with the Jewish state now could rock the boat.

When the Arabs growled and threatened in 1951, Adenauer ignored their blackmail and signed the reparations pact with Israel. This time, with State Department encouragement, the blackmailers have won.

When Adenauer visited Washington for three days at the end of May, the Israelis thought this offered an excellent opportunity to settle the normalization of German-Israeli relations. Yet nobody mentioned the subject. Dulles had posted an out-for-lunch sign on his good offices.

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## GIs and ASIAN JUSTICE . . by Carlos P. Romulo

Washington

THE DAY AFTER an angry mob destroyed the American Embassy in Taipei, I addressed the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York. In the course of my speech (press reports of which were garbled), I said in part:

The recent unfortunate developments in Japan, Korea and Formosa are indeed most deplorable. Violence is inexcusable and must be condemned. However, while we must express our shock and dismay at such man-

ifestation of mob rule, those of us who are friends of America and who come from that section of the world, must trace the cause of the outbursts because it is evident that they are not confined to one particular region but are spreading wherever the United States has military bases in the Far East.

We err when we attribute these disturbances to Communist agitation. While there is no doubt that they are welcome ammunition for the Communists, who aid and abet them whenever they are given the opportunity, the fact is that these disturbances are not Communist-inspired. They also err who say that the disturbances are an expression of a growing sentiment of anti-Americanism because of the large number of Americans employed in Korea and For-

mosa or because of these Americans' high standard of living which, it is claimed, has aroused envy on the part of the natives.

The truth is that in Japan as well as in Korea and Formosa, the recent outbursts were ignited by incidents resulting from the trial of American soldiers. The crimes for which these soldiers were accused did not arouse the indignation of the populace as much as the fact that the courts of the country where the crimes were committed were not allowed to try the accused. What was resented was that the native civil courts were made to yield to the American military.

May I say in this connection that even in the Philippines—and I dare say you will not find anywhere a more friendly people, more apprecia-

---

CARLOS P. ROMULO is now Philippine Ambassador to Washington and his country's representative on the Security Council of the United Nations.

tive of American friendship than my people—the recent Philippine-American negotiations on military bases have been stymied because of disagreement between the American and Filipino panels on the question of court jurisdiction, precisely the same question that is the root-cause of the troubles in Japan, Korea and Formosa.

We in Asia recall with gratitude and admiration that it was the United States that pioneered in exposing, denouncing and opposing the extra-territoriality rights in China. It is therefore difficult for Asians to understand why America should now insist in denying court jurisdiction to civil authorities for its soldiers. To us, court jurisdiction is part and parcel of our national sovereignty, and especially to peoples newly liberated, national sovereignty is sacrosanct. Anything that violates it arouses the resentment of the people.

Japan, Korea and Nationalist China are unquestionably aware of the incontestable fact that they have no better friend than the United States. In the history of the world, there has not been as generous a victor in its treatment of a vanquished foe as the United States has been to Japan. Korea and Nationalist China do not have to be told that they owe their present security in large measure to American largesse and American protection.

It is certainly not ingratitude that has caused them to forget themselves. The Communists are mistaken in exploiting the riots as a sign of anti-Americanism. The Koreans and the Nationalist Chinese have not changed their loyalty to democracy and they remain true friends and allies of the United States.

But the events of the recent past can serve as a reminder that even among the closest of friends there must be at all times mutual respect for each other's rights, that only that friendship is worth having that is based on equality, that one nation cannot demand for itself what it denies to others, and that it is not anti-Americanism for the Japanese and the Koreans and the Nationalist Chinese to defend their national self-respect. A nation devoid of self-respect falls in the category of a puppet, and those of us who believe in America know that America wants no puppets but only equal allies and loyal friends.

My purpose in this speech was to

focus American public attention on a problem about which I felt the overwhelming majority of the American people knew very little, and which, in my opinion, should be squarely presented because it is vital for the United States to win the respect and confidence of the peoples of Asia.

Equal treatment with European nations in trying American soldiers stationed in their respective countries is the insistent demand of the sovereign nations in Asia. Wherever there are American troops in Europe, the United States has what is known as Status of Forces agreements in which the rights of both parties are spelled out. These are the rights of the United States to try American soldiers for offenses committed on the base or on duty, while court jurisdiction is given to the host country over all other offenses unless the host country waives such right. The Asian nations, except Japan, have no such agreement with the United States.

In the Philippines, we have what is known as the Military Bases Agreement signed between our two countries on March 14, 1947. It provides, *inter alia*, that the United States shall have the right to exercise jurisdiction over "any offense committed by any person within any base except where the offender and offended parties are both Philippine citizens (not members of the Armed Forces of the U.S. in active duty) or the offense is against the security of the Philippines."

Under this provision, the Speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives recently said,

Any alien who violates Philippine laws within [American] bases by committing, for example, the crime of murder, which is defined in our Revised Penal Code, is beyond the reach of our courts, even if the victim is a Filipino. . . . As a consequence, there has accumulated during the past nine years a series of incidents which have taxed even the proverbial patience of the Filipino and have caused a smoldering and increasing resentment on the part of my countrymen. We have had cases, for example, of base personnel or their dependents running over a child, or causing damage to property, and

scurrying to the bases for immunity; we have had the case of a Filipino who was shot by a sentry, and when attempts were made to find out whether or not the latter was justified in his act, the military authorities refused to give even the name of the offending soldier; we also have had cases of Filipino citizens expelled from Philippine territory included within the bases, not as the result of a fair and judicial trial by their countrymen but upon the recommendation of administrative boards in which alien civilians, Chinese, for example, could sit as members. . . . When Filipino miners were being threatened in Bueno Hill in Tarlac for allegedly encroaching upon territory claimed as part of the bases in Pampanga, [the late] President Mag-saysay went to the scene of the conflict and, after conferring with American officials, succeeded in removing the check-points, which consisted of guards and barbed wires reminiscent of the harsh Japanese military occupation, but no sooner had the President left than the check-points were restored.

The agreement also provides, in Article XIV, that no arrests shall be made or process served within the bases except with the previous consent of the commanding officer thereof. This provision clearly places the American military over the Philippine officials and it makes the prior consent of the base commanding officer so important he can suspend or delay the trial of a criminal.

IN CONTRAST with all this, the U.S. agreement with Iceland provides under Section 1(a), Article 2, of the Annex that "the United States military courts will on no occasion have jurisdiction in Iceland over nationals of Iceland or other persons who are not subject to the military laws of the United States." Section 2(b) of the same Article provides that "the authorities of Iceland shall have jurisdiction over the members of the United States forces with respect to offenses committed within Iceland and punishable by the law of Iceland." And Section 3(a) of said Article stipulates that "the military authorities of the United States shall have the right to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over persons subject to the military law



of the United States with respect to offenses relating to its security, but not to that of Iceland, and to all acts punishable by the law of the United States, but not by the law of Iceland."

Comparing the U.S.-Iceland agreement with the U.S.-Philippine Military Bases Agreement, it is evident that in the Philippines the United States has extra-territorial rights which it did not demand and certainly did not get from Iceland.

Having this in mind, at the Bataan-Corregidor memorial dinner held here in Washington on May 6, 1957, in addressing a group of members of the U.S. House of Representatives and the U.S. Senate, cabinet members, members of the Supreme Court, U.S. Army, Air and Navy officers, and the press, I made the following appeal:

At this very moment, the nature and quality of American friendship with the Philippines is under test. The scrutiny exists among my own people, quite naturally, but it is even more acute among the billion human beings whose ultimate choice may determine the outcome of the struggle

between freedom and democracy, on the one hand, and slavery, tyranny and totalitarianism on the other. . . .

They are waiting to see whether all the years of mutual loyalty between two friends from different worlds, the Americans and the Filipinos, can be marred by misunderstanding. They are waiting to see whether the United States will maintain an absolute respect for the national sovereignty and territorial integrity of the Philippines. This is fundamental. They are waiting to see whether the relationship between our two countries will continue to be that of equals, or whether there will be an unwitting deterioration into a semblance of the master-slave relationship that exists between the Soviet Union and her so-called friends—whom we call, more accurately, her satellites or even her colonies.

For our part, I need not assure you that we wish nothing more, and nothing less, than equality. We wish this in our own behalf, and in your behalf as well. The Philippines gladly chooses the title of friend and ally; it honors you as well as it honors us. We will never accept the title of colony or satellite; it would dishonor you and degrade us. . . .

The negotiations by two panels, an American and a Filipino, started last year on the Philippine-American Military Bases Agreement, have been recessed. The impasse is mainly on the matter of court jurisdiction. When the discussions will be resumed is not certain.

One month after his inauguration in 1954, the late President Magsaysay, than whom America had no truer friend anywhere, specifically instructed me to take up this question of military bases with the U.S. Government. He said: "We must have the Filipino flag displayed on all these military bases and we must have our court jurisdiction respected. On these points no Filipino can yield. I hope our American friends will understand how important it is for me to keep the confidence of our people." [The Filipino flag now flies over U.S. bases; see editorial in *The Nation*, June 8, p. 490.—Ed.]

When the negotiations are continued, those of us who have faith in America are confident that President Magsaysay's words will not be ignored.

## SITZKRIEG on the BUDGET LINE *Frederic W. Collins*

*Washington*

NOW THAT the Battle of the Budget approaches a conclusion, it is worth examining as a whole. Public attention has perhaps focused with greatest intensity on the incredible confusion which the Administration has thrown around the subject, as evidenced by the unending series of conflicting statements by the President and his top officers. On the surface, this has had its amusing aspects. But a review of the whole performance suggests that what we have witnessed has been a failure of government, almost a collapse.

There are lessons here which Americans should heed the next time they must consider putting a military man

in the White House. One is tempted to lay down a flat rule, "Never again!"—at least until there is some assurance that the civics course at West Point has been vastly improved. Other questions arise as to the wisdom of giving career business men a dominant majority in the cabinet. But as the budget story unfolded, it was the President who put on the worst show.

The President showed a basic misunderstanding of the Executive function, of the relationship of a President to his Cabinet, to Congress, to his party in Congress, to his party generally; he seems to have missed the significance of party platforms in modern politics, of the connection between a budget and a legislative program, and the connection between such a program and a political philosophy.

It is widely believed here that Mr. Eisenhower never wanted to be bothered by the budget. While Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman always conducted their own "budget seminars" to provide the press with background on the document being sent to Congress, Mr. Eisenhower left that work to his budget director and to his Secretary of the Treasury. It is not impossible to believe that when the regency was pressuring Mr. Eisenhower to run again in 1956, it felt able to assure him that he would need to take on no work beyond the presentation of his radiant personality to the electorate during the campaign, and that having won, he could spend his second term thinking of peace and modern Republicanism while the staff did the work.

Just about the time the budget went up, a change occurred in Mr.

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Eisenhower's government. Dr. Arthur F. Burns, who recognized the inflationary potential in the budget but who was not panicked by it, left the Council of Economic Advisers. The vacuum was filled by the apprehensions of George Humphrey, and it seems quite likely that Mr. Eisenhower's thoughts about big spending immediately underwent a change.

AFTER endorsing the budget in a statement which the President himself—so Mr. Eisenhower has said—helped to prepare, Mr. Humphrey voiced his private worries about the document. The controversy being opened, two things happened. In press-conference statements, Mr. Eisenhower made it unmistakably clear that he believed Congress had primary responsibility for the budget. (It can only be concluded that Mr. Eisenhower actually did not understand his statutory responsibility in the budget-making process.) Second, instead of repudiating his Secretary of the Treasury, whose resignation would have been in order in a truly coherent government, the President repudiated his budget. These events combined to produce an inevitable consequence: the business community and the press, both of which had defaulted in their obligation of criticism during Mr. Eisenhower's first term, were now free to speak their own thoughts. When these supporters of the regime launched their insurrection, a broad and profound change in public opinion was exposed which the politicians were quick to spot. But Mr. Eisenhower, not being a politician, failed to spot it. Perhaps he would have had trouble anyway, as a first exhibit under the Twenty-Second Amendment which limits Presidents to two terms. But when the lack of political support for his position became evident, he was done for, right then and there.

There simply is no rational explanation for the succeeding episodes in which Mr. Humphrey again, Treasury Under Secretary Burgess and even Presidential assistant Sherman Adams took it upon themselves to subvert the President's position as he flounderingly sought to organize a defense for his budget. For that

matter, there is no explanation in tactical logic for the President's invitation to Congress to cut the budget, or for the revisions he himself sent to Speaker Rayburn. Nor is it possible to understand how business men, who pride themselves on their budgeting and bookkeeping, fell into such anarchy of thought. If Mr. Humphrey had put on the same performance with the M. A. Hanna Company or National Steel, or if Charles E. Wilson had permitted such shenanigans in General Motors, the directors and stockholders would have chased them out of town.

When it eventually dawned on Mr. Eisenhower that he, his budget and his legislative program were really



in trouble, his reaction was to display a concept of the Presidency which may charitably be called naive. The headlines said he was carrying his fight to the people, and his staff sought diligently to build a picture of the peerless leader rallying popular support to overwhelm the Congressional enemy. But Mr. Eisenhower said he was only informing the people, and when he says things like that he means just what he says. Reporters, following patterns of thought developed under other Presidents, tried to put Mr. Eisenhower in touch with the handful of men in Congress who were ready to fight on his side: "Republican Senators Clifford Case, Cooper, Javits, Bush and some others. . . ." Rarely has a President been given a better opportunity to lead his friends into battle. But nothing like that for Mr. Eisenhower: "I don't see how it is possible for any President to work with the Republican group in Congress, the whole Republican group, except through their elected leadership." It is useful to pause and imagine how Senators Case, Cooper, *et al.* felt as they read that on the ticker, and to contemplate the pleasure with which it was read by Knowland, Bridges & Co.

Now, the civics text at West Point could not be expected to deal in detail with the arts by which a President may legitimately bring his influence to bear in Congress. It is curious, however, that training in the techniques of battle did not suggest any analogies to the Presidential mind. To leave one's friends isolated and leaderless, and to rely on echelons of command known to be dissident, cannot be the way to win military engagements. "I have no right and no desire to punish anybody," said the President, although reasonable discipline is indispensable to effective conduct of Presidential relations with Congress and the party. "The organization of the Senate and of the political parties within the Senate," he said also, "is a matter for Senate decision and for the party decision in the Senate. It has never even crossed my mind to ask the resignation of anybody because they are not direct subordinates of mine." But how does Mr. Eisenhower suppose that the party in the Senate and the party in the White House can be so completely compartmentalized as all that and still function as a unified organism?

The one important thing distinguishing the party in power from the party out of power is its possession of the Presidency, and the circumstances implies obligation of the party to the Presidency.

The extent of Mr. Eisenhower's militancy of leadership was expressed in two ways. "I am committed to support of people" who take the 1956 platform as their political doctrine. And, "I hope that I will never be accused of being so namby-pamby that I don't have degrees of enthusiasm about people who stand with me and those that stand against me."

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of running a government or a party that way has now been demonstrated. At the Republican "grass roots" meeting in Trenton—held after the President's two appeals to the nation—Meade Alcorn, the Republican national chairman, openly acknowledged a rebellion among state leaders against the budget, the aid-to-education bill and foreign aid. And one leader instructed Mr. Eisenhower



that regional conferences such as the Trenton affair were a truer reflection of party thought than the platform, because the White House hands the platform down, while regional sentiment comes up from below.

It should be noted again that Mr. Eisenhower did not really make a fight for his budget. His first speech was occupied almost wholly with the defense items, his second with foreign aid. Perhaps he does have somewhat special interest in these parts of his program. But the man who once said, "As long as I am in a fight, I never rest. . . . I shall never stop until a decision is reached," actually did not go beyond rhetoric. It is a disturbing—though subsidiary—thought that such ef-

fectiveness as the rhetoric had is ascribable simply and exclusively to the fact that Emmet Hughes was brought in to write the second speech. Mr. Hughes did superbly, but how firm a foundation is writing skill for a cause in behalf of a great national policy?

There really isn't much evidence that the President cared one way or another. It might be helpful to think for a moment about his almost pathetic confidence in the magic of the item veto. Therein, perhaps, lies the clue to his behavior on the budget. It almost seems as if Mr. Eisenhower is dedicated to the kind of government in which everyone else does the proposing, and the President, in rare and crucial instances,

disposes. Once upon a time Mr. Eisenhower let his policy-makers drift dangerously close to intervention in Indo-China, interposing his veto only at the last moment. He permitted the same thing to happen with respect to involvement at Quemoy and Matsu, again using his veto at the last moment. The history of the great acts of his Administration shows a negative cast.

It would undoubtedly be far more convenient for the President to stand above the budget battle completely until something lands on his desk all wrapped up by Congress—a document with which, after appropriate staff analysis, he could deal by item vetoes. But does such a process represent Presidential leadership?

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## COURAGE for PEACE . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

*London*

NOTHING BETTER illustrates the dilemma facing the world in 1957, and every individual in it, than a remark exchanged a few days ago between the new Secretary General of NATO and a French journalist. "Would it not," the latter asked, "be better to remain alive and be bolshevized?" To which Spaak replied: "That is the attitude of a collaborator." Both the question and the answer reveal the *impasse* to which we have come. For the plain fact is that we in the West, and millions of others in "uncommitted" lands, accept neither alternative. We want to remain alive without being bolshevized, and we do not think that Spaak's reply is good enough. We are not collaborators because we believe that the policy of cold war has reached the end of the road; we are not collaborators because we believe that the piling up of nuclear weapons is in the long run too dangerous to be tolerated. We are sick of hearing the hydrogen bomb de-

scribed as "the greatest deterrent to war"; we remember, on the contrary, that it is now over two years since *The Times* here described it presciently as "the greatest deterrent to peace." Moreover, we are pretty sure that those in Washington and elsewhere who are concerned with policy-making are as disillusioned about the cold war and its applicability to the conditions of 1957 as we are. We believe that President Eisenhower himself, and his "Secretary for Peace," Harold Stassen—to name but two—are sincerely desirous of breaking through the ice which ten years of cold war have left behind—it only they can find a foolproof way. And here, precisely here, is the rub. For two years at least the words "*détente*," "thaw," "peaceful co-existence," have been on everybody's lips until we are beginning to be sick of them, too. But everything has remained in a state of inaction for fear lest any positive action might be misconstrued. The merest hint of appeasement, the most obviously self-interested complaint by a cold-war ally, has been sufficient to bring any move for disengagement to a halt. Statesmen on both sides of the Iron Curtain have become prisoners in a net of

their own weaving; and the weft of which this net is woven is fear.

Herewith we come to the crux of the problem. The crisis is a crisis of confidence. At the bottom of our hearts we all know what has to be done: the problem is the practical one of how to do it. No one in his senses will quarrel with the Pope's denunciation of our policies as absurd: absurd, he said, because, while dreading war as the greatest catastrophe, they put all their trust in war, as if war were the only means of regulating international relations. Unhappily moral exhortation is not enough. From the time of Einstein's dying message in 1955, scientists of the highest distinction have warned us of the alternatives facing us not in the future but now. Never has the world had so many organizations dedicated to saving it from extinction; every post brings a new manifesto, and though some are the work of cranks, the bulk are serious, worthy and well-informed. But all assume—and it is their fatal flaw—that the first hurdle has been jumped, that confidence has been restored. What more sensible, for example, than to devote the money spent in 1956 for war preparation—110 billion dollars in all—to produce

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useful goods and services for all people, but what is the chance of putting such a proposal into effect so long as America fears Russia, and Russia fears America, and the rest of the world fears both? If we are to get out of the cold war and into an atmosphere of sanity, it is not by plans such as these—excellent as they may be on their own level—but by an alternative policy that can be implemented within the traditional patterns with which statesmen are familiar.

An alternative policy—let us make no mistake about it—requires a real shift of perspective; but it does not necessitate an impossible leap in the dark across the chasm dividing the Communist and non-Communist worlds. It does not mean “trusting the Russians”; it does not require unquestioning acceptance of Russian protestations of good will (*vid.*, Khrushchev's recent TV interview); it does not imply that we should innocently believe that Russia's anxious pleas for general disarmament are based entirely on a sudden accession of humanitarian sentiment. Of course they are not. The men in the Kremlin appreciate, as well as you and I, that the Soviet Union at present has no long-range missiles ready to bombard the American continent, while the United States is busy planting tactical weapons all round Russia's perimeter; and no one doubts that this factor counts in their calculations. The fact remains that Russia's fears create an opportunity which would not otherwise exist. What is so disconcerting about Western diplomacy is that it seems to think that it has only to disclose the unavowed motive to be excused from exploring the opportunity. At their recent

meeting at Bonn, we are told, Macmillan and Adenauer discussed “how the Soviet diplomatic offensive should be countered.” If the report is true, it gives us the exact measure of what is wrong and an exact idea of what a change of perspective signifies. It means descending from the cuckoo-land of diplomatic chess, where policy is based on artificial analysis of the worst possible evils the other party might inflict in the worst possible circumstances, to the realities of things as they are.

We laugh when Khrushchev and his friends paint a lurid picture of a wicked America plotting to encircle the Soviet Union, for we are sure it is not true. And the Russians laugh when Dulles paints a lurid picture of international communism fomenting revolution and subversion the whole world over; for by the same token they are sure it is not true. But, in reality, it is no laughing matter. It means that diplomacy and policy-making are dangerously out of touch with reality, and the adjustment that is required is to bring them back into touch with reality. These realities are posited by the world in which we live—a world so wildly different from politicians' statements about it that you could not possibly reconstruct it if those statements were all the evidence you had to go on. The first reality is that, as far as millions of people are concerned, communism has come to stay. The second is that millions of others reject it outright and will have nothing to do with it. The third is that quite as many millions are equally blunt in rejecting the alternative system—call it “capitalist” or “free” or “liberal” or what you will. The fourth is that there is not the remotest likelihood that the Communist and non-Communist worlds can “fight it out” with any real hope of success for either, and that neither is likely, within any appreciable period of time, to collapse from internal strain. (Events in Hungary were significant and important, but those who interpreted them as evidence of imminent collapse were woefully at sea.) Fifthly, for millions more who are not Communists, particularly in Asia and Africa, communism is a

respectable system in the sense that, though they may not want it themselves, they are able to contemplate it without apoplectic or psychopathological reactions. As between America and Russia, they feel, it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; as Chester Bowles has reminded us, in a recent Indian poll 38 per cent selected the United States as the nation most likely to start World War III, while only 2 per cent selected Soviet Russia and 1 per cent Communist China. Sixthly, these same millions do not really believe the conflict between Russia and America is as vital as it is painted; they have their own objectives—nationalism, anti-colonialism, social and economic betterment—and refuse to be bulldozed into either camp. And, finally, much the same attitude is invading the old world. We in Europe are sick to death of being harangued and threatened by both sides; we are more and more inclined to contract out of the quarrel; we feel it has about as much relevance to the world in which we live as the Wars of Religion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The profound revulsion in Germany in recent weeks, which looks like unseating Adenauer from his throne, is striking evidence that we have had enough.

ALL THIS means that Western policy—and Russian policy as well—have been postulated upon false premises: above all, upon a false assessment of the possibilities that are open to them. Both sides have pursued objectives which it is unrealistic to suppose could ever be attained. Consequently their policies have met only where they conflicted; other points of contact, particularly in the economic field where they did not conflict, have been ignored. No one doubts, for example, the immense economic benefits that would accrue to Europe, both East and West, from raising the Iron Curtain; President Eisenhower himself has emphasized the strain imposed by armaments on the American as well as on the Russian economy. To seek practical remedies for such conditions, and to cut away from a pol-



icy which has ceased to pay dividends, is not impossibly utopian, since it offers tangible advantages to both sides. From this starting-point, therefore, precisely because it takes account of sober realities, it should be within the power of policy-makers to prepare, in broad outline, the blueprint of an alternative policy which can be applied today without awaiting the fulfillment of an impossible series of preliminary conditions.

Such a blueprint will take account of the following points:

1. Any alternative policy must start from a central issue, because none of the peripheral issues, however important, (e.g., the Middle East), can of itself produce the change of atmosphere which is the essential precondition for further advance.

2. No one today doubts that this central issue is disarmament. Furthermore, no one who has followed the proceedings of the current disarmament conference in London doubts that some sort of agreement is now a practical possibility. Such an agreement need not be comprehensive; for the essential thing is to break through the wall of fear and prejudice which for so long has blocked all progress. That is why President Eisenhower's statement on May 8 favoring a neutral zone based on the so-called "Eden plan," and his promise that Mr. Zorin's version of the "open skies" scheme would receive "very earnest study," raised the world's hopes; it is also why Mr. Dulles' denial on May 14 that such proposals were under consideration dashed them again. The case has become a test case because, as the President said, the proposals for a neutral belt offer possibilities of an "evolutionary development" leading to agreement over a wider field. Above all else, they create an opportunity for disengagement.

3. No disarmament proposals, however limited, can succeed except on three conditions. The first is that there must be a genuine willingness—assuming that acceptable conditions for inspection, etc., can be devised—to forego nuclear weapons. It would scarcely be necessary to mention this, were it not widely re-

ported that an influential section in the Pentagon, headed by General Twining, is preparing to fight any proposals for discontinuing the production of nuclear weapons under any circumstances whatsoever. Secondly, the question must be disentangled from all secondary issues. Thirdly, the balance of forces in the world being what it is, the issue is essentially one between the United States and the Soviet Union; Khrushchev was only speaking the sober truth when, in his recent interview with *The New York Times*, he said that the only way to avoid total war was an agreement between the two giants.

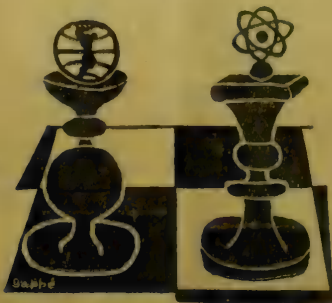
4. The particular secondary issue from which all discussions of disarmament and disengagement must be disentangled is German reunification. The simple truth is that there is no logical connection between them, and that they have been associated for purely tactical reasons; yet through this association the disarmament discussions of 1954 and 1955 broke down. Furthermore, this connection is not only an unnecessary obstacle to disarmament; it is also the worst service we can perform to the cause of German unity. If it is really our wish to see Germany reunited—and reunification is a condition of pacification in Europe—we cannot do better than to leave Adenauer and Grotewohl to argue it out between themselves. If Russia and the United States withdrew, as they would in the event of the creation of a neutral zone, German reunification would not be long delayed. From this point of view, President Eisenhower's assurance to Adenauer that any disarmament measure agreed to with the Soviet Union would take into account the "link" between European se-

curity and German reunification, represents a step backward.

5. The whole policy of NATO is urgently due for rethinking. As the British White Paper stated with brutal candor, Western Europe is indefensible in modern war. The idea that a NATO force of nine divisions, even equipped with atomic weapons, can provide an effective shield even for a brief holding operation is derisory. Militarily speaking, for the United States to base atomic weapons in France or Germany is to make a present of them to Russia, in the case of war. Furthermore, it is impossible to think of any war involving Western Europe which will not be total war. Yet for the sake of this illusory shield, we are jeopardizing the possibility of a disengagement of the Great Powers from Central Europe which would allow us all to breathe again.

6. Therefore the possibilities of a mutual disbanding of NATO and the Warsaw alliance require immediate exploration. Their implication would be a withdrawal of U.S. forces from Western Germany (leaving German troops in control, but without atomic weapons), step by step with a Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Germany and from Poland, and if possible from other Eastern European territories. The almost certain consequence would be German reunification. For those who have tender consciences over Hungary, the plan would also recommend itself as the best means of alleviating the Soviet yoke bearing down upon the satellites.

7. Whatever short-term gains may be made, there can be no permanent settlement in the Middle East unless Russia is brought into negotiation. There are two reasons for this. First, historically and geographically, Russia's interests in the region are legitimate and undeniable; there is not the least possibility of shutting her out by a *cordon sanitaire*. Secondly, the Middle Eastern countries themselves are not prepared to exclude her; they will accept aid and support where they can get it, particularly if they can get it "without strings." America can gain nothing by disregarding this attitude, which is strong throughout Asia. It can, indeed, pursue the alternative policy



of partitioning the Middle East—which is in effect the policy of the Eisenhower Plan—but this can only result in heightening tension.

8. Finally—because we must draw the line somewhere, and this is not the place to discuss the Western Pacific and American relations with Communist China—the governing conceptions of the whole foreign-aid program must be reconsidered. Foreign aid, as administered today, is a vast para-military weapon. Whether it is an efficient weapon, even by its own standards, may be left undiscussed. What seems certain is that it makes as many enemies as friends. Arms to Pakistan have undermined American relations with India; arms

to Iraq have adversely affected relations with Egypt; aid to Jordan is an affront to Syria. Furthermore, even the United States' good friends, President Menderes of Turkey, for example, and Field Marshal Pibul Songgram of Siam, have protested against the terms on which aid is given. As Pibul once said in Washington, the countries of Asia, which had experienced political bondage, now fear "economic shackles." Yet the policy of economic aid embodies a true conception, in so far as it perceives that the survival of freedom depends in the first place not on arms, but on the struggle against poverty. But it has gone wrong by combining in one instrument the

struggle against poverty with the struggle against communism. To be effective, aid must not only be given without military ties or expectation of political gratitude; it must also be given in the forms desired by the receiving nations. And there is no doubt that the receiving nations desire aid to be channelled through an international agency without political strings. If the United States can rise to the occasion and give the lead in this, it will win (as it has failed so far to win) the confidence of the "uncommitted" millions—one-third of mankind—and can look to the future with a hope and confidence no accumulated mass of nuclear weapons can ever provide.

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## Politics in an Age of Bigness.. by Michael Reagan

*This is the conclusion of a two-part article; the first part, Gearing Democracy to Bigness, appeared last week. The author is in the department of political science at Williams College.*

POLITICS is about power. The tasks of democratic politics are to ensure that the struggle over power and the ends toward which it is directed be open, and that participation in the directing of power to the furtherance of the good society not be restricted to an élite's conception of that society. The first requirement cannot be met if power goes unrecognized; the second cannot be met if the political system gives greater weight to special group pressures than to majority processes in which each man's voice is equal. On both counts, American democracy today is enfeebled.

The root source of the trouble again lies in the scale of modern industrial society. Giantism produces complexity and generates power through group organization. Big, activist government is an inevitable response; as government becomes responsible for welfare and security and for reconciling group demands with public order, politics and economics become a seamless web of interrelated decisions. Economic organizations then seek to control gov-

ernment as a weapon in the economic struggle.

Politics today can ignore economic power groups only at its peril. The American political system, designed in an age concerned with making governmental power accountable, and which still centers on this while ignoring the growth of private centers of power, is in such peril today: the system may become irrelevant to the making of major decisions in our society.

Democracy is not just a matter of popular will on one side and agencies of government on the other. There must be links between the two, institutionalized procedures for impressing the popular will upon the government. These range from the President's mail through public-opinion polls to elections and the representative process. Only the latter are real sanctions, and in a government as large as ours the election of a President is not a totally effective mode of public control over the myriad agencies and their policy-makers—particularly when many agencies of economic control are made independent of Presidential control and thus independent, in part, of any public control. One of our great needs, then, is the invention of representative political insti-

tutions which can enforce the popular will upon the administrators of government, who are now subjected to very strong pressure from producer groups and only very weak pressure from popular representatives. The present situation makes a farce of our pretensions to equality of political power, for the voice of organized groups is far louder than that of the unorganized majority, which has only the sporadic instrument of the ballot box by which to make itself heard.

One of the reasons we have done little thinking on these political problems is that, as I suggested in the first of these two pieces, we think too much in economic terms, failing to recognize the human, political problems of an industrial economy whose power groups—corporations, trade unions, professional and trade associations—do more day-to-day governing of our lives than does "The Government." Since World War II, the liberals in the United States and Laborites in Britain, who should have been the persons most concerned with new problems of power, have expended all their energies in pursuit of full employment and a government-guaranteed prosperity. We have full employment and to some extent the welfare state, but



there remain the problems of power which we are only beginning to discern. In this respect, I would maintain that full employment has been given too exclusive an emphasis; the economic success which full employment reflects hides the political failure to achieve a distribution of social power compatible with democracy and individual development. We hear it said that liberals here and Socialists on the other side are stagnant because all their goals have been achieved. If this is true, it is a damning indictment, for it means that the goals have been narrow, material ones, not the broad ones of power and freedom.

TWO new books, by Walton Hamilton and John Maurice Clark respectively,\* will serve to illustrate the problems created by the new power groups. Both take as their starting point the overthrow of the competitive market economy by a new corporate capitalism whose most notable feature is the power of firms, unions, trade associations and other private groups to affect their own destinies and those of others subject to their actions. "The stream of judgments by which the vast network of productive activities is kept going no longer emerges from the automatic play of economic forces," writes Hamilton, a noted lawyer and author of *The Pattern of Competition*. Instead, "corporate decisions involve discretion . . . and the making of policy, and policy is a political phenomenon." Or as Clark—perhaps the dean of American economists—puts it, "Our system can no longer fairly be characterized as a competitive one. . . . Rather, it has become an indeterminate economy of organized groups, in which competitive forces act on the 'business' sector, but spottily and unevenly."

Looking at politics as comprising all avenues through which men are governed, Walton Hamilton is concerned with the private, hidden quality of industrial government. In the corporation he notes a highly structured, well-developed political

organization; but in the national economy there is "as yet very little in the shape of formal political organization." Therefore, if there is to be adequate institutional control over decisions which are administered rather than market-determined, we can argue from where he leaves off that here is a power struggle which must be brought into the open. Industrial decisions must be recognized as *power* decisions and should be made under circumstances in which the programs and the choices among competing values can be examined by the people in whose name the privilege of incorporation is granted. The question is not public control or competition; it is public government or private government. As an example of private government, Hamilton cites the process of railroad rate-making in which, un-



warranted by the Interstate Commerce Act and forbidden by the anti-trust laws, a "hierarchy of rate bureaus" acting for groups of carriers has grown up and seized the initiative in rate-making. The resulting rate structure, he asserts, is "cumbersome, full of inconsistencies, and moored to the past."

More recent, and with as yet unrecognized breadth and significance, is the appearance of a new guild system. "A treatment in a beauty shop," says Hamilton, "can hardly be accounted as among the higher mysteries. . . . Yet such trades as that of the tonsorial artist, the beautician, the mortician and the realtor have been called 'learned' and have been subjected to regulation." Thanks to the professional boards given legal sanction by members of the group concerned, the would-be professional "must win entrance . . . from an official body whose personal interests lie in his exclusion." To Hamilton's

list, incidentally, we can add lawyers and doctors, accountants, assayers, veterinarians, threshing-machine operators, tree surgeons and potato growers. Occupational licensing requirements exist for each of these in one or more states. Granting that there is a legitimate scope for professional licensing, the double effect, in many instances, is monopoly pricing for the services rendered and severe restriction upon the traditional freedom of occupation. Such licensing is in effect private government with public sanction, but without public control. The power of these guilds—even apart from their investiture with public sanctions—is nowhere more obvious than in the so far successful claim of the medical profession to determine for the public the pattern of medical-care distribution. Only by the mastery of self-delusion have we avoided recognizing the political functions of such an economic-professional group.

Two other areas of power which are unaccountable because the public does not usually recognize the power factors involved in them, are our outmoded patent-licensing system, in which a public policy of aid to the inventor now rebounds to the primary advantage of the commercial user of the patent, and the use of the Defense Department's procurement program to concentrate wealth and power. The procurement program is "subject to no adequate review to insure that it reflects other than purely military values" (Hamilton). Probably few citizens realize that the Pentagon-induced concentration could not now be undone "by the vigilant campaigns of a half-dozen Anti-Trust Divisions," but even if more people were aware of this, what controls could they exercise?

TURNING TO John Maurice Clark, we find a specific focusing on the threat posed to democratic institutions by organized group power. "As government becomes more frankly a vehicle through which groups may promote their particular economic interests," he writes, "the strains on political and administrative machinery are enormously increased and the democratic character of govern-

\**The Politics of Industry* (Knopf, 1957, \$3.50) and *Economic Institutions and Human Welfare* (Knopf, 1957, \$5.50).

ment seriously compromised." Because of the vast number of technical tasks imposed on government by the necessity to regulate these groups, "popular control becomes more remote and more difficult." He continues, "Here lies one of the most powerful ways in which the character of the economic base affects the structure and functioning of government."

The question which emerges immediately is whether we can avoid rule by experts or by interested groups. And can we devise a system of administrative control which will reduce to a manageable number the proliferation of administrative agencies over which the President—or the Congress—can effectively insist upon the application of a *public*—rather than a *private*—interest criterion?

ANOTHER ASPECT of the problem which Clark discusses is the extent to which group power grows as the area of effective competitive checks shrinks. Self-interest never was a totally adequate system of economic government; today, the application of explicit social responsibility to self-interested actions by large aggregations of wealth and power has "become an absolute necessity." Clark hopes for the development of techniques and ethics of voluntary cooperation and group self-restraint to replace the haphazard patterning of an automatic system which is no longer automatic. "If sound terms of settlement are to be reached," he asserts, "people must consciously tend to reach them." Agreeing with this, I would raise the question whether voluntary cooperation is an adequate means, or whether public planning is not required wherever conscious intent has great impact on the nation. As an economist for the Chamber of Commerce told the Joint Committee on the President's Economic Report, effective voluntary restraint is not to be had in our system.

In the absence of public policy calling for democratically-determined goals, isn't the alternative likely to be a series of private plans which may conflict with each other, tend to emphasize selfish rather than pub-

lic interests, and accentuate the instabilities of a capitalist economy?

Looking at our political structure, characterized by inaction and weakness in the face of group pressures, we must face the uncomfortable probability that the system is simply not up to the requirements of democratic planning. Fragmented authority doesn't permit sufficient unity of government to ensure that a public policy will be adhered to by all the far-flung agencies of the modern Executive. But suppose we obtained the vigorous and energetic Executive needed for effective planning by scuttling the paraphernalia of separation of powers, federalism and the motley assortment of checks and balances inherited from 1787? The dilemma would merely shift to its other horn: unless the instruments of popular control, or majority representation, were strengthened correspondingly (as they have not been under our piecemeal addition of interventionist functions to the national government), we would simply have compounded our troubles. For then the organized power groups, which now dominate our jerry-built system of administrative agencies and much of the legislative process, would have their power enhanced by the degree to which government had become effective. This is surely a crucial issue in the development of a political system for the age of bigness.

Another major issue arises from the relation of large groups to the individuals whom they represent in politico-economic bargaining and over whose lives they wield an increasing measure of private government. We have again a dilemma: or-

ganized groups are a support of democracy to the extent they serve as buffers between the individual and the state; they are a hindrance in so far as they constitute private and unaccountable sources of power over the individual. Since two of the major groups, unions and corporations, are authoritarian structures in practice even when not in form, the danger is great. In the process of collective bargaining, for example, the union leaders and corporate executives jointly establish a pattern of life for the workers, a pattern largely imposed and beyond the effective control of those affected. As for external controls, the labor legislation enacted since 1932 is designed to provide equality of bargaining power between labor and management and to establish a code of fair procedures in bargaining. But it says little about the substance of the bargains reached beyond establishing minimum wages, maximum hours and conditions of safety—often ignored with impunity. This system largely lacks safeguards against the possibility that the leaders of both sides will bargain in their own interests at the expense of the rank and file. Would it not be in the public interest to revise the internal structure of power groups to give the rank and file an effective voice, or to impose certain minimum substantive standards on the kinds of bargain that may be struck?

Other examples of decisions affecting the individual in a group, but not made with his participation or effectively subject to his desires, might include the American Medical Association's assessment upon its members for an anti-public-health insurance campaign (an assessment voluntary in form but apparently compulsory in fact); Dave Beck's use of his men and their money for private purposes often at odds with the interests of his membership; the whole range of conformities expected of the executive aspirant in the large corporation, so fully documented in the writings of William H. Whyte; the testing of employee loyalty by private employers on government defense contracts (a political function imposed upon the employers by the government, it





should be noted); and the control over the ends of public-school teaching (e.g., the "life-adjustment" curriculum) imposed by an often arrogant educationalist hierarchy upon parents, pupils and teachers. Neither the affected membership nor the public at large has an adequate voice in these group decisions, and the question must be raised whether there is not a need for some exten-

sion by analogy of the "due process" doctrine to the sphere of private-group government if democratic freedoms are to survive.

In the face of group power and the primacy of group organization in the political process, both public and private, the traditional liberal theory of the individual and the state is transparently inadequate. Whether we can remold our polit-

ical theory and devise political institutions capable of making politics matter in an age of bigness is not certain. But it is clear, I believe, that for industrial society to become a base of support for democratic values, rather than a source of danger, we cannot be satisfied with preservation of the existing system. We must *create* a new democracy for the age of mass organization.

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## AMERICAN MYTH

# "YOU CAN'T STOP PROGRESS".. by Mary Freeman

*Sarasota, Florida*  
"YOU CAN'T stop progress," is heard everywhere in Sarasota County, for this West Florida resort area of 59,170 population is enjoying — and suffering — its first boom since the mad twenties. Whether uttered with a smile or a sigh, the cliché implies that the speaker would no more try to interfere with Progress than he would step in front of one of its ubiquitous bulldozers.

As Sarasotans, we are performing in the great American miracle play called "Bigger Is Better," with only a few local touches added. We are doing the same things other fast-growing communities in the United States have done—the good and the bad so interlaced that we rarely consider the possibility of separating them. And, like other communities, we depend on our own very special rapport with the bitch goddess Success to deliver us from evil.

This city has been getting generous publicity, thanks to a hypertonic Chamber of Commerce and to numerous writers who live here or float in and out. The ballyhoo has spotlighted fragments of truth. We have been favored by nature, money and art. Money first descended, on what was then a fishing village, with the

Potter Palmers in 1910. Then Ringling money brought in art to realize the baroque dreams of a circus impressario. Thanks largely to the latter's establishment of the Ringling Museum, we have a core around which to build creatively, and already we have more than our share of art schools, theatres, artists, writers and architects of national importance—enough to stimulate a rich cultural efflorescence.

However, it is not heartening to reflect that here, as elsewhere, the creative person rarely concerns himself with mundane things. Not so the predator, who has one interest, plenty of time and a strong inclination to bend the community in directions he chooses. Like the worm in the apple, he burrows straight to the core. If, as Kurt Lewin, Arthur Koestler, Erich Fromm and others have concluded, the split between creative wisdom and effective action has caused many a national and international tragedy, there is good reason to fear it can cause community disaster as well. Moreover, as the same writers have shown, the three calamities are not as unrelated as is generally supposed.

So far, we Sarasotans feel pretty smug about not repeating all the blunders of the twenties. We like to point to our "solid citizens": those who are retiring here from many income levels, and the young people (including many ex-G.I.s who had a taste of Florida in camp during the

war). Ours is sound growth, we say. Look at the doubling of the year-round population in seven years.

Moreover, we give our newcomers real value. The big brash swindles of the twenties are out. When a person buys real estate, he gets more than a piece of paper to see and touch. If he buys underwater land, he is told it is underwater land. After all, there are easy-riding highways into Florida now, not the corrugated lanes crossed by razorback hogs and skinny cattle that impeded travel in the twenties. Some developers have revived mail-order methods, but they can't be sure their customers won't turn up to see and sniff their purchases.

NOT THAT buyers haven't run into some unforeseen problems. Take the drainage inadequacy in one of our largest, most publicized and fastest growing subdivisions. Many of its lots failed to pass the Health Department's percolation test, and building was held up. Contractors and owners made such a clamor that it seemed likely the county commission would waive its own regulations. Just in time, its initial judgment was bolstered by a series of unseasonable rains. Many septic tanks, installed before the regulations were adopted, failed to work, and the commission was petitioned from this new direction. Investigation showed that the subdivision had been surveyed, not engineered. County and residents

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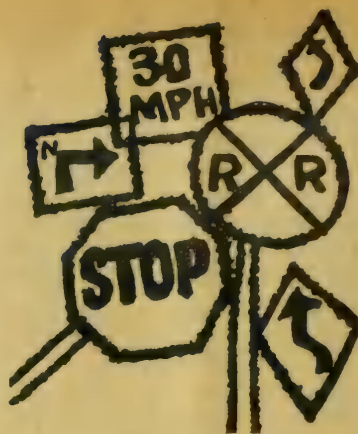
were stuck with it. The developer felt no obligation. Nobody felt very angry with him; he had just been trying to get his, like everybody else.

But most new residents aren't on hand to watch the development of their property from its pristine state. They depend on these speculative developers who toil little and reap a lot—who invest in real estate just as they would invest in a glue factory in St. Louis. Nevertheless, the purchaser is not so gullible as he was in the twenties and the speculator not so bold. Ultimately, their interests are quite divergent, but, for the moment, like the ant and the aphid, they are symbiotic.

The real threat of this boom isn't to occasional individuals or to investments, but to the community as a whole. Growth itself introduces the possibility that the tranquil beauty that brought us here may, like the snowflake, evaporate in the hot breath of admiring crowds. Many a Maine fishing village has disappeared in the rush of tourists, once it got around that there was one as yet "unspoiled" vacation spot. Sarasota has experienced a similar rush for a similar reason. Perhaps all such spots will eventually disappear, given the rate we are breeding, but even so there is no need for our promoters to beat out the death-march at double time.

THE frenzied beat not only speeds our demise as an "unspoiled" spot, but also enlarges the problems that normally arrive with growth. A few of the latter that thrust up dramatically are being dealt with, although belatedly and inadequately. Before Sarasota's new hospital was finished, it was necessary to vote funds for one more floor; before it was in operation a year, we were forced to vote a bond issue for another wing. A hospital board member commented wryly: "We're going to have two or three more bond issues before we get hospitalization in this county under control." But adding several wings won't solve, and may aggravate, another problem less visible but just as urgent. Where are the nurses?

A cluster of problems arises from the influx of young people. School difficulties, of course, are multiplied.



And the need for jobs. Old people sit patiently in the sun, but the young must work. Again we grasp at an over-simple answer: industry. New industries, we say, will provide jobs, level off seasonal variations in employment and generally stabilize our economy. So we reason, despite the fact that Florida's industrial areas have been less stable in recent years than resort areas, and despite scant likelihood that industry will schedule its production to take up our seasonal slack. Nor do we notice that many industries bring old employees from the North and advertise in Northern papers for new ones. The Salvation Army is gnashing its teeth because its soup kitchen gets the culls from these ads. And if the number of jobs and workers come out even—and somebody will complain if they don't—we may have more of everything, but our economy will be no more stable than before. More important, we will have added problems peculiar to industry to problems peculiar to resorts and introduced a strain of growth inimical to resort growth. Even now the airport where we plan a deluxe airtel is treated to a whiff of rubber from a nearby plant when the wind is in the East. Governor Collins is trying to reconcile this conflict by pushing for small selected industries with fewer problems in their train, but promoters have not arrived at this degree of discrimination. *The Florida Newsletter*, sponsored by fifty Sarasota firms, gleefully announces that many Florida cities are "fast-rising young giants of industrial wealth," dangles the enticing fact that a breakdown of our tax dollar shows business and industry to

bear a low proportion of the total tax levy as compared to other states, and, in full delirium, rejoices that "the palm-fringed beaches, once good for little more than setting up beach umbrellas, are chock full of rutile and ilmenite."

This resistance to seeing contradictions in our wishes was further illustrated at a lecture on Sarasota's revaluation of property for tax purposes. We taxpayers, usually so edgy if a tax increase is mentioned, didn't turn a hair when the speaker, after congratulating us on our unprecedented growth, commented that, strange as it may seem, the per capita cost of government does not go down, but up, with an increase in population. It is a safe guess that a number of hairs will turn when the bills are presented.

OUR FEELING of immunity to the predictable complications of growth is particularly marked in regard to social services. How can they be needed in a community as prosperous and comfortable as ours? Several years ago, when the Health Department started working for a psychological-guidance center, few persons were interested; yet shortly after it was established, a waiting list proved it overdue. However, we still lack a family service and a children's shelter. The neglected child, guilty of no mischief, has no better refuge than a solitary cell in the county jail.

While growth brings many problems and a swift pace exacerbates them, it is our devout acceptance of the myths of progress that prevents their solution and brings others wholly unnecessary. Oddly enough, while we chant that we can't stop progress, we tiptoe around in fear that we might. Like primitives, we must keep up the sacred rituals lest the omnipotence we court be offended. Feeling compelled to provide a lusty welcome for anything "big" or "more," we roll in our Trojan horse with songs and frolic. The biggest man in it, just as in every boom, is the speculator. And we don't blanch as he climbs out. Instead, we trot over and spread the red carpet.

Sarasotans know that the speculator had a star part in the great



boom and bust, but this time, we tell ourselves, there won't be a bust. We are going up and up and up. And because Florida climate is a relatively rare commodity, increasingly in demand, we have some reason to hope that we won't fall, or, if we do, not so hard as before. Some old-timers who saw us prone even into the thirties are a little uneasy, but they generally conclude there is no way to keep speculative money out of a rising market. One might as well catch a ride. Indeed, this speculative spirit has infected not only local big money, but also the little business men, many of whom are more interested in their sideline, the real estate "spec," than in plying their accustomed trades. Like little business men everywhere, ours have big ideas, and give their support to those whose peers they hope to be.

BECAUSE THE speculator in this boom so often finds it expedient to be a developer, we have forgotten that he is not here to create the good life but to create profit—profit he frequently takes out of the community. We are sufficiently a frontier to like to watch him level nature and fill up space with artifacts, but, after nature has been whipped and a community settled, he's about as useful as a dinosaur in the garden. Unfortunately, it's only when he has begun to smash things that we suddenly realize his constitutional destructiveness. Sarasota is still admiring, although already the brute has left permanent scars. At first we don't mind them too much. They're so familiar; and here, as yet, so comparatively small. We immigrants remember bigger scars on the old home towns.

Oddly enough, speculators behave in much the same way whether their object is the quick buck or a temporary loss for income-tax purposes. Perhaps the latter are less likely to concern themselves with efficient operation, a little more inclined breezily to distribute bonuses and Cadillacs to their employees. But their advertising is as big and blatant; their howls at a January lag, as loud. Perhaps this is a front; perhaps it is their employees' ignorance of the real intent; perhaps it is sheer habit

on the part of unimaginative people. Or, perish the thought, perhaps these wizards have discovered that a commercial racket is, after all, the best way to lose money.

Speculators of both kinds are busy everywhere in Sarasota, except in a few residential areas where our distinguished architects are busy creating retreats for our distinguished citizens. In league with short-sighted little business, the predator has lined the highway, North and South, with garish signs and ill-assorted marginal enterprises, routed the Tamiami Trail through the heart of town to snarl up traffic and fill our daily lives with unnecessary irritation, and now pipes ensemble with schemers at the state level for four-lane highways along our bays and beaches to destroy peaceful vacation spots. Already, our midtown bay front is being surveyed for a four-lane drive. A few bitter residents have gotten out an injunction. The delay, newspapers happily assure us, will be temporary.

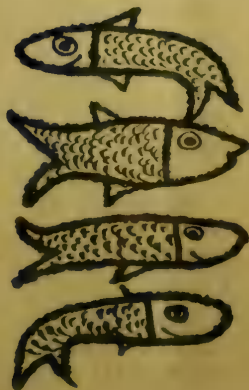
The speculator is especially busy in the suburbs. In a typical operation he picks up a tract of land seven to ten miles from town—often ranch land that has become too valuable for cattle. If he isn't offered a 100 to 200 per cent profit within his period of calculation, he breaks it into lots, puts in roads, dresses up the entrance and advertises. If the lots don't move, he calls in a builder, puts up a few "model homes" and taps the market again. This last procedure has been working like a charm in Sarasota, with its influx of new residents.

The result is a circling band of beehive housing: "model homes" lying cheek by jowl, identical except

for minor decorative variation, each with its standard collar of foundation planting. Despite the fact that good materials are often cruelly used, these houses are generally good buys in terms of creature comforts. Some are rich in supposed luxuries: built-in ovens, pink refrigerators, air conditioners, and "intercom" systems. Many are boosted as "open houses for Southern living," utilizing to the full picture windows and sliding glass panels. If a purchaser happens to be so unconvinced as to object to hearing and viewing the intimacies of his neighbor's life, he can shut the house, draw the drapes and turn on the air-conditioner. The miracle is that a few subdivisions do avoid candy-box décor, use lots of habitable size and mitigate the factory-made look by leaving clumps of native trees.

BUT IT is on the beaches that the speculator is likely to take over completely. On Lido, where gulf front has reached \$1,000 a front-foot, he is already chief architect. Here he has been the most potent catalyst in processes leading from community good fortune to community problems, practical and aesthetic. The natural beauty of the beach made it popular; popularity brought a rapid rise in land values; the rise in values brought the speculator; the speculator artificially accelerated the rise in value; excessively expensive land led to crowding; and crowding led to a rash of community problems. Crowding on Lido has occurred in the midst of space; half the island is empty.

Already we have a major sewage problem on Lido. Having outgrown septic tanks, the largest motel operates on a sand filter and pipes the bacterially (but not chemically) pure waste under the road, through another fellow's property, into the bay. This is dandy so long as the city, the neighbor and the bay residents don't object. But the motel itself is unhappy. It is saddled with an inefficient operation and now insists that the city hustle and provide a sewage-disposal plant on the key or pipe its waste to the mainland. Furthermore, while crying for relief, it has asked—and received—permission to exceed restrictions on building height for a



new addition. It is thus increasing the difficulty it complains of and bolstering its request for a solution at community expense.

And we have an "erosion problem." After leveling all protective flora and looting the shore for fill, investors have crowded buildings close to the water. They forget that sea margins are unstable until reminded by a rough sea that licks across the sand and laps the walls. Then there is a hullabaloo. Engineers are called in; various groins and sea walls are discussed. Over the years, occasional cottages have washed away or been moved back without much ado; big investors show less sportsmanship. When the gulf subsides, the hubbub dies down. New investors push up more sand and build even closer. Comes the next blow, they will head the delegation asking for help. Lido investments soon will be impressive enough to command our aid, and one can guess that of all control methods, the big dollar will plump for groins—which will break up the public beach into little cribs and give exclusive possession without riparian rights.

BY SUCH blitz methods the speculator channels community funds away from hospitals, away from schools, away from our more pressing needs into the hoppers of the profit machines. It hasn't entered our heads that deprivation of fundamental services can result from abetting his efforts to produce a big town on a small-town budget.

Furthermore, by this crowding and contempt for the environment where his dollars have found a temporary nest, the speculator threatens to endow our most publicized beach with a typical speculators' landscape. Resorts are as subject to their own species of blight as any industrial community, and, because they function as havens from stress in a tense world, they have as serious a responsibility to mankind. Nevertheless, vacationers at Lido now see little of the key's original beauty, and scant evidence of the fine hand of local architects of whom we boast. Instead, they view several blocks of tightly wedged buildings sitting in the midst of bulldozed wastes, piled with man-

gled remains of native palms and sea grapes. Many buildings are strip motels running from gulf to road. Built to snuggle back to back with a neighbor, when they lack this partner they expose a barracks unbroken except for knotty power installations, air-conditioners, clustered garbage cans and clothes lines. Not that they don't have attractive aspects somewhere within; their full contempt is turned on their neighbors and the street. With few exceptions, there is no landscaping on the broad city parkway to soften this harsh view. The areas in front of motels are bleak with asphalt and parked cars, backed by large neon signs; in front of vacant lots, weeds catch a jetsam of paper cups, beer cans and cigarette packages. A distinguished authority on art, who was much taken with the possibilities of Sarasota, exclaimed on viewing the naked rear of a much publicized motel: "Are people blind?"

NO, but the speculator generally is, especially if he operates through a corporation, limited partnership or syndicate—devices lifting the last vestige of community responsibility from investors. The human beings who manage these profit machines are generally a transient group not given to deep attachments to the places they manage. Some investors never see their investment; others who do are remarkably adroit at dissociating themselves. One charming gentleman who values his spacious hedged-in home in another section of town, when asked why he espoused crowding and rank commercial glitter on Lido, exclaimed, "Why, that's business property!" His cynicism seems to have escaped him; certainly the flaw in his business judgment did. Despite our reputation for having attracted a particularly perceptive clientele, he assumed his customers to be of a lesser breed than he. He and his confrères are pitching for people who are drawn by neon, enjoy chaffing elbows and don't mind a tenement view—so long as it's expensive; in short, they are pitching for the conspicuous consumer who won't quite be able to afford the really plush East Coast tenements of Miami and Palm Beach.

If these investors are encouraged, Sarasota can expect more pasty, paunched men with big cigars to take their constitutionals in the sun while waiting for the bars to open; more mink and sables to set off sun-baked-flesh. Perhaps, if we are patient, mink and sable will find their way to the water's edge over cocoa-buttered backs. These people, with tough hides and few inner resources, will dig in, and it will be up to us to fill their voids with pre-fab recreations. No doubt the underground rumble for gambling casinos will surface as a roar. Trailing these megabuck moguls will be their yes-men, cut to the same pattern but in smaller size, and the big and little rogues who batten on tempting displays. Already Sarasotans find it necessary to lock doors—an unheard of precaution until recently—and the increase in theft has raised a clamor for a larger police force.

IT'S rather chic in Sarasota to look down one's nose at our neighbor's "honky-tonk," but by barking our wares in the boom tradition and allowing speculative dollars to determine the pace and pattern of our growth, we move innocently but inevitably towards the ends we scorn. Occasionally someone with his nose to the wind sniffs an atmosphere that disquiets him. Some have been heard to wail, "The Northern Jews are taking over Lido Beach." This, despite the fact that the predominately Jewish-owned establishments are the least offensive. This recourse to a scapegoat saves prejudiced people thought. Community organizations are springing up and nibbling at neighborhood problems, but they dip gingerly into the potpourri called Progress—except to ask for their share of the tax dollar.

Nor can officials be relied upon to make systemic diagnoses from our cellular disorder. Only very few realize that problems finding their way to the dockets of the city and county commissions indicate trends and that the decisions concerning them build our future. All too often cases are handled according to immediate stresses and strains. This produces a surface inconsistency that optimists might call "flexibility,"



but underneath the big dollar exerts unremitting pressure: restrictions loosen at its pleasure. This is known as Progress. Paradoxically, holding the line or imposing new restrictions on individuals is also known as Progress. The motel, despite sewage difficulties, easily got its indulgence, but at least one resident fought all last summer for an exception to a brand new regulation on building coverage to add a room to his house. Indeed, contrary to city-planning trends, we have in some instances decreased the required distance between multiple dwellings. This is necessary, we say, where land values are high, and we forget the thousands spent by these establishments on advertising, warmed swimming pools, tickets to the ball game and snake farm that could as well be spent on adequate space and gardens.

OFFICIAL inability to recognize a community problem, and surface inconsistency overlying hypersensitivity to the big dollar, were both neatly and naively revealed in a recent case obtusely called "a neighborhood squabble." It was a simple matter of trees on Lido's main drive. The adjacent property owner, having cared for the trees over the years, wanted them to remain; an absentee holding company, having just purchased a neighboring motel, wanted them to go. At first the city held firm. The park commissioner thought the trees attractive; the traffic department thought them no hazard; and, after all, it was city policy to encourage property owners to landscape adjacent road shoulders. Certainly the motel had quickly availed itself of the opportunity by black-topping the section for which it was responsible. But the holding company, unused to being balked, threatened to sue the city for loss of business on the ground that the trees partially hid the motel. This bizarre threat was ignored until two new commissioners took office. One was a grocer, used to packaged flora; the other owned a furniture store on Main Street, where merchants and the garden clubs were going after it hammer and tongs over the fate of live oaks lining the street. The garden clubs were losing tree by tree, but

not fast enough to suit the merchants. The mayor suggested that the park commissioner's opinion be heeded; one commissioner and the city manager argued that the case be considered in the context of general policy. But these wise words had little force when opposed by the furniture dealer's classic statement: "There are big investments South of those trees, big investments." A devout silence followed. Then the slick-est politician in the group came up with a "compromise solution." He moved that the holding company get part of what it demanded and the old settler lose part of what he wanted, had invested in and, according to city policy, had a right to keep. Semantically innocent, and still unaware that they were handling a community problem, aesthetic and moral, the furniture dealer, the grocer and the conciliatory milk distributor—three little business men—got together to doff their hats to "big investments." The "compromise" was voted and another section of Sarasota's vaunted showplace was denuded.

IF BIG investments had wanted trees, it is not too cynical to believe that the decision might have been reversed. Oddly enough, only a few days later, at the suggestion of the Florida Nurserymen's Association, the Exchange Club and the Chamber of Commerce, it was decided to landscape the North Trail with trees and shrubs and to encourage property owners to landscape the adjoining shoulders.

However, some of our business men have real tree phobia and, in their efforts to be "progressively" big town, prove their provincialism.

It is doubtful that these men could conceive of operating a successful business behind the chestnuts on the Champs Elysée or even behind the new plane trees on Manhattan's renovated Third Avenue. They don't realize that most of the businesses of the world are carried on with less visibility than the oaks allowed our merchants, or the palms, the motel. Like many American small-townners, they feel utterly dependent on maximum visibility; they have no faith in themselves as purveyors of desirable merchandise sought by eager customers. Their evolution as business men has gone no further than a belief in sign potency. Some years hence, learning that sophisticated customers prefer plants to neon, the merchants and the motels are destined to ask the city to replace the trees, at considerable community expense. But currently the busy-beaver representing the holding company is circulating a petition to four-lane the beach drive and eliminate for good the intrusion of grass and trees between business and customers. A number of motel owners share his belief in the transcendent value of asphalt. Or, could their aesthetic judgment be tempered by cunning? Just possibly these expanses of asphalt could be used for parking and allow for the building of a few more rental cells. Already a number of motels ignore the city's stipulation that parking space for customers be provided on their own premises, and the motel with the sewage problem has spread shell on the road shoulder across the street. Could it be to catch the overflow anticipated from its new addition?

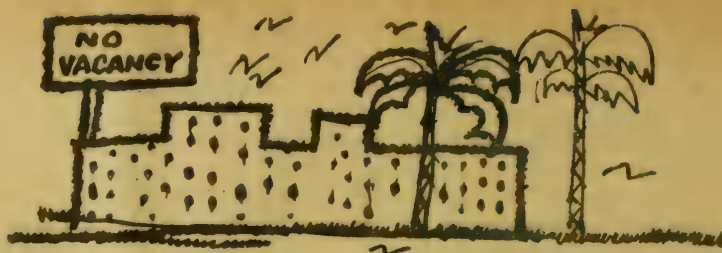
County and city are making sporadic efforts to get things into their



own hands, but most action is rear-guard. They are especially lively on the drainage problem (thanks to the airing it got), and are concerned over the depletion of our water supply, *ad lib* filling of waterfront, even the ugly rash of signs. However, if sign ordinances are any indication, regulations will but slightly inhibit the big dollar. Eighteen pages of regulations move signs back off rights-of-way, but permit them to stand every hundred feet on private property in all but residential areas; prohibit wooden signs in business districts, but let neons up to eighteen square feet drum up trade, like pullers-in of our grandfather's day, in resort areas where, presumably, vacationers sleep the vacation sleep. Asked why regulations aren't more stringent, their administrator had a ready counter-question. "Did you know the sign companies are already after us?"

THIS greater sensitivity to money than to man doesn't mean that Sarasotans are corrupt; it's merely that it is a time-honored tradition, here as elsewhere, that the largest taxpayer gets the most. We are merely communicants in our national religion—mystical devotees of Progress which we confuse with the free flow of investment capital. And it's hardly orthodox to distinguish between investments that are creative and investments that are parasitic or even destructive.

But even if we were not followers of this pandemic creed, concrete circumstances would favor a closer relationship between government and money than between government and citizens. Willy-nilly, governments find themselves working partners with capital on many projects. Moreover, the fact that government income lags behind community needs—lags more in a fast-growing community—leads to expedients favoring investor over citizen. Many a debit has been converted to a credit by transferring public lands to private hands and the tax rolls. In Sarasota, dedicated streets, giving free access to beaches, have been known to disappear. And in a boom a government is wide open to handsome offers by developers who want to speed things up.



Clearing for the beach drive on Lido was farmed out in this way. Possibly that is why the park department had so little to say about the excess leveling of palm groves and clean-up of debris. Who looks a gift horse in the mouth?

While such deals are regarded as legitimate, yet the weight of obligation lies on the government that accepts them; and rare is the official who hasn't delivered thanks by loosening a restriction, changing a zoning ordinance, etc. To the Sarasota commission's credit, this danger was recognized in the tree case. The holding company's check to defray cost of clearing was refused—after several weeks of thumbing. "I don't think we should be obligated," said the honest mayor.

Even over-all planning tends to be emasculated by the speculative dollar. We tend to think we've done our job when we've ruled out cheap little shacks, and to forget that real vulgarity is expensive. However, there have been a few heartening efforts to hold zoning restrictions against business pressure and city and county planning boards are trying to function as more than official stamps on accomplished fact. But they're having a rough time. Despite his best efforts, the county planning consultant—a man with training, experience and positive ideas—remains more decorative than operative. Indeed, he may not remain even as a grace note, for the South Trail Taxpayers' Association is after him. Now, with support from two state legislators, the association extended its condemnation of the consultant to condemnation of the whole planning board that backed him up. The ruction began with the planner's recommendation that properties on the South Trail not be zoned for business. A howl went up. People who had

planned to use or sell their property as business lots intended to use or sell them as business lots. It was fruitless to point out that "traffic-linked businesses" are generally marginal and that encouraging them is the surest way to depreciate the property in the long run. Nor was anybody impressed with the argument that business on a major highway tends to snarl up traffic and cause accidents. Instead, the consultant was impolitely booed and invited to go back where he came from.

Officials faced by such assemblages tend to doubt their own judgment. What, after all, is a planner to a business man in the hierarchy of American values? The former is a "theorist," an "idealist," a "college man"—never held in high esteem on frontiers. The business man, we tell ourselves, is a "hard-headed realist." The fact that he rides high in prosperity and jumps from Wall Street windows in depression doesn't shake our faith in his leadership. Nor has Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* convinced us that he is the great American mystic. No need to look to the East to see mysticism, or to the Soviet Union to see economic determinism. We have rolled them into one by our irrational subjection to a money mythology, revealed in the basic article of our faith: "You can't stop Progress."

We Sarasotans are proving once more how little rational control people assume over their own fate, even on a local level where, presumably, they can be most effective. Once more we allow Progress to shape another little corner of our country, another little corner of the world, another little corner of life, to the rhythms of the same old tom-tom, and we are quite unaware that this irrational fatalism mocks our claim that we are a self-determining people.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Misreported Revolution

Mark Gayn

AS IN the greater revolutions in Russia and China, in Hungary too the revolutionary spark was kept alive by men of ideas and letters. I lived in Hungary in what might be described as the years of Stalinist madness, and I clearly recall how Joseph Revai—a taskmaster to remember—laid down the law for the writers, poets and playwrights, or how Geza Losonczi, now, by the irony of fate, imprisoned as a rebel leader, made the Opera House tremble with his furious attacks on the non-Russian repertory or Bartok's ballets. I met some of the writers and journalists and thought I saw in them nothing but frightened compliance. Indeed, they had good reason for fear, for such men as Paul Ignatus, diplomat and essayist, and George Palocz-Horvath, the distinguished editor, had been charged with absurdly monstrous crimes and put away in prison. The Communists had forgotten their history, for both in Tzarist Russia and in Kuomintang China the whip proved useless against the rebellious intellectual. Nor did the Communists realize that a writer had to be a man of ideas. If he ever rebelled against the party's efforts to tell him how to write and think, he would also probably rebel against the entire system of compulsion and terror.

Stalin died in March, 1953, and with him departed some of the dread that hung over Eastern Europe. Almost at once, free discussion was revived within the Hungarian Writers' Federation, and inevitably the debate shifted from style and subject to the way men lived and suffered. Before the year was over, the federation's meetings were finding angry echoes in the party press. By March, 1955, things got out of hand so badly that the Central Committee passed a resolution denouncing "cer-

tain writers, including Communists, who have forgotten that . . . they can create works of lasting value only by supporting the aims of our Party."

The trouble was that these "petty bourgeois slanderers" were the Party's own favored children. Among them were Tibor Dery, perhaps Hungary's ablest Communist novelist (see *The Nation* of February 5 and June 1); Zoltan Zelk, the poet; Tamas Aczel, the young writer who won the Stalin Prize in 1952; Gyula Hay, winner of the princely Kossuth Prize for playwriting; Tibor Meray, the young and fanatical Communist journalist who contributed more than his share to the making of the "germ warfare" myth; Endre Enczi, editor of the *Literary News*; Sandor Erdei, secretary-general of the Writers' Federation, and scores of others. Also with them, if not always among them, was George Lukacs, probably the most distinguished intellectual on the Communist rim of Europe. It was difficult to call these men disloyal. They were not subversives; they were rather the chosen people of communism, and its busiest propagandists. Thus, the party contented itself with a mild purge of the federation and a stern warning.

BY THE Spring of 1956, the unrepentant intellectuals were in open revolt. The meetings of the Petofi Club, a sort of illegitimate child of the Writers' Federation, became events of historic importance. By summertime, they drew overflow crowds of thousands, and at them, side by side with Mrs. Laszlo Rajk, demanding justice for her garroted husband, stood leading Communist writers, philosophers and journalists, denouncing the regime, the system and its Soviet inspiration. Word of these meetings was then carried to the universities, the army barracks, and throughout the land.

During the twelve-day revolution that erupted in October of last year,

the Writers' Federation was its heart and brain. It sent delegations to Nagy to keep him on an even, Socialist, democratic keel. Its members made speeches, turned out a score of new and bright newspapers, created a National Revolutionary Council of Intellectuals. When new parties were created, the writers were there to breathe life into them. Lukacs became Minister of Culture. On November 1, when violence threatened to get out of hand, the Writers' Federation issued an appeal: "Do not pass judgment in the streets. . . Hand over the guilty unharmed to the National Guard or the Army. . . The world is watching. . . Do not besmirch the revolution!" Only seven hours later, Janos Kadar was also on the air with a statement he would probably like to erase from memory now:

"Hungarian workers, peasants and intellectuals. . . In a glorious uprising our people have shaken off the Rakosi regime. They have achieved freedom for the people and independence for the country. . . We can safely say that those who prepared this uprising were recruited from our ranks. Communist writers, journalists, university students, the youth of the Petofi Club, thousands and thousands of workers and peasants and veteran fighters who were imprisoned on false charges fought in the front ranks against Rakosi's despotism and political hooliganism. . ."

And at 6:56 in the terrible morning of November 4, Budapest broadcast an appeal from the Writers' Federation: "To every writer in the world, to all scientists, to . . . the intelligentsia of the world! We ask all of you for help; there is but little time! Help Hungary . . . Help, help, help!" This apparently was the last broadcast made by Radio Free Kossuth.

THE STORY of Hungary since then is the story of renewed police terror on a scale not seen even in 1949-52; of the return to power of many Stalinist stalwarts under the protected regime of Janos Kadar; of a growing political rigidity and intransigence. This is not second-hand

MARK GAYN is the author of many books and articles on Eastern Europe.

June 15, 1957

## Confusion

The voice of the church and the voice of the wind  
In our village go combined.  
They bell out and they bay together  
So often, one without the other  
Would bode extreme and freakish weather.

For what need be at odds? If we  
Should charge like hunters down the street  
To view-halloo the Lord, all's well;  
God made the carnal urges sweet;  
He will find prayers in blasphemies.

Wind, without will how like your part  
Is to the unregenerate heart!  
And that I can name and separate  
While you involve the constant bell.  
My thanks for what you demonstrate.

SHEILA CREGEEN

information. I get it from such a knowledgeable source as *Nep Szabadsag*, the official party organ in Budapest, with its grim and unending chronicle of mass arrests, mass trials, threats and denunciations. Joseph Revai is back with "theoretical" articles which argue that those who denounce the "Stalinists," "Rakosists" and "the cult of personality" are really disguised counter-revolutionaries. And, inevitably, the writers are now paying the price for their spell of independence. The Writers' Federation, which remained proudly defiant until last January, has been dissolved by police order, along with the Journalists' Union and the various student organizations. The Petofi Club has been replaced with a more pliant Tancsics Club. And, one after another, the writers are being hauled off to prison. Two young men, Gyula Obersovsky and Joseph Gali, have been given stiff prison sentences. Gyula Hay, Tibor Tardos and Zoltan Zelk were jailed in January. Dery was arrested in April. Other writers are being denounced almost daily as enemies of the state—a good sign that they are either in prison or safe abroad. Paul Ignotus and Paloczi-Horvath are now in London; Meray is in Paris; Aczel, who fled by way of Yugoslavia and there denounced the Communist rape of free culture, is in Vienna. In the great vacuum that they left behind, the government is installing some of the old-timers whose work had been banned for ten years, but who can now give semblance of a bustling literary life. As the old Russian puts

it, "When there is no fish, even a cray-fish is a fish."

THIS IS a fragment of the story of the Hungarian revolution. It is a story of great social and political forces in flux, of confusion and violence. It is also one of the least understood and worst reported stories of this generation. Communist observers, who should know a revolution when they see it, refuse to recognize this one as a revolution, for it was anti-Communist. And most of the anti-Communists are unequipped to understand the nature of a revolutionary movement. The result has been a stream of fanciful cloak-and-dagger and atrocity tales from Soviet writers on the one side, and superficial, mal-informed, police-beat reporting on the other—the kind of reporting of which American journalism is so oddly proud and for which the Pulitzer Prize committee just saw fit to award one of its prizes. Of all the reports of the ferment in East Europe that I have read, *Le Monde's* have been incomparably the best, and *Pravda's*, beyond any match, the worst. The American newspaper reporting (with the notable exception of Sydney Gruson's in *The New York Times*) has varied from fair to worthless. The best magazine accounts I have read were those of Flora Lewis (justly rewarded with a Pulitzer Prize) in the Sunday *New York Times* and of the Hungarian photographer Sandor Acs in the Canadian *Maclean's* magazine.

As for books and pamphlets, the

two best are George Mikes's *The Hungarian Revolution*, (London. Deutsch. 12s. 6d.) and "The Revolt in Hungary, A Documentary Chronology Based Exclusively on Internal Broadcasts by Central and Provincial Radios," published without comment by Radio Free Europe (New York. \$1.). With its hour-by-hour transcript of Hungarian broadcasts, the RFE pamphlet has the emotional impact of a Greek tragedy. For anyone trying to understand the Hungarian revolution, it is essential raw material. Mikes's book is sane, knowledgeable and well-written. A Hungarian by birth and author of such bittersweet works as *How To Be An Alien*, Mr. Mikes returned home right after the outbreak of the revolution. He observed the revolt at first hand and he now writes of it with restraint and perception. Some of his speculations, such as that on Moscow's motivations, may not convince everyone, but they are useful starting points for one's own thinking.

It is an interesting commentary on the state of the American literary palate that, at the time of this writing, Mikes' book has not yet been published in the United States. Instead, the American crop is largely represented by shrill, emotional, breast-beating, flag-waving books. Two of these, *No More Comrades*, by Andor Heller (Regnery. \$3.50) and *A Student's Diary* by Laszlo Beke (Viking. \$1.95), are diaries written from memory some time after their authors' flight to the West. One of the two writers, and possibly both, participated actively in the revolution, and the books could have been expected to have a great emotional punch. But somehow, perhaps because they lack a sense of immediacy, the fury of men and the smoke of guns are synthetic. Mr. Heller, incidentally, is the Man in the Hood who testified in a televised hearing before the Senate Internal Security Committee. Neither his testimony then nor the book now justifies his claim to fame as an authority on the revolution.

The only American book on Hungary to find honor and profit on the bestseller list is James A. Michener's *The Bridge at Andau* (Random



House, \$3.50). In many ways, I feel, it is a classroom example of how *not* to report a revolution. Mr. Michener has apparently never been in Hungary, and has never lived under a Communist administration. He gathered the material for this book in six weeks some time after the revolution was over, and he gathered it partly on the Austro-Hungarian border and partly "around a big table in Josef Smutny's restaurant near the opera house in Vienna." Mr. Michener is obviously aware of his own limitations, for he devotes his last chapter to explaining why "I was, perhaps, an appropriate writer to deal with this story. I am cautious in my evaluation of contemporary problems, and I have learned to be suspicious of anyone who tells me a good story about himself." One would not wish to disillusion Mr. Michener, but at least one reader must dissent.

This is a book put together by an ill-qualified compiler, who was not on the scene, and who depended on others for his facts. Mr. Michener describes the elaborate procedure he used for checking these. The procedure failed him, for the escapees he met were clearly eager to impress him—either with their heroism or with the dark side of the life they were leaving behind. The misstatements are minor, but the cumulative effect is considerable. Contrary to the tale told him by "Gyorgy Szabo . . . one of the finest human beings I have ever met," the Communist system of industrial sweatshops provides generous rewards for the pace-setter. Thus, a Stakhanovite like Szabo earned not 1,000 forints a month, but perhaps upwards of 2,500, and he was certainly assured of a vacation at a resort for the pace-setters. Hungarian women have never had to pool their resources to buy a lipstick, to be used "maybe . . . four different times a year." A domestic lipstick costs 12-15 forints, a smuggled Revlon item around 80. Unless a couple wanted to spend "a night on the town" extravagantly, it could have a fair dinner, a little wine, and good dance music for about 60-70 forints, instead of Michener's 250. The man who felt exalted on hearing Mozart's *Requiem*

on his radio because "he was again able to hear the music of the West," must have been kidding Mr. Michener. Some of the finest Bach music I have ever heard was played by a Hungarian orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer at the Zene Akademia in Budapest. This list could be continued for pages. But the point I want to make is this: the devil is black and needs no blackening; the best way to tell his story is with plain facts very plainly told. What makes Mr. Michener's account even more objectionable is that he has chosen to tell the story of the revolt in what are, in effect, fictional terms. Much of the book consists of profiles of composite persons—workers, intellectuals, a secret police agent. This device tends to reflect, not real human beings, but images already in the writer's mind. Mr. Michener's heroes and villains are two-dimensional and arty, his writing patriotic-purple, and his book dissatisfying.

Peter Fryer's *Hungarian Tragedy* (Dobson. London. \$1) is a fascinating little book—as much for the author's identity as for what it tells. Long on the staff of the London *Daily Worker*, Fryer was sent to Hungary to cover the revolt, but his dispatches were not printed. He then resigned from the paper, and was later expelled from the party. I have no sympathy for Fryer, who had been a hack Communist propagandist for many years. Yet, some of the facts he reports in this book are worth noting (such as his strong denial of "White Terror"), and his

angry denunciation of Soviet policy and Communist practices is a good measure of the disillusionment that the upheaval in Hungary brought to Western Communists.

As for the Russian accounts of the revolution, they all sound as if they came out of the Agitprop mill in Moscow. Typical of this stuff is V. Leonov's *The Events in Hungary* (Moscow. 1957), which insists that "there is no longer any doubt that this was a counter-revolutionary putsch, although the overwhelming majority of the popular masses who took part . . . were honest working people and genuine patriots. . . ." The "ideological leaders" of the revolt were—so help me—"Cardinal Mindszenty, Prince Lichtenstein, Count Takacs Tolvai, Count Esterhazy and others. . . ." The prime minister—the name thoughtfully omitted, but it was not Nagy—asked for Soviet armed intervention, and "the Soviet Union could not, of course, refuse a request for help made by a friendly country."

I want to conclude this report on a happier note. I understand that the second crop of books on the revolution is almost ready for harvesting. Among the authors are Paul Ignatus, Palocz-Horvath and Aczel. Knowing something at least about the first two, I look forward with pleasant anticipation to an adult and well-informed discussion of a great event in history. Meanwhile, I shall remain content with Mikes's book and the RFE compilation of Hungarian broadcasts.

## The Sieve of Opinion

**POLITICS AND THE NOVEL.** By Irving Howe. Horizon Press. 251 pp. \$3.50.

**Lewis Dabney**

IN MODERN SOCIETY people are caught up in ideology and subject to its ravages. The peculiar importance of the political novel is that it confronts ideology with all that is enduringly human, dramatizing the constant tension between public and private experience, ideology and emotion. Irving Howe's book explores this tension through a

study of political fiction from Dostoevski and Conrad to Malraux, Silone, Koestler and Orwell, with Hawthorne and James, Stendhal and Turgenev considered as related writers. Howe attempts, within the limits of a collection of essays, to clarify the actual role of ideas in fiction, to establish the characteristics of the political novel and trace its growth into our time.

His first and largest group of essays is a study of the nineteenth century novel, of the political attitudes of Stendhal, Dostoevski, Conrad, Turgenev and James as dramatized in this fiction. He probes the ideological background of *The Charterhouse of Parma*, *The Pos-*

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sessed, *Nostromo*, stressing Stendhal's alienation, his cult of energy and subversive use of farce, Dostoevski's revolutionary temperament in conflict with his reactionary opinions, Conrad's fascination with anarchists and radicals, with the whole political arena his conscious mind abhorred. These novelists discovered the claims of ideology and exposed them to the pressure of private emotion, as Turgenev and James used the political personality to explore psychological problems. Their novels refute the dogma that abstract ideas are bad for a work of art because they knew, as Howe expresses it, how to confront "the monolith of program with the richness and diversity of motive, the purity of ideal with the contamination of action." Writing at a distance from their subject but within a vital cultural tradition, they could sense the revolutionary pressures building up under society and absorb them into their novels.

If one takes as a norm these nineteenth century European political novels, one concludes from Howe's essays that American novelists have never fully coped with ideology, and that modern European political novels are weak in the exploration of individual motivation, in æsthetic distance and perspective. American political life, conditioned by our isolation and abundance, has never deeply moved the novelist; it does not reflect dramatic social conflict, "the kind of irrevocable struggle...we associate with the life of ideology in Europe."

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In America, with the exception of novels like *Democracy*, *The Blithedale Romance* and *The Bostonians*, novels which grapple with ideology through cultural and sexual issues and to which Howe devotes a fine chapter, the political novel has given place to what he calls novels of corruption in government, to books like *All The King's Men*, for example, studies of morality in a political frame.

AT THE other extreme are the political novels of modern Europe, steeped in ideology but weak in analysis of character and without much perspective on the political pressures within which they were written. *Man's Fate*, *Bread and Wine*, *Darkness at Noon* and *1984* are studies of the rise of totalitarianism, the perversion of revolutionary ideas, the loss of faith of the radical intellectual. Each of these novels is both an act of protest and a search for a saving perspective, which Malraux finds in man's capacity for sacrifice and martyrdom, Silone in the enduring pastoral simplicities, Koestler in the personal will; which Orwell does not find at all in the dark world of the future.

These writers are far from blind to the dangers of ideology; they see it, Howe points out, as a burden as well as a challenge, and attempt to transcend it in their fiction. Nor are they any more involved in ideas than was Dostoevski, for example. Yet their novels lack the stature of *The Possessed* and *Nostromo*, they fade into the events they dramatize and are always evaluated in the context of their points of view. The nineteenth century novelists who dealt with politics were greater writers not, one concludes, simply because they were conservatives, but because they were novelists first; because ideology could demand their attention

without limiting their scope as artists; because the claims of politics had not yet become total.

Ideology, then, can be a strong organizing principle or a sterile trap, depending as Howe puts it on "how much truth the writer can force through the sieve of his opinions." If one applies this yardstick to critics as well, Howe himself must rank high. His radical opinions are evident in his essays, behind his approach to the earlier Europeans and behind his critique of American political novels, but they sharpen rather than corrupt his judgment, and they seldom get in his way. Even when he becomes engaged in the ideas presented in the more recent novels, argues with Malraux, admires Silone, objects to Koestler and identifies with Orwell, he is not blind to the aesthetic intentions and problems of their fiction.

The only limitation of Howe's book lies in what it does not try to do, in accord with the fact that it is only a construct of single essays. Howe does not set the differences between the groups of novels off against the inner unity of the form; he does not discuss the exhaustion of the political novel in the fifties, or the lines of possible renewal. Transitions are sketchy, the emphasis of the essays themselves changes. But *Politics and the Novel* is an important book. The central tension of the political novel is the basis of Howe's critical method as well, his commitment both to politics and to the perspective of fiction. Ideology, he admits, does not easily dovetail with the concrete focus of the novel, but when it does the two illuminate each other, and the result is a challenge to more specialized minds. Howe's book, about warring impulses by a man who has brought them into fruitful relation, shares and maintains that challenge.

## Igor Stravinsky

Lincoln Kirstein

IGOR STRAVINSKY will be seventy-five years old on June 17. The following article has been written to celebrate that occasion.

THE core of genius is not easy to fix, even with the advantages of historical perspective. When a man is still creating compositions of unrelieved novelty, even after fifty years, it becomes more difficult. Hardest of all is to try to specify the quality of gifts like Stravinsky's, which, while they have developed with relentless logic over the half-century, seem more akin to quick-

silver than to the oaken trunks with which it is more comfortable to associate absolute prestige. Stravinsky has always resisted canonization. He will not license his "wisdom" to be documented on an "educational" TV short with mood-music from his more familiar recordings. He may be "great," but the aura of bard, mage, oracle is not of his choosing.

His mind is too active, restless, sharp to make comfort for a solid cult. An acetylene torch is bright and cuts steel but it does not glow like a domestic hearth. Stravinsky has never been cap-

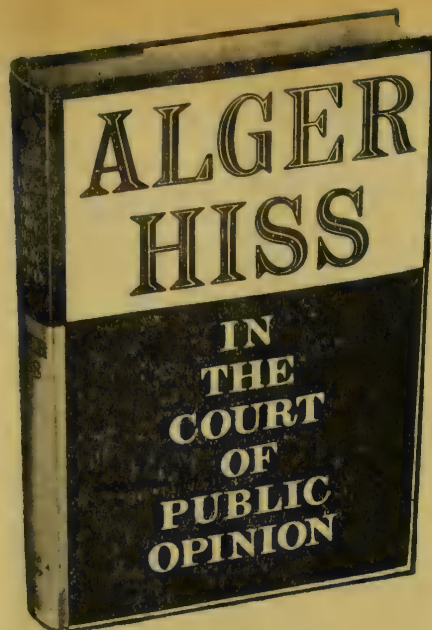


tured by his myth or his critics. In his life, as in his art, he is a realist—possibly a lyric-realist, but with a working intelligence so devoid of self-deception that he repels the benevolent sunset which crowns other mellow careers. Thorns protect him. That he is “popular” is more apparent than that he is “great.” But this popularity is a paradox. For fifty years, purveyors of music have competed for the privilege of first performances they must have known would be rewarded only by riots, or more recently by sophisticated disdain. A bittersweet baptism of opposition, violent or apathetic, convinced or snobbish, has been the fairly habitual response to this artist who has taught the whole Western world to listen anew to newness—in rhythm, sonority, the whole idiom of musical utterance—while enriching theatre, concert hall and opera house with a large repertory of works which are actually repeated, and with increasing frequency.

ANXIETY, tension, discord, dislocation, instability, aggression and hysteria he has had to dominate as has everyone else who survives the times. Instead of permitting history to plunge him, as a sensitive being of consummate gifts, into a predictable (however powerfully expressed) self-pity, romantic apology or elegant nostalgia, he has seized the most disturbing and destructive aspects of his epoch and imposed on them an order which adjudicates between the anxious present and serenity with almost prophetic austerity. The pre-atomic assault of *The Rites of Spring* seems today, forty-five years after its inception, to relate far more to what has happened in the world since 1913, than to “pictures of pagan Russia.” Stravinsky’s unique ability to disassociate accepted rhythmic formulae; his superimposition of levels of syncopation with a metrical over-drive based on formal structure; his drawn hair-wire delicacy in separating color and quality of instrumental choirs, give his work the final tight twist of fierce insistence which always makes for stubborn and exacerbating novelty.

Stravinsky has done something else which perhaps only workers in other fields of the arts fully appreciate. In painting, surface transparency and devotion to objective delineation, which composed a Grand Style for more than 500 years, has been overthrown in two generations by a coarse, permissive, idiosyncratic expressionism, rooted in self-pity and ostentation; in sculpture, stone-cutting has been abandoned for a superficial linear embroidery in three dimen-

June 15, 1957



*“One of the most deeply disturbing human documents of our time”\**

**\*JONATHAN DANIELS:** “No one can lightly dismiss so solemn a reaffirmation of innocence as Alger Hiss has written. It is at least one of the most deeply disturbing human documents of our time. I do not feel it necessary to agree that hysteria harried Hiss to prison to realize after reading his book that history will have on its hands one of the world’s great mysteries of dark guilt or even darker persecution. Those who revile Hiss as traitor and those who regard him as victim will both find here a disturbing, exciting story of a man caught in a labyrinth of our own times. Hiss speaks his innocence. I can only attest the moving power of his protestation.”

**CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN:** “A book written with dignity by a man sure of his innocence, yet who on no page appeals for sympathy or pity. These facts are not assembled for easy reading—and by that token they are the more persuasive. The world has read the story—fantastic, cloak-and-dagger—as told by Alger Hiss’s accuser, Whittaker Chambers. In the light of our tradition of fair trial in court and fair play in the nation, America should read this first full statement by Alger Hiss.”

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sion; in architecture, honorific or monumental splendor has been reduced to the economy of more or less elegant rentable space; in prose literature, visual or aural journalism has swamped the novel and the drama. It is in music, and in music alone, that the accumulation of almost a millennium of usable tradition has been preserved for present and future practice, as in the compositions of Stravinsky.

WHAT was criticised as pastiche in *Pulcinella*, as perversity in *Apollon*, arise from their sources in Pergolesi or Delibes through an alchemy so complete that it is as if old gold were fused into a new metal, no less precious than the original, but suited to new strains and uses. Stravinsky's peculiar method of inspiration, which is often re-discovery, assimilation or saturating absorption, has nothing in common with the compulsive, automatic or greedy jocosity of certain famed painters of the School of Paris. Those men have won negotiability and prestige by fragmenting prior models, disregarding any method save improvisation, or any style save a poster-like delivery suitable to the broadest possible merchandising through reduced re-

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production. As against Stravinsky's fastidious operation on Rossini or Tchaikowsky, one sets Picasso's doodling with Aldorfer or Delacroix. The fragmented painting or series of sketches read only as a more or less amusing gloss, but have their true function when diluted on record-covers, luxury advertising and travel-posters. There is no doodling in Stravinsky, nor that vaunting repetition of a brutal tone which results in an insistent commentary neither equivalent nor superior to the original source. He has always disciplined his cursive imagination to a calligraphic perfection. If his ear has been set tingling by Bach, Mozart, Glinka, Mendelssohn or Handel, he honors the past master with tenderness and an exquisite delicacy, founded on complete and loving comprehension, delivered with a scrupulous moral homage in surface and texture. The "great" artist as improviser, acrobat and amateur has increasingly appealed to a public which cares less and less to look, except when flipping the big color pages of the mass picture-press; less and less to hear, except to the accredited orchestral demigods. The painting, the composed music, is submerged in the flashy performance; it is mostly a question of how, not what, is performed.

Much of the now-canonical resistance to a new Stravinsky piece, whether in 1916, 1926 or 1956, has derived from the ambivalent atmosphere of its initial presentation. There is his take-it-or-leave-it equanimity which focuses an almost monumental aura of alert suspense upon the rehearsals. How can anyone or everyone else have doubts when he has none? There is his built-in insulation from critics, since he shook the life-giving source of Mother Russia off his heels (in 1912) and assumed the dubious airs of an international diplomat. There are the oracular leaks to his chosen exegetes. There is the tropism of the self-summoned band of composers, one and two generations behind him, who await the first notes of a new score as unwelcome revelation, hopefully discounting it in advance with a

superstitious folk-sign of protective malediction: "Please, Lord, don't let me be influenced, again." Then the sounds of the score, then the study of the score, then the compositions of imitators, ungrateful, but compelled.

Some people are born to write or build for their time; Stravinsky was born to hear for us. This does not mean that the time forgives him. We revenge ourselves as best we can. Thus it was with *The Rake's Progress* at the Metropolitan Opera, with the *Canticum Sacrum* at San Marco last summer; thus it will be with the new ballet *Agon* (The Contest) next November. Both informed and special audiences and the general public have had to collect their energies to resist or absorb the shock to their habits of taste and listening, which to a great degree have been formed over the last half century by hearing just such premieres in Basle and Boston, Venice or Paris, Los Angeles or London. But "damn braces; bless relaxes." Stravinsky's is not a relaxing temperament.

HE is truly an international, not a Russian, French, or American composer; recently he has made noises like some new and old Germans. Born into a static hierarchy dominated by the Czar as Patriarch; attached to state theatres whose lavish subsidy from the sovereign's privy purse was an indication of the political prestige accorded the performing arts, Stravinsky was raised as a professional servitor of his muse. He has always been the master music-maker, as others were master jewellers. He has been required to deliver gem-studded musical Easter-eggs in every form and style. He has served as a central sound-service with almost imperial authority. And like the service of royalty, his is sometimes modest and anonymous; sometimes willful; sometimes even frightening.

He has accepted commissions as they came along with no complaint of forced work. On the other hand he has never backed for films, although he prefers the amiable weather of Southern California. He has worked hard and has supported himself from his music. It has not been easy; half of his works, unprotected by the copyright conventions applying to Western Europe, were pirated for years. He has had to bide his time. *Scènes de Ballet* was at the outset ill-served by a producer who thought to pay off on Stravinsky's prestige, and certainly did not bargain to be saddled with a concert-masterpiece; but the score survived for later, better productions. *The Rake's Progress*

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was first denied its proper scale and style at the Metropolitan; but it proceeded to other houses where its micro-matic grandeur was honored. After one of his works has been born, it demonstrates a dynamism, a capacity for getting itself done, again and again.

The fact that Stravinsky has been able to exist, that in his own lifetime he has seen and heard his repertory become the musical signature of his century, belies the despairing generalization which has been the epitaph of lesser powers—that an age of anxiety permits neither grandeur, elegance nor permanence. He has given a new pattern of permanent flux and expanding possi-

bility. The analysis of tension, the philosophic playfulness in its face, the resistance to that tragic, compassionate anguish which is half a step from self-exhaustion are the powers in Stravinsky which infer, by irony, the liveliness of the tradition of which he is part and master, and the chance of its further extension on a grand scale in the grand style.

*LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the director of The New York City Ballet and a vice president of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Conn. He is the author of Dance, among many books and articles on the arts.*

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

THE HERO of *A Face in the Crowd* is a chimera made up in approximately equal parts of Will Rogers, Huey Long and Arthur Godfrey. Such is the quality of the picture that he is also appallingly real—a loathsome, terrifying and at times pitiable barbarian conqueror of the Age of Persuasion.

In their second project together (*On the Waterfront* was their first movie) Budd Schulberg and Elia Kazan have written and directed the 1984 of Madison Avenue. It is the focus, the almost perfect expression, of the fears and warnings that have been issuing from the agencies and the studios with rising frequency in the past few years.

*A Face in the Crowd* is satire, it is caricature, it is melodramatic slapstick at a very high level. For all the urgency of their decent fears about the engineering of consent, Schulberg and Kazan have not fallen into the trap of pamphleteering; they have composed a film of character and event that should attract an audience across the whole spectrum from bopsters to elder statesmen.

The power of the picture is more in the quality of its details and execution than in its narrative idea. You will have come upon the story, or something very like it, before: a girl reporter for a small Southern radio station unearths in the county jail a vagrant who plays the guitar and has a gift for unabashed chitchat with an idle, mindless audience. His music is routine, his humor is dim, his generosity is opportunistic; his genius is compounded of boundless vitality and utter contempt for values outside the slob society he represents. And he has a laugh as infectious as typhoid. That is Larry Rhodes, known as Lonesome to his adoring public.

Rhodes soon moves on to a Nashville TV station, where he sells mattresses by ridiculing their manufacturer, and then to Madison Avenue, where he sells vitamin pills by implying that they are aphrodisiacs, and a presidential candidate by lowering his I.Q. about forty points

and giving him a wad of gum to chew. Rhodes is L'il Abner come to life, simple, lovable, drunken, lecherous, half-crazed and as trustworthy as a moron with a meat cleaver. He is without loyalty or scruple, and largely without guile. Others back him for the power he has, but for him power is an end in itself. He is, in purest distillation, the voice of the mob. Finally he is destroyed by the girl who created him (she reverses the microphone switches in the control booth and allows Rhodes's worshippers to hear his uncensored opinion of them). As the picture ends, however, another



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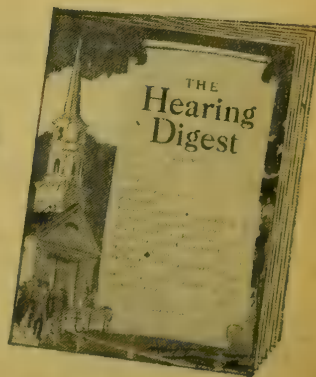
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press agent has just brought another "country boy" to town—the Yahoo voice goes on.

Set down in print, Rhodes may not sound so dangerous. But when you watch him on the screen you find yourself slipping under his spell: laughing back to his braying laugh, relishing the release of his vulgarity, creeping toward the circle of his animal warmth. He makes being human seem hard work and not worth the effort.

This implies brilliant acting and Andy Griffith, in his first movie, is precisely brilliant. Mr. Griffith is a Southerner who has taught school, toured the Southern night club circuit with a monologue act, appeared many times as Sir Walter Raleigh in Paul Green's perennial, *The Lost Colony*. Two winters ago he became a Broadway star as the red-neck recruit in *No Time for Sergeants*. On that occasion he played the pretty side of the natural superman; this time he plays the ugly side, and it is incomparably the more impressive performance. He rises from shiftless delinquency to megalomaniac cruelty in a steady surge of destructive energy. Giving Kazan full credit for a fine stint of directing, I still feel sure that Mr. Griffith has had his face rubbed in the real filth of arrogant ignorance. He must have learned that laugh back in the Talmadge country.

The stature of *A Face in the Crowd*

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shows itself in its asides as well as in its main theme. Its views on national advertising are deft, witty, and a crucifixion of grey flannel ethics. It stages a contest for drum majorettes which is a definitive comment on this precocious and athletic form of sexual provocation. Its brief description of the legislator in the hands of the professional entertainer is peculiarly sharp in a time when Robert Montgomery has the run of the White House. Schulberg and Kazan are so steeped in their subject that their remarks in passing flick with the easy accuracy of a whip.

Most surprising for the screen—where usually events move but characters remain fixed—the people in *A Face in the Crowd* are irrevocably changed by experience. Patricia Neal, the great man's discoverer and Girl Friday, does not even look like the same woman by the time the picture is over. Her face is changed, her carriage, her voice and her attack on life. Rhodes in the same way changes from rolling stone to juggernaut. The picture is a monstrous fable, but it operates by a kind of realism that Hollywood seldom attains.

THE GREEN MAN, in which Alastair Sim plays an amateur of assassination, is jolly good summer nonsense. It's true that Mr. Sim's stock in trade, the middle-aged elf, is not a character that grows more endearing with familiarity. Nevertheless, his buffoonery is dexterous and faultlessly paced, and this time he works in team with George Cole, whom I vaguely remember having seen before, but whose comic gifts I did not remember. He plays a stalwart door-to-door salesman whose ironic reaction to skulduggery and social embarrassment has the authentic flavor of British middle-class wit.

ONE of the continuing mysteries of show business is the gullibility of its experts. Mistakes are made in every trade, but bankers do not habitually buy gold bricks and real estate operators can rarely be enticed by tidal acreage. Yet here is Preston Sturges coming out of retirement with *The French They Are a Funny Race*, which any messenger boy on Eighth Avenue could spot instantly as a dud. The French are as funny as any other race, but this picture tends to prove the opposite. Jack Buchanan, as the Major Thompson whose notebooks are being filmed, seems to have observed nothing worth recording and he is poleaxed by lines of almost malignant dullness. Noel-Noel, a reliable French comedian, is kept extremely busy libeling the *esprit* of his countrymen.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

MODERN jazz musicians and the composers of concert music are forever casting predatory glances toward each other's preserves. The jazz men, in search of structural resources and, perhaps, respectability, frequently invoke the techniques of Baroque contrapuntal writing. Some of them have gone twelve-tone. Writers of serious music, on the other hand, are not insensitive to the vitality and unusual coloration of jazz. They have expropriated such instruments as they could from the percussion section; their brass writing has been affected by the virtuoso flights of the jazz trumpeters and trombonists; even the lowly banjo and the saxophone have been tested for mettle. Indeed, the very inner substance of much American concert music reveals an absorption of jazz ideas, especially rhythmic.

*Music for Moderns*, a series of concerts which the violinist Anahid Ajemian and her husband, George Avakian, a Columbia Records executive, presented at Town Hall, was intended to "bridge the traditional but artificial barrier between the so-called serious and light interpretations of similar musical ideas." I would have said beforehand that such nebulously formulated ambitions must come to nothing. The language of the statement is loose, but if it means that a basic separation between the jazz and serious genres is not natural and advantageous to both, I disagree. In effect, however, two of the programs which placed the music of modern jazz ensembles alongside that of Debussy, Satie, Chavez, Surinach and Hovhanness, provoked a number of interesting comparisons.

On the first of these, the Modern Jazz Quartet (piano, vibraharp, bass, percussion) played excerpts from a score to the movie, *Sait-On Jamais*, composed by the group's pianist, John Lewis. A more evanescent concoction can hardly be imagined. Within a repressed dynamic range, hardly exceeding *mezzo-forte*, the score presented finely-etched wisps of melody and instrumental sonority, often fugally disposed, and mixed them with tiny, rhythmic metallic clashes from the percussionist, restrained bass colloquies, and ripples of color and melody from the piano and vibraharp. It was thoroughly sophisticated; a kind of aural hashish. And I was astonished to observe how much this music had in



common with the Debussy Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp, played by John Wummer, Walter Trampler and Edward Vito. Not that the two works actually sounded alike. But in their sensitive attitudes toward instrumental sonorities, and in their vigorously limited intellectual substance, they matched each other with remarkable equality.

BY contrast, the music of the Chico Hamilton Quintet, which came on the second program, seemed bulky, unintegrated, and derivative of earlier jazz styles. Mr. Hamilton, the percussionist, adheres for the most part to the steady beat which has long characterized jazz, but which constitutes one of its basic limitations. He apparently loves the percussion cadenza, too, and even in the *Concerto Petite* which the ensemble's 'cellist, Fred Katz, composed for Miss Ajemian and the quintet, a large, extraneous chunk was devoted to such an enterprise.

The "serious" half of this program was directed by Carlos Surinach, the young Spanish composer-conductor. It comprised his *Ritmo Jondo*, a brief, flamenco-inspired suite for trumpet, clarinet, and percussion (including three people who clap hands); Chavez' *Toccata for Percussion*; and the first performance of Hovhanness' *October Mountain*. This latter work (also for percussion ensemble) brought back the memory of the Modern Jazz Quartet, for here again, textures were lean, and the sonorities calculated with almost Oriental refinement. Hovhanness has long been working with Eastern modes and has great security within his exotic style. Sometimes he misgauges, as in the third movement of *October Mountain*, and spins his material too thinly and monotonously. But his ear is acute and his self-created microcosmos is usually fascinating to explore. Chavez, by contrast, draws his lines with a heavy pencil, and the *Toccata*, while consistently interesting, does not employ the percussion orchestra with particular ease. Somewhere, there is a fine distinction between percussion writing which gets off the ground and that which does not. The Chavez score, I would say, strains at the moorings, but does not really move.

So much for comparisons. As I have indicated, it is my belief that jazz and serious music, stemming from different historical roots, represent dissimilar intellectual and social phenomena and should be accepted as so doing. By careful selection of the music for these two concerts, certain related areas of operation were helpfully emphasized. But

## What Can Be Made From Nothing

O it is beautiful, beautiful,  
what can be made from nothing!  
A tiger lurks in the seed  
of the trumpet vine.  
A warrior marches brilliant in the sky.  
Hideous and sad  
by the roadside  
a great old bull  
deplores his chains.

DIANE D'ANDRADE

works for percussion orchestra fall within a very specialized province of "serious" music, and the Debussy Sonata, among chamber works, is also highly atypical. It is interesting to hear such music side-by-side with modern jazz. But it does not establish a basic point of togetherness.

As it turned out, the most engaging piece on either program was an isolate, and could not, thus, be compared or contrasted. This was Erik Satie's *Sports et Divertissements*, a set of twenty-one piano pieces published in tandem with a folio of wondrously awful drawings by one Charles Martin. Not only did Satie compose the music; he wrote sharp little Dadaist poems on the score itself, and it was these that Virgil Thomson, with his unique gifts as *raconteur*, translated and read. William Masselos, one of our most extraordinary young pianists, played the music, and the drawings were projected on a screen. The total effect, because of Mr. Thomson's witty penetration of the texts, was wryly hilarious. Satie wrote concerning *Sports et Divertissements*: "This is a work of pure whimsy—let no one mistake that." He need not have feared.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

IT might well happen that the Mickey Cohen affair will send TV scurrying back to the safety of filmed interviews or conversations carefully supervised by the teleprompter. The exciting technique of candid questioning, which Mike Wallace developed last fall on a local New York station, is perilously close to being destroyed by its own creator, aided by a scandal-happy press which has abetted a former West Coast gangster's pursuit of his waning notoriety. The derogatory remarks Cohen made on the Wallace show have caused insulted Los Angeles public officials to threaten libel suits

against him, Wallace and the American Broadcasting Company. The network, having landed Wallace from his local pond, is reported uncertain what to do with its currently troublesome catch.

It would be irresponsible to throw away an opportunity for viewers to gain an insight into the minds of thoughtful people they could meet only on TV because of the "danger" of unrehearsed, live interviews. Before discarding what might become a step out of the limbo of mediocrity, the concept of the Wallace show should be examined again. On his local show, Wallace was able to combine some sensitive and penetrating interviews with a considerable amount of tabloid copy. But when he made the coast-to-coast switch, he seemed to surrender completely to a sensational approach. His choice of guests is damning evidence; Gloria Swanson, the Im-

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perial Wizard of the K.K.K., Earl Browder and the brash Mickey are important only because of the extremes to which each has gone in his own way. This very excessiveness is played up by Wallace with more moderate subjects. Wayne Morse was "the most controversial" senator, Philip Wylie's momism shaped his interview.

When he sacrificed the spirit of genuine inquiry into the interior of people's minds—which must certainly be as interesting as the interior of their homes—Wallace lost the quality of his original *Night Beat* program. This does not mean that any and all people interviewed on TV must be edited, teleprompted and directed into a vacuum of acceptable sameness. People who are legitimately interesting do not need to be run through their paces on a leash, and the everlasting attraction of human beings for human beings does not need an overlay of sensationalism to survive. Individuals who will attract a national audience are obviously more difficult to find than those who can draw well locally, but ABC also has facilities and resources far greater than any local station. The real question is whether it has the seriousness, respect and good taste necessary to keep the Mike Wallace show both alive and free.

THE spectacular or, if you will, sensational aspects of desegregation have been covered by TV news during the last two years. Leaders in the social struggle have appeared from time to time on various panel shows, and *See It Now* did a documentary study last fall on "Clinton and the Law." To fill out this rather skimpy documentation, the Fund for the Republic has put together an hour-long film, *Segregation and the South*, which will be carried by the ABC network on Sunday, June 16. In showing this film, ABC is doing a service to viewers who might otherwise not see it, and to the Fund, which could otherwise reach only a limited audience.

The film attempts to tell more than the headline story. In watching a preview, I was impressed by the many anonymous faces, the small stories, the quiet incidents that provided a new warmth and depth of understanding. The Autherine Lucy story was combined with short shots of other students whose college careers were smoother, a Negro student at his desk on which was a picture of his girl, a panel discussion of Negroes and whites on their mutual attitudes. Sharply moving was a rehearsal held in a Montgomery church in anticipation of the end of the bus boycott. With their preacher at the "wheel," parishioners clambered in and out of a line of chairs, practicing a dignified insistence on their right to choose a seat. These excellent passages were interwoven with all-too-familiar news shots of the K.K.K., the bus strike, terrorism and violence in the schools.

*Segregation and the South* presents a mass of material, loosely strung together with narrative, which I found less effective than the organized structure of "Clinton and the Law." Lacking an orderly frame of dates and places, it was difficult to follow. An occasional map would have helped. It seemed to me that the producers were almost as overwhelmed by the problem as the South itself. By combining its own film with commercial newsreel footage, the Fund's production crew fell into a confusion of shifting pace and depth of interest. Nevertheless, *Segregation and the South* is a valuable document which one can hardly afford not to see.

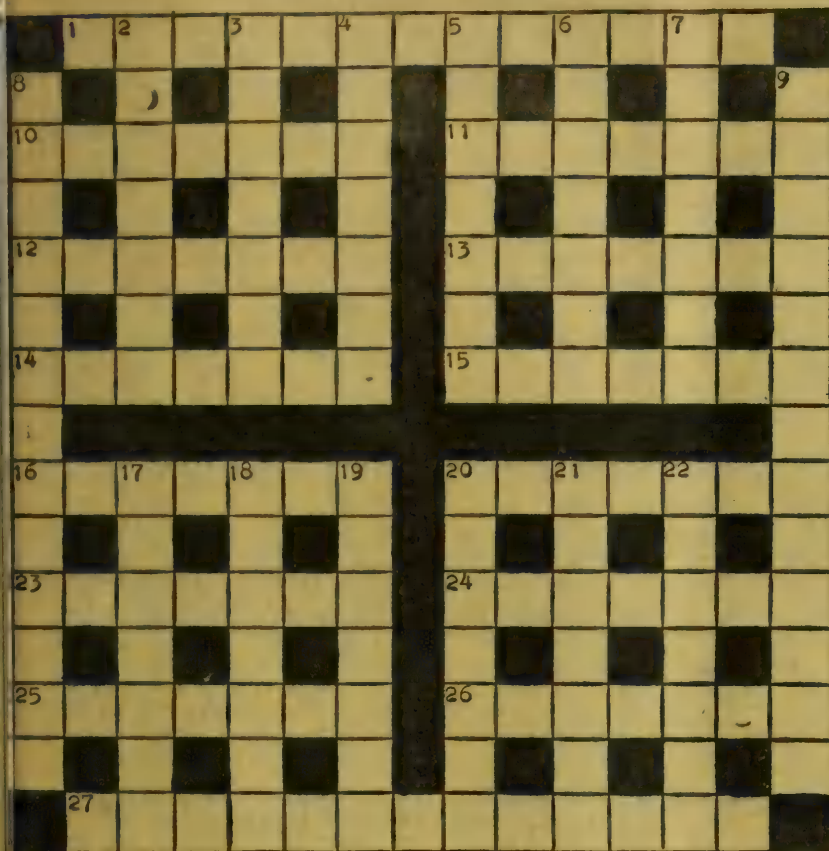
**VIEWING NOTES:** The only magic in NBC's *Festival of Magic* was in the five fingers of Cardini's hand as a camera close-up revealed its implausible dexterity with a small white ball. The other international "magicians" all seemed to have bought their tricks at the same two-for-a-quarter store.

The first of Billy Graham's four Saturday night telecasts was astoundingly effective television. The ABC cameras caught the huge scale of Madison Square Garden and the mood of concentration. Graham's encouraging voice, his evocative gestures, his complete self-assurance all lent authority and a compelling quality. It was obvious that the program was not planned to satisfy the curiosity seeker; audience close-ups were few and far between, and the faces of the 465 who made "decisions for Christ"—on a coast-to-coast network—were blurred. But the N.Y. Crusade Committee got its full \$70,000 worth of Graham at work.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 728

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 A race a blue cat organized to a degree. (13)
- 10 I would shortly, in the consequence of being seen. (7)
- 11 Iris fan, but more logically descriptive of a tulip fan. (7)
- 12 Chiefly nocturnal, largely arboreal, and almost omnivorous. (7)
- 13 "Bec" (nose), in rather disgusting shape. (7)
- 14 Certainly not as broad as it is long! (7)
- 15 Relation to mention in turn, due to motion. (7)
- 16 A little flower? (7)
- 20 10, but not through experience. (1, 6)
- 23 Land in land. (7)
- 24 Lamb to toss in front of a flower. (7)
- 25 Witness? (7)
- 26 Back disorder, perhaps not serious, but none the less true about a performance. (7)
- 27 Would leave only an "E", but it's not a conscious quality. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 Quite the opposite of 14. (Notice I seem to ask the question?) (7)
- 3 Groovy? (Belief about like this!) (7)

- 4 I am coming in afterwards with the English churchman. (7)
- 5 Kick out someone like 4? (7)
- 6 A score in this is poor, as he discovered. (7)
- 7 A fork to dispose of under canvas? (7)
- 8 It looks like the devil to struggle about at this, for example. (13)
- 9 One can't tell about such things! (13)
- 17 You can't get over duress without a vigorous condition at heart. (7)
- 18 Look at the beginning! He's following, and hates it! (7)
- 19 A number almost exercises an attachment for plant life. (7)
- 20 Tempts. (7)
- 21 Polish representation of a river. (7)
- 22 Are such religious functionaries depressed? (7)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 727

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## EDITORIALS

### Upset in the North

Montreal

One night last week Canadian TV featured a gallery of startled faces. Pundits, editors, politicians, even the local version of UNIVAC, were trying vainly to comprehend and to explain a stunning political upset. The Liberal Party, which had held power for thirty-one of the past thirty-six years, had been all but shattered in an election. The debacle was general; one after another, members of the Cabinet—ministers of trade, finance, defense, revenue, justice, labor, posts—were toppled. And by midnight, a stunned “Uncle Louis” St. Laurent saw his Liberals converted from a national party into one speaking mainly with the separatist accents of his native French Quebec.

Politicians and pollsters (including Gallup’s, which erred stupendously) will long argue the causes of the Liberal calamity. The current post-mortems can offer only half-hearted guesses. First, it is said, the voter had begun to feel it was “time for a change.” (“The government,” wrote *The Montreal Star*, “died of old age.”) Second, he had been persuaded that the government had become “dictatorial.” The Tories and the Socialists found plenty of ammunition in last year’s acrimonious debate—ended by a peremptory closure—over the huge federal loan to a group of American promoters for the Trans-Canada gas pipeline. The choice villain usually was C. D. Howe, the government’s tremendously able American-born “strong man.” Howe has now lost the seat he held for twenty-two years to an obscure Socialist, and at the awful moment of defeat the chorus of a McGill University musical revue sang, “Uncle Lou, Uncle Lou, what’s to become of you, and Howe?” Third, the Liberals had the ill luck of running head-on into too many provincial resentments. Fourth, the Liberals had miscalculated the amazing effectiveness of John Diefenbaker, the Progressive-Conservative (Tory) leader, with his old-fashioned political oratory and a Kefauverian capacity for hand-shaking. Fifth, the election may have been swayed by the undertone of anti-Americanism one finds throughout Canada. The roots of this antagonism lie in the prairie farmer’s fear of U.S. wheat dumping in the world markets; in the pipe-

line debate and the discovery that a handful of promoters had made millions on the pipeline stock; and, of course, in the suicide of Ambassador Herbert Norman after he was goaded by the U.S. Internal Security subcommittee. Mr. Diefenbaker, with his call for close empire ties and for the end to “American economic domination,” profited by these resentments.

What of the future? The parties are now balanced with such precision, no stable government is possible. To govern, a party needs 134 seats. Yet, the Tories have only 110, the Liberals 103, the Socialists 25, and the oil-rich Rightist Social Credit, 19. The Socialists, thus, can keep a cabinet in power or wreck it at will. Since neither major party would want to depend long on Socialist mercies, a new election is almost inevitable.

Meanwhile, there are marginal matters worth noting. Now seventy-five, “Uncle Lou” must soon give up Liberal leadership. With Finance Minister Harris unseated, the choice will probably fall on one of two other able men—Paul Martin and “Mike” Pearson. Though long a favorite target in Washington, Pearson is widely regarded here as one of the West’s better diplomats. Thus, his loss to the External Affairs Department may be mitigated by his election to party leadership.

Also worth considering is the effect of the Liberal debacle on Canada’s relations with the United States. These rest on some fundamental economic, geographic and military facts; and—as Pearson has repeatedly stressed—on basic issues the two nations must act in concert. But stresses are unavoidable, and—many here feel—not far away. If and when trouble does come, the United States may well have to pay a stiff price for the heavy-handedness of the Internal Security subcommittee.

### On Frivolity and the Fifth

Senator John L. McClellan has been named “Father of the Year,” but not, so far as we know, Grand High Executioner of Public and Private Sinners—at least not yet. . . . The other day the spectacle of Dave Beck, Jr. invoking the protection of the Fifth Amendment 130 times in a single session of the Select Committee

on Labor-Management Relations caused the Senator to cry out in bitter protest against the frivolous and irrelevant use of the amendment; if continued, he said, it might cause law enforcement "to break down all over the country." At about the same time, the Senator indulged in a bit of eavesdropping and managed to overhear an attorney advising "a slim, dark-haired and modishly dressed" young lady to claim her rights under the Fifth Amendment. This prompted him to observe: "The chair's not fooled about what's going on around here."

Now if Dave Beck, Jr. has violated the laws of the land, he will presumably be prosecuted, all in Herbert Brownell's own good time; if he is an evil person, God will judge him. But Senator McClellan is not God and, although he once held the exalted office of prosecuting attorney of the seventh judiciary district in Arkansas, he is no longer a law-enforcement official. If the committee's questions were relevant, then Beck, Jr. was probably well-advised to plead the Fifth Amendment straight across the board, since he was clearly marked as a target for prosecution; on the other hand, if the questions were irrelevant, then the committee had no right to propound them. In either case, the Senator's wrath was uncalled for; his committee already had all the information it needed about Beck, Jr. to recommend legislation governing union funds.

As to the young lady, the Senator permitted the committee's energetic young counsel to suggest that she had attended conventions, all expenses paid, with a union official who was not her husband. If it were necessary that this juicy item of gossip be disclosed as a condition to the committee's ability to recommend legislation on labor-management relations, it could have been set forth in an affidavit. The inference is inescapable that the "chic, small-voiced brunette" was called merely to add a little zest to a dull session. Anyway, shouldn't Senator McClellan be wary about digging too deeply into American convention shenanigans? The day it becomes "frivolous" or "irrelevant" for a trim young brunette to plead the Fifth when asked with whom she attended a convention, fear and panic will spread throughout convention circles from Tacoma to Tallahassee.

The issue of the moment is not whether the Fifth Amendment can be invoked for frivolous or irrelevant reasons, but rather whether there are any constitutional limitations to the frivolous and irrelevant curiosity of Congressional committees.

## Mr. Robertson's Declining Stock

Washington

Walter S. Robertson, the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, has been extremely busy issuing denials.

Last month *Newsweek* ascribed to "insiders" the

belief that the Assistant Secretary might resign because he had been overruled on the question of American agreement to increased British and Japanese trade with China. Mr. Robertson hotly denied the truth of the story to *Newsweek's* bureau chief here.

This month the *Washington Post* reported that Dulles had vetoed a Robertson recommendation to break off the direct talks which the United States has been conducting with Communist China in Geneva for almost three years. Robertson rushed to the telephone to assure the *Post* the story wasn't true.

What the Assistant Secretary has been unable to deny, however, is that he has been publicly repudiated by the President. Many Americans think a more sensitive man would consider this ample ground for leaving the government.

On the day Britain announced its lowering of trade barriers against Red China to the level of controls against the European Soviet bloc, the State Department issued a statement under Robertson's sponsorship. The statement said the U.S. Government was "most disappointed" by the British action and declared that "The United States believed the security interests of the free world would best be promoted by the maintenance of a significant differential." By "differential," of course, is meant the severe controls on trade with China and in contrast to the lesser controls on trade with Russia and East Europe.

Six days later, the President dissociated himself from these views. Speaking of Communist China at a news conference, Mr. Eisenhower remarked that in the long run trade can't be stopped. He then directly proclaimed his dissent from the Robertson statement: "I don't see as much advantage in maintaining the differential as some do."

This time Robertson showed more self-restraint than he had with *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post*. He refrained from 'phoning the White House to demand a retraction.

Robertson is personally a friendly and agreeable man. However, in his fanatical devotion to Chiang Kai-shek, he never ceases cuddling up to the China Lobby in and around Congress. He has been consistently wrong and unrealistic, incapable of realizing that Chiang's discredited regime has as much chance of returning to the Chinese mainland as has the Ming dynasty.

Robertson has confided to one of his friends that he intends to stay at his present important post as long as Dulles is Secretary of State. Perhaps he is overestimating his powers of endurance. Since the anti-American riots on Formosa, Chiang isn't paying his friends the same political dividends any more.

As former president of the Richmond, Virginia, stock exchange, Robertson, the diplomatic bungler, should realize that he's long overdue to cut his losses and get out of the market.



# DR. JEKYLL and the A.M.A. . . by Dan Wakefield

THE DARK clouds of progress hung heavily over the 106th convention of the American Medical Association as its delegates shuffled from the Waldorf-Astoria to the New York Coliseum, confronting the dangers of radiation on the one hand and socialization on the other. The only real answer for life in our time seemed to be the one provided by the Wallace Laboratories, makers of Miltown, who dispensed the lotus in generous samples from a small but always busy booth at the convention's technical exposition.

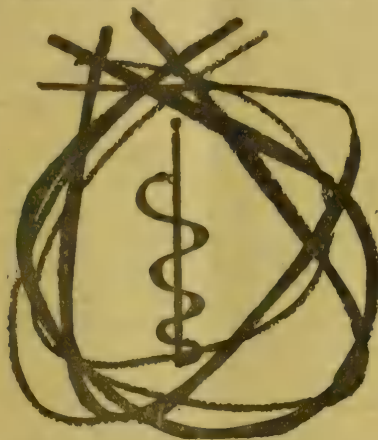
The conclave, held early this month, was the largest in A.M.A.'s history, drawing 55,847 doctors and guests, employing hundreds of workers and requiring, for the operation of the Coliseum alone, five miles of electrical cable, 10,000 square yards of carpeting, 56,000 square yards of draperies, 300,000 I.B.M. cards—which, with other un-itemized equipment, were brought by forty baggage cars and hundreds of trucks to their destination and finally resulted at the end of the convention week in the bacchanalian total of forty truckloads of debris, carted away at \$30 a load.

The magnitude of it is staggering even to the contemporary soul, and was no doubt unforeseeable by the organization's founder, one Nathan Smith Davis, a long-dead freedom fighter, who, according to the official history of the A.M.A., was "born in a log cabin on the farm near Greene, Chenango County, New York, which had been homesteaded and partially cleared of its original forest by his father, Dow Davis, an orphan, who had, when in his early teens, run away from the cobbler to whom he had been indentured."

THE RUB, of course, comes in the realization that for all the trappings, here are Dow Davis's descendants a century later and fighting off indenture again. Their British brothers

are already in chains, and here in the new world the manacles are being snapped not only by the federal government, but by union and "private" health plans—such as John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers welfare and retirement plan—which have swept upon the scene to introduce "third party" elements between patient and doctor. This threatens us all, the medicos feel, with the loss of our basic American freedoms, and it was this black issue which occupied the center of the stage for the A.M.A. House of Delegates as it wrestled with the future.

The rumors of impending doom



had begun as far back as 1933, when the A.M.A. delegates approved a report condemning the then-existing voluntary health-insurance plans with the judgment that "it is clear that all such schemes are contrary to sound public policy and that the shortest road to the commercialization of the practice of medicine is through the supposedly rosy path of insurance." But the tides were moving, and by the late forties the government was talking of national compulsory health insurance (branded by the A.M.A. as "political medicine") and the A.M.A., with the help of the Whitaker and Baxter advertising agency, was raising its voice with the slogan: "Voluntary Health Insurance—the American Way." "The American Way," however, was delimited to broad and pure insurance plans such as Blue Cross and Blue Shield, and definitely

did not include the sudden new evils of private-group plans with their own panels of doctors, such as New York's Health Insurance Plan (H.I.P.) and California's Kaiser Foundation plan. In 1954, the New York State Medical Society roared into the A.M.A. House of Delegates with a set of proposed amendments to the medical code which would have made it "un-ethical" for a doctor to work with H.I.P., which by then had 400,000 members. The house wouldn't go that far, though, and the battle was pitched independently by county medical societies, with ostracism of group-practice doctors such as took place on a long front in California, where the Los Angeles County Medical Society led the finally futile charge against the Kaiser doctors.

BUT THIS year the A.M.A. had to come to grips with the biggest dragon of them all—the United Mine Workers welfare and retirement plan. H.I.P. and Kaiser both have approximately 500,000 people enrolled, and both carry on their dark mission within the confines of a single state. The U.M.W. plan has a million beneficiaries spread through forty-five states, Alaska and the District of Columbia. It employs 6,800 physicians at a total cost of \$17,000,000 a year, and has built \$30,000,000 worth of hospitals.

Against this monster the delegates brought five different resolutions, a supplementary report by the board of trustees on "Suggested Guides to Relationships Between State and County Medical Societies and the United Mine Workers of America Welfare and Retirement Fund," and considerable passionate oratory. All the proposed resolutions and suggestions were unloaded on the Committee on Miscellaneous Business, and on the second day of the convention all who were interested joined the committee in session for hearings in the West Foyer of the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. There, where the imitation dogwood

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

June 22, 1957

bravely climbs through the inevitable smoke of deliberation, a standing-room audience heard the bleak details of the conspiracy and uttered hopeless war-cries—later judged impractical by legal advisors.

The session got under way with less urgent though similarly threatening issues, such as continuing the annual A.M.A.-sponsored high school essay contest on the topics, "The Advantages of Private Medical Care" or "The Advantages of the American Free Enterprise System." It seems that several members had sensed a certain futility in "essay contests," but a doctor from the Colorado delegation was up to tell the tale of a Denver high school class assignment on "The Advantages of Socialized Medicine" which was opposed by a doctor's daughter who had designs on the A.M.A. essay prize, but who could not very well fit the teacher's assigned topic into the competition. All saw the moral, and the resolution to maintain the contest was approved.

DISCUSSION of the main resolution against the U.M.W. fund and like menaces got off to a fiery start with the words of one of the resolution's co-authors, Dr. Everett H. Munro of the Colorado State Medical Society. Dr. Munro's resolution proposed that "voluntary participation in systems of medical care which deny patients their right of free choice of physicians as so defined, other than as may be required by the mandates of law, constitutes a violation of the Principles of Medical Ethics."

The president of the Colorado State Medical Society backed his colleague's view with the opinion that the A.M.A. had only three courses open to it, and the one embodied in this resolution was the best. A second course was to take no action at all, which would lead to the British sort of socialized medicine. The last course, which might have to be followed if the resolution failed, was the formation of a "medical guild" which would "bargain collectively with labor and management"—although this would mean the loss of dignity of the medical profession.

Conditions were as drastic all

across the land. A doctor from Michigan warned that Walter Reuther was about to inflict a medical-welfare plan comparable to the Mine Workers' on the toilers of Detroit. An embattled freedom fighter from Illinois reported that some doctors in his state were "losing \$5,000-\$15,000 a year in private practice because of the Miners' plan." Only in Mississippi was the flame of liberty still unthreatened. "We don't have this problem, but we can't tell when we might," their delegate reported, and added his sympathetic support to his colleagues' cause.

Dr. Harry Mantz, an Illinois delegate back from the front, warned the troops that "the men from Colorado [sponsors of the resolution] are very courageous because they are going to be sued. In Illinois, we can't throw out a doctor from the state medical society without danger of a federal suit."

But dangers aside, there were altogether twenty-five men to speak up in favor of the drastic measures embodied in the resolutions, and the only dissent had to come from the Devil's Disciple himself, Dr. Warren Draper, who directs the U.M.W. welfare and retirement fund. He was offered the microphone and quietly read to the delegates:

The task of providing medical care for the miners and their families was assumed by the fund in 1948 because the unnecessary suffering, disability and preventable deaths due to inadequate medical care, or none at all, were shocking to all who knew the facts. The report of a medical survey of the bituminous coal industry, conducted under government auspices in 1946, contains the statement that in some of the mining communities provisions for health are "so poor that their tolerance is a disgrace to a nation to which the world looks for pattern and guidance" . . . Any thoughtful person in full possession of the facts would know that with the investment the fund has made in medical care for its beneficiaries the program cannot stop; it must go on. Petty persecutions, such as those by certain county medical societies which endeavor to prevent the Fund from providing medical care for its beneficiaries by denying membership in the county medical society to physicians who

do so, will be settled by legal means if other measures fail. Other petty forms of persecution have already failed.

Out of the resulting silence, Chairman Dr. Peter DiNatalie called up one of A.M.A.'s lawyers, who could only tell his clients that the whole thing was "not an easy matter to discuss." In the end, it was discussed at 7:15 on the morning of the last day by A.M.A. staff legal advisors, who told the militants of the Colorado delegation that the resolutions might be fine in principle, but John L. Lewis would have them in the courts, there was no getting around it. They would have to be satisfied with the committee's report—at last adopted—which explained that although the resolutions were approved "in principle," the organization could officially do no more than "re-emphasize the American Medical Association's approval of the principle of free choice of physician and hospital," and adopt the Board of Trustees' "suggested guides" to relationships with the U.M.W.

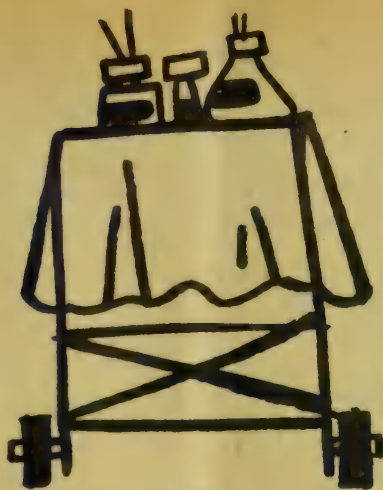
ALL WEEK long, the evils of "corporate practice" of medicine by government, unions, industries and private groups were condemned, and the "free choice of physician" upheld as being no less essential to American life than free enterprise itself. In actuality, most of the plans, including the U.M.W. fund, provide that a patient can choose from a number of doctors approved by the particular organization, and the U.M.W. fund itself allows that a beneficiary may call in any outside doctor desired and have him approved for work through the fund. But the A.M.A. still sees it as a limitation of freedom, and a start toward the end of all liberty; they proclaimed that such "corporate" practice "in many of its forms . . . is indistinguishable in practice and effect from socialization of medicine and it appears to embody all of its evils."

And yet, a recent report has estimated that 40 per cent of the nation's doctors are on a full or part-time salary, and thus themselves participants in the "ethically questionable" arrangement of allowing a



"third party" to come between the physician and his patient in their dealings. Full-scale war on the new menace is legally and practically impossible, and the A.M.A., having wrestled with it and postponed it in hopes of finding a secret weapon to smash the enemy, is now adjusted to the reality that it can carry on nothing more than harassment. The convention had to content itself finally with such small solace as could come from deleting the word "welfare"—said to have horrid "paternalistic" connotations—from all its pronouncements and replacing it with the word "well-being."

There were those who took comfort in these hopeless swipes, and the business of the house was concluded with the words of Dr. B. E. Pickett of Texas who reverently said that "although we all, 'ere long, may pass from among the children of men, what you have wrought here will not pass, but stand as a lasting monument to progressive medicine in our time." Coming from a member of the Texas delegation the optimism was notable, since the Lone Star contingent, after pushing for such resolutions as a proposal to end the U.S. income tax, might well have been depressed at the final small sallies the A.M.A. saw fit to make against the future. There was, however, comfort to be drawn in the fact that the delegates had once again held the line against



proposals to include physicians in federal social security. Connecticut had pressed for a national referendum on the matter, and New York had thrown out caution altogether and offered a resolution noting that "Doctors of Medicine are now the sole self-employed professional group excluded [from social security]; and, because of this unfair exclusion physicians must pay \$7,000 to \$25,000 more for retirement and life insurance than other citizens"; and proposing that the doctors throw in with the tide. But principle defeated temptation and the House of Delegates held fast to individualism.

Meanwhile, back at the Coliseum, the other half of the A.M.A.'s character was confronting more universal portents of doom. The A.M.A.,

as is appropriate to the times, has a split personality: the part dealing with technical aspects of medicine is known as the scientific half, while the side that carries on such affairs as were held at the Waldorf is known as socio-economic.

The scientific proceedings got off on encouraging notes, with accounts such as those of "Hearing Restoration Surgery Reported 'Perfect'" and "Doctors Report Unusual Operations to Save Man's Sight," but before the week was out we had learned that many of our athletes were hopped up with "pep pills" and that smokers of one pack of cigarettes a day might expect to have the weed subtract seven or eight years from their life. At the closing session, an Air Force colonel came to inform the doctors that "microwave radiation"—emanations of electrical energy at frequencies of several hundred million cycles a second—is increasing all the time with new and more powerful radar and television installations, and that microwave radiation can be dangerous because it can destroy by heating living tissues. "Expert opinion about how much microwave radiation is safe for man is not available," the colonel reported.

Progress presses upon us from every direction, and who can blame the A.M.A. for wanting to return to the halcyon days of the good old country doctor?

## NEW REALISM in the NEAR EAST . . by Jon Kimche

*Beirut*

THIS IS my sixteenth visit to the Middle East. Leaving aside the special case of the war of 1948, it has been the most exciting I have yet experienced. For the Middle East of the 1950s—and of the 1940s—has passed away. The Middle East of 1960 is taking shape. It is going to be very different from that with

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which we have become so familiar.

The change is not immediately apparent to the naked eye, for it is taking place not in the landscape of the region, but rather in the minds of those who are shaping its future.

*The change to realism:* A new division is in process of creation to replace those which so long served the politicians and publicists of the area. Instead of the old Arab-Israeli, Iraqi-Egyptian, or the Christian-Moslem divisions, there is now a simpler and more fundamental parting of the ways: the new thinkers

and the old. It is a split that cuts right across the old familiar unities, political, national and racial. It is as much in evidence in Israel as in Lebanon, Iraq and among the Palestinian Arabs. Without a proper appreciation of this development, no valid assessment of the Middle East is today practicable.

As far as the Arabs are concerned, the essence of this new thinking is the refreshing realism with which it is geared to the tremendous economic and intellectual advances which have been made in recent

years. For the first time since the end of World War II, the leaders of Arab thought are no longer constrained by slogans, nor do they accept the standards of "the street" as the only basis for their politics.

They stand in stark contrast to the "new romantics," who neither see nor accept the implications of the changed conditions and who have been greatly encouraged by the muddled thinking of so many of their friends in Britain and the United States. It is particularly sad to have to record that in this exciting transformation of the Middle East, British Labor and liberal opinion generally seem to side with the old order.

*Outworn labels:* The reason for this is all too evident when one takes a closer look at the Arab world. Words have been stood on their heads. Nationalism, socialism, independence and imperialism have become appended to packages the contents of which bear little resemblance to the description on the labels. But the British Left, and liberal opinion on the whole, seem to be satisfied with the label and do not bother with the contents.

The Arab world has become more realistic than that. It is beginning to see the distinction between false nationalism and real, and between genuine independence and domination by another Arab state. In the same way it is looking more closely at the pretensions of the so-called Socialist and left-wing parties. Do they stand for a program of social reform, or merely the exploitation of Socialist sympathies for the extreme forms of totalitarian nationalism based on intimate cooperation with the Russians?

*Egypt's role:* There has been a rude awakening among many Arab leaders and thinkers to the implications of pursuing a kind of pro-Soviet nationalism which rules out every form of co-existence with countries in or outside the Middle East which are not completely *gleichgeschaltet*. Similar second thoughts have also become evident in a reappraisal of the so-called Arab Socialist parties and other groups whose policies are based on international intolerance supported by domestic totalitarianism.

The principal focus of this questioning are Egypt and Colonel Nasser's philosophy of the revolution. The re-examination has taken a very realistic form: Is there a future for the Middle East under the hegemony of Nasser's Egypt as visualized by Egypt, Jordan and Syria, the signatories of the Amman Pact last October? The "new thinkers" among the Arabs are convinced that the events of the last six months have already provided the answer. For Egypt, they believe, has failed to establish her claim to leadership on each of the three counts that matter. *Politically*, she has produced no plan of social reform without which the Arab countries are doomed to stagnation; she has not even carried out her own very limited program of land reform. *Militarily*, she has shown (in the Sinai campaign) that other Arab countries cannot rely on her for effective military support for many years to come. *Economically*, the Jordan experience and developments inside Egypt have demonstrated that Egypt will have to seek economic aid for her own development rather than be a source of help for the smaller Arab states.

*Alternative leadership:* Thus, while there are still in all countries groups and parties looking to Colonel Nasser as the savior of the Middle East, their number, and especially their influence, are rapidly diminishing. The fact is that for the first time since Egypt's July revolution of 1952, probably a majority of articulate Arab opinion is looking for an alternative to Egyptian leadership.

IS THERE such an alternative?

There is, of course, Iraq. But this country has repeatedly shown itself as singularly ineffective and, in moments of crisis, fearful of taking risks. The Iraqis and their supporters in Jordan and in Lebanon argue that the threat of Israeli intervention was a good enough reason for the failure of Iraq to attempt to "federate" with either Syria or Jordan when the opportunities were presented. At the same time, they say, Iraq's British ally acted as a constant brake on Iraqi Premier

Nuri in all his efforts to advance his "Fertile Crescent" ideas. And to these factors one must add Egypt's growing influence over the whole Arab world, including Iraq.

BUT now the situation has changed. Egypt's influence is waning. The British alliance is no longer strong enough to act as a brake. Nuri has the support of the American "activists" and now also of King Saud. Furthermore, Iraq now has an additional attraction unrivalled by any other Arab country: she has enormous unspent financial resources from her oil.

The picture elsewhere has also changed in Iraq's favor. In Jordan and Lebanon regimes are now entrenched which support some kind of union or federation with Iraq. But perhaps even more important is the changed mood of articulate Palestinian Arab opinion.

The Palestinian Arabs (not the emigrés nor the refugees in the camps) seem to be becoming the realists in the Arab camp. Despite the ceaseless press and radio propaganda about their "lost paradise," they are now assessing their future prospects with calculated realism. The Sinai war demonstrated which way the wind was blowing. They are no longer looking to Cairo.

Strange as it may seem, therefore, it is the Palestinian element that is providing the impetus to the revival of the Iraqi alternative to Egyptian leadership. Thus the concept of union with Iraq has become something more than the aspiration of two young Hashemite monarchs and their aged Premiers; it has developed a popular, an economic and political base. It also has the support of the Lebanese governing coalition as well as of the American "activists" who now make Middle East policy.

Israel remains the principal obstacle to its achievement. There is, therefore, a lively discussion proceeding among Arabs, who are asking whether there are ways by which Israel can be brought to drop her opposition to a Jordan-Iraq federation which could subsequently be extended to Syria and Lebanon.

Arab leaders are inclined to argue



that even if Israel got nothing in return, federation would not constitute a threat to Israel's security. It would enable the Israeli-Arab problem to be "frozen" for perhaps ten or fifteen years, during which time the refugee question would largely solve itself and the ground would be prepared for Israel's integration into the Middle East.

But at the same time the Arabs recognize that something more than such generalized assumptions might be required to ensure Israel's benevolent neutrality towards the organization of the Fertile Crescent under Iraqi hegemony. This feeling is particularly strong since there is again a surprisingly strong current of Arab opinion which claims that Syria especially has no valid claim as an independent state and must be absorbed by the new "union."

The protagonists of this policy understand that to achieve their objective they must "buy" Israel's consent. They insist that the time is not ripe for peace, nor even for a settlement. But they do believe that

a mutually satisfactory policy can be evolved based on a program of peaceful co-existence between Israel and the new Arab Union—with the possible demilitarization of Arab Palestine.

SOME OF these ideas are old and have been heard so often before that people have ceased to take notice of them. But today, for the first time, they are also in harmony with the situation of the most affected Arab countries, and therefore assume a quality of reality which they have never had before.

Thus Albert Hourani, outstanding Arab intellectual, at his first public lecture at the American University in Beirut last month, voiced the need for the Arab countries to develop a form of co-existence with Christians and non-Arabs in the Middle East. The new climate is making itself felt not only in the Arab world, but also in Israel. The massive self-confidence which now characterizes Israel's policy-makers makes it easier for

them to reappraise their own traditional positions vis-à-vis the Arabs. In particular, this seems to apply to the possibility of some kind of Iraq-Jordan federation or union. If there were some kind of United States guarantee for Israel, backed by a firm understanding on co-existence, it is now doubtful whether the Israelis would be still as opposed to the spreading Iraqi influence as they were last October.

Nothing is yet firmly settled, but it is surely significant that the tendency on both slopes of the hill—on the Israeli and on the Arab sides—is in the same direction. The hub of Middle Eastern politics has moved from Cairo to Baghdad, and the future of Egypt has become less of a Middle Eastern and more essentially an Egyptian problem, and therefore less likely to involve the rest of the area.

With this change, conditions in the Middle East are again fluid, and politically less explosive than they have been at any time since the end of the second World War.

## FARBEN on the POTOMAC... by Al Toffler

ONE OF THE unreported facets of the recent visit of West German Chancellor Adenauer to Washington was the receipt by him of several private cables from one of his leading advisors in Germany. The messages came from Hermann Abs, a top man in the Sueddeutsche Bank and in Badische Aniline, an offshoot of the allegedly decartellized I. G. Farben empire.

Abs, suave and handsome at fifty-five, is a member of Adenauer's brain trust. A wartime director of I. G. Farben and the man considered responsible for the looting of Europe by the big German banks during the occupation, Abs is now also the head of a little-known organization called the "Society for Promotion of the Protection of Foreign Investments." The society has headquar-

ters in Cologne and Herr Abs reputedly receives \$125,000 per year for his services in its behalf.

One of the services was the unpublicized barrage of cablegrams, in which Abs urged Adenauer to inject into the joint communique issued by the Chancellor and President Eisenhower a reference to the Axis assets seized by the United States during World War II. Adenauer turned down the suggestion. The Chancellor, in fact, was reported to be irked at the attempt to tell him what to do. Nevertheless, the Chancellor is now deep in the hottest election campaign of his career. The last general election campaign in West Germany is estimated to have cost Adenauer's party in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000. And that kind of money comes from the very type of campaign contributor who is likely to be a supporter of the Society for Promotion, etc. Thus,

when a reporter asked Adenauer at a press conference whether the subject of Axis assets had arisen during his talks with Eisenhower and Dulles, the tall, rugged octogenarian replied: "This problem . . . was . . . raised . . . and we are looking for a way which would make it possible to meet the claims and the demands which are made in Germany and which are *very important from a political point of view.*" (Italics added.) The matter, he disclosed, would continue under negotiation with the State Department.

All of this may prove bewildering to the average American who knows little about the seized assets and even less about the fantastic lobby they have engendered in Washington. Nonetheless, the story is a fascinating one not lacking in grim moral and political overtones.

When the United States entered World War II, it moved quickly to

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seize all known Axis assets in this country. By the time the process was completed, the Office of Alien Property of the Department of Justice found itself the owner of \$394,000,000 worth of everything from huge manufacturing companies to real estate, patents, insurance policies and household items. Today the value of all this has shot up to over \$600,000,000, and one of the most monstrous pressure campaigns in postwar history has been mounted to get the United States to hand it all back. The big money for this fight comes from Germany, but the principal pressure is applied by a brigade of top-flight American legal and public-relations firms. Amazingly enough, the names of prominent liberals and humanitarians, among them Jews, have been enlisted in the cause of the erstwhile pro-Nazi industrialists.

Currently, only \$265,000,000 remains in the hands of the Office of Alien Property. The remainder has been paid out to U.S. citizens who spent time in enemy prisoner-of-war camps, to former owners of seized property whose enemy nationality had been based on technicalities, to Germans and Japanese who could prove they were persecuted by their own government. Small sums also went to other allied governments, and an additional \$50,000,000 was spent to administer the big program over the years.

AT PRESENT only a handful of active former German enterprises are still held. But one of these is the \$100,000,000 General Aniline and Film Corporation, and this is the source of the steam behind the pressure for return.

General Aniline was formerly the key link in the I. G. Farben cartel's chain of American operations. Farben, of course, was one of the industrial bulwarks of the Hitler regime: it not only provided the bone and gristle of war materiel, but its overseas holdings, including General Aniline, served as nuclei for Nazi espionage. During the war Farben employed slave labor, carried out "scientific" experiments on the living bodies of "non-Aryan" prisoners and worked in intimate harmony

with the machinery of Hitler's state.

Unlike most of the other seized assets, General Aniline has never been put up for sale to American interests. The reason for this is that the legitimate heirs of Farben have spent millions of dollars in a prolonged court fight in this country to regain ownership of it. Despite repeated adverse rulings, the litigation has been continued in hopes that prevailing political winds here might shift. In fact, the litigation has been so protracted that an entire staff of Department of Justice lawyers have had to make a virtual career out of this one case.

The legal actions are based on the claim that General Aniline was not an arm of Farben, but was owned by a "Swiss" company called I. G. Chemie. The fact, documented in volumes of court records, is that I. G. Chemie (since renamed "Interhandel") was created by Farben for the express purpose of holding General Aniline. Until the war, Farben's control was overt. The president of General Aniline from 1929 to 1936 was Hermann Schmitz, Farben's board chairman. From then until 1939 its boss was Hermann's brother, Dietrich. Imported German technicians staffed the American subsidiary. But when it began to look as if the United States would enter the war, Farben wrote to the Nazi Ministry of the Economy suggesting that it be allowed to make General Aniline "somewhat more Americanized" to avoid possible seizure. Among the court records is a letter from Farben to the Nazi ministry also urging that I. G. Chemie, the holding company, be "freed from the connections which can be interpreted as being under German influence." Other correspondence reveals that Farben made no moves without checking with the "competent Reich authorities" who were interested in "securing—highly important from a political-economic view—our American interests."

As late as last April, the annual report of the now supposedly decartellized Farben company revealed intense interest in "the passage of an act to return property in the U.S.A."—this despite the stubborn argument of litigants here that Gen-

eral Aniline has no connection with Farben.

As a result of evidence like the foregoing, Farben, alias I. G. Chemie, alias Interhandel, did not get far in the courts. Meanwhile, however, during all these years repeated efforts have been made in Congress to achieve by legislation what the former Nazis have been unable to achieve by litigation.

IT IS AT this point that one of the slickest lobbies on Capitol Hill enters the scene. Studded with former generals, well-known political personalities and gilt-edge lawyers, one wing of the lobby fights openly for return of the properties, while the other provides institutional advertising for the cause by taking up the cudgels in behalf of the "sanctity of private property."

Chief peddler of what is in this case a slice of noble baloney is a high-class public-relations firm, Julius Klein and Associates, which represents Abs's society. General Julius Klein, a former commander of the Jewish War Veterans (it should be stressed that the J.W.V. itself strenuously opposes return legislation) admits that he, like Abs, wishes to see General Aniline and the remainder of the seized assets restored. However, Klein and his people stubbornly insist that they do not actively work for return, but only to publicize the "sanctity of private property." For the \$40,000 annual fee his firm receives, Klein, as a more or less prominent Jew, provides a protective coloration extremely useful to German industrialists who once supported nazism and who co-operated in the slaughter of 6,000,000 less fortunate members of his religion.

Also hard at work in the cause is the law firm of Boykin and De-Francis, representing the Stinnes interests, the German Embassy and one of the West German industrial societies. Boykin's task, listed on his foreign-agent registration form, is to develop a "legislative program whereby a specific return can be effectuated." Fees: almost \$70,000 so far. Then there is John J. Wilson, attorney for Interhandel, which spends an estimated \$350,000 an-



nually to recapture General Aniline.

A few days after I visited Klein's Washington office, I began to receive unsolicited pro-return propaganda from another outfit, the Committee for Return of Confiscated German and Japanese Property. This group, unlike Klein's, makes no bones about its purpose. It is headed by Frederick J. Libby and James Finucane, both best known for their efforts in behalf of the SS-men who committed the massacre of American P.O.W.'s at Malmedy during the Battle of the Bulge. Today Libby and Finucane are lassoing prominent anti-Fascists and liberals into support of the cause.

Thus one of the mailings I have received from them was a newspaper clipping of an article by Norman Thomas in which he echoes the Finucane-Libby pitch. Recently, an attempt to enroll Mrs. Roosevelt in the cause fell through after she was tipped off as to the nature of the committee's work. Nevertheless, Finucane and Libby have Rabbi Abraham Cronbach, Clarence E. Pickett, Devere Allen, Learned Hand and others on their list of members.

A STUDY of the committee's propaganda reveals why. It is couched in terms of sympathy for the individual "little" Germans whose small holdings were seized along with Farben's. What this propaganda never points out is that 90 per cent (in dollar value) of the seized property belonged to only 10 per cent of the former owners. The word "Farben" is never mentioned once in the material I have seen. It appears obvious that the Thomases, the Cronbachs and the others are moved by genuine sensitivity to the plight of many plain people who were hurt by the process of seizure. But it is equally obvious that Finucane and Libby, as well as the high-priced lawyers and public-relations men, are riding the backs of the widows and orphans in order to achieve full return to the German industrialists.

Moreover, the well-meaning proponents of the "sanctity of private property" seem to forget that the German Federal Republic, by international agreement, itself had under-

taken the responsibility for upholding this particular sanctity. In the Bonn Convention of 1952, the Allies agreed not to press claims for reparations—in return for which West Germany promised to pay its own nationals for any claims against seized assets. Since then, the Bonn government has neither repaid its nationals, nor ceased to press us to do so out of our own pockets. One witness before a Senate subcommittee has put it this way: "If the former German owners of property located in the United States feel that their assets have been confiscated, it is simply because the German Government has not lived up to its agreements. . . . Their complaint should be directed not at the United States, but toward their own government."

THE LEGISLATIVE embodiment of the drive for return is S.600, a bill dropped in the hopper by Senator Olin Johnston (D.-S.C.). As this is written, S.600 is reportedly being redrafted, but in its original form it provided not only for the return of the \$265,000,000 still held by the Office of Alien Property, not only for the original total of \$394,000,000 seized, but for the full *appreciated* value of \$600,000,000. Moreover, it expressly permits fees in connection with claims to run as high as 10 per cent, a not uncalculated protection for the American legal experts engaged in the rewarding work of collecting claims.

Meanwhile, powerful opposition to Johnston has come from another

Southern Democrat, Senator George Smathers of Florida. In hearings before the Trading with the Enemy subcommittee early in April, Smathers loosed a salvo which has forced Johnston and his allies, like Dirksen (R.-Ill.), to re-think their entire strategy. In a cogent, dramatic brief, Smathers traced the corrupt history of similar property-return lobbies after World War I. He also has introduced a bill which would head off return by applying the seized assets to the provision of scholarships for American children.

Smathers has now been joined in his sharp counterattack by Senator Thomas Hennings (D.-Mo.), who has other ideas about how to use the money, but who is likewise trying to head off return.

Between these positions of no return and full return, however, lies an approach which those concerned about the fate of the "little" German or Japanese might well consider. This is the compromise worked out by the Justice Department, which unofficially favors no return, and the State Department, which would do anything to keep Adenauer happy. It calls for making a limited return of up to \$10,000 to individuals, but without turning back General Aniline.

UNDER THIS compromise, the limited return would be made as a matter of grace, and not as fulfillment of an obligation. The difference is important, for in addition to the Bonn convention, the United States is bound legally by another international pact affecting enemy property. Under the Paris Agreement of January, 1946, this country and seventeen Allied nations pledged to prevent the return of seized assets, and any American recognition of German "legal" claims to the property would be in violation of the agreement.

The question may well be asked: Are international agreements of less value, as a principle of conduct, than the sanctity of private property? If the Bonn government has regard for either, it would discharge the responsibility it agreed to accept when it signed the Bonn Convention of 1952.



# The Dilemma of Total Revolt.. *by Roger Lloyd*

*Winchester, England*

IN ALL the churches of the Western World what used to be called the Christian Social Movement has now come to a dead end, and its leaders, themselves announcing and lamenting this fact, are casting round to find the way out of it. They would not do this if they did not believe that there was such a way, or, conversely, if they thought that their work was finished and done. Significantly, this is not true of their daughter churches in the under-developed parts of the world, for there, particularly in India and all over the Far East and in much of Africa, the Christian Social Movement is still in its pioneering stage. It is engaged in the rallying of the Christian conscience to attack, in the name of the Gospel, particular and obvious social evils, grinding poverty, hunger, slums, racial oppression and the like. In the East there is a grim giant to be killed who stands clear and threatening in the sight of all. In the West that same giant, if not completely dead, is now so seriously battered that he can no longer supply the impetus to set crusades marching, and the first need of any kind of popular, vigorous movement is a good, big, frightening Goliath to sling stones at.

When men like Kingsley and Maurice in one generation, and Gore and Temple in another, were the prophets of the movement, there was always something which its rank-and-file devotees could do about it tomorrow morning. They could hold meetings at factory gates, put their weight behind the Workers' Educational Association, create public-utility societies to re-house slum dwellers, address church meetings about the social implications of the Gospel, or draw up lists of shops whose products were to be banned by the faithful because they sweated

their labor. Though none of these evils has entirely vanished from the West today, they are all so diminished in scale that it is no longer appropriate to react to them in the old ways, and in fact we do not. A popular militant movement always needs a giant to fight. That there no longer is one is regretted as much by the trade unions as by the churches.

BUT THOUGH the old Goliath is so battered as to be nearly dead, the spirit of revolt remains as strong and as nearly universal as ever. But against what is it revolting in the name of the Gospel? There are indeed modern Goliaths, but they are so vague, so indefinable, so impervious to any amount of slings and arrows that it is quite impossible to draw a really telling cartoon of any of them. People revolt against something they call the Nature of Capitalist Society, but not against the top-hatted, fat-bellied capitalist, for everybody knows that his teeth have been drawn and his talons pared. Besides, more likely than not, he is a corporation or a government board. The movement's leaders revolt against the power of money over life, but they have to be careful not to turn that into a revolt against wealth, since if they do they soon find themselves blaspheming against the bounty of God's creation. They revolt often enough against a political philosophy called Liberalism, largely because the very word suggests the economic doctrine of *laissez faire*, which—in Britain at

any rate—is about as dead as anything could be. They protest, rightly, against the terrible power of the state over all individual life. But that cry creates no popular crusade, since it is the infallible and idolized democracy which gave power to the state, and because the great mass of weekly wage-earners have gained enormously and disproportionately from these new powers and at the moment are not in the least interested in so abstract a thing as personal liberty.

For lack of a good object of satire, and also for lack of any competent popularizer of their thought, the Christian Social Movement today is very like an army which is all generals and no rank and file, or like a long row of eminent philosophers, none of whom has disciples or a school to teach. Yet the spirit of revolt is there, rampant through the world, vague but real, inchoate but active, and its Christian leaders and thinkers are there, too—eloquent, analytical and persevering. But between the present leaders and the force waiting to be led there appears to be almost no contact. This is not wholly the fault of the leaders; for their particular arts, the times are out of joint. No one in politics, in trade unionism or in the religious world can claim to have found the way to win the loyalty of the anonymous industrial worker and his family. Whoever finds the way first will in the end rule the Western world.

The fact is that the task of the leaders of the Christian Social Movement is now exceedingly difficult, more difficult by far than anything which their predecessors of the first and second generation had to face. The remedies for social disease prescribed by those pioneers have mostly now been applied. They have done an immense amount of good, but they have not cured the disease. In consequence, the work of diagnosis has now to be done all over again. This time it is much harder. If, for instance, it is desired to investigate the nature of capitalist society, and perhaps to criticize it,



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it is necessary to talk a good deal about the "God-giveness" of real wealth, what real wealth is, its relationship to money and to private or public gain, and what the line of demarcation between real and illusory wealth may be. This, in turn, involves the whole doctrine of divine creation on the one hand, and of the nature of original sin in man on the other hand. All really thoroughgoing sociology today is a discussion about the deep things of God and man, with the findings of the innumerable sociological enquiries and surveys acting as texts and terms of reference. There is in fact no longer any possibility of separating theology from Christian sociology. The two themes are one.

THEN, to make things even more difficult, there is no longer any obvious subject of denunciation. That much is very ill with our modern industrial civilization is obvious enough, but who is the villain of the piece? Not now the old-fashioned capitalist. The managerial class? Or the state? Or democracy? Or nationalism? Or, more likely, the general and universal sinfulness of man? Considered as villains, each may be villainous enough, but all of them are much too vague to lampoon effectively. We are now all so deeply and inextricably involved that the real villain is Everyman, and while it is possible enough to make Everyman the hero of a morality play, it is quite impossible to make him the target of a sociological denunciation.

With this desperately difficult assignment the modern leaders of the Christian Social Movement are struggling manfully. The many books of Paul Tillich in the United States and of Canon Demant in Britain are characteristic. Their books and those of others like them, the speeches made at their summer schools and conferences, and the papers read to the sociological meetings of the World Council of Churches are all apt to make the same impression and to tell the same tale. The impression they give is of great and most learned minds wrestling in travail to reduce a barely masterable mass of inchoate material to

some form of coherence. No one can read Tillich or Demant without realizing that one is at grips with a really profound mind struggling with so great a matter that gestation is an intellectual agony. The tale they tell is that sociological advance towards the Kingdom of God is now a matter of the theological and philosophical interpretation of the material which the economist presents, and that no advance is possible without the redemption of God, whatever that may mean in social terms.

In short, they are now specialists, and Christian sociology has become a highly specialized science. There is no possible help for that, but the price has to be paid, and we are all paying it. That price is that the specialist in every field he dominates, from nuclear physics to genetics and Christian sociology, tends to become a leader who wins a certain amount of very respectful attention but has fewer and fewer understanding followers. It seems to be almost part of the nature of modern science that each separate science grows its own jargon, which its practitioners use as convenient shorthand for thought and research, and by which it promptly isolates itself not only from the public at large, but also from the other sciences. It was a very eminent and thoughtful professor of chemistry who said the other day that he could no longer hope to understand the language which the physicists or the geneticists were using. "This mutual incomprehension," he said, "is very sad indeed, but it seems to be quite inevitable." The present leaders of Christian sociology, being scientists engaged upon a peculiarly difficult and complicated field of analysis, are all the time tending to use a certain type of language which is certainly not jargon, or anything remotely like it, but which is peculiar to this class of writing and difficult to hold in the memory.

Take, as example, the last book of Paul Tillich which I happen to have read, *The Religious Situation*. It is brilliant and profound; there can be no doubt about that. At first it seems to have a welcome simplicity. It is the expression of "a

revolt against the spirit of capitalist society," which discourages "respect for the given" and encourages "faith in the self-sufficiency of the human and finite world." But the further the reader perseveres, the more he finds he is not taking in what he reads. He is reduced to reading each page very slowly, and several times. It is very likely true that every sentence which Tillich, Demant, or for that matter, Reinhold Niebuhr, writes is worth the effort. But this kind of reading is wholly foreign to our habits.

Philosophers do not ask this of us: their books get wittier and wittier as time goes on, and they have a lovely fertility of illustration. The economists used to ask it but seldom do so now. Christian sociologists make little allowance for the weakness of their readers' flesh. In the book mentioned above, Tillich invents a key phrase which is meant to define the essential spirit of successful Christian revolt against the evils of capitalist society. It is "Belief-ful Realism." He uses it again and again. To be sure, he defines it on several occasions, but the definition is not less obscure than the phrase itself.

THE BANE of the literature of the second phase of the Christian Social Movement is that it is largely unreadable except by experts. Automatically it follows that the movement is at present all generals and no army, and that which it is concerned to expose and explode (and it actually *does* both) goes unmoved on its way, not even noticing that its intellectual pretensions have been blown sky high. This malaise is quite inevitable. The writers are trafficking in high, deep and difficult matters. They really understand them, and so they cannot oversimplify them. The movement they serve has passed on to this marshy ground, and they cannot operate, as their predecessors did, from the firm, clear ground of a mountain. It was the movement of history and not the perversity of man which dictated that while the Birmingham Conference on Christian Sociology of 1924 should produce findings which were easy to understand, the Mal-

vern Conference of 1939 (both presided over by the same man, William Temple) should produce findings which were intolerably difficult to understand. Nor is it reasonable to ask that the leading scientists of Christian sociology, engaged as they are in pioneering research, should be either practiced men of letters or good journalists. What the movement now needs more than anything else is a few really good popularizers. It will not be a popular movement until it finds them; and a movement bereft of popular understanding at least of the main outlines of what it is all about, and therefore bereft of popular support, will not cut any

ice. The pity of it is that potential popular support is there all the time, for almost the whole world is in a state of revolt against it knows not what.

In the last two generations the professional theologians have found their lay interpreters in people like Dorothy Sayers, Charles Williams, T. S. Eliot, G. K. Chesterton and scores of others. The result is that theology is no longer an esoteric mystery but a subject of debate in newspapers, market place and factory floor. In so far as there is anything like a revival of religion today, this skilled interpretation of theology is one of its causes. Until

the Christian sociologists do the same, they will write for each other; the rest of us, while saluting them with the great respect which is their due, will look for something else when we want to read for pleasure. They are original thinkers in a field where fresh thought and mental pioneering is essential. It is not reasonable to expect that more than a tiny handful of original thinkers in any sphere will ever be their own poets. On this sphere we need the poets now even more than the thinkers, and until they appear and take over, the Christian Social Movement will remain at a dead end.

## O'MALLEY'S DOUBLE PLAY.. *by David Cort*

SO BASEBALL is not as important as housing or atomic fallout. Nevertheless, when it was announced that the Brooklyn Dodgers may go to Los Angeles and the New York Giants to San Francisco, several million Americans felt much as if they'd just been evicted or irradiated. To them and millions of others, the chief present passion in living is connected with the winning or losing of today's ball game. Giant and Dodger fans almost literally felt like a baby whose father deliberately drops it on its little soft head. The baby tried to understand that Father had his reasons and ended by wondering whether it really liked Daddy very much. The poor thing was in trauma.

The episode gives a wonderful example of anti-social skulduggery piously masked in "necessity," and a skillful confusion of issues which the press for some time seemed unable to disentangle.

Ball clubs have moved before, most recently the Boston Braves to Milwaukee, the Philadelphia Athletics to Kansas City and the St. Louis Browns to Baltimore. But these cities were one-club towns that were

overloaded with two clubs. New York City is certainly not a one-club town. The Dodgers are at the moment the world champions of major-league baseball. The Giants have the longest history of greatness in the sport. If these two clubs are moved, baseball calls for an investigation, which Chairman Celler of the House Judiciary Committee seemed disposed to give it.

Celler was needed. A corps of sportswriters who can be deeply shocked by Ted Williams' spitting were unmoved by the much more anti-social moves of President O'Malley of the Dodgers. The double standard as between magnates and players had split too wide; the sportswriters' courtesy toward the magnates was obsolete. The picture of O'Malley as a heavy-hearted business man was too repulsive. It was time and overtime for the reluctant sanitation department. Let's clean this up quickly.

First, is an established ball club primarily a business man's gang of twenty-five workmen hired to keep a ball moving around smartly to amuse an audience? Certainly not. In essence, it is a Myth, supported in the air of the land by invisible jets of hope, anxiety, identification — call it all love — steaming from

■ million fans who may never go to the park. If there is no Myth, there is really no club. When a New Yorker says that he loves America, the Giants — or the Yankees — are a good part of what he means. There are people in the wastes of Brooklyn who hate everything about America except the neighborhood bar and grill and the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Second, is baseball a business? Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers is confused. One moment he says that, because it is not a business, New York City should buy him a \$50,000,000 park. At the next moment, he says that it is a business he controls and that he can move it to Los Angeles. The fact is that the U.S. Government, by exempting baseball from a good many laws other business must submit to—labor laws, anti-trust laws, wartime priorities, etc.—has acknowledged that baseball is not a business. It can of course revoke these special considerations, if Mr. O'Malley insists. Soon after, baseball would probably be dead, in the Myth sense, and Mr. O'Malley ought to provide the burial plot.

Third is the issue of expanding the major leagues across the country. In all these discussions there is

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a peculiar drift toward setting up inter-city feuds, such as the celebrated one between the Giants and Dodgers. The major cities mentioned come in feud-pairs: Los Angeles and San Francisco, Dallas and Houston, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and that about finishes it, except for Toronto and Montreal.

A real feud is a mysterious thing. The Giant-Dodger feud exists between the citizens of two boroughs of New York City as well as between the two squads. The games attract big crowds, and are usually very closely played. Both teams are at better than their best. And the fans can browbeat members of their own family, office, club or saloon with the victory, for Dodger versus Giant patriotism splits every group right up the middle. All the elements in a feud act on one another. A feud cannot be created or manipulated. In 1910 Chicago thought itself the challenger to New York, and so there was a very hot feud between the New York Giants and Chicago Cubs. The magnates thought up a Washington-Baltimore feud. It has simply not panned out: the weak Washington club is primarily a baseball lobby in the national capital and the new Baltimore Orioles have not reclaimed the glory of the old.

FEUDS ARE THE province of anthropology. For these purposes, Giant and Dodger fans are members of Tribes.

However, the fan cannot begin to work up any hatred for an alien team until he loves his local team. And here the Myth is seen again as the essence of the matter. To a Giant fan, the Myth is of a gifted but muscle-bound titan, blocked by a stubborn left-footed pride. Against low-grade opposition, he is lower-grade. But let him come up against the swollen champion and he will, usually, beat the great man's brains out. The Giants have to do things the hard way, no matter who the current personnel may be. You have to love them. Their glorious past, as the greatest and most hated team in baseball, may be gone forever, but it trails the memories of its great fans, George M. Cohan, Wil-



liam Brady, Al Smith, Bill Fallon, Jimmy Walker—the type of the New York sport; and the greatest sport of all, McGraw.

Horace Stoneham of the Giants thinks he has done everything wrong lately. His departed pitcher, Maglie, won the pennant for the Dodgers; a few years before, his departed hitter, Mize, won the series for the Yankees. And so he has seemed to go along with O'Malley. He is not quick enough to see that the Dodgers are losing their skills; and the present Giants are about to rise. He believes in the Brooklyn Bluff, so much more imposing than Coogan's Bluff.

For the villain is of course O'Malley, a familiar enough type of banker's front man, a bluffer and con- niver par excellence, a good man ring- side at the Copacabana with a pol- itician, a sportswriter and a judge. The world was looking the other way, in August, 1945, toward crashing Japan, when out of the Brooklyn woodwork crept Walter F. O'Malley as the figurehead of the Brooklyn Trust Company in the sale of 50 per cent ownership of the Brooklyn Dodgers by the Charles Ebbets es- tate, at the fire-sale price of \$750,- 000. The buyers were ostensibly Branch Rickey, O'Malley and an- other man. The bank of course put up the money; as estate co-executor, it could not buy. The year before, the same group had got the 25 per cent interest of the Edward Mc- Keever estate at the even more scandalous price of \$250,000. The final 25 per cent interest of another McKeever daughter, Mrs. Dearie

Mulvey, remained, still remains, is not for sale and not happy.

O'Malley's job was to look harm- less for five years. Then he got Rickey's 25 per cent away at the more sensible price of \$1,000,000, still being paid off today at the rate of \$72,500 a year. At the parting ceremonies, Rickey cried; O'Malley did not even try hard.

O'Malley's present shenanigans are aimed at running his fabulous shoestring into an asset of a \$50,- 000,000-plus ballpark paid for by New York or Los Angeles taxpayers. Obviously this is the time to do it, while the Dodgers are still only be- ginning to collapse. If they must go to Los Angeles, why, Hollywood is collapsing too. Let the two pricked balloons nestle down together.

WHAT matter if the invisible emo- tional tissue binding several million New Yorkers to their world is vio- lently ripped out? The two small, cunning eyes in Brooklyn see a beautiful poker hand. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner can be played shrewdly against Los Angeles' Mayor Poulson and the FCC and various pay-TV setups and Pacific Telephone and Telegraph and A.T. and T. and Long Island's Franklin National Bank. What a blow if O'Malley should look down and see no cards at all except the emotions of those million people, including Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York City, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

A living society, it has often been noted, survives only on a great web of unwritten, tacit contracts. As these are broken, the society dies. O'Malley of course does not know this. He has never heard of any Myth, of any unwritten contract be- tween himself and anybody. One is tempted to let him go to Los Angeles. There might even be a good feud between New York and Los Angeles. But the Giants must stay.

Still, one must wonder how much of a public villain a man is willing to be. What profit is worth it? What self-assurance or cleverness? Perhaps when the deed is done, O'Malley could change his name or find some- where to hide, say Mexico City or Greenpoint.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Schweik Among the Herrenvolk

William Bittner

EVER since the rubble was cleared off the first printing press in post-war Germany, Hitler's officers have been holding a grand military critique of their part in the second world war; but until recently Americans showed little interest in what they had to say. Similarly, some of the best novels interpreting the war from the other side, such as Hellmut Kirst's *The Lieutenant Must Be Mad* and Virgil Georghiu's *The Twenty-Fifth Hour*, crossed the ocean too soon, and in spite of their fabulous success in Europe, moved rapidly to the remainder shelves. Even up to a year ago our interest had not come into focus; Kirst's *The Revolt of Gunner Asch*, the first volume of a trilogy called *Nul-Acht Fünfzehn* (the German equivalent of "GI") ran second to Willi Heinrich's *Cross of Iron*, a celebration of the "loyal" German fighter, the mythical *Landser* who is rank-and-file equivalent of the Prussian officer corps.

Focused or not, our very real interest in how the war looked through enemy eyes was latent, and no one sensed that better than the people at Ballantine Books, a publishing house that puts out hard-bound books simultaneously with many of their paperbooks. So far, Ballantine has issued a half-dozen works from German sources, plus several British and American interpretations of German source materials—and they have sold almost three and a half million copies! *Defeat at Sea*, by C. D. Bekker, a German Naval officer, and *The First and the Last*, by Adolf Galland, former head of the fighter arm of the *Luftwaffe*, are reprints of books that attracted little notice when Holt published them a few years ago. Now they disappear from the drugstore racks before I can

finish my coffee and count them. They and Harald Busch's *U-Boats at War*, a Ballantine original, are just what you would expect: factual appraisals of the "errors" that brought defeat, written by unreconstructed militarists. They echo the theme, "If only. . ." The epitome of this type, Halder's *Hitler als Feldherr*, has not yet been translated, but in Germany it serves as model for a vast number of post-mortems that put the blame—not for the war, but for the defeat—on Hitler.

So rapidly are American paperback book readers gobbling up these works that their sales figures are almost in the order in which they were published, those on the market longest having the biggest sale; yet two of them promise to outstrip the rest: the most recent, *U-Boat 977*, and the older *The German Raider Atlantis*, both written by the commanders of those ships. *Commando Extraordinary*, the story of Otto Skorzeny, the man who kidnapped Mussolini, will probably do as well. These books are personal narratives, as well-constructed and exciting as fiction, while at the same time they tell the inside story of fantastic and mysterious real people. In appeal they resemble the one piece of fiction in the Ballantine war series, Benno Zieser's *The Road to Stalingrad*, but in effect they are quite different. The ideals of their authors are those of the Prussian military caste, while Zieser was a victim, and although not quite a Schweik, came out of his experience convinced that the war was an evil thing. It has the same documentary value as the memoirs, and that seems to be what our readers want.

Over the past few months, seven more German books have been issued in hard covers, all fiction. Four of these are ideologically similar to *The Road to Stalingrad*: Sven Hassel's *The Legion of the Damned*, volume two of *Nul-Acht*, here called

*Forward, Gunner Asch* (the third volume, *The Return of Gunner Asch*, will be published on July 2), Karl-ludwig Opitz' *The General*, and—most unusual of a rare lot—Friedrich Deich's *The Sanity Inspectors*. (The latter two have the least documentary value.) Of the rest, Erich Maria Remarque, in *The Black Obelisk*, describes the groundwork of despair and inflation that prepared the way for Hitler's dictatorship; Hans Habe's *Off Limits* shows how little idealism accompanied the pleasure-seeking of the American occupation; and the latest, Theodore Pleivier's *Berlin*, completes his trilogy (*Moscow, Stalingrad, Berlin*) that in panoramic fashion describes the disintegration of Germany in the East. All of these have some virtue as documentaries and almost none of the melodramatic appeal of the average war novel.

I VENTURE to say that *Berlin* is interesting to us for the same reason as are the Ballantine war histories. If along with it you read the latter half of Georges Blond's *The Death of Hitler's Germany*, you will find that the fictional characters serve as chorus and are dwarfed by the events that actually occurred. The one exception, a colonel whose adventures as a Russian prisoner occupy the last part of the book, is a little younger and less mellow than the colonel who is the heroic figure of *Off Limits*, but they are obviously cut on the same pattern. They represent the Old Prussian Virtues, the principles (if you want to make it a dirty word, you can say ideals) that the U-Boat, disguised raider, and *Messerschmitt* commanders adhered to in almost succeeding for Hitler. Habe struggles harder than Pleivier to keep from admiring this type, but his colonel too carries the book away with him.

We are infinitely curious about the birth, life and death of Hitler's Germany. Lord Russell of Liverpool's *The Scourge of the Swastika*, another Ballantine book on Germany, although written in as pedestrian a

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manner as one could imagine, and sickening in its details, has circulated nearly as widely as the rest of the paper bestsellers. It is my guess that we have two motives: having lived through the age of fascism, we want to know *what* happened in great detail, in the hope that we can figure out *how* it happened; and we want to find out from the Germans what a war with Russia is like. We want to know the Germans as enemies; as our enemies and as enemies of the Russians. Obviously the authors of these books had no such purpose in mind: the militarists are interested in avoiding their errors in the future, and in justifying themselves; the anti-military Germans want to know where they made their mistakes too, but in a moral rather than a tactical sense. What happened to us, they ask, that we *let* this happen?

IN *The Black Obelisk*, Remarque traces a group of his usual old war comrades through the inflation period of 1923. Outside his gay, disillusioned group of veterans, the people in the book are in an early stage of Nazism. His heroes fight the brownshirts, and in the end they are happy; they have come through, the mark is stabilized, the main character wins a chance to pursue a literary career in Berlin. But it is the happy ending that is most tragic; the solution was a false dis-alarm, to be followed, the reader knows, by the reappearance of Nazism after the disillusioned ones have gained new illusions. One might almost say that in this book Remarque has replaced his earlier works, *Three Comrades* and *The Road Back*, reforming them in light of the knowledge he gained through the years of *Flotsam*, *Arch of Triumph* and *Spark of Life*. It makes his other books almost unnecessary.

*The Legion of the Damned* has much of the atmosphere of Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but it is more powerful to the same extent that the second world war was worse than the first. The *esprit de corps* of the cynical is made even more sharply ironical, since the characters are enemies of the regime, sentenced to a penal regiment on the

Eastern Front. Like *The Road to Stalingrad*, it is more a memoir than a novel (the author says it is "ninety per cent factual"), but for all that, it is one of the most effective pieces of fiction I have read this year.

The hallmark of the best German

## Come Green Again

If what heals can bless  
Can what blesses heal?  
And all come green again  
That was bodied forth  
Years and years ago?  
Years before my time.

Yet things I deepest learned  
Turn into memory  
As though no man's creation  
But enlarges mine;  
As though no man's existence  
But was also mine  
In its lonesomeness.

Henry Thoreau bent  
In his boat on Walden Pond  
Whistling his wooden flute  
Under midnight stars  
Across the stars in the water.

Hawthorne and Melville parting  
At night in Liverpool,  
Parting on a rainy corner  
For the final time,  
Something unsaid between them.

Mark Twain in moonlight  
Standing in his Hartford house,  
That wounded, beautiful man,  
His hands at his white hair  
While he sang 'Nobody knows  
The troubles I've seen but Jesus.'

Then in broad daylight  
The ladies of Camden drawing  
Their skirts and kids aside  
To avoid the dirty man  
As Whitman hobbled past,  
His basket on his arm  
Filled with his book for sale.

Can such existences  
Help but heal our hearts  
Or such lonesomeness  
Help but bless in us  
That everlasting change  
Which is our changelessness  
And our humbleness?  
And all come green again.

What I have learned enough  
To have as air to breathe  
Returns as memory  
Correlative to Donne:  
That no man's creation  
But enlarges me.  
O all come green again.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

novels on the war is a bitter humor that in itself suggests the irrational nature of military life. *The General* is a satire that shows an effective military man coming unhinged because of the single direction his vision took. It is slight (the passage in Hasek's *The Good Soldier Schweik* about the retired general who had his three servants line up and count off each morning is equally meaningful); but it is not as callow as the equally Schweikian *Forward, Gunner Asch*. Yet both of these books, because they betray a lightheartedness more appropriate to the first war, seem as shallow as Private Hargrove beside the ingenious *The Sanity Inspectors*. In this very clever novel the proposition is set up that not only was Germany immoral, but it was literally mad. The central character, a psychiatrist, tolerates Nazism up to the time the Gestapo starts looking for him because he certified as paranoid a man who was a major contributor to party funds. Taking refuge in the

Henry Miller

writes with contagious

warmth about his 13 years

on the California coast in

Big Sur and  
the Oranges of  
Hieronymus  
Bosch

Illustrated. \$6.50

Other books by Henry Miller:

Remember to Remember, The

Air-Conditioned Nightmare,

The Time of the Assassins —

all published by

New Directions

*Luftwaffe*, he finds things madder than ever. His first tangle with military procedure draws the reaction, "Some of my lunatics used to be bound by fairly rigid rituals of one sort or another, but I never met anything as complicated as this before." Gradually realizing that the only place for the sane in a mad society is an asylum, he makes a career of certifying soldiers condemned to death by court martial. He ends up as a martyr, since it becomes evident to him that only those who actively fought Nazism could be effective in creating a decent society after the war; and when one of these, a minister, is condemned, he helps him escape and is shot in his place. The author, Deich, seems to be saying that after the war Germany would no longer need a psychiatrist, but it would need treatment of a moral nature.

Novelists have always made their works from the ingredients of their lives; but these writers go further—they are simply editors of actuality. The war between Germany and Russia contained, in essence, our whole predicament. None of the participants could feel themselves other than oppressors or victims; most were both. Caught between the merciless grinding wheels of two authoritarianisms, what could the individual do? What can he do today, when there is an even greater variety of machines to grind the individuality out of a person, leaving him machine-tooled or mass produced? In the United States and England, writers and thinkers have joined in an underground movement the prime rule

of which is *survive*, body and spirit: yet their work is misunderstood when it does reach a popular audience. The Germans, as these books would seem to indicate, find the methods of Schweik, at the level of Kafka, their answer to the problem; and the documentary appeal circulates their books here, even if they are no better understood.

Probably the deepest answer to the modern enigma—and one that would not only reach, but convey its message to the American people—will come from those who have had the deepest experience with both extremes of the age of terror. One of the most exciting little-known writers today is Egon Hostovsky, a Czech whose *The Lonely Rebels* was published here some years ago. Last winter *The Hunters and the Hunted*, by Ivan Bahriany, a Ukrainian in exile, was published here with no advance publicity; yet so effective was it in symbolizing the struggle of the individual against man and nature, in Siberia, that it circulated widely in spite of a lethargic job of publishing. Still others are in store, some even from inside the Soviet. It is my guess that the next direction our interest will take will be contemporary Russian, Polish, Hungarian and Ukrainian literature, and I am curious to know if the movement will begin again from the grass roots of paper books.

## Beautiful Sex

*THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SEX.*

By Robert Elliot Fitch. Harcourt, Brace. 114 pp. \$3.

By Robert Hatch

A CONGREGATIONAL minister by the name of Robert Elliot Fitch is making a name for himself these days with a spade-is-a-spade dissertation entitled *The Decline and Fall of Sex*. It is Dr. Fitch's contention that we moderns are not getting enough out of our sex lives, and a man of the cloth is bound to attract a good deal of attention when he takes that position. More worldly social critics have been saying much the same thing right along without causing anything like the chatter *Time* reports having heard recently at cocktail parties.

Actually Dr. Fitch's position is not

quite as sporting as his title and spritely manner would make it seem. What he really deplores is the decline and fall of romance. "When sex is separated from love and honor it sinks into the slime." On this we must all feel that the author couldn't be more right, and it is extraordinary how he can fill even this small \$3.00 book with the proof of it. But a man who will take the pains in 1957 to argue seriously with Elinor Glyn has a more than average knack for disputation.

Dr. Fitch thinks that the loves of Shakespeare are richer than those of Norman Mailer and Mary McCarthy. It strikes him that Dr. Kinsey's investigations discovered everything about sex except what makes it an enduring fascination. Modern man is dirty-minded and cold; he is capable of adultery, but passion escapes his grasp.

Just so, and the author can bring a host of witnesses, from Aldous Huxley to Herman Wouk, to support his case. Nevertheless, for all the Valentine hearts with which his publishers embellish the jacket of his book, there is more of Calvin than of cupid in Dr. Fitch's make-up. If we would just buck up and be lovers, all this amorous squalor could be routed by a renaissance of fervor. Modern writers, the principal targets of his scorn, are being plain lazy when they allow their characters to fall so far short of the erotic standards set by Tristan and Iseult. If Tennessee Williams were not so shiftless he'd get off that hot tin roof and hunt himself up an enchanted maiden to rescue. Like too many of his profession, Dr. Fitch directs his eloquent indignation at symptoms. And as you might expect, he is also quite cross with Freud. The way to get over being low-minded is to become high-minded; the way to conquer sterile lust is to embrace creative love. The congregation will now take a firm grip on its bootstraps.

What really irritates me about Dr. Fitch is his enthusiasm for the kind of love exemplified by Romeo and Juliet or Tristan and Iseult. A good many of his readers must have discovered more profound, not to say more fruitful, relationships than the raptures of these fate-crossed children. The trouble with the clergy, even the belligerently emancipated clergy, is that they are always offering you the extremes of heaven or hell—Hobson's choice for men and women too busy making a life together to worry about Priapus or to startle their friends by remarking that Hemingway worships at the Womb of Undifferentiated Being. *Merde*, as Dr. Fitch enjoys saying.

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# ART

## Maurice Grosser

THE Galerie St Etienne is holding until the end of June an exhibit of paintings by American school children on the subject of the four seasons. The 100 works on view have been chosen from among more than 16,000 entries. None of the painters is older than fourteen. The pictures are of an extraordinary gaiety. The color is daring, vivid and harmonious. In the work of a grown-up artist, their easy freedom and vivacity would denote unheard-of originality. Here we are pleased rather than astonished. Children's painting is a very special field and the rules that govern adult talent do not apply.

To the child artist the most important thing about his picture is its subject. No matter how abstract his picture seems to us, his principal interest was in telling a story. Otherwise he would have had no reason to paint it. Unlike the grown-up artist, he is little concerned with abstract beauty and not at all with depiction of visual space. The formal arrangement of his picture may be very good indeed. It is nevertheless not his primary concern; it is frequently the result of his unwillingness to waste any corner of his paper. The color we find so bold and beautiful is chiefly there to distinguish one object from another and to help him tell his story.

The space he depicts is motor, not visual—what he feels, not what his eye perceives. He draws things not as they appear to the eye but as they are found

in the mind, as symbols, as ideas, as remembered feelings, as numbers. He is careful to count—five fingers, two legs, one mouth. The table he draws lies flat so that it will be able to hold the Thanksgiving turkey. His men eating watermelon have circular mouths full of teeth and there are red drippings of watermelon juice. His lone ranger has a horse, a mask, a hat, a sun and a lariat. *Santa's Helper* is having huge fun with the impossible task of pushing a large fat Santa Claus head first down a very small chimney. In such pictures all the details are functional. Their undeniable charm was never part of the painter's conscious plan. The fascination is nevertheless there, the result, perhaps, of the fact that painting comes so easily for him.

A child's own sensations, his own motions, are more real to him than the things he moves among. He feels and lifts and touches rather than sees. These motor associations he has no trouble painting. In putting them down he has no need to struggle, as does the grown-up artist, with visual consistency or precise communication. He is his own audience, and works for his own pleasure.

BUT when he approaches adolescence, all this is changed. He is no longer the sole inhabitant of his universe. The visual aspect of the outside world becomes as real as his motor sensations of it. If he wishes to paint he must now communicate. His images must have some correspondence with what he sees and with what he now discovers other people see as well. He must fit these things into some sort of visual framework, some convention of perspective, some way of representing the more complicated universe in which he now exists. He adopts the tritest conventions of grown-up drawing—they are most like his own. He copies comic strips and pretty girls with lashes and cupid lips. Or, unable to cope with the newly-revealed complexities of the visual world, he gives up in disgust. And his art teacher admits with sorrow that he has lost his talent.

It is possible that there is some way around this, some method of teaching drawing, some way of protecting the child from these too tempting vulgarities and too easy discouragements. It has not yet been found. There is no bridge between. And though a great many

artists began to paint when they were still children, painting talent in a child is not a sign of adult talent to come, and the work of a mature painter has no relation whatsoever, either in kind or in skill, with what he might have done before the age of twelve.

Looking at this exposition, no one can deny that children's painting is a legitimate form of art. Here are paintings that would hold their own in any show: *Cotton Harvest*, for example, by Linda Cooler, age 12, two children in a cotton field which whitens in the distance to an ominous sky and a row of sinister houses; *Hallowe'en Parade*, by Lilijean Miller, age 9, two sheeted figures carry-

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## Praise for ■ Tom-Cat

Rainy, sore at the whole town,  
Its committees and longings,  
I look on plum-tree branches.  
New white blossoms, dripping water,  
Tap on my study window.  
My official paper days  
Are done by another man.  
I exist only here. Night  
Finds me a little drunk. Wife,  
Child, and I, affectionate  
And calm with each other's love  
Eat well as the town lights up  
Electric, frenetic, bright.  
Our cat has been gone three weeks.  
He came to us from nowhere  
And has gone back to nowhere,  
And I return to poems  
That observe the same process  
Yet love never seems pointless.

THOMAS PARKINSON

ing masks—which with its perfect placement and strange paint textures might have been by Klee; the funny *Skating and Falling* by Sharon Fye, age 10, with its beautiful use of grey and black with bright colors; *Winter Fun*, by John Kibler, age 7—a skating party all in blue; *Heat Wave*, by John Sarrechia, age 13, a panting tiger in a brown and red woods, as delicate as any Graves; and perhaps best of all, *Posing on the Beach* by Gladys Hoggard, age 13—sunburned girls with beautifully excessive figures and wonderful hair-dos and bathing

suits, as gaudy and elegant as a Florine Stettheimer.

This is art and very good art, but there is something lacking. Unlike most art, it has intrinsic beauty, no intrinsic value. These paintings cannot be acquired; they have no prices. Nor are they—what we demand of painting today—a series of individual and irreplaceable productions. They are the flowering of an age group, not the expression of an artistic personality. They belong to the process of growth, not to the history of painting.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

Paris

EVER SINCE 1950 the French stage has seemed to me increasingly disappointing; in many ways retarded and provincial. A certain technical sloppiness, a complacency in ingrained old (often bad) habits of performance, a determination to be viciously clever or sentimentally hedonistic—generally a lack of freshness or genuine enthusiasm has spoiled for me the always-present talent and tradition that mark the French theatre.

The productions I saw this time showed an improvement in meticulousness of staging and acting. I shall say little of *An Old Lady's Visit*, by the Swiss Franz Duerrenmatt—a play written in German and considered to be one of the few plays worthy of note in that language since the war. The reason I mention it at all is that its basic key is that bright bitterness which the French in the theatre nowadays assume to be the touchstone of intelligence—an attitude which at one time annoyed me but which I now regard as even more trite than honeysuckle optimism.

The hits of the season are *The Egg* by a forty-year-old novelist, Félicien Marceau, and *Patate* (which may be translated as "Softy"; the word literally is a variant of "potato") by Marcel Achard. Both plays are well produced and acted.

The world is the "egg" referred to in Marceau's play. It is an often witty, sometimes scabrous piece in which the central character narrates the lessons he has learned in his still young and mediocre life: none of the respectable truisms of our education is true; success comes most often to those who realize that dishonesty is the safest policy. Most of the scenes are like revue blackouts—funny and cynical. Never a bore, the

show is the same kind of entertainment for the Parisian as *A Visit to a Small Planet* is for New Yorkers; with the difference that the French play is more "philosophical," which in France means wicked rather than innocent.

The trouble with *The Egg*, as with most others of its species, is that it is too simple-minded. To believe that life is all "bad," that vice always triumphs over virtue, is even more naive—and impractical!—than to believe that life is all "good." The French have discovered that a new way to be cute is to turn sentimentality upside down. It's the same old trick of evasion and should fool no one.

ACHARD's play is more straightforward. Its premise is interesting. Two men since

### Motto for an Uncompleted Monument

In waves Time ebbs away from the shell of the broken skull where the soldier stares at the day whose colors blur and gray before the blank eyes fail.

"The casualties were mild," but for this one heaviest. Time rocks her wayward child, man's hopes grown fierce and wild, against her pulseless breast.

We who still have sight accuse her marble stance of leaning its blind weight against the happier fate we quarried by guess and chance.

Yet Time acts out no tragedy: ours is the failure that stings, unable to fix on any kind of a Victory even the most broken wings.

KENNETH PITCHFORD

their early school days have been attached to each other by a combined sense of guilt and envy. The gruffer of the two—and supposedly the more honest—has always been less successful than his better-looking and slicker friend. The latter has become the rather patronizing support of his improvident rival—the "Softy" of the title. Softy's jealousy is so obsessive that it amounts to a fascination with his luckier friend, an obsession which makes it nearly impossible for him to appreciate the pleasures he should take in his own life.

The weakness of this play is that its plot, which involves the seduction by the prosperous man of his poor friend's adopted daughter, is not only implausible but so meretriciously devised that the humanity and decency of all the characters become suspect. The play's appeal lies in the sharpness of its quips and the characterization of the daughter, who says of her generation: "We don't suffer: we are only annoyed."

*POOR BITOS* by Jean Anouilh was interesting to me chiefly as a revelation of how the author has transformed what he hates in himself into an attack against Communists and extreme Leftists generally, as represented in French history by Robespierre. The Communist Bitos is abler, more logical and "purer" than any of his rivals—in this case his former classmates—but he suffered in his youth from being humiliated by his poverty and his class background (his mother was a laundress). His basic impulse, therefore, has become a venomous envy and a desire for revenge, which he translates into political action.

Anouilh himself, once frightfully poor, has never been able to reconcile himself to the rich. He flagellates himself here through his central character, but in doing this he also betrays his ineradicable horror of those who inspired the hatred in him. The result is that, objectively speaking, all parties are derided. The Parisian critics felt insulted by Anouilh's universal contempt but the audiences are held, despite themselves. Aside from Anouilh's skill, they sense in the play an expression of all their tensions—both personal and political—although, like the author, they imagine that what is presented is a bitter portrait of only one social enemy.

Samuel Beckett's *End of the Game* may be said to supply the climax of a tendency in the theatre of negation. Theatrically, the new play is less attractive than the same author's *Waiting for Godot*, because the latter play uses more concrete and colorful symbols: two tramps waiting in a mournful land-



scape for someone to meet and perhaps help them is an easier image to comprehend than a blind, paralyzed man imprisoned in a bare room with legless parents who remain immobilized and finally die in two garbage pails.

THE meaning of *End of the Game* is akin to that of *Godot*—though the new play is more savage and hopeless, with little of the tenderness which alleviated the earlier work. It is a poem—at times impassive and drab, at other times snarling through a grin—of the essential meaninglessness of life. Its writing has humor, tang and an obliquely lyric eloquence.

Seeing this play in Paris, I was struck more forcibly than I was at the more entertaining performance of *Godot* in New York, by the philosophical and esthetic flaw in Beckett's work. He wants to essentialize—lay bear to the nth degree—the ground patterns of life's course. But life cannot be essentialized, since the substance of life is

not in some supposed abstract design or "secret," but in the apparent trivia which so many philosophers begin by discarding. The surface of life, the myriad day-by-day phenomena, the *illusion* (as some are pleased to have it) is all —is life. Not to accept this is sickness.

Pain is certainly real and to cry out with it is right. As one expression of such a cry Beckett may be accepted as a true poet in the theatre of our time; but because of the flaw in what he believes and the art that expresses it, his is minor art.

The production that most impressed the Parisian elite at this year's International Theatre Festival was Peter Brook's staging of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* with Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and Anthony Quayle. The play is a Mickey Spillane thriller with patches of Elizabethan poetry. A discussion of this production belongs more properly to that part of this series datelined London—to which I shall soon proceed.

## Music in Moscow

### Alexander Werth

DMITRI SHEPILOV is a more subtle and less bad-tempered and ill-mannered man than the late Comrade Zhdanov: that was one of the most striking aspects of the Second Congress of Soviet Composers, held in Moscow this spring. Everything went off much more smoothly than at the first Congress nine years ago, which came soon after that incredible conference at which Zhdanov encouraged the functionaries of the Composers' Union to tear to pieces Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, Miaskovsky and other leading Soviet composers as so many "formalists"—whose work (as the phrase went) was "not wanted by the people."

And yet, as one wades through the great official speeches made by Shepilov, the Central Committee's arbiter of the arts, and Tikhon Khrennikov who, even after all these years, still remains the top party bureaucrat of the Composers' Union, one sees that they perform a sort of tightrope dance, and blow hot and cold, being very Zhdanovite at one moment and not-so-very Zhdanovite the next.

To begin with, both Shepilov and Khrennikov made a point of declaring that in its famous 1946-48 decrees on art, literature and music, the Central Committee (i.e. Zhdanov) was quite right. Shepilov specially went out of his way to deny the charges made by

"certain critics" that "the years that followed the First Congress were a period of dogmatism, obscurantism and scholasticism." The great "creative capital" that the Soviet composers had brought to the Second Congress was said to show up the absurdity of these allegations.

Shepilov's whole speech was marked by a sort of hairsplitting scholasticism

of its own. On the one hand, "tender care" must be given to "individual talent"; on the other hand, "individualism is the worst enemy of a free creative process." On the one hand, "the people are the supreme judge of a work of art"; on the other, Shepilov attacked a type of critic who dismissed a composition as worthless on the ground that "the people had not accepted it." Or again, on the one hand, was the constant reiteration of the dogma that all Soviet music must be "human"; on the other, a quotation from Gorki describing Lenin going into raptures over the *Appassionata* and exclaiming that he "could listen every day to this amazing, un-human music." It may, indeed, be argued that all this inconsistency is, in itself, a healthy sign, a sign of a greater liberalism on the part of the Central Committee toward music and the other arts.

THE MUSICAL output since 1948 has obviously been disappointing. In the proceedings of the Second Congress, the numerous specific complaints were, it is true, wrapped up in a lot of verbiage about Soviet music being richer in talent and resources than any other; but when it came to the point, both Shepilov and Khrennikov had to admit that the last nine years do not compare favorably with earlier periods. Shepilov paid lip-service to the 120 operas that had been composed in the Soviet Union since 1948; but very few, he then admitted, had been produced in more than one or two theatres; while many had not been produced at all. In the correspondence columns of *Literary*

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*Gazette* a reader remarked that it was the general fashion, almost a mania, to ignore new operas. Shostakovich, in the course of the Congress, said that if that were so, it was because most of the new operas weren't much good.

Khrennikov, commenting on orchestral and chamber music, spoke almost nostalgically of the 30s and early 40s which had produced such admirable works as Shostakovich's Fifth and Seventh Symphonies, Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* and *Romeo and Juliet*, Khachaturian's piano and violin concertos, etc. The list of works produced since 1948 (apart from Shostakovich's *Song of the Forests*) was much less impressive. It did include a few items of which one should like to know more: the *Epic Poem* by Galinin, *Glory, My Homeland*, by G. Zhukovsky, a *Sixth Symphony* by Y. Ivanov, besides one or two new works by Kabalevsky. But from what other speakers said, it is clear that few, if any, of these works have "caught on."

THREE important facts emerge from the speeches made at the Composers' Congress and especially from the accompanying discussions in the press.

1. An enormous amount of music is composed every year "for the people," but very little of it reaches "the people." Shepilov and Khrennikov cited long lists of names of composers—some of them young men—but as one of the leading Soviet conductors, Alexander Gauk, wrote in *Literary Gazette* on March 26:

There is no real bond between our new symphonic music and our public. Our public scarcely know it. To take even symphonies famous abroad: with great difficulty do I manage to conduct Shostakovich's Fifth three times a year, and in different cities at that; the Seventh I am lucky to conduct once in three years. For years now I have tried in vain to conduct Prokofiev's marvellous Fifth Symphony; and Khachaturian's admirable Second Symphony had to wait for ten years before a Rumanian conductor came to Moscow to perform it.

All this shows that a vast amount of music is produced "for the files," as it were, and that both radio and concert organizations are, as in other countries (and perhaps even more so), up against the Mozart - Beethoven - Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninov stone wall of popular taste.

2. All the Congress speeches made much of the musical and operatic achievements of the non-Russian republics. Thus we are told that original

operas have lately been produced for the first time in Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Bielorussia and the autonomous Soviet republics of Tataria, Bashkiria and Buriat-Mongolia. This emphasis seemed intended to make up for the current shortcomings in Russia proper.

3. Perhaps the most significant fact to emerge from the Congress is that composers (as well as other artists) had been greatly bewildered and confused in the last nine years, and had lacked any genuine enthusiasms. The composing of songs—a field in which both the prewar and wartime years were remarkable—had suffered a terrible decline, according to all accounts. It pointed to a lack of genuine inspiration and enthusiasm. Even the development of the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan, for all its romantic presentation in the press, had not produced any outstanding musical work—not even any memorable songs. It was different both before and during the war, when there was either revolutionary enthusiasm or wartime patriotism to inspire composers. Now, according to Shepilov, an incredible amount of cheap, sentimental and "jazzy" rubbish is being produced, because apparently the public likes it. With a show of indignation, Shepilov remarked that even a theme as lofty as the Brotherhood of Nations had been exploited for the lowest commercial purposes by certain composers, who thought nothing of writing music to rubbishy words like these:

The two Italian girls, they kiss  
The Negro on both cheeks;  
In Moscow he alone is shocked.  
For the people around them cry:  
"Go on!"

Do it again! Again!"

Such "feeble primitivism," said Shepilov, was intolerable, and had to be fought against as severely as "aestheticizing formalism."

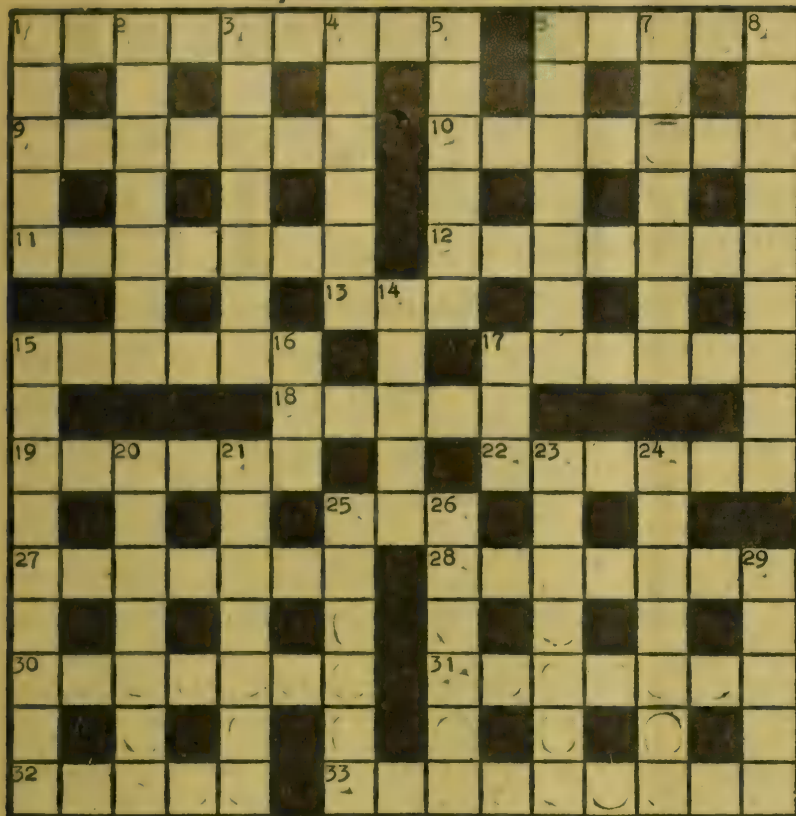
It is, all the same, important that—apart from the authors of the *Brotherhood of Nations* song—nobody was called names. Works by well-known composers that didn't quite "fit" the party line were simply ignored. But Shepilov remarked that he did not believe in pillorying anybody: which, in itself, is quite an advance from the Zhdanov position.

If we weren't in the midst of another Cold War, this liberalism might have gone a good deal further. As it was, the Colonial Peoples' Struggle for Independence, Suez and the Crushing of the Counter-Revolution in Hungary were spoken of as promising and inspiring subjects for new Soviet compositions.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 729

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 See 6 across
- 6 and 1 across Legal presentation to meet in Coward or Shakespeare. (5, 9)
- 9 It's Lee's way of giving intelligent direction. (7)
- 10 See 1 down.
- 11 Quicken. (7)
- 12 If the table doesn't seem to rock because of them, have some more! (7)
- 13 A sort of listless 9. (3)
- 15 and 21 Might be a long ways from medium, and the direction is far off. (6, 7)
- 17 You might bring up things on this. (6)
- 18 See 25 across, or 14 down.
- 19 Trim a tree, perhaps. (6)
- 22 This might bray. (6)
- 25 and 18 Plant, perhaps, used commonly for everything. (3, 5)
- 27 Permit insects to take every direction but west! (7)
- 28 The state of musical comedy might be responsible for them. (7)
- 30 These fugitives imply it might be rather grim inside, to look back around. (7)
- 31 A rather elegant letter. (7)
- 32 Utter. (5)
- 33 Is such trouble caused by paint? (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 and 10 Simply out of this world! (12)
- 2 An element of silver whiteness. (7)

- 3 One who rises quickly and lifts the pie out of it. (7)
- 4 Samples from the states, no doubt. (7)
- 5 Is more easily broken when full of cracks. (6)
- 6 Depose a ruler in financial matters? (7)
- 7 Caucasian in a rain storm? (7)
- 8 Would elements be found in this condition in Maryland? (4, 5)
- 14 and 18 Probably not satellite defenses. (10)
- 15 Lie in rest, capable of withstanding shock. (9)
- 16 This animal goes from one direction to the other and back. (3)
- 17 Hope without anger is poisonous. (3)
- 20 Mark paid. (7)
- 21 See 15 across.
- 23 One bite is enough for combs and buttons, perhaps. (7)
- 24 Location of a little rocker? (7)
- 25 The way the ragged might be seated. (6)
- 26 Compounds made of more than one variety of 29. (6)
- 29 The way to 21 an animal. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 728

ACROSS: 1 BACCALAUREATE; 10 EVIDENT; 11 FRISIAN; 12 OPOSSUM; 13 OBSCENE; 14 SLENDER; 15 KINETIC; 16 RIVULET; 20 A PRIORI; 23 TERRAIN; 24 LOBELIA; 25 VOUCHER; 26 RECITAL; 27 SENSELESSNESS. DOWN: 2 ADIPOSE; 3 CREASED; 4 LATIMER; 5 UNFROCK; 6 ERICSON; 7 TRIDENT; 8 DEMONSTRATIVE; 9 INDESCRIPTIBLE; 17 VERDURE; 18 LOATHES; 19 TENDRIL; 20 ALLURES; 21 RUBICON; 22 OBLATES.

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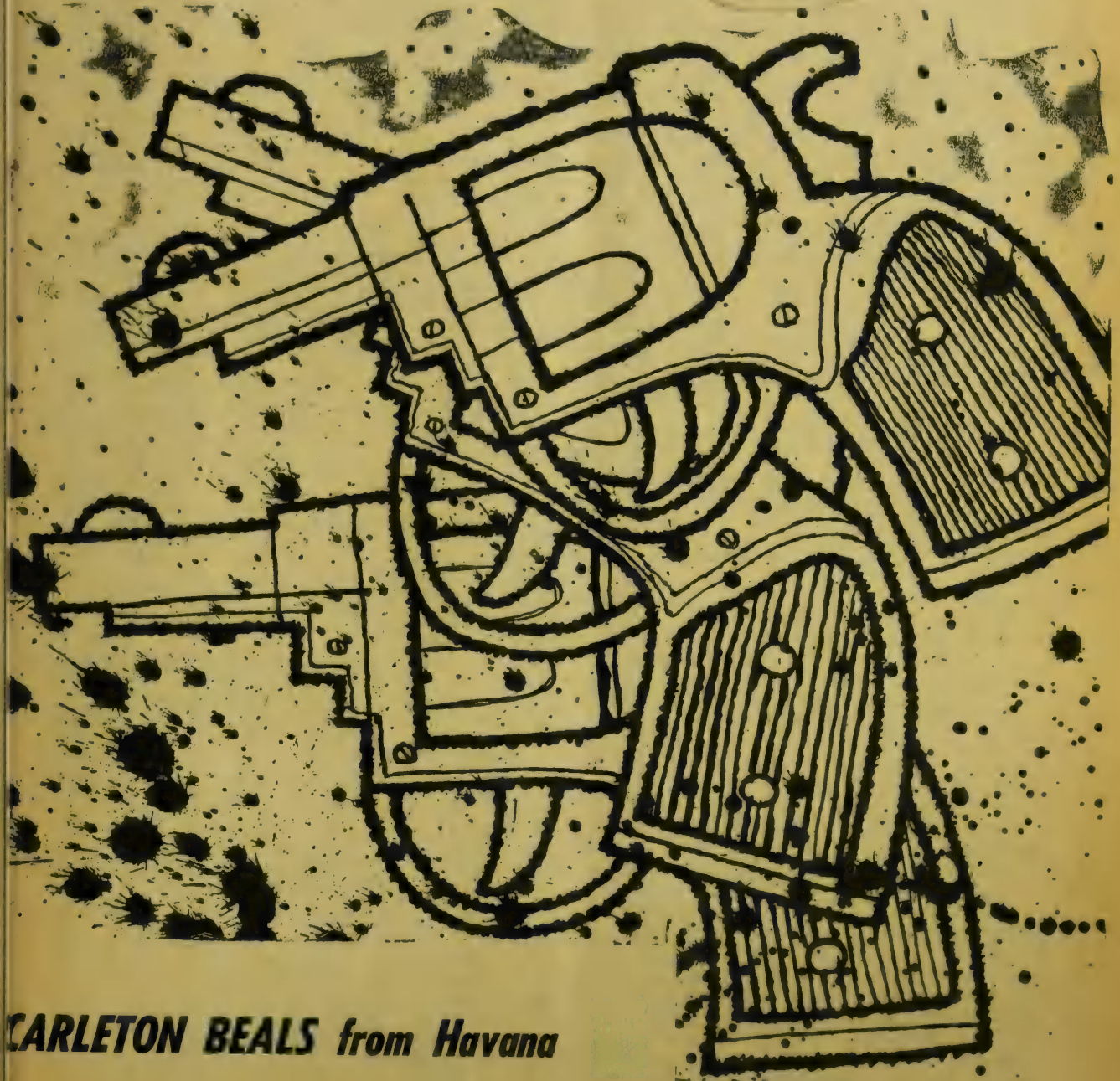
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# LETTERS

## Courage for Peace

Dear Sirs: Geoffrey Barraclough's article, *Courage for Peace*, in your June 15 issue is one of the most important pieces I have seen since the cold war started. If Mr. Dulles cannot bring himself to understand what Mr. Barraclough is saying, he is in for grief. Naturally, I think Mr. Barraclough's most important proposal is that our country take the lead in placing economic aid in the hands of an international agency—instead of fighting that step for ten long years in the United Nations. If we ever do, I predict our whole foreign policy will become, quite suddenly, more manageable.

STRINGFELLOW BARR

New York, N.Y.

## Challenge to a Critic

Dear Sirs: May I ask the courtesy of your columns to comment on Joan Robinson's review of *The Political Economy of Growth* by Paul A. Baran (*The Nation*, June 1)? To call Baran's economic analysis "slapdash" is grossly unfair. I know from personal experience how painstakingly the theoretical sections were worked over. Mrs. Robinson's strictures on specific points are no more solidly grounded.

It is simply not true that Baran "brings out the moth-eaten argument that a Keynesian policy is impossible in the developed capitalist countries, because budget deficits cause inflation." As readers can readily convince themselves, the discussion beginning on page 123 is designed to show (1) that a policy of *perpetual* deficits incurred in financing *unproductive* outlays has consequences in the form of an inflationary "overhang" that make it dangerous and unacceptable to capitalists; and similarly (2) that other methods of financing ever-expanding, unproductive undertakings, of which armaments are the best example, must in the long run lead to difficulties and contradictions. The point is not that Keynesian policy is "impossible," but that under realistic capitalist conditions it is not the panacea its more simple-minded advocates have made it out to be. A serious discussion of these questions by Mrs. Robinson would be most desirable.

There is nothing "wildly hypothetical" about Baran's historical analysis. With

respect to India and Japan, Baran argues that India stagnated and Japan developed because the former was colonized and the latter was not. No one can *prove* that but for the British occupation, India also would have developed, but the conjecture is certainly not "wild." And again, a serious discussion by Mrs. Robinson of the substantial issues at stake would be very welcome.

Why does Mrs. Robinson object to the argument that "if only socialism had been established in the advanced countries Stalinism would not have occurred"? To raise this question, and to attempt a serious answer to it (as Baran does), involves tackling the decisive problem of the nature of Stalinism. Does Mrs. Robinson want to ignore this problem? Or does she have a different theory from Baran's? One would like to know.

In Mrs. Robinson's view, Baran shows insufficient enthusiasm for birth control, and she is surely entitled to her annoyance. But do her remarks on this subject indicate that she is on the side of those who maintain that *in the here and now* population growth is the decisive obstacle to the development of backward countries? If so, she and Baran are certainly in sharp disagreement. But this question she unfortunately leaves untouched.

Finally, Mrs. Robinson's concluding paragraph seems to me unworthy of so exacting a theorist. She quotes from Baran's preface to the effect that "Only the advanced countries' progress and guidance on the road to a socialist democracy will terminate the untold suffering to which mankind has been condemned thus far," and she retorts: "If development has to wait for socialism in the now prosperous capitalist countries the outlook is gloomy indeed. This line of argument is surely ill-judged as well as unnecessarily pessimistic. Only when the advanced capitalist countries are satisfied that *they* need not disturb themselves will they tolerate, and so permit, the drastic social changes required to set the colonial, and ex-colonial and quasi-colonial, nations on a hopeful path."

Of course, Baran is not arguing that "development has to wait for socialism in the now prosperous capitalist countries." He is arguing that without their help, development involves and will continue to involve untold suffering. And the whole point of the book is to prove that as long as they remain capitalist they will not tolerate or permit any more social change than *force majeure* obliges them to. Mrs. Robinson may disagree, but it is hard to excuse

her apparent failure to see that this is the point of the book.

PAUL M. SWEETZ

Cambridge, Mass.

[Mrs. Robinson replies to Mr. Sweetz in these columns next week.—Ed.]

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## EDITORIALS

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### A Day to Remember

For once, turning the clock back spells progress. Senator Jenner, seldom quoted with approval in these pages, has summed up the significance of the Supreme Court's decisively important decisions in the Service, Sweezy, Smith Act and Watkins cases—and the earlier decision in the Clint Jencks case—with aptness and finality: the Court, he said, has “put us back where we were twenty years ago.”

Not quite twenty years, but back approximately to the point where we stood early in 1947, when President Harry S. Truman inaugurated the witch hunt with his disastrous Executive Order setting up the loyalty program and his Attorney General, now Justice Clark, timed the first Smith Act prosecution to undercut the Progressive Party in 1948. For the most part, the Supreme Court, in its new decisions, has not blazed fresh trails; it has stopped a ten-year detour and, by pointing to the old familiar signposts, has redirected the nation toward freedom.

In the Sweezy and Watkins decisions, the Court indicated a willingness to extend the old frontiers and may actually have pushed them forward a notch or two, but several reasons make it difficult to measure the gains. As Ephraim S. London points out in his analysis of the Watkins decision which follows this comment, much depends upon the extent to which the Court is willing to follow the dictum of the majority opinion in future cases. But real comfort may be found in the fact that five colleagues joined in the opinion of the Chief Justice, which was also concurred in by Justice Frankfurter in a separate opinion; this constitutes an impressive majority. One can assume, therefore, that the Court will support, if necessary, the broad implications involved.

The decision in the Sweezy case rests on a less substantial majority, due to the nature of the concurring

opinions, but could lead nevertheless to important new departures in constitutional doctrine. Both the Chief Justice and Justice Frankfurter drew lines around educational institutions that, if deepened and fortified, would extend to the entire academic community the full protection of the First Amendment. The Chief Justice warned against imposing “any strait-jacket” upon intellectual leaders in colleges and universities, while Justice Frankfurter's concurring opinion lays the foundation for the extension of First Amendment freedoms to cover the whole range of academic activity. “In a university,” he said, “knowledge is its own end, not merely a means to an end. A university ceases to be true to its own nature if it becomes the tool of church or state or any sectional interest. A university is characterized by the spirit of free inquiry, its ideal being the ideal of Socrates—‘to follow the argument where it leads.’ This implies the right to examine, question, modify or reject traditional ideas and beliefs.” The decisions in this case are bright with promise; it remains to be seen whether the promise will be fulfilled.

Even if the Court's recent labors have been more specifically directed to restoring the ancient edifice than to new construction, Monday, June 17, 1957, is still a day to remember, for on this day the Supreme Court rejected some of its own doubts and misgivings of the last decade and reaffirmed its confidence in freedom as a way of life. Justice Black's concurring opinion in the Smith Act case makes the meaning clear:

Doubtless, dictators have to stamp out causes and beliefs which they deem subversive to their evil regimes. But governmental suppression of causes and beliefs seems to me to be the very antithesis of what our Constitution stands for. The choice expressed in the First Amendment in favor of free expression was made against a turbulent background by men such as Jefferson, Madison and Mason—

men who believed that loyalty to the provisions of this amendment was the best way to assure a long life for this new nation and its government. Unless there is complete freedom for expression of all ideas, whether we like them or not, concerning the way government should be run and who shall run it, I doubt if any views in the long run can be secured against the censor. *The First Amendment provides the only kind of security system that can preserve a free government*—one that leaves the way wide open for people to favor, discuss, advocate, or incite causes and doctrines however obnoxious and antagonistic such views may be to the rest of us. (Emphasis added.)

But the Supreme Court can't finish the job. With courage, insight and boldness, it has restored to the people much of the ground that appeared to have been surrendered beyond retrieve to the bigots and the fear-ridden in a moment of panic and blind unreason. But if the tribunal's leadership is not supported, if it does not strike a response in the people themselves, then June 17 will mark not a turning point in the domestic cold war, but merely a brief armistice before the battle resumes. "Constitutions," Burke said, "must be defended by the wisdom and fortitude of men. These qualities no constitution can give." Nor can any court confer them. Will the people, responding to the Court's leadership, now compel the occupants of executive and legislative offices to emerge from the foxholes in which they have hidden these last ten years and begin to act a little more like men, a little less like mice? However the ultimate decision goes, the Court has done its part.

## The Watkins Decision

BY EPHRAIM S. LONDON

In evaluating the opinion we must consider two aspects: (1) the holding (i.e. the enunciated rule of law essential to the determination of the case); and (2) the general observations made by the Court in announcing its decision. Only the holding is binding upon other government authorities or agencies. The Court's general observations, which lawyers call *dicta*, are not. They are, however, of great interest as a guide to the Court's thinking, or if you will, its bias, which may be determinative of other cases.

It is the Court's general reflections in the Watkins case that give the greatest hope.

Watkins had been convicted of refusing, upon questioning by the House Committee on Un-American

Activities, to name former members of the Communist Party. The Supreme Court reversed the conviction. The Court's holding in the case is an extension of the generally accepted rule that conduct may not be punishable as a crime unless one has advance notice, or a reasonable opportunity to determine, that the conduct is a penal offense. The rule requires that a penal measure must be sufficiently definite and precise so that all affected may know what conduct is prohibited. That is a requirement of due process (which is just another term for fair play), for it is unjust to punish a man for an act unless he has some reasonable warning or opportunity to learn that the act is considered a violation of law.

The majority of the Supreme Court found that Watkins had been denied due process when he was punished for refusing to answer the questions put to him by the House Un-American Activities Committee. The statute under which Watkins had been prosecuted makes it a penal offense for a witness to refuse to answer a question put by a Congressional committee if the question is pertinent to the matter under inquiry. The Supreme Court held that the resolution creating the House Un-American Activities Committee was so loosely worded, and the committee's investigations were so broad and all-encompassing, that Watkins could not have known what matters were properly under inquiry by it. He could not, therefore, have known what questions the committee had a right to ask—which he could be compelled to answer—and what matters he could properly refuse to disclose because they were beyond its authority to investigate.

In reaching its conclusions, the Court (in the opinion written by Chief Justice Warren) made a number of general observations. The Congressional power to investigate is not unlimited; Congressional investigations must relate to the legislative functions of Congress, and investigations made solely to expose private citizens are improper. Even in authorized investigations the constitutional rights of witnesses must be respected by Congress, and there may not, in such investigations, be any interference with one's political associations or belief. "The mere summoning of a witness," the Court added, "and compelling him to testify against his will about his beliefs, expressions or associations is a measure of governmental interference."

As a result of the decision, the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate Committee on Internal Security will not be able to function, under their present authorizations, as they have in the past. The committees may still conduct investigations into "subversion," but there will be little purpose in summoning any but friendly witnesses or informers. The Court's holding in the Watkins case may perhaps be circumvented by imposition or adoption of

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*EPHRAIM S. LONDON, a member of the New York Bar, is a leading authority on constitutional law. He represented Dr. Harry Slochower in the latter's successful appeal to the Supreme Court in Board of Education of New York vs. Slochower.*



more narrowly defined limits of authority to the investigating committees, and the creation of legislative pretext for inquiries. But if the Court follows its dictum in the case, then no Congressional inquiry into political association will be tolerated.

## TV: Stupidity vs. Simplicity

In a recent week, two of America's most successful showmen, Goodman Ace and Elia Kazan, made substantially the same charge against television: it underestimates the intelligence of its audience; it caters to the twelve-year-old mentality. That is why it is falling into a youthful decay.

The criticism has a familiar ring—for years it has been levelled against the movies each time the national box office has declined. If it has never been effective against the crudities of Hollywood, if it shows no sign of correcting the imbecilities of Madison Avenue, the reason may be that it is the wrong criticism.

Television, like the movies before it, is a medium of mass entertainment. It cannot seek out a specially interested or specially trained audience; it must pitch its show to a common denominator. This is usually called the lowest common denominator and the adjective is mischievous, for we assume in this context that what is low is also bad. What is really meant is the broadest common denominator—the level at which the greatest number of people can understand and appreciate one another. In its day, *Oedipus Rex* was pitched to that level and, whatever may have been the target of his court comedies, Shakespeare was not addressing selected groups with *Macbeth* or *Richard II*. They were keyed to the broadest common denominator—the lowest, perhaps, being solicited by bear-baiting and the entertainments beneath Tyburn gallows.

Levels and ages have nothing to do with the case. No one worries about the intellectual level of *Easy Street* or, to take a more recent and less remarkable example, of *High Noon*; no one asks what mental age was being appealed to by *Oklahoma!* The producers of mass entertainment are quite right to turn away from such criticism, for they know that the audience they require can be attracted only by simplicity.

But simplicity is beautiful and it endures; stupidity is what is low and ugly, and in the end it fails because it does not appeal to any level of human experience.

## The Lamb Case: A Final Word

After three and a half years of bitter litigation, Edward O. Lamb has finally won complete vindication in his effort to force the Federal Communications Commission to renew his license to operate WICU-TV in Erie, Pennsylvania. *Nation* readers are familiar with

the facts of the case which, from the outset, were followed with close attention in these pages as well as with consistent editorial support for the position taken by Mr. Lamb. (See comments: June 12, 1954; February 5, 1955; June 2, 1955; December 24, 1955.) Industrialists less "naive" would have succumbed to the pressures—including that of overt political blackmail—brought to bear on him to sell his valuable radio and TV properties. But Mr. Lamb was just "naive" enough to believe that in the end the action against him was bound to fail despite the use of professional informers carefully coached by biased officials and the expenditures of an estimated \$900,000 of government funds. "This bitter fight," he writes, "is past. It should never have been started, and now that it is over we can forget the wicked motivations, the untruths and the organized smears. I shall continue as a liberal and as an independent. I want to aid the cause of underprivileged people everywhere and assist in obtaining a world tolerant of the novel and the unpopular, which pays its highest tribute to the progressive and to the pioneer."

## Who's Stopping Disarmament Now?

Washington

Harold Stassen has been under attack for doing the right thing. In an affair of life and death for mankind, he was entirely justified in putting a first-stage disarmament treaty ahead of the pride, or imagined national interests, of a few European countries. He has been criticized especially for exchanging ideas with the Soviet delegate in the London negotiations before the NATO allies approved the latest American proposals. The fact is that the attitude of some Allies has been impeding progress. It is a tribute to Stassen's perspicacity if he has been giving priority to a U.S.-Soviet accord in the negotiations, for it is inconceivable that were such an agreement attained, any ally would assume the onus of trying to torpedo it.

It has been said on good authority that Stassen endeavored to move forward in private conversations with Valerian Zorin of Russia because he feared that Konrad Adenauer's visit to Washington last month might stretch a tripwire across the disarmament discussions. Indeed, Adenauer showed there was reason for this anxiety. At a news conference in Washington, the West German Chancellor insisted Europe must be omitted from the initial disarmament treaty. He later retracted a little in public, but only after his advisers—notably his Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano—realized that the Chancellor's indiscretion was casting the German Federal Republic as the principal roadblock against arms reduction and control. The Germans still appear to be approving aerial inspection but opposing ground inspection. However, they can-

not possibly maintain this opposition if others open their territories to ground surveillance.

The Germans are by no means the only saboteurs. The French government suffered a nervous breakdown at the suggestion that manufacture of nuclear weapons might be halted before France begins producing nuclear bombs. And, as if deliberately bent on derailing the London talks, the French are suggesting that any European zone of inspection must reach to the Urals. They know, of course, that the Soviets will never accept a plan opening the heart of industrial Russia to scrutiny while leaving the entire United States closed.

The British have also been dragging their feet. They've been arguing that a partial disarmament accord would let the Russians stand pat and shelve major political settlements like German unification.

Britain has further been showing reluctance towards stoppage of nuclear-arms output for two reasons: first, their intention of switching to such weapons explains their announcement that they plan to cut their manpower from 690,000 to 375,000 in the next five years; second, a standstill at this stage would leave the British with a relatively tiny stockpile compared to those of the United States and Soviet Union.

Except for Stassen, the Eisenhower Administration has been presenting the issue upside down. Secretary Dulles told reporters we shall never place a bilateral agreement with Russia ahead of relations with our allies. Every thinking citizen must know, however, that the greatest good we could bestow upon our allies, ourselves and people everywhere would be to end the U.S.-Soviet rivalry in nuclear-war preparations.

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## THE NEW CRIME of CUBA... by Carleton Beals

### Haiti's Welcome to Carleton Beals

Two weeks ago, *The Nation* sent Carleton Beals, veteran journalist and author who has spent a good part of his professional life covering revolutions, to report on conditions in Cuba and Haiti, the current hotpots of the Caribbean. Mr. Beals visited Cuba first; the first of two articles he has written from Havana appears below. He then flew to Port au Prince in Haiti. Shortly after his arrival, a Haitian army officer, accompanied by a group of soldiers with rifles, broke into his hotel room. *The Nation* has lodged a protest against this harassment of an American correspondent with Secretary of State Dulles and with U.S. Ambassador Gerold A. Drew in Haiti.

The author of more than a score of books—a

dozen of them about Latin America—Mr. Beals began writing for *The Nation* in 1921. Among the stories he has covered for this magazine were the rise of Mussolini in Italy, the consolidation of the modern Mexican state in the twenties and the invasion of Nicaragua by the U.S. Marines in 1927. He has also written extensively from other parts of Latin America, where he lived and travelled for many years. Among his books are *Banana Gold* (1931), *The Crime of Cuba* (1933), *America South* (1937), *Pan America: a Program for the Western Hemisphere* (1940), *Rio Grande to Cape Horn* (1947), *Our Yankee Heritage* (1951).

Mr. Beals's report from Haiti will be published in next week's issue.

## 1. Terror Under the Neon Lights

*Havana*  
TERROR IN the night, bombed homes and cafes, murders by army and police, flames in the cane-fields and wrecked trains, jails full of tortured prisoners, concentration camps, secret invasions on lonely beaches and insurgents in the hills—such is Cuba's rumba of violence. Such is the Hungary on our doorstep.

But the blood-drenched Cuba of

Dictator Fulgencio Batista, one-time army sergeant, is not merely a Pandora's box of evil and tears, it is also a paradox of prosperity and gaiety. Never was business better, never were the night clubs and B-girl bars so crowded. Nor the flat-tire politicians so inflated with hope—"barking for their bone" as they express it in Cuba—with talk of possible elections next June.

Against the lurid background of

death and fear, a joint Congressional Electoral Commission has been discussing an election law acceptable to the opposition parties. Old names. Old faces. Here are representatives of Carlos Prio, whom President Batista overthrew by armed force in March, 1952; of former President Grau San Martin, a wily man, once a popular leader, and still with aspirations to return to power; that old orthodox warhorse



of earlier paper-battles, Márquez Sterling; men of a half-dozen factions—all seated with the leaders of Batista's coalition parties, his Senators and cabinet ministers. Under the tarnished cupola of Dictator Machado's *Capitolio*, built with Chase Bank funds in another era of misery and military abuse, the solons have been haggling like market-women, not over the welfare of Cuba, but for puerile legalisms and petty factional advantages in elections that in this swirl of violence may never be held, or if held, likely will be decided by the bayonets now pinning Cuban freedom to earth.

All morning I listened to that turgid oratory, phrased in the language of forgotten conflicts, worn-out tinsel that decorated the Christmas trees of better years long ago. These puffing, pulling men had put on blinders against the air-lift to the Sierra Maestra; they had plugged their ears against the bombs down the street. Shadow boxing. The Cuban people were not here. Young Cuba was not here. Everybody in Cuba except the politicians knew it.

In the last ten years, a new voting population, nearly half that of Cuba, has come into being without ever having had a chance to vote in an honest election. Few have turned to the old parties and leaders. What they want, what they will do, no one knows or tries to find out. That some, shut off all these years from political and intellectual expression, have turned terrorists—that is sore-thumb plain. That some have gone to the Sierra Maestra to fight—that, too, is known.

IN THE end, Grau pulled the rug from under the Joint Electoral Commission, refusing longer to play Batista's cat-mouse game, by withdrawing his *Autenticos*, the major opposition party, and the "retired politician," the "fox of Marinao," became the central figure of the non-violent opposition. A most disturbing one.

"Restore the rights and freedom of the people and there will be no problem." Simple enough. Too simple. How simple is shown by Cuba's latest police assassination last night

(June 14). The head of Grau's *Autentico* Party in Santiago was shot in the back by two Secret Service agents (so described by his wife). And two respectable leaders of opposition parties were framed by the secret police as leaders of terrorist bands.

Before the commission adjourned, a few voices rang out clearly, so clearly that the Minister of Gobernacion, Santiago Rey, slapped one speaker in the face, and pistols were drawn. But then, it was bad taste for the Senator to call the Minister a plunderer of public funds.

"There must be amnesty for political prisoners. . . . How can we have an election when people are in concentration camps? . . . Why have not obnoxious cabinet ministers been removed as promised? . . . How can we have a free election when soldiers are breaking into private homes? . . . When our universities are closed? . . . When there is no free assemblage? . . . What about the police attack on Radio Mambi? . . . The newspapers that are still suppressed?"

In the grimy ancient *Audiencia* on Theodore Roosevelt Street in a special Urgency Court, in the tar-smell of these sweltering June days, special judges in black silk capes are trying presumed terrorists, mostly boys, and meting out ten-year sentences. Or they judge labor leaders and workers who have been trying to prevent their unions from being taken over by Batista stooges, or who have gathered in private homes to discuss union affairs, or who have handed out circulars. These are crimes in Batista's Cuba.

The kangaroo-court judges are safe within blocked-off streets where, behind the barricades, swarm National police, secret police, soldiers, marines, armored cars, jeeps, machine-guns. From the hot courtroom, I look out the barred windows at the noble royal palms and the high gray walls across the harbor of Cabana fortress, built long ago by the Spaniards who did no worse things to Cuba than are being done today.

"Twenty years," demands the prosecutor for seven railroad workers, accused on no other evidence

than that of an army officer, of making explosives in railroad shops. They are men who opposed the destitution of their elected officers.

"Twenty years for an innocent man! That's a crime!" shouts one prisoner.

"Remove him from the courtroom," orders the judge.

IN THE Palace, where last March Batista had to hide under a bed during an armed attack by "the Youth Brigade," the President now breathes fire and brimstone at the "criminals" on the streets and in the Sierras—and why does Cuba have so many "criminals" these days? He shouts that there will be no armistice for political prisoners. No olive branch to the enemy. He denies that there is censorship of the radio. (It is merely forbidden to mention current Cuban events and, a few days later, the police shut down Radio Reloj for twenty-four hours for having mentioned a battle in the Sierra.) False, said the government. Yet this week's *Bohemia* gives versions by eyewitnesses.

Only recently Batista told the world that the insurrectionists had been wiped out and Fidel Castro killed. But if Batista's soldiers could not find him, the newspapers did. Presently other invaders came ashore near the American nickel mines on the North coast, and Castro's *guerrilleros* swept down and captured Uvero and its barracks, only thirty miles from Santiago, and its thatched shacks made more news than Rome or Moscow.

Generals and colonels, called back from the front, rushed in and out of the Palace and Camp Colombia. The scorched-earth policy was announced. Crack Cuban outfits, American-trained and equipped with American arms given for hemisphere defense, were airlifted in American-gift planes to Santiago.

"If the French can use arms given them by the Americans to kill Algerians, if the British can use them to kill Cretans, then Cuba certainly has a right to use them to maintain order," said one official cynically.

But before the soldiers set out bravely to catch the devils in the hills, they gun-buttet and murdered

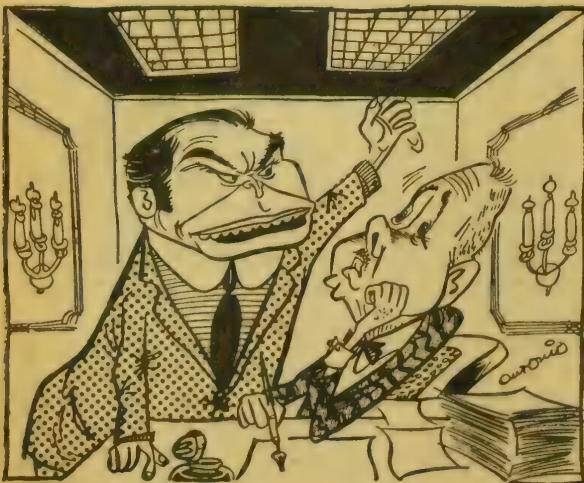
## The Cuban Press

*The cartoons on this page are from various Cuban dailies and weeklies. While there is no overt and direct official censorship of the press by the Batista regime, the general atmosphere is not exactly conducive to freedom. Nevertheless, Cuba's cartoonists, in their own way, are having their say about conditions in their country.*



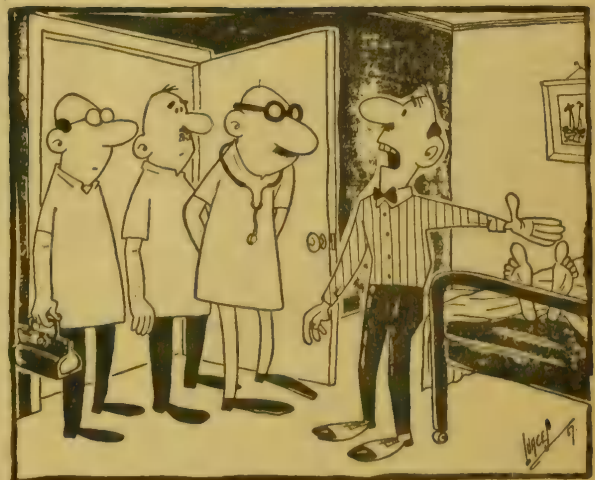
"The cat's been hiding in the corner for days."  
"Well, in Santiago they accuse everybody, even the cats, of being revolutionary."

## Going Too Far



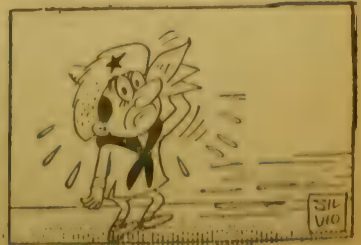
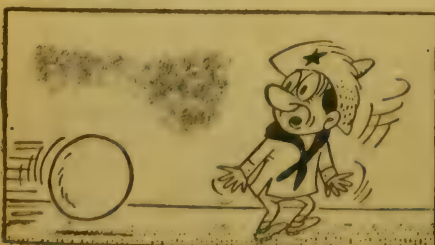
Batista's Secretary for Gobernacion, Santiago, to his boss: "Quit calling everybody an opponent of the government. Pretty soon you'll be calling ME part of the opposition."

## The Cuban People Are Sick



Politician-doctors: "We're sorry, but we haven't received government permission to operate."

## The Cuban People Dodging Bombs





Santiago citizens. One of the Army's most brutal officers, Colonel José María Salas Canizares, took over the local police situation. Thirty-seven women marching out of the cathedral in prayer, carrying placards calling for peace, were dragged off to jail. Even bank inspectors sent by the National Bank on their regular inspection business were arrested and sent out of the city as suspicious characters. Houses were broken into and searched. Seven persons disappeared, one a lawyer who had dared defend a captured *insurrecto*. In the morning, the bodies of four young men, arrested by the secret police, were found, horribly mutilated, on the beach and among the weeds.

Next the soldiers herded the people down from their homes in the hills—men and women, the aged and children, pregnant women—to Santiago, Bayamo, Las Minas de Bueycito and other peripheral centers. Six thousand, the forerunners of 24,000 to come. In some places, they outnumbered the existing inhabitants and there was no place to quarter them except in the open fields in the rain. They left their animals behind to starve, their corn and coffee crops to be lost, their mortgages unpaid. Some had already gone through the reckless indiscriminate bombing of the Sierra that had hit peaceful settlements but not the rebels. These innocent victims arrived soaked to the skin, their bloody feet smeared with mud, without food or possessions. Townspeople trying to help them with food and clothing were maltreated by the soldiery or arrested.

IN SANTIAGO I picked up a few of their stories: the woman who had borne a child en route alone in the rain. The widow with nine children—two months to fifteen years—obliged to sleep in the rain without food. One woman with a large brood said, "All we were able to bring with us was one chicken. I've sold that for a peso. Now we have nothing." A rancher said, "I had to let my horses and cattle and pigs run wild in the forest. Maybe I'll find some of them when I get back." An ancient grandmother, barefoot, a white towel about her head, carrying her

little dog in her arms, said, "I came from Los Lirios—there—far off, very far. Days I walked, my clothes are torn, my shoes gave out. For the first time in my life I have to sleep on the ground, even here. And my father fought for Cuba's independence."

"Bloody Weyler all over again!" The concentration camps and scorched-earth policy of 1898, more than anything else, aroused the American conscience in days before this nation had become so rich and powerful.

Now the consciences of nearly all Cuba have been aroused. From Santiago came protest after protest against the maltreatment of citizens, violations of homes, the torture and murder of the four boys, the brutality of the march of death. "Batista, stop this inhuman spectacle of families dislodged from their homes, stop the indiscriminate bombings, in the name of God, in the name of your own family, in the name of our civilization." The protests were signed by every officer of every civic organization—bravery unparalleled for years under the dictatorship—Rotarians, Lions, Catholic Action, teachers' federations, lyceums, the yacht club, sport clubs, the tennis club, fishing clubs, business clubs, ministers' associations, Knights of Columbus, the bar association, engineers, architects, the League of Newspaper Men, the League Against Cancer, the Geographical and Historical Society.

The same protests came out of Bayamo, though civic groups there were not allowed to meet. A Rotarian in Bayamo does not have to face the facetious gibes of a Mencken, he has to face a machine-gun. "We want no more terrorism. We want

no more mysterious assassinations. We want no more files of hungry homeless people through our streets."

In Havana similar civic groups—though some were not permitted to meet, or their gatherings were broken up by the police and arrests made—backed up the protests. Of sixty-seven organizations, only two backed out, but even of these, individual members stepped forward and put their names down. Nearly every name on these lists has been interviewed by the secret police.

Protests rolled in from almost every community on the island. A third force had been born, a force of civic order and decency and peace in a country thought to be too corrupt and beaten down and frightened by the dictatorship, at a time when the official terror was never worse. It was a force that even a dictator with guns could not ignore—an avalanche.

ONE OF THE sad aspects of this nationwide protest was the absence, except in a few places, of protests by labor unions, which in other days would certainly have raised their voices. But they are complete captives of the dictatorship, the last vestiges of union independence having been wiped out except for a few federations centering in Havana.

Above all, what most dazed Batista was the scandal over his concentration camps. Since when had the well-to-do and prosperous of Cuba concerned themselves with the fate of mere peasants from the hills? Though he set the police and soldiery on the protesting signers, he rushed two cabinet ministers to the scene with orders to provide the refugees with proper housing, food, clothing



From the Cuban Press

"Batista is looking for the way to the elections."

and medicine. Army cots were flown in.

But already the epidemics had begun, especially enteritis among smaller children. Sickness threatened every community. Not until then did the worried army officers lower the barriers to permit the good women of the towns to come into the stinking camps and help nurse and ladle out stew from the big "charity kettles." There were no utensils for eating it. As sickness and death spread, the tragedy threatened to build into a scandal that would ring down through the years and brand the dictator with an infamy he could never escape.

And so, the Army was ordered to send them back to their homes at once. Within twenty-four hours they were on the march again, young and old, the pregnant and the sick. The dictator promised he would build them all homes with concrete floors, at least sanitary privies, and the schools they have never had. Maybe, just maybe, some day they will get some compensation for their ordeals.

BRUSHING reporters aside—they were asking many embarrassing questions—Batista turned to greet a large delegation of smiling business men from Jacksonville, Florida, looking for business opportunities. Fine, well-meaning, beaming emissaries, combining business with the pleasures of the *Sans Souci* and *Tropicana* navel dancers. But for Cubans who had known the terror of a city without light, the terror of police in their homes, the terror of the death march, these good folk seemed a bit like crows over a field of carrion.

But business really is good here. Nearly a billion dollars have come in from the United States during the five years of Batista's rule, and he has run the public debt up to the tune of \$700,000,000. There is much new industry to take up the slack of seasonal sugar-cane unemployment: textiles, shoes, glass, drugs, chemicals, wire, rubber, electrical goods, auto assembly plants, cement, added copper and nickel mining, oil refineries, fiber and sugar-cane-waste processing. Cuba, which a few years ago had to im-

port nearly all its textiles, now exports rayon to twelve countries.

It is a real prosperity. True, wages in the cane fields are still a disgrace to a civilized people, but they are better than they ever have been and Havana workers make around sixty dollars a month; in public-utility enterprises, \$300. Cost of living is about the same as in the United States.

Of course, the generals get the cream of everything. Favored congressmen (they are mostly a nuisance in a dictatorship) no longer receive their \$5,000 graft from the national lottery. The cut is taken entirely by the army officers, and some even have concessions to run their own private lotteries. The First Lady, it is said, receives a monthly check of \$70,000, no strings attached, for charity, *Eva Peron* style.

The tourist hotels rise higher and more air-cooled, and the night clubs, with hostesses that yesterday were street-walkers, provide a neon blaze three or four to the block in every street around the central plaza, off the Malecon sea-boulevard, in the fashionable Vedado; and the touts offering young girls, "exhibitions" and pornographic movies have multiplied like cockroaches.

There are fine gambling casinos, too, and the Las Vegas gamblers, already on the scene, have made a deal, it is said, with the dictator to bring all their paraphernalia from Las Vegas to Havana, where the tax-take will be far less. At the moment Herminio Portell-Vila, former cabinet minister and head of the Cuban-North-American Cultural Institute, faces a court for having attacked the *Alcalde del Pozo y del Puerto* (Mayor of the Well and the Port) in an article describing "Illegal But Tolerated" gambling. It should be noted, however, that the mayor, at the cost of three millions, has also built a magnificent new hospital, dedicated this June 15.

With so much business prosperity, so much money to spend on public works, with so much expansive lid-off gaiety, it would seem that even a dictatorship, had it so much as three fingers of skill between eyes and hair-line, need not have brought

things to such a dreadful impasse as prevails in Cuba at this hour.

Could it be that Cubans cherish political liberties as well as full stomachs? Machado went down in a year of economic misery and despair when wages in the cane fields had dropped to ten cents a day. This is something new, a revolution at the very peak of prosperity. But all the universities are closed, human liberty and dignity mean nothing, all intellectual life is stultified by censorship and military coercion.

THE Cubans have never reconciled themselves to this government implanted by military force. It is in this atmosphere of darkened universities, intellectual sluggishness, cultural decline, super-business, super-vice and military graft, shameless blaring night clubs, gambling and police brutality, that the youth of Cuba from twelve to thirty years of age have embarked upon a life of terrorism, of bombings and arson. It is a sad thing for a country when its young feel they have to become terrorists instead of scientists and engineers, poets and lawyers. But will youths who have become so callous that they bomb schools and homes and businesses demonstrate any great consideration for those who differ with them should they ever gain power? Terrorism is merely the other ugly face of dictatorship, not a creative force, and it is shaking Cuban society to pieces.

"Not even during the colonial period," declares the editor of *Bohemia*, Cuba's leading weekly, "has Cuba passed through darker days."

Who and why are the terrorists? What are their aims? Who and why Fidel Castro? What chance of success has the insurrection? What part is the Church playing? What is the role of labor? What chance is there for a peaceful solution that will bring some justice to the Cuban people? Are there healthy, intelligent forces which can take hold of the situation in the face of a brutalized army honeycombed with graft and privilege? Or will Cuba sink into blind disorder? There are no sure answers, but to some extent the forces and possibilities now existing can be measured.



## 2. *Rebels Without a Cause*

HAVANA, the night of my arrival, June 3, was relatively quiet. Only three bombings. One bomb damaged the home of police-commandant Domingo Bolet; another made a shambles of a shoestore and nearby show windows; a third wrecked an electric-light pole.

I took a look at narrow Suarez Street in the slums, near one of the main barracks and the Cuban electric plant that pollutes the air of the city with black smoke. The previous Tuesday, an explosion of fifty sticks of dynamite and gas which escaped as a result ripped up half a block of pavement and crumbled the fronts of buildings. A policeman was tossed fifteen feet and buried. Other persons, fighting through flames, were badly burned. The dynamite had been expertly placed in a tunnel dug under the gas main and the three most important light and power feedercables. For fifty-seven hours, most of the city huddled in darkness, with no water, no traffic lights, no industry, no elevators, no newspapers or refrigerators. Damages were estimated at nearly five million dollars. Another bomb cut off light from 400 homes in Guanabacoa across the harbor.

FOUR days after my arrival, at ten in the morning, a heavy detonation shook my hotel room. A powerful bomb tore out the wall and balcony on the fifth floor of the First National Bank of Boston building.

The usual savage reprisals took place, though this frightful chain of violence was originally set in motion by the repressions of the regime. The day after the Suarez disaster, on the outskirts of town, two youths were found hanged, horribly mutilated before death, with bombs at their feet. On the day of my arrival, the secretary of the woodworkers union was found in a central street, riddled with bullets, and with a bomb at his feet.

Nor do prominent people escape. Some time ago, the house of Dr. Fernando Castro, Cuba's great

scholar and author, but a man removed entirely from politics, was searched without warrant by the soldiery. The day after the armed attack on the National Palace last March, Dr. Pelayo Cervo, head of the opposition Orthodox Party, one of the finest men in public life, was assassinated and his body flung into a vacant lot.

All the while the special Urgency Court keeps grinding out sentences. On June 10, two boys were sentenced to ten years for alleged terroristic acts. In some places, lawyers trying to defend suspected terrorists or labor leaders have been assaulted or arrested; or have gone into hiding. Several judges who dismissed cases for lack of evidence have been thrown off the bench.

Yet not one member of the police or armed forces has been arrested in connection with murdered students, workers or members of opposition parties, though in certain cases the persons killed had been previously taken into custody.

Resistance has now spread to every hamlet and city in Cuba. The Rural Guards, the National Police, the Secret Police and the Army have been unable to prevent the blowing up of bridges, trains, railroad stations, trucks, auto buses, or the burning or dynamiting of schools, stores, homes and club houses. Tobacco warehouses go up in smoke. A dozen large sugar refineries have been hit, one—Central Washington—allegedly owned by the dictator. The destruction of Tunguaro represented a loss estimated at from one to two and a half million dollars. Arson at the large Andorra refinery in Pinar del Rio province, the day of my arrival in Cuba, destroyed 7,000 sacks of sugar.

In Camagüey a tunnel attempt to blow up the light system was frustrated. Throughout the city fires were set, and people were dragged to the barracks in an orgy of terrorism on both sides. The list of places and crimes is endless.

In Cienfuegos soldiers claimed to have captured thirty-two youths

after a prolonged gun battle in the streets. Open insurrection! But according to Congressman Conrado Rodriguez and others, the youths were taken from their homes unarmed and were tortured in an attempt to extract information about terrorists.

Terrorism made its appearance as a Cuban political weapon during the close of the Machado dictatorship. The secret ABC organization, like the present movement made up for the most part of upper-class youths, had no announced program beyond getting rid of the dictator. But once the lid was off, its fascist flavor was revealed. One of its aims was the restriction of the suffrage to the elite, the ABC being the elite. The leaders quickly allied themselves with Batista, ingratiated themselves with Sumner Welles—this was known as "garage diplomacy" because the ambassador was reported to have held conspiratorial meetings with the ABC leaders in his garage—and soon betrayed the people's government of Grau, putting Carlos Mendieta, chieftain of Machado's Liberal Party, back into power by one of Batista's customary armed assaults on the Palace. For all its Washington support, Batista's back-lot assassinations and shooting-up of towns from military lorries brought no stability.

BUT terrorism paid off well for the ABC directors. Joaquin Martinez Saenz, the chief ABC ramrod, a smooth National City Bank lawyer, today is head of the National Bank of Cuba and makes purchases of tens of millions for the government. It is the finest of all plums at political disposal, and he has become one of the wealthiest men in Cuba. His assistant, Emeterio Santovenio, is also an ABC man. Other ABC leaders became cabinet ministers and Congressmen.

As at that earlier time of the Machado dictatorship, the opposition to the Batista dictatorship first manifested itself in the university. The students never accepted his armed coup of 1952, a week before scheduled

elections, nor his one-candidate bayonet elections of 1954. From the first, they protested against the abridgement of civil rights, suppression of the press and freedom of expression. They demanded honest elections. They demanded his resignation.

Hundreds of students, not only in Havana but in every university on the island, have been arrested, tortured, driven into exile or murdered. Two presidents of the Student Federation have lost their lives, José Antonio Hecheverría and Fructuoso Rodríguez. Students have been mowed down by the soldiery when conducting peaceful demonstrations or when carrying their dead comrades to the cemetery. It is not surprising that more and more of them, helpless and desperate before the military ruthlessness of the dictatorship, have been sucked into the dead end of terrorism.

For the dictator, this is pure ingratitude. He has built several fine new buildings for the university. They have never been used, and "no trespassing" signs adorn the empty campus. In every university it is the same. Only a few days ago a meeting of the medical faculty was broken up by the police on the grounds they might discuss something other than professional matters. Besides, the Secretary of Gobernación said, "Several of them are suspected of being Communists."

IT IS A tragic and serious gap in the life of the Cuban republic when for three years graduating students have been unable to get their diplomas in proper fashion. Certainly Cuba needs doctors and lawyers, engineers and scientists more than it needs terrorists, and the loss to the country of the 20,000 students of Havana, and the thousands elsewhere who have been denied an education these years, will be felt for generations to come.

In spite of the "third force" for "peace," there is a surprisingly strong sympathy for the terrorists in upper social circles. Everywhere, I hear, "Yes, the picture of Cuba is dark. Our old-line politicians are corrupt. Labor is corrupt. The Army is corrupt. All society has lost its

moral fiber. But our youth—they have courage and enthusiasm. They are idealists. They are going to make a better Cuba. . . ."

And a leading newspaper editor told me glowingly, "Our youth have a desire to die. They are anxious to become martyrs. They do not fear torture or death. They have the spirit of Joan of Arc. It is strange but it is true. The movement is an avalanche now. Nothing can stop it. Not all of Batista's soldiers."

This sentimentalism about the terrorists by people who would never risk their own lives, I find singularly repulsive. Nor is a single person able to tell what the terrorists or what Fidel Castro want—what kind of Cuba they are trying to create.

I have tried to find out. I have talked with more than a dozen student leaders, several closely linked with the terrorists movement. All burned with one major passion—get rid of Batista. That justified all and every means. "We all have to band together now—the pure of heart, the semi-pure, and the dirty," to accomplish that.

But only one student, from Guantanamo, had any program for what might lie ahead—except to restore civil rights, the constitution and order. Batista also talks a lot about "order."

The Guantanamo student said:

The time has come to set to work to integrate this vast mass movement, mostly a youth movement, to attack the political time-servers and take over the power to give work to the laborer, lands to the peasants, opportunities to the young, and economic stability to Cuban homes.

We have had two great deceptions, the betrayals of Grau and Prio, of the *Autenticos*, the supposed party of the people, and the return to power of Batista by force, promising clean government. We have to start all over again to restore liberty and democracy.

Batista does not speak of "liberty and democracy" but he does talk about land reform, the condition of the peasants, labor and capital, schools, farm diversification, public housing, health—for all are serious problems in this prosperous land—and he has done considerable in all these directions. Except that every-

thing has been poisoned by the illegality of his regime, the colossal army graft and the putting of the army above government and all human rights.

In Machado's day, there was, in the opposition, a fine outpouring of new ideas, art, literature and hope. There were student organizations of many faiths, from Communists to the Catholic right. Today, I find that most of their ideas, except for a few vague notions about democracy and the constitution, are closer to those of Spanish Christian fascism than to any other body of principles. There has been a tremendous amount of paid Franco propaganda in Cuba, backed up by some church elements of Spanish origin. In general, the opposition is racist, anti - American, anti - Protestant, vaguely anti-capitalist, but not heavily anti-Semitic. Sympathy runs to Israel not to Nasser, though the defeat of British and French designs on Suez is generally applauded. The students swear ardently by democracy, but, as with the older ABC, when pinned down, it is usually a democracy restricted to the elite. Nearly all the Cuban students today and especially the terrorists, are well to the right.

EXCEPT FOR ONE small revolt of under-officers soon after Batista seized power, the counter movement of violence had as its pivot for a time former president Carlos Prio Socarras, whom Batista ousted and who's now in Miami. He is a symbol of legality and the on-going of the electoral process. The Authentic Party was originally the one truly popular party that emerged from the September, 1933, revolution, and though a certain New Dealism continued when it resumed control of the government under Grau and Prio from 1944 to 1952, its corruption had undermined popular confidence and made Batista's armed seizure of the state that much easier.

After the rise of Fidel Castro to prominence, a large part of the opposition, particularly the terrorists, transferred its loyalty to him. Indeed he has become the hero and god of most of Young Cuba—even of those opposed to terrorism. In order to



keep some of his hold on his following, Prio had to order it to support Castro with arms and funds.

Who is this mysterious daredevil of the hills? Both he and Batista were born in Oriente province and both have deep-rooted knowledge of the people and country there. Batista was of the new "cosmic race" as they call it in Latin America—a descendant of Mayan Indian slaves, rebel Cimarron Negroes and Spaniards. Castro is mostly Spanish. Batista was orphaned at fourteen; what schooling he obtained was from Protestant missionaries. The Castro family is moderately rich, with large estates, a fortune of perhaps half a million, three sons (one killed in the Moncada barracks attack in 1953) and two girls. Batista is now in his sixties. Castro is about thirty-five. Castro is said to be unmarried. Batista was married to a beautiful, sweet country woman by whom he had children, but whom he divorced to marry into the so-called aristocracy that had once despised him and which he still affects to despise.

CASTRO was brought up in the same Oriente mountains where he now operates, majestic mountains deeply forested, and he was exposed to violence and adventure from his first days. His father, built to epic proportions of energy and bravery which Fidel would like to surpass, was one of the famous bandits of the Sierra, who murdered and robbed, drank and fornicated lavishly. By becoming a supporter of Conservative President Menocal, he legitimized his career and his seizures of property. His wife, Fidel's mother, was thrown out in favor of various mistresses. Young Castro's conduct—his humility toward certain intellectuals whom he admires, his violence toward others, even close friends—suggests a certain father-love, father-hate complex.

Before attending the University of Havana, Castro was educated in Jesuit schools and he is still close to the Jesuits. A fine student, a good speaker, he became interested in university and outside politics. Those who knew him at college describe him as quick-tempered, impatient of any opposition or outside control.



From the Cuban Press

*"People knock on the door of liberty, but only the Electoral Commission's door opens."*

He is said to have killed two fellow students in political controversies. It is also said that he was involved in the Bogota, Colombia, uprising which made a shambles of that city at the time of the Pan-American conference.

He was one of the founders, with Eduardo Chivas, Portell-Vila and others, of the Orthodox party, which endeavored to replace the discredited *Autentico* Party. Indications are that it would have won the never-held 1952 elections and that Batista would have come out a poor third if he had not resorted to arms.

A close political associate of Castro at that time described him thus: "He was imperious and could stand no criticism. After several drinks, he would lose all self-control and turn on his closest friends, who gradually abandoned him. I think I was the one exception. With me he was always almost lovable and would listen and if I told him not to, would not touch another drop."

After about a year, unable to stir his party into aggressive resistance to Batista, he left for his old haunts in the Sierra. In Santiago he consulted with the Jesuits and with Archbishop Pérez Serantes, the story

goes, but would listen to no counsels of moderation. Getting together a band, he attacked the Moncada barracks in Santiago on July 26—and was almost successful, though one of his brothers was killed. Fidel took to the hills with half a dozen others, but the rest of his force not killed—about thirty—found refuge in the Archbishop's Palace. The soldiers dragged them out and massacred them, the report given out being that they had been killed in the attack.

The Archbishop prevailed on Castro to surrender, assuring him that he would not be severely punished. The courtmartial gave him several years in the Pinar del Rio prison but he was soon amnestied.

Instead of remaining in Cuba to build up a following based on a program, he escaped to Mexico where he began collecting arms and drilling Cuban exiles with the help of a former Spanish Republican general. He landed on the coast of Oriente in November, 1956. Most of his invading force was wiped out, but he and a few others escaped to the hills, practically without arms or food. Gradually others rallied to him, and they established a provisional camp on the crest of Mount Turquino, the highest mountain in Cuba, under a monument to the early Cuban independence leader José Martí.

A MAN WHO has seen him lately tells me Castro is confident that he will drive Batista out before his term is over, that under no circumstance will he recognize an election held under Batista's auspices. Even if it were held honestly, neither he nor Young Cuba, politically unorganized, would have a ghost of a show. He has sworn he will shoot most of the politicians on both sides.

"The whole structure of present power, political and military, must be destroyed before we can begin to talk about elections," he is reported to have said.

Whatever he may or may not be, Castro has become the idol, to the point of fanaticism, of Young Cuba. What he hopes to bring about nobody seems to know, for he has made no pronouncements of program

**Mr. Beals's report**

**from Haiti will**

**appear next week.**

other than wiping out Batista. His earlier speeches, delivered before Batista seized power and when the situation was different, are not available. For some he is the great liberator. Others see in him a more ruthless and less predictable dictator than Batista. Batista accuses him

of associating with Communists. Some charge that he is a puppet of the Church, that the aim is to set up a long-lived Christian Fascist dictatorship. This mystery as to his purposes is both an asset and a drawback. In the present confusion in Cuba what moves most people

is hate for Batista. The answer is in violence, not in ideas.

Whatever Castro is, the amorphous new generation rises behind him. Barring some dramatic shift in Cuban politics, his destiny has only two roads: to be killed or to rule Cuba for better or worse.

## GEORGIA ROCKPILE . . by Dora Byron

*Atlanta, Georgia*

THE GHOST of Georgia's infamous "chain gang" still haunts this state's penal system. In the dust and drudgery and despair of Rock Quarry Prison Camp, fifty-two convicts have broken their own legs with sledge hammers in less than a year. Nine others attempted and failed. Most bizarre of the incidents came last July, when fourteen prisoners crushed their legs in a mass episode of self-mutilation unique in penal history. Others followed, and in May seven more joined the grim total.

"It just ain't possible to stand it at the camp," said one of the convicts from his bed in the state prison hospital at Reidsville. However, Jack Forrester, director of the State Department of Corrections, insists that all the camp needs is "strict discipline." Investigations by his own committees report that the incidents are "motivated by self-pity."

"The public don't know what a sorry lot we got at the Rock Quarry," said Hubert S. Hendrix, president of the Georgia Warden's Association.

There's much that the public "don't know" about this work camp at Buford, forty miles from Atlanta, where 187 of Georgia's 7,800 prisoners live in a brick compound built in the shape of a cross. The Rock Quarry prison was opened in 1951 as a unit for incorrigibles. Officials announced with pride that a million-dollar institution had been constructed for only \$114,838.25, be-

cause prisoners did the work themselves. The convicts fashioned their own bars and designed their own locks. Although described as an "escape-proof Alcatraz," six convicts escaped in a prison truck within a few weeks. They were captured in three days. R. E. Warren, then Director of Corrections, said, "We are going to keep 'em or kill 'em if they attempt to escape." The Rock Quarry warden, Ed Clements, was relieved of his post after the episode.

Trouble was only beginning at the Buford camp, where the "rock pile" is not a myth but a reality. Two months later, on Christmas Day, thirty prisoners slashed the "achilles tendons" in their heels with razor blades, the first mass protest against prison conditions. The next day twenty-two others went on a sit-down strike, and were placed in the dungeon-like isolation cells which convicts call "the hole." The injured prisoners were transferred to the hospital at the Reidsville prison. A quick "investigation" whitewashed the Buford camp. Herman Talmadge, then governor, said he was "satisfied," and restrictions were tightened at the prison.

Convicts were permitted to write one letter, and to receive two visitors, each month. The visitors could talk for thirty minutes through a heavy screen, within hearing of a guard. Church service was held on alternate Sundays. No books, newspapers, magazines, radios, were permitted. . . . but occasionally the men watched "the fights" on television.

more guards were added. They were guards who could handle automatic shotguns, and they were paid about \$40 a week. When a convict left his work in the quarry to go to the stream that served as a latrine he was hurried back to the job by a splattering of shot. "It's just to keep in practice," a guard explained, "we don't hit none of 'em." Prisoners served only a year at the camp if they made "good time," and could earn promotion from quarry duty by good behavior. They could become cooks, truck drivers, or even take care of "the dogs"—the bloodhounds always on hand to discourage attempted escapes.

One unique aspect of the daily schedule was the stripping of prisoners each time they made the trip from the compound to the quarry and back. At 6 a.m. the men left their grey suits in one building, ran naked through an open space—whatever the weather—to another building where they donned work clothes. They counted off as they ran. Then they were packed into iron-barred trucks for transportation to the granite quarry, a quarter-mile away. The process was repeated, in reverse, when they returned for the two-hour break at noon, and again at 6 p.m. This was to prevent the prisoners from slipping dynamite, hammers or rocks into their cells, officials claimed.

For five years secrets were well kept behind the eight-foot barbed wire fences. Convicts spent their days crushing rock for use on state roads. They worked five-and-a-half days a week, often in 100-degree heat, pushing wheel-barrows full of rock to the crushing machines and

DORA BYRON, a free-lance writer, is news editor of Emory University.

A TUNNEL was discovered, inching its way under the white walls, and



a society which glorifies the normal man and makes "well-adjusted" a term of highest praise!

The specter of manipulation which these books present raises the question of possible defenses. An understanding of the manipulative attempts and techniques should give some protection against the merchandisers. But against brainwashing Sargant asserts that such awareness cannot always prevent a man from being indoctrinated. It is necessary rather to avoid exhaustion and to resist passively rather than actively—but the interrogators work precisely to make that impossible.

PACKARD and Sargant are more concerned with methods of persuasion than with the content and quality of the mass ideas being presented. On the latter score there is a wonderful new anthology, *Mass Culture*, to which we can turn for elucidation, provocation and entertainment. Movies, broadcasting, advertising, popular music and books—hard, soft and comic—are analyzed perceptively and devastatingly by such critics as Wilson, Riesman, Lazarsfeld, Adorno, Berelson, Seldes and Mac-

donald. While almost every contributor supplies his own definition of mass culture, two of its assumptions suggested by Ernest van den Haag summarize the indictment: everything must be understandable; everything is remediable. The mass media provide a culture which is inferior because it is less demanding. As Dwight Macdonald observes, there are many children's books but relatively few children's movies: the children can readily understand the "adult" fare in the newer media.

That quality of mass culture is disarmingly low is suggested not only by

its critics but also by the feebleness of its defenders' arguments (see the piece by Rabassiere and that on L'il Abner). It is therefore some consolation that Merton and Lazarsfeld can argue cogently for the belief that the mass media lack the degree of social power frequently attributed to them. But if present trends toward more subtle manipulative techniques should progress without a corresponding increase in the humility and humanism of the manipulators, even that solace may prove empty. We have had the Age of Reason; do we now face an Age of Manipulation?

## Preoccupations of Henry James

### THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES.

By Quentin Anderson. Rutgers University Press. 369 pp. \$6.50.

### WILLIAM WETMORE STORY AND HIS FRIENDS.

By Henry James. Grove Press. 2 vol. 726 pp. \$6.

*Lyall H. Powers*

THE JAMES revival continues: most recently with James's biography of William Story and Quentin Anderson's study of James. Anderson's thesis, sketched out a decade ago in the *Ken-*

*yon Review*, is that the motivating ideas of James's work derived from his father's peculiar adaptation of the philosophy of Swedenborg. By constant reference to both James's fiction and his non-fiction, Anderson discounts the condescending remarks of Henry on "father's ideas," and demonstrates the essential similarity between the ideas of father and son. He reminds us of their similar treatment of self-righteousness or spiritual greed as the greatest sin; of their common attitude to the question of the

## The Class Will Come To Order

*O tell me all about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear.*—Finnegans Wake.

Amid that Platonic statuary, of athletes  
Playing their passionate and sexless games,  
The governors-to-be struck careless on the lawns,  
The soldiers' monument, the sparrow-bronzes,  
Through that museum of Corinthian elms  
I walked among them in the  
Soliloquy of summer, a gravel-scholar.

Our Irish friend had counseled silence first:  
He did not mean the silence of the cowed,  
But hold your tongue, sir, rather than betray.  
Decorum is a face the brave can wear  
In their desire to be invisible and so  
To hear a music not prescribed, a tendril-tune  
That climbs the porches of the ear,  
Green, cool, like cucumber-vine.  
What if the face starts threatening the man?  
Then exile, cunning. Yes, old father, yes,  
The newspapers were right,  
Youth is general all over America,  
The snow will not be falling till next winter,  
There is no hurry yet to take my journey.

"The almonds bloom," she wrote. But will they hold,  
While I remain to teach the alphabet  
I still must learn, the alphabet on fire,  
Those wizard stones? As always, where the text ends  
Lurks the self, so shamed and magical. Away!  
Who stays here long enough will stay too long.  
Time snaps her fan, and there's her creature caught,  
Fixed in the pleatings, fated to return,  
As thin as paper in the mother-folds.  
Absurd though it may seem,  
Perhaps there's too much order in this world;  
The poets love to haul disorder in,  
Braiding their wrists with her long mistress hair,  
And when the house is tossed about our ears,  
The governors must set it right again.  
How wise was he who banned them from his state!

Oh tell me a tale before the lecture-bell!  
I swear, Artificer, I swear I saw  
Their souls awaiting me, with notebooks primed.  
The lesson for today, the lesson's what?  
I must have known, but did not care to know.  
There is a single theme, the heart declares,  
That circumnavigates curriculum.  
The letter in my pocket kissed my hand.  
I smiled but I did not tell them,  
I did not tell them why it was I smiled.

STANLEY KUNITZ

uses and worth of material possessions; of the importance for both of the function of art in realizing human potentialities; of their plan of individual salvation (like William Blake's)—from initial innocence through experience to that higher innocence which enables man to see through this world of appearances to the divine reality. In applying this thesis to the study of James's fiction, Anderson touches on many of the familiar Jamesian themes—the international situation, the portrait, the metaphor of the house—and in so doing explains them more clearly and, more important perhaps, relates them more satisfactorily than have most other critics of James.

ANDERSON'S most detailed application of his thesis is devoted to clarifying *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*. These he considers as a unit, an allegorical trilogy treating, respectively, the three "churches" which sum up our history—the Jewish church of law, where God is completely external; the Christian church, built on the divine example of Christ; and the New (Swedenborgian) church, wholly spiritual and now arising, in which individuals realize their own innate divinity. It is here that Anderson will meet severest opposition. Most will accept his corollary thesis that everything James presents in a story has a meaning for the story, but few will be willing to accept immediately all the extensions of the thesis: e.g. the significance of characters' names (Theale as an anagram from the Greek name "Aletheia," from "aletheia," or "truth"), or the significance of the date 1713 in *The Golden Bowl* (the last two digits referring to the unity of the Trinity).

But one must accept the responsibility, in rejecting Anderson's explications, of providing a more satisfactory alternative. Anderson's thesis regarding the informing idea in James's novels seems to me eminently useful in providing a substantial and extensive basis for understanding the meaning of his work. And the inimical reader must face Anderson's final question: "If these are the wrong modes in which to consider this American, what are the right ones?" If Anderson is wrong, then he is as wrong as the Devil—and he must be dealt with as such; his book cannot be disregarded. Meanwhile, if one declares oneself to be of the Devil's party, he finds himself in a small but not entirely despicable company.

*William Wetmore Story and his Friends* is essentially Jamesian reminiscence of, roughly, the last half of the nineteenth

century. Its focus is the life of Story (1819-1895), lawyer, sculptor and author; its emphasis is on Story's European experience as expatriate artist. James makes ample use of the correspondence of Story and his wife to enrich the biography, and provides some illuminating criticism of William's sculpture and poetry to fill out the portrait. In addition to the Storys, various familiar figures of the period roam across these pages: the Brownings, Lowell, Charles Sumner, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Landor, de Tocqueville, Garibaldi, Rachel, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Mrs. Gaskell, etc. The book is as interesting to a student of social history as to a student of Story—or, indeed, as to a student of James. It serves as a companion volume to James's earlier *Hawthorne*. Both studies deal indirectly with the problem of expatriation for the American artist—the earlier focusing on one who was able to remain at home and yet succeed, the later on one who felt obliged to leave and yet ultimately

failed. Both may have been intended by James to help define his own position, that of the expatriate artist who succeeded superlatively. James suggests two reasons for Story's failure (although he was more than merely a popular success): first, that Story's artistic energy and devotion were diversified and consequently dissipated ("so restlessly, so sincerely aesthetic, and yet, constitutionally, so little insistent"); and second, that he was unable to enter fully into the experience held out to him by Europe, unable to drain the "Borgia cup," and so use his opportunity in a way different from that of the typical (and notorious) American tourist.

This biographical study is in the rich, complex style of James's "major phase." Its subject is interesting, and the author completely involved in it.

LYALL H. POWERS, instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin, did graduate work in French literature at the Sorbonne.

## Beaverbrook's Closet History

*MEN AND POWER: 1917-1918.* By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 448 pp. \$6.50.

Keith Hutchison

BEAVERBROOK'S tremendous success as a newspaper publisher has been due, in large measure, to his genius for personalizing the news. So it is not surprising to find him personalizing history. His volume of memoirs covers the climax and conclusion of World War I but it treats the conflict itself as almost incidental. The author's concern is with the concurrent struggle in Whitehall between the military and the politicians, the brasshats and the "frocks" (i.e. frockcoats) to use General Sir Henry Wilson's famous epithet.

Although he, himself, did not take office until February, 1918, when he became Minister of Information, Beaverbrook was close to many members of the government and particularly intimate with Bonar Law, Tory leader and Lloyd George's second-in-command. Moreover, he has at his disposal both the Bonar Law Papers, which he inherited, and the Lloyd George Papers, which he purchased.

Clemenceau once remarked that war was far too important to leave to gen-

erals. Lloyd George had reason to agree, for in World War I the British military—and naval—chiefs too often prove hopelessly unimaginative about major strategy and the adoption of new tactics. At the same time they bitterly resented civilian interference and busied themselves with intrigues designed to undermine the authority of the War Cabinet.

THE brasshats in their fight for control of the war had formidable allies: powerful sections of the press; disgruntled politicians inside and outside the government; the King (George V) who is revealed in this book as stretching his constitutional powers to the limit, if not beyond, in efforts to thwart his Prime Minister. But Lloyd George had assets of his own: the complete loyalty of Bonar Law; the confidence of the people; the unshakeable conviction that he was the one man who could win the war. And he was much smarter than his adversaries. First, playing on jealousies between the services, he secured military aid to sink Admiral Jellicoe who was blocking adoption of the convoy system as a counter to the German submarine menace. Then he turned on the army and, after a prolonged fight, got rid of General Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He sought also the dismissal of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Doug-

KEITH HUTCHISON, is the author of *The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism*.



# RECORDS

## Lester Trimble

THE school of young 12-tone composers attests that the Viennese, Anton Webern, was one of the great figures of twentieth-century music. But until recently he has been almost unrepresented in the record catalogs, although Arnold Schoenberg and Alban Berg, compeers with whom he in close association for an important part of his creative life, have long since been given expansive welcomes by the industry. Now Columbia offers a four-volume set of his complete works, arranged, annotated and conducted by the young American musician, Robert Craft. (K4L-232)

It is a remarkable album and a historical one. Until it was issued, only the professional musician of advanced predilections was likely to know much of Webern's music, and then only by deliberate study. Now that the music is available in aural form (which is the only way it really matters) we can all experience it and let our ears and

psyches rejoice or repent as they will.

It is not really so strange that Webern should have come later to discs than did his two associates, for in many ways his music is more radical than theirs. Whereas Schoenberg and Berg frequently cast their works in classic or pre-classic moulds, achieving length and coherence by the use of traditional techniques, Webern moved in another direction, toward concentration, prismatic coloration and brevity. The shortest work in his catalogue, the *Two Songs*, Opus 8, takes one minute and forty-five seconds to perform; and the majority of the pieces do not exceed four or five minutes. Compression of material and contrapuntal purity were Webern's objectives; expansion was not.

As for the longer works, I agree with Mr. Craft that the *Six Pieces* for Orchestra (9 minutes; 32 seconds) should some day become a part of the standard orchestral repertory. Every ingredient is present in them for both popular and

part of the American without a cause. Its theme is a perfectly good one: some people—in this case a nightclub singer named Stella—grow up enough for passion, but not enough for love. This makes them run a lurid but pathetically innocent course of erotic adventure, causing a good deal of unhappiness to their succession of partners and ending in the lurch. The picture doesn't work because everyone, including the director, is imitating someone else (Melina Mercouri is, I think, imitating Ingrid Bergman with an octave boost from Sophia Loren). Only the Greek background speaks for itself—that and a brief dance by a chorus of young men whose slow, powerful, swooping cadences must be at least as old as Athens.

THE BRITISH detective yarn, *The Third Key*, works up to some brisk action in the last ten minutes. Before that it is a synthetic documentary of Scotland Yard's scientific sleuthing methods. In this case the master criminal's wickedly brilliant scheme was so neat that it stood out a mile and he was mathematically certain to be caught, microscope or no microscope. Jack Hawkins, whose large, slow bearishness and very masculine sentimentality make him the most American of British film stars, is the reluctantly relentless hunter.



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intellectual success. They are potent, incredibly cogent and they present no more difficulty than does Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring*. In fact, I would recommend that anyone delving into complete Webern recordings begin at the beginning, but with side two includes both the orchestral *Piccola* and the evanescent *Five Movements for String Quartet*.

Some of the songs, because of wide-ranging, angular vocal lines, shock a number of ears. Mine are now fairly accustomed to the content of Viennese atonal melody; yet I frequently protest. However, it should be said in defense of extreme angularity that it has a way of becoming plausible after a while. The sopranos who heard on these discs (Grace-Lynne Martin and Marni Nixon) are the most sensitive and accurate atonal singers I have ever heard. Whether or not the vocal lines are finally accepted as pleasing, the refinement of Webern's thinking is made thoroughly evident by the performers, and his premises are revealed. This can be said of all the performances on these discs—chamber, vocal and orchestral. Robert Craft has completed an extremely difficult job with insight and distinction. Both he and Columbia have a right to feel proud.

OTHER works of unusual interest have recently been issued by Columbia. Kurt Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins* (KL-5175), called a Ballet with Song, was composed in 1933, just after Weill escaped to Paris from Nazi Germany. George Balanchine was the choreographer; Bertolt Brecht wrote the libretto. Between the bitterness of the text and the wry, jazzy, tired-elegant sentiments of the music, this theatre work is a cynical shocker, as subtle and deadly as a snake.

Lotte Lenya, who sang in the original Paris production, is heard in this recording, and all the bitterness of the music hall rings and quavers in her voice. She sings the tale of twin sisters, both called Anna, who leave their fami-

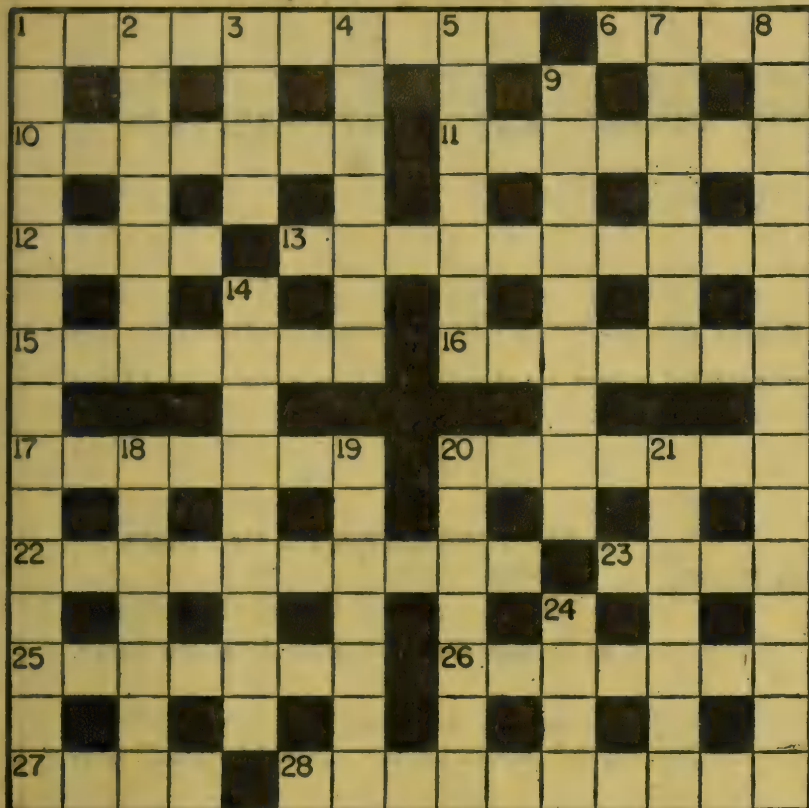
ly. So, the national organ. rate work, a full by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Leon Kirchner's *Piano Concerto*, which occupies the second side of this disc, is an impressive, but not totally convincing work. In the opening Allegro, an interestingly grotesque atmosphere prevails. As the Concerto moves into its second and third movements, however, aggressiveness and ostentation become a bit tiresome, especially when they are asserted through rather empty moods and materials. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York give the accompaniment an incisive reading; Kirchner himself is the soloist.

FINALLY, in the most innocent mood of all, comes Vaughan-Williams' *Fourth Symphony*, with Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. (ML-5158) I have never felt that this work represents the composer at a particularly eloquent level. The *Sixth Symphony*, for example, has far more verve and is up-to-date. But, though Vaughan-Williams does not always shake the earth with ideas, he usually finds something to say. His style is attractive; his writing is always competent. Mitropoulos, in this latest recording, infuses most passages with energy and lift, although an atmosphere of routine and boredom does sneak in.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 730

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Provincial and ungrammatical way of telling what certain spirits are. (They might take such an emphasized form.) (10)
- 6 Raised in celebration. (4)
- 10 Schubert's character sounds like a Jersey-Texas magnate. (7)
- 11 Weds as a convention right after this. (7)
- 12 Minor distant relatives of 10? (4)
- 13 Cut the measure of alcoholic content, perhaps. (It's one way to keep a party dry!) (10)
- 15 One might wangle an education, as is gathered inside. (7)
- 16 For the listener's comfort? (It's serious!) (7)
- 17 Colophons. (7)
- 20 In safekeeping, alternately in the coach. (7)
- 22 Being both yellow and ill-tempered—but in moderation! (6, 4)
- 23 A good old spot to harp on a sailor article. (4)
- 25 Not many of us can talk like this when disgraced. (2, 5)
- 26 Union territory, evidently, with flowers. (7)
- 27 Old lady 12? (4)
- 28 The cut of the oarsman in the race? (10)

## DOWN:

- 1 What at least some of our friends speak might have been said about George! (3, 5, 7)

- 2 Measure himself according to the Romans? (Watch out for the curve!) (7)
- 3 Grafting might involve such an error. (4)
- 4 Sluggish. (7)
- 5 Going to either doesn't imply the 22. (7)
- 7 Is a different color of ore sold here? (3, 4)
- 8 The phlegmatic don't run away with what one holds. (3, 3, 3, 6)
- 9 This stew has plenty of peas in it! (6, 3)
- 14 Quite often vested in politics. (9)
- 18 Steer down? It might be the aim of one who does. (7)
- 19 Get the sow home, one way or another. (7)
- 20 A pair of horses with a broken leg for the boss. (7)
- 21 Mobile state. (7)
- 24 If you call to these, attack should be imminent. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 729

ACROSS: 6 and 1 BRIEF ENCOUNTER: 9 TELEVIS: 11 ANIMATE: 12 SPIRITS: 13 SEE: 15 and 21 REMOTE CONTROL: 17 AGENDA: 19 SPRUCE: 22 PESTLE: 25 and 18 THE WORKS: 27 LICENSE: 28 SOONERS: 30 EMIGRERS: 31 EPISTLE: 32 TOTAL: 33 DISTEMPER. DOWN: 1 and 10 EXTRAMUNDANE: 2 CALCIUM: 3 UP-START: 4 TASTES: 5 RIMOSE: 6 BANKING: 7 IRANIAN: 8 FREE STATE: 14 and 18 EARTHWORKS: 15 RESILIENT: 16 EVE: 17 ASP: 20 RECEIPT: 23 EBO-NITE: 24 TRETOP: 25 TEASED: 26 ENTERS: 28 STEER.

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